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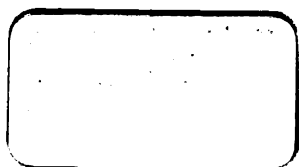
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SECRETARY OXTON THINKS GERTY
NEVILLE LITTLE BETTER THAN A
FOOL.

THE Houses were "up," and the Colonial Secretary was in the bosom of his family.

It had been one of the quietest and pleasantest little sessions on record. All the Government bills had slid easily through. There had been a little hitch on the new Scab Bill; several members with infected runs opposing it lustily; threatening to murder it by inches in committee, and so on: but, on the Secretary saying that he should not feel it his duty to advise his Excellency to prorogue until it was passed, other members put it to the opposing members whether they were to sit there till Christmas, with the thermometer at 120°, and the opposing members gave way with a groan; so a very few days afterwards his Excellency put on his best uniform, cocked hat, sword and all, and came down and prorogued them. And then, taking their boys from school, and mounting their horses, they all rode away, east, north, and west, through forest and swamp, over plain and mountain, to their sunny homes, by the pleasant river-sides of the interior.

So the Colonial Secretary was in the bosom of his family. He was sitting in his verandah in a rocking-chair,

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dressed in white from head to foot, with the exception of his boots, which were shining black, and his necktie, which was bright blue. He was a tall man, and of noble presence—a man of two-and-forty, or thereabouts—with a fine fearless eye, as of one who had confronted the dangers of an infant colony, looking altogether like the highly intellectual, educated man he was; and on every button of his clean white coat, on every fold of his spotless linen, in every dimple of his close-shaved, red-brown face, was written in large letters the word, Gentleman.

He had come down to one of his many stations, the favourite one, lying about sixty miles along the coast from Palmerston, the capital of Cooksland; and, having arrived only the night before, was dreaming away the morning in his verandah, leaving the piles of papers, domestic and parliamentary, which he had accumulated on a small table beside him, totally neglected.

For it was impossible to work. The contrast between the burning streets of Palmerston and this cool verandah was so exquisite, that it became an absolute necessity to think about that and nothing else. Just outside, in the sun, a garden, a wilderness of blazing flowers, sloped rapidly down to the forest, whose topmost boughs were level with your feet. Through the forest rushed the river, and beyond the forest was the broad, yellow plain, and beyond the plain the heath, and beyond the heath the gleam-

B

ing sea with two fantastic purple islands on the horizon.

The Colonial Secretary had no boys to bring home from school, for only six months before this he had married the beauty of the colony, Miss Neville, who was at that moment in the garden with her younger sister gathering flowers.

The Secretary by degrees allowed his eyes to wander from the beautiful prospect before him, to the two white figures among the flowers. By degrees his attention became concentrated on them, and after a time a shade of dissatisfaction stole over his handsome face, and a wrinkle or two formed on his broad forehead.

Why was this? The reason was a very simple one: he saw that Mrs. Oxton was only half intent upon her flowers, and was keeping one eye upon her lord and master. He said, "Botheration."

She saw that he spoke, though she little thought what he said; and so she came floating easily towards him through the flowers, looking by no means unlike a great white and crimson Amaryllis herself. She may have been a thought too fragile, a thought too hectic—all real Australian beauties are so; she looked, indeed, as though, if you blew at her, her hair would come off like the down of a dandelion, but nevertheless she was so wonderfully beautiful, that you could barely restrain an exclamation of delighted surprise when you first saw her. This being came softly up to the Secretary, put her arm round his neck, and kissed him; and yet the Secretary gave no outward signs of satisfaction whatever. Still the Secretary was not a "brute;" far from it.

"My love," said Mrs. Oxton.

"Well, my dear," said the Secretary.

"I want to ask you a favour, my love."

"My sweetest Agnes, it is quite impossible. I will send Edward as sub-overseer to Tullabaloora; but into a Government place he *does not go*."

"My dear James ——"

"It is no use, Agnes; it is really no use. I have been accused in the public papers of placing too many of my own and my wife's family. I have been taunted with it in the House. There is great foundation of truth in it. It is really no use, if you talk till doomsday. What are you going to give me for lunch?"

Mrs. Oxton was perfectly unmoved; she merely seated herself comfortably on her husband's knee.

"Suppose, now," she said, "that you had been putting yourself in a wicked passion for nothing. Suppose I had changed my mind about Edward. Suppose I thought you quite right in not placing any more of our own people. And suppose I only wanted a little information about somebody's antecedents. What then?"

"Why then I have been a brute. Say on."

"My dearest James. Do you know anything against Lieutenant Hillyar?"

"H'm," said the Secretary. "Nothing new. He came over here under a cloud; but so many young men do that. I am chary of asking too many questions. He was very fast at home, I believe, and went rambling through Europe for ten years; yet I do not think I should be justified in saying I knew anything very bad against him."

"He will be Sir George Hillyar," said Mrs. Oxton, pensively.

"He will indeed," said the Secretary, "and have ten thousand a year. He will be a catch for some one."

"My dear, I am afraid he is caught."

"No! Who is it?"

"No other than our poor Gerty. She has been staying at the Barkers', in the same house with him; and the long and the short of it is, that they are engaged."

The Secretary rose and walked up and down the verandah. He was very much disturbed.

"My dear," he said at last, "I would give a thousand pounds if this were not true."

"Why? do you know anything against him?"

"Well, just now I carelessly said I did not; but now when the gentleman coolly proposes himself for my brother-in-law! It is perfectly intolerable!"

"Do you know anything special, James?"

"No. But look at the man, my love. Look at his insolent, contradictory manner. Look at that nasty drop he has in his eyes. Look at his character for profligacy. Look at his unpopularity in the force; and then think of our beautiful little Gerty being handed over to such a man. Oh! Lord, you know it really is ——"

"I hate the man as much as you do," said Mrs. Oxtan. "I can't bear to be in the room with him. But Gerty loves him."

"Poor little bird."

"And he is handsome."

"Confound him, yes. And charming too, of course, with his long pale face and his *dolce farniente*, insolent manner, and his great eyes like blank windows, out of which the devil looks once a day, for fear you might forget he was there. Oh! a charming man!"

"Then he will be a baronet, with an immense fortune; and Gerty will be Lady Hillyar."

"And the most unfortunate little flower in the wide world," said the Secretary.

"I think you are right," said Mrs. Oxtan, with a sigh. "See, here she comes; don't let her know I have told you."

Gertrude Neville came towards them at this moment. She was very like her sister, but still more fragile in form; a kind of caricature of her sister. The white in her face was whiter, and the red redder; her hair was of a shade more brilliant brown; and she looked altogether like some wonderful hectic ghost. If you were delighted with her sister's beauty you were awed with hers; not awed because there was anything commanding or determined in the expression of her face, but because she was so very fragile and gentle. The first glance of her great hazel eyes put her under your protection to the death.

You had a feeling of awe, while you wondered why it had pleased God to create anything so helpless, so beautiful, and so good, and to leave her to the chances and troubles of this rough world. You could no more have willingly caused a shade of anxiety to pass over that face, than you could have taken the beautiful little shell parakeet, which sat on her shoulder, and killed it before her eyes.

The Secretary set his jaw, and swore, to himself, that it should never be; but what was the good of his swearing?

"See, James," she said to him, speaking with a voice like that of a stock-dove among the deep black shadows of an English wood in June, "I am going to fill all your vases with flowers. Idle Agnes has run away to you, and has left me all the work. See here; I am going to set these great fern boughs round the china vase on the centre table, and bend them so that they droop, you see. And then I shall lay in these long wreaths of scarlet Kennedia to hang over the fern, and then I shall tangle in these scarlet passion-flowers, and then I shall have a circle of these belladonna lilies, and in the centre of all I shall put this moss-rosebud——"

For the bride she chose, the red, red, rose,

And by its thorn died she.

"James, don't break my heart, for I love him. My own brother, I have never had a brother but you; try to make the best of him for my sake. You will now, won't you? I know you don't like him; your characters are dissimilar; but I am sure you will get to. I did not like him at first; but it came upon me in time. You don't know how really good he is, and how bitterly he has been ill-used. Come, James, say you will try to like him."

What could the poor Secretary do but soothe her, and defer any decided opinion on the matter. If it had been Mr. Cornelius Murphy making a modest request, the Secretary would have been stern enough, would have done what he should have done here—put his

veto on it once and for ever ; but he could not stand his favourite little sister-in-law, with her tears, her beauty, and her caresses. He temporised.

But his holiday, to which he had looked forward so long, was quite spoilt. Little Gerty Neville had wound herself so thoroughly round his heart ; she had been such a sweet little confidant to him in his courtship ; had brought so many precious letters, had planned so many meetings ; had been, in short, such a dear little go-between, that when he thought of her being taken away from him by a man of somewhat queer character, whom he heartily despised and disliked, it made him utterly miserable. As Gerty had been connected closely with the brightest part of a somewhat stormy life, so also neither he nor his wife had ever laid down a plan for the brighter future which did not include her ; and now !—it was intolerable.

He brooded for three days, and then, having seen to the more necessary part of his station work, he determined to go and make fuller inquiries. So the big bay horse was saddled, and he rode thoughtfully away ; across the paddocks, through the forest, over the plain, down to the long yellow sands fringed with snarling surf, and so northward towards the faint blue promontory of Cape Wilberforce.

CHAPTER II.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY : SHOWS THE DISGRACEFUL LOWNESS OF HIS ORIGIN.

I AM of the same trade as my father—a blacksmith—although I have not had hammer or pincers in my hand this ten years. And, although I am not in the most remote degree connected with any aristocratic family, yet I hold the title of Honourable. The Honourable James Burton being a member of the supreme council of the Colony of Cooksland.

As early as I can remember, my father carried on his trade in Brown's Row, Chelsea. His business was a very good one—what we call a good shoeing

trade, principally with the omnibus horses. It paid very well, for my father had four men in his shop ; though, if he had had his choice, he would have preferred some higher branch of smith's work, for he had considerable mechanical genius, and no small ambition, of a sort.

I think that my father was the ideal of all the blacksmiths who ever lived. He was *the* blacksmith. A man with a calm, square, honest face ; very strong, very good-humoured, with plenty of kindly interest in his neighbours' affairs, and a most accurate memory for them. He was not only a most excellent tradesman, but he possessed those social qualities, which are so necessary in a blacksmith, to a very high degree ; for in our rank in life the blacksmith is a very important person indeed. He is owner of the very best gossip-station, after the bar of the public-house : and, consequently, if he be a good fellow (as he is pretty certain to be, though this may be partiality on my part,) he is a man more often referred to, and consulted with, than the publican ; for this reason—that the *married women* are jealous of the publican, and not so of the blacksmith. As for my father, he was umpire of the buildings—the stopper of fights, and, sometimes, even the healer of matrimonial differences.

More than once I have known a couple come and "have it out" in my father's shop. Sometimes, during my apprenticeship, my father would send me out of the way on these occasions ; would say to me, for instance, "Hallo, old man, here's Bob Chittle and his missis a-coming ; cut away and help mother a bit." But at other times he would not consider it necessary for me to go, and so I used to stay, and hear it all. The woman invariably began ; the man confined himself mostly to sulky contradictions. My father, and I, and the men, went on with our work ; my father would throw in a soothing word wherever he could, until the woman began to cry ; upon which my father, in a low confidential growl, addressing the man as "old chap," would persuade

him to go and make it up with her. And he and she, having come there for no other purpose, would do so.

My mother never assisted at this sort of scenes, whether serious or trifling. She utterly ignored the shop at such times, and was preternaturally busy in the house among her pots, and pans, and children, ostentatiously singing. When it was all over she used accidentally to catch sight of the couple, and be for one moment stricken dumb with amazement, and then burst into voluble welcome. She was supposed to know nothing at all about what had passed. Sweet mother! thy arts were simple enough.

She was a very tall woman, with square, large features, who had never, I think, been handsome. When I begin my story my mother was already the mother of nine children, and I, the eldest, was fifteen; so, if she had at any time had any beauty, it must have vanished long before; but she was handsome enough for us. When she was dressed for church, in all the colours of the rainbow, in a style which would have driven Jane Clarke out of her mind, she was always inspected by the whole family before she started, and pronounced satisfactory. And at dinner my sister Emma would perhaps say, "Law! mother did look so beautiful in church this morning; you never!"

She had a hard time of it with us. The family specialities were health, good humour, and vivacity; somewhat too much of the last among the junior members. I, Joe, and Emma, might be trusted, but all the rest were terrible pickles; the most unlucky children I ever saw. Whenever I was at work with father, and we saw a crowd coming round the corner, he would say, "Cut away, old chap, and see who it is;" for we knew it must either be one of our own little ones, or a young Chittle. If it was one of the young Chittles, I used to hold up my hand and whistle, and father used to go on with his work. But if I was silent, and in that way let father know that it was one of our own little ones, he would begin to roar out,

and want to know which it was, and what he'd been up to. To which I would have to roar in return (I give you an instance only, out of many such) that it was Fred. That he had fallen off a barge under Battersea Bridge. Had been picked out by young Tom Cole. Said he liked it. Or that it was Eliza. Had wedged her head into a gas pipe. Been took out black in the face. Said Billy Chittle had told her she wasn't game to it. These were the sort of things I had to roar out to my father, while I had the delinquent in my arms, and was carrying him or her indoors to mother; the delinquent being in a triumphant frame of mind, evidently under the impression that he had distinguished himself, and added another flower to the chaplet of the family honour.

I never saw my mother out of temper. On these, and other occasions, she would say that, Lord 'a mercy! no woman ever was teased and plagued with her children as she was (and there was a degree of truth in that). That she didn't know what would become of them (which was to a certain extent true also); that she hoped none of them would come to a bad end (in which hope I sincerely joined); and that finally, she thought that if some of them were well shook, and put to bed, it would do 'em a deal of good, and that their Emma would never love them any more. But they never cared for this sort of thing. They were not a bit afraid of mother. They were never shook; their Emma continued to love them; and, as for being put to bed, they never thought of such a thing happening to them, until they heard the rattle of brother Joe's crutch on the floor, when he came home from the night school.

Brother Joe's crutch. Yes; our Joe was a cripple. With poor Joe, that restless vivacity to which I have called your attention above, had ended very sadly. He was one of the finest children ever seen; but, when only three years old, poor Joe stole away, and climbed up a ladder—he slipped, when

some seven or eight feet from the ground, and fell on his back, doubling one of his legs under him. The little soul fluttered between earth and heaven for some time, but at last determined to stay with us. All that science, skill, and devotion could do, was done for him at St. George's Hospital; but poor Joe was a hunchback, with one leg longer than the other, but with the limbs of a giant, and the face of a Byron.

It is a great cause of thankfulness to me, when I think that Joe inherited the gentle, patient temper of his father and mother. Even when a mere boy, I began dimly to understand that it was fortunate that Joe was good-tempered. When I and the other boys would be at rounders, and he would be looking intently and eagerly on, with his fingers twitching with nervous anxiety to get hold of the stick, shouting now to one, and now to another, by name, and now making short runs, in his excitement, on his crutch; at such times, I say, it used to come into my boy's head, that it was as well that Joe was a good-tempered fellow; and this conviction grew on me year by year, as I watched with pride and awe the great intellect unfolding, and the mighty restless ambition soaring higher and higher. Yes, it was well that Joe had learned to love in his childhood.

Joe's unfailing good humour, combined with his affliction, had a wonderful influence on us for good. His misfortune being so fearfully greater than any of our petty vexations, and his good temper being so much more unfailing than ours, he was there continually among us as an example—an example which it was impossible not to follow to some extent; even if one had not had an angel to point to it for us.

For, in the sense of being a messenger of good, certainly my sister Emma was an angel. She was a year younger than me. She was very *handsome*, not very pretty, made on a large model like my mother, but with fewer angles. Perhaps the most noticeable thing about her was her voice. Whether the tone

of it was natural, or whether it had acquired that tone from being used almost exclusively in cooing to, and soothing, children, I cannot say; but there was no shrillness in it: it was perfectly, nay singularly clear; but there was not a sharp note in the whole of sweet Emma's gamut.

She was very much devoted to all of us; but towards Joe her devotion was intensified. I do not assert—because I do not believe—that she loved him better than the rest of us, but from an early age she simply *devoted* herself to him. I did not see it at first. The first hint of it which I got was in the first year of my apprenticeship. I had come in to tea, and father had relieved me in the shop, and all our little ones had done tea and were talking nonsense, at which I began to assist. We were talking about who each of us was to marry, and what we would have for dinner on the auspicious occasion. It was arranged that I was to marry Miss de Bracy, from the Victoria Theatre, and we were to have sprats and gin-and-water; and that such a one was to marry such a one; but on one thing the little ones were agreed, that Emma was to marry Joe. When they cried out this, she raised her eyes to mine for an instant, and dropped them again with a smile. I wondered why then, but I know now.

On my fifteenth birthday I was bound to my father. I think that was nearly the happiest day of my life. The whole family was in a state of rampant pride about it. I am sure I don't know what there was to be proud of, but proud we were. Joe sat staring at me with his bright eyes, every now and then giving a sniff of profound satisfaction, or pegging out in a restless manner for a short expedition into the court. Emma remarked several times, "Lawk, only just to think about Jim!" And my younger brothers and sisters kept on saying to all their acquaintances in the street, "Our Jim is bound to father," with such a very triumphant air, that the other children resented it, and Sally Agar said something so dis-

paraging of the blacksmith-trade in general, that our Eliza gave her a good shove; upon which Jane Agar, the elder sister, shook our Eliza, and, when Emma came out to the rescue, put her tongue out at her; which had such an effect on Emma's gentle spirit that she gave up the contest at once, and went indoors in tears, and for the rest of the day told every friend she met, "Lawk, there, if that Jane Agar didn't take and put her tongue out at me, because their Sally shoved our Eliza, and I took and told her she hadn't ought to it:" and they retailed it to other girls again; and at last it was known all over the buildings that Jane had gone and put her tongue out at Emma Burton; and it was unanimously voted that she ought to be ashamed of herself.

We were simple folk, easily made happy, even by seeing that the other girls were fond of our sister. But there was another source of happiness to us on that auspicious fifteenth birthday of mine. That day week we were to move into the great house.

Our present home was a very poor place, only a six-roomed house; and that, with nine children and another apprentice besides myself, was intolerable. Any time this year past we had seen that it was necessary to move: but there had been one hitch to our doing so—there was no house to move into, except into a very large house which stood by itself, as it were fronting the buildings opposite our forge; which contained twenty-five rooms, some of them very large, and which was called by us indifferently, Church Place, or Queen Elizabeth's Palace.

It had been in reality the palace of the young Earl of Essex; a very large three-storied house of old brick, with stone-mullioned windows and doorways. Many of the windows were blind, bricked up at different times as the house descended in the social scale. The roof was singularly high, hanging somewhat far over a rich cornice, and in that roof, there was a single large dormer window at the north end.

The house had now been empty for some time, and it had always had a great attraction for us children. In the first place it was empty; in the second place, it had been inhabited by real princesses; and in the third, there was a ghost, who used to show a light in the aforementioned dormer window the first Friday in every month.

On the summer's evenings we had been used to see it towering aloft between us and the setting sun, which filled the great room on the first floor with light, some rays of which came through into our narrow street. Mother had actually once been up in that room, and had looked out of the window westward, and seen the trees of Chelsea farm (now Cremorne Gardens). What a room that would be to play in! Joe pegged down the back yard and back again with excitement, when he thought of it. We were going to live there, and father was going to let all the upper part in lodgings, and Cousin Reuben —

CHAPTER III.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: COUSIN REUBEN.

AND Cousin Reuben had applied for lodgings from the very moment he heard of our move, and was actually coming to live with us. Was this as satisfactory as all the rest of it? Why, no. And that is why I made that pause at the end of the last chapter. We had noticed that a shade had passed over our father's face; and, we being simple and affectionate people, that shade had been reflected on ours, though we hardly knew why.

For our Cousin Reuben was a great favourite with all of us. He had been apprenticed to a waterman, but had won his coat and freedom a few months before this. He was a merry, slangy, dapper fellow, about seventeen, always to be found at street corners with his hands in his pockets, talking loud. We had been very proud of his victory; it was the talk of all the water-side; he rowed in such perfect form, and with

such wonderful rapidity. The sporting papers took him up. He was matched at some public-house to row against somebody else for some money. He won it, but there was a dispute about it, and the sporting papers had leading articles thereon. But the more famous Reuben became, the more my father's face clouded when he spoke of him.

That birthday night I was sleepily going up to bed, when my father stopped me by saying, "Old man, you and me must have a talk," whereupon my mother departed. "Jim," said he as soon as she was gone, "did you ever hear anything about your cousin Reuben's father?"

I said quickly, "No; but I had often thought it curious that we had never heard anything of him."

The time is come, my boy, when you must know as much as I do. It is a bitter thing to have to tell you; but you are old enough to share the family troubles. And I heard the following story:—

Samuel Burton had been a distant cousin of my father's. When about twelve years old, he had expressed a wish to go into service, and his friends had got for him a place as page or steward-room boy, in the family of an opulent gentleman.

At the time of his going there the heir of the house was a mere infant. As time went on, his father, anxious for him to escape the contaminations of a public school, sent him to a highly expensive private tutor; and the boy selected Samuel Burton, his favourite, to accompany him as his valet.

The father had been anxious that his boy should escape the contamination of a public school—the more so, because, at the age of thirteen, he was a very difficult and somewhat vicious boy. The father took the greatest care, and made every possible inquiry. The Rev. Mr. Easy was a man of high classical attainments, and unblemished character. There were only two other pupils, both of the most respectable rank in life—one, the son and heir of Sir James Mottesfont; the other, son of the great

city man, Mr. Peters. Nothing could be more satisfactory. Alas! the poor father in avoiding Charybdis had run against Scylla. In avoiding the diluted vice of a public school, he had sent his son into a perfectly undiluted atmosphere of it. Young Mottesfont was an irreclaimable vicious idiot, and Peters had been sent away from a public school for drunkenness. In four years' time our young gentleman 'was finished,' and was sent to travel with a tutor, keeping his old servant, Samuel Burton (who had learned something also), and began a career of reckless debauchery of all kinds. After two years he was angrily recalled by his father. Not very long after his return Samuel Burton married (here my father's face grew darker still). Hitherto his character, through all his master's excesses, had been most blameless. The young gentleman's father had conceived a great respect for the young man, and was glad that his wild son should have so staid and respectable a servant willing to stay with him.

A year after Samuel was married a grand crash came. The young gentleman, still a minor, was found to be awfully in debt, to have been raising money most recklessly, to have been buying jewellery and selling it again. His creditors, banding themselves together, refused to accept the plea of minority; two of their number threatened to prosecute for swindling if their claims were not settled in full. An arrangement was come to for six thousand pounds, and the young gentleman was allowed with two hundred a year and sent abroad.

Samuel Burton, seeing that an end was come to a system of plunder which he had carried on at his young master's expense, came out in his true colours. He robbed the house of money and valuables to the amount of thirteen hundred pounds, and disappeared—utterly and entirely disappeared—leaving his wife and child to the mercy of my father.

This was my father's account of his disappearance. He concealed from me the fact that Samuel Burton had been

arrested and transported for fourteen years.

The poor mother exerted herself as well as she was able ; but she had been brought up soft-handed and could do but little. When Reuben was about ten she died ; my father took the boy home, and ultimately apprenticed him to a waterman.

"And now, my boy, you see why I am anxious about Reuben's coming to live with us. He comes of bad blood on both sides ; and his father is, for aught I know, still alive. Reuben ain't going on as I could wish. I don't say anything against those as row races, or run races, or ride races ; I only know it ain't my way, and I don't want it to be. There's too much pot'us about it for our sort, my boy ; so you see I don't want him and his lot here on that account. And then he is a dapper little chap ; and our Emma is very pretty and sweet, and there may be mischief there again. Still, I can't refuse him. I thought I was doing a kind thing to a fatherless lad in calling him cousin, but I almost wish I hadn't now. So I say to you, keep him at a distance. Don't let him get too intimate in our part of the house. Good night, old man."

"Where are you going to put him, father ?"

"As far off as I can," said my father.

"In the big room at the top of the house."

"In the ghost's room ?" said I. And I went to bed, and dreamt of Reuben being woke in the night by a little old lady in grey shot silk and black mittens, who came and sat on his bed and knitted at him. For, when my mother was confined with Fred, Mrs. Quickly was in attendance and told us of such an old lady in the attic aloft there, and had confirmed her story by an appeal to Miss Tearsheet, then in seclusion, in consequence of a man having been beaten to death by Mr. Pistol and others. We were very few doors from Alsatia in those times !

CHAPTER IV.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY SEES SNAKES AND OTHER VERMIN.

It was a hard hit in a tender place for the Colonial Secretary. He had started in life as the younger son of a Worcestershire squire, and had fought his way, inch by inch, up to fame, honour, and wealth. He was shrewd, careful enough of the main chance, and very ambitious ; but, besides this, he was a good-hearted affectionate fellow ; and one of his objects of ambition had been to have a quiet and refined home, wherein he might end his days in honour, presided over by a wife who was in every way worthy of him. Perhaps he had been too much engaged in money-making, perhaps he had plunged too fiercely into politics, perhaps he had never found a woman who exactly suited him ; but so it was—he had postponed his domestic scheme to his other schemes, until he was two-and-forty, and might have postponed it longer, had he not met Agnes Neville, at a geological picnic, in the crater of Necnicabarla. Here was everything to be wished for : beauty, high breeding, sweet temper, and the highest connexion. Four of her beautiful sisters had married before her, every one of them to one of the best-bred and richest squatters in that wealthy colony. Mrs. Morton of Jip Jip, Mrs. Hill of Macandemdah, the Honourable Mrs. Packenham of Langi Cal Cal ; and lastly, the beautiful and witty Mrs. Somerton of Lal Lal and Pywhaitjork.¹ He fell in love with Miss Neville at once ; their marriage was delayed, principally on account of troublesome political reasons, for six months, and in that time he had got to love, like a brother, her little sister, Gerty Neville, and the last and most beautiful of the six beautiful sisters. Even before he was married, he and Agnes had laid out all sorts of plans for her future settlement. He had even a scheme for

¹ One would not dare to invent these names. They are all real.

taking her to Paris, getting her properly dressed there, and pitching her into the London season, under the auspices of his mother, as a gauntlet to English beauty.

It was a hard hit for him. He had always been so especially hard on a certain kind of young English gentleman, who has sailed too close to the wind at home, and who comes to the colony to be whitewashed. He had fulminated against that sort of thing so strongly. From his place in the House he had denounced it time after time. That his colony, his own colony, which he had helped to make, was to become a sewer or sink for all the rubbish of the old country ! How he had protested against and denounced that principle, whether applied to male or female emigrants ; and now Gerty was proposing to marry a man, whom he was very much inclined to quote as one of the most offensive examples of it.

And another provoking part of the business was, that he would have little or no sympathy. The colony would say that the youngest Miss Neville had made a great catch, and married better than any of her sisters. The fellow would be a baronet with 10,000*l.* a year. There was a certain consolation in that—a considerable deal of consolation ; if it had not been that the Secretary loved her, that might have made him tolerably contented with her lot. But he loved her ; and the man, were he fifty baronets, was a low fellow of loose character ; and it was very hot ; and so the Secretary was discontented.

Very hot. The tide out, leaving a band of burning sand, a quarter of a mile broad, between sea and shore. Where he had struck the sea first, at Woollock Point, the current, pouring seaward off the spit of sand, had knocked up a trifling surf, which chafed and leaped in tiny waves, and looked crisp, and cool, and aerated. But, now he was in the lone bight of the bay, the sea was perfectly smooth and oily, deadly silent and calm, under the blazing sun. The water did not break upon the sand, but only now and then sneaked up a

few feet with a lazy whisper. Before him for twelve miles or more were the long level yellow sands, without one single break as far as the eye could reach ; on his right the glassy sea, gleaming under the background of a heavy slow-sailing thunder cloud ; and on his left the low wall of dark evergreen shrubs, which grew densely to the looser and drier sands that lay piled in wind-heaps beyond the reach of the surf.

Once his horse shied ; it was at a black snake, which had crept down to bathe, and which raised its horrible wicked head from out its coils and hissed at him as he went by. Another time he heard a strange rippling noise, coming from the glassy surfaceless sea on his right. It was made by a shark, which, coming swiftly, to all appearance, from under the dark thunder-cloud, headed shoreward, making the spray fly in a tiny fountain from his back-fin, which was visible above the surface. As he came on, the smaller fish, snappers and such like, hurled themselves out of water in hundreds, making the sea alive for one instant ; but after that the shark, and the invisible fish he was in pursuit of, sped seaward again ; the ripple they had made died out on the face of the water, and the water in the bay was calm, still, and desolate once more.

Intolerably lonely. He pushed his horse into a canter, to make a breeze for himself which the heavens denied him. Still only the long weary stretch of sand, the sea on the right, and the low evergreens on the left.

But now far, far ahead, a solitary dot upon the edge of the gleaming water, which, as the good horse threw the ground behind him, grew larger and larger. Yes, it *was* a man who toiled steadily on in the same direction the Secretary was going—a man who had his trousers off, and was walking bare-legged on the edge of the sea to cool his feet ; a man who looked round from time to time, as if to see who was the horseman behind him.

The Secretary reined up beside him with a cheery "Good day," and the man respectfully returned the salutation.

The Secretary recognised his man in an instant, but held his tongue.

He was a tall narrow-shouldered man, who might have been forty or might have been sixty; as with most other convicts, his age was a profound mystery. You could see that he had been originally what some people, hasty observers, would call a good-looking young man, and was even now what those same hasty observers would call a good-looking middle-aged man. His hair was grey, and he had that wonderfully clear dark-brown complexion which one sees so continually among old convicts who have been much in the bush. His forehead was high and bald, and his nose was very long, delicate, and aquiline—so much was in his favour; but then—why, all the lower part of his face, upper lip, mouth, lower lip and all, were pinched up in a heap under the long nose. When I read "Little Dorrit," I was pleased to find that Mr. Dickens was describing in the person of M. Rigaud one of our commonest types of convict face, but Frenchified and wearing a moustache, and was pleased also to see that, with his wonderfully close observation, he had not committed the mistake of making his man a brave and violent villain, but merely a cunning one.

The Secretary looked down on the bald head and the Satanic eyebrows, which ran down from high above the level of the man's ears and nearly met above his great transparent hook nose, and said to himself, "Well, you are a more ill-looking scoundrel than I thought you the other day, though you did look a tolerable rogue then."

The man saw that the Secretary had recognised him, and the Secretary saw that he saw it; but they both ignored the fact. It was so lonely on these long sands, that the Secretary looked on this particular scoundrel as if he were a rather interesting book which he had picked up, and which would beguile the way.

"Hot day, my man."

"Very hot, your honour; but, if that thunder-cloud will work up to us from

the west, we shall have the south wind up in the tail of it, as cold as ice. Your honour will excuse my walking like this. I looked round and saw you had no ladies with you."

Not at all an unpleasant or coarse voice. A rather pleasing voice, belonging to a person who had mixed with well-bred people at some time or another.

"By Jove," said the Secretary, "don't apologise, my man. I rather envy you. But look out for the snakes. I have seen two on the edge of the salt water; you must be careful with your bare feet."

"I saw the two you speak of, sir, a hundred yards off. I have a singularly quick eye. It is possible, your honour, that if I had been transported a dozen years earlier I might have made a good bushman. I was too effeminately bred also, Mr. Secretary. I was spoilt too young by *your* class, Mr. Secretary, or I might have developed into a bolder and more terrible rogue than I am."

"What a clever dog it is!" thought the Secretary. "Knowing that he can't take me in, and yet trying to do it through a mere instinct of deceit, which has become part of his nature. And his instinct shows him that this careless frankness was the most likely dodge to me, who know everything, and more. By gad, it is a wonderful rogue!"

He thought this, but he said: "Fiddle-de-dee about terrible rogues. You are clear now; why don't you mend your ways, man? Confound it, why don't you mend your ways?"

"I am going to," said the other. "Not, Mr. Colonial Secretary, because I am a bit a less rogue than before, but because it will pay. Catch me tripping again, Mr. Oxtou, and hang me."

"I say," said the Secretary; "you musn't commit yourself, you know."

"Commit myself!" said the man, with a sneer; "commit myself to *you*! Haven't I been confidential with you? Don't I know that every word I have said to you in confidence is sacred? Don't I know that what you choose to call your honour will prevent your

using one word of any private conversation against me? Haven't I been brought up among such as you? Haven't I been debauched and ruined by such as you? Commit myself! I know and despise your class too well to commit myself. You *daren't* use one word I have said against me. Such as I have the pull of you there. You *daren't*, for your honour's sake."

And, as he turned his angry face upon the Secretary, he looked so much more fiendish than the snake, and so much more savage than the shark, that the Secretary rode on, saying, "Well, my man, I am sorry I said anything to offend you;" and, as he rode on, leaving the solitary figure toiling on behind him, he thought somewhat like this:

"Curious cattle, these convicts! Even the most refined of them get at times defiant and insolent, in their way. What a terrible rogue this fellow is! He saw I recognised him from the first. I hate a convict who turns Queen's evidence. I wonder where he is going. I wish I could turn him over the border. I hate having convicts loose in my little colony. It is an infernal nuisance being so close to a penal settlement; but there is no help for it. I wonder where that rogue is making for; I wish he would make for Sydney. Where can he be going?"

One cannot help wondering what the Secretary would have said had he known, as we do, that this desperate rogue was bound on exactly the same errand as himself. That is to say, to foregather with Mr. George Hillyar, the man who was to be a baronet, and have 10,000*l.* a year, and who, God help us, was to marry Gerty Neville.

"Let me see," said the Secretary. "That fellow's real name came out on his trial. What was it? Those things are worth remembering. Samuel Barker—no, it wasn't Barker, because that's the name of the Cape Wilberforce people. Rippon, that was the name; no, it wasn't. What is his name? Ah! Rippon and—Rippon and Burton. Ah! for the man's name was Samuel Burton."

CHAPTER V.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE GHOST'S ROOM IS INVADED, AND JAMES PUTS HIS FOOT THROUGH THE FLOOR.

IN due time—that is to say, a fortnight after my fifteenth birthday—we moved into the new house. It was eight o'clock on a bright summer's morning when my father got the key from Mr. Long, unlocked the gate in the broken palings which surrounded the house, and passed into the yard, surrounded by his whole awe-stricken family.

There was no discovery made in the yard. It was commonplace. A square flagged space, with a broken waterbutt in one corner under an old-fashioned leaden gargoyle. There was also a grindstone, and some odd bits of timber which lay about near the pump, which was nearly grown up with nettles and rye-grass. In front of me as I stood in the yard the great house rose, flushed with the red blaze of the morning sun; behind were the family, Joe leaning on his crutch, with his great eyes staring out of his head in eager curiosity; after him the group of children, clustered round Emma, who carried in her arms my brother Fred, a large-headed stolid child of two, who was chronically black and blue in every available part of his person with accidents, and who was, even now, evidently waiting for an opportunity to distinguish himself in that line.

Joe had not long before made acquaintance with kind old Mr. Faulkner, who had coached him up in antiquities of the house; and Joe had told me everything. We boys fully expected to find Lord Essex's helmet lying on the stairs, or Queen Elizabeth's glove in the passage. So, when father opened the great paneled door, and went into the dark entry, we pushed in after him, staring in all directions, expecting to see something or another strange; in which we were disappointed. There was nothing more strange than a large entrance hall, a broad staircase, with

large balustrades, somewhat rickety and out of the perpendicular, winding up one side of it to the floor above, and a long mullioned window halfway up. Our first difficulty arose from Frank, my youngest brother but one, declining to enter the house, on the grounds that Shadrach was hiding in the cellar. This difficulty being overcome, we children, leaving father and mother to inspect the ground floor, pushed upstairs in a body to examine the delectable regions above, where you could look out of window, over Shepherd's nursery ground, and see the real trees waving in the west.

On reaching the first floor, my youngest brother, Fred, so to speak, inaugurated, or opened for public traffic, the staircase, by falling down it from the top to bottom, and being picked up black in the face, with all the skin off his elbows and knees. Our next hitch was with Frank, who refused to go any further because Abednego was in the cupboard. Emma had to sit down on the landing, and explain to him that the three holy children were not, as Frank had erroneously gathered from their names, ghosts who caught hold of your legs through the banisters as you went upstairs, or burst suddenly upon you out of closets; but respectable men, who had been dead, lawk-a-mercy, ever so long. Joe and I left her, combating, somewhat unsuccessfully, a theory that Meshech was at that present speaking up the chimney, and would immediately appear, in a cloud of soot, and frighten us all to death; and went on to examine the house.

And really we went on with something like awe upon us. There was no doubt that we were treading on the very same boards which had been trodden, often enough, by the statesmen and dandies of Queen Elizabeth's Court, and most certainly by the mighty woman herself. Joe, devourer of books, had, with Mr. Faulkner's assistance, made out the history of the house; and he had communicated his enthusiasm even to me, the poor simple blacksmith's boy. So when we, too, went into the great

room on the first floor, even I, stupid lad, cast my eyes eagerly around to see whether anything remained of the splendour of the grand old court, of which I had heard from Joe.

Nothing. Not a bit of furniture. Three broad windows, which looked westward. A broad extent of shaky floor, an immense fire-place, and over it a yellow dingy old sampler, under a broken glass, hanging all on one side on a rusty nail.

Joe pounced upon this at once, and devoured it. "Oh, Jim! Jim!" he said to me, "just look at this. I wonder who she was?"

"There's her name to it, old man," I answered. "I expect that name's hern, ain't it? For," I said hesitatingly, seeing that Joe was excited about it, and feeling that I ought to be so myself, though not knowing why—"for, old man, if they'd forged her name, maybe they'd have done it in another coloured worsted."

This bringing forth no response, I felt that I was not up to the occasion; I proceeded to say that worsteds were uncommon hard to match, which ask our Emma, when Joe interrupted me.

"I don't mean that, Jim. I mean, what was her history. Did she write it herself, or who wrote it for her? What a strange voice from the grave it is. Age eighteen; date 1686; her name Alice Hillyar. And then underneath, in black, one of her beautiful sisters has worked, 'She dyed 3d December, that years.' She is dead, Jim, many a weary year ago, and she did this when she was eighteen years old. If one could only know her history, eh? She was a lady. Ladies made these common samplers in those times. See, here is Emma. Emma, dear, see what I have found. Take and read it out to Jim."

Emma, standing in the middle of the deserted room, with the morning sunlight on her face, and with the rosy children clustering round her, read it out to us. She, so young, so beautiful, so tender and devoted, stood there, and read out to us the words of a girl, perhaps as good and as devoted as she was, who had died a hundred and fifty years

before. Even I, dull boy as I was, felt there was something strange and out-of-the-way in hearing the living girl reading aloud the words of the girl who had died so long ago. I thought of it then ; I thought of it years after, when Joe and I sat watching a dim blue promontory for two white sails which should have come plunging round before the full south wind.

It was but poor doggrel that Emma read out to us. First came the letters of the alphabet ; then the numbers ; then a house and some fir-trees ; then—

“Weep not, sweet friends, my early doom.

Lay not fresh flowers upon my tomb ;
But elder sour and briony,
And yew bough broken from the tree.
My sisters kind and beautiful !
My brothers brave and dutiful !
My mother deare, beat not thy breast,
Thy hunchbacked daughter is at rest.
See, friends, I am not loath to go ;
My Lord will take me, that I know.”

Poor as it was, it pleased Joe ; and as I had a profound belief in Joe's good taste, I was pleased also. I thought it somewhat in the tombstone line myself, and fell into the mistake of supposing that one was to admire it on critical, rather than on sentimental grounds. Joe hung it up over his bed, and used to sit up in the night and tell me stories about the young lady, whom he made a clothes-peg on which he hung every fancy of his brain.

He took his yellow sampler to kind old Mr. Faulkner, who told him that our new house, Church Place, had been the family place of the Hillyars at the close of the seventeenth century. And then the old man put on his hat, took his stick, called his big dog, and, taking Joe by the hand, led him to that part of the old church burial-ground which lies next the river ; and there he showed him her grave. She lay in that fresh breezy corner which overlooks the flashing busy river, all alone. “Alice Hillyar ; born 1668, died 1686.” Her beautiful sisters lay elsewhere, and the brave brothers also ; though, by a beautiful

fiction, they were all represented on the family tomb in the chancel, kneeling one behind the other. It grew to be a favourite place with Joe, this grave of the hunchbacked girl, which overlooked the tide ; and Emma would sit with him there sometimes. And then came one and joined them, and talked soft and low to Emma, whose foot would often dally with the letters of his own surname on the worn old stone.

The big room quite came up to our expectations. We examined all the other rooms on the same floor ; then we examined the floor above ; and, lastly, Joe said :

“Jim, are you afraid to go up into the ghost's room ?”

“N—no,” I said ; “I don't mind in the day time.”

“When Rube comes,” said Joe, “we sha'n't be let to it ; so now or never.”

We went up very silently. The door was ajar, and we peeped in. It was nearly bare and empty, with only a little nameless lumber lying in one corner. It was high for an attic, in consequence of the high pitch of the roof, and not dark, though there was but one window to it ; this window being a very large dormer, taking up nearly half the narrow end of the room. The ceiling was, of course, lean-to, but at a slighter angle to the floor than is usual.

But what struck us immediately was, that this room, long as it was, did not take up the whole of the attic story. And, looking towards the darker end of the room, we thought we could make out a door. We were afraid to go near it, for it would not have been very pleasant to have it opened suddenly, and for a little old lady, in grey shot silk and black mittens, to come popping out on you. We, however, treated the door with great suspicion, and I kept watch on it while Joe looked out of window.

When it came to my turn to look out of window, Joe kept watch. I looked right down on the top of the trees in the Rectory garden ; beyond the Rectory I could see the new tavern, the Cadogan Arms, and away to the

north-east St. Luke's Church. It was a pleasant thing to look, as it were, down the chimneys of the Black Lion, and over them into the Rectory garden. The long walk of pollard limes, the giant acacias, and the little glimpse of the lawn between the boughs, was quite a new sight to me. I was enjoying the view, when Joe said :

"Can you see the Cadogan Arms?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what the Earl of Essex would have thought if—"

At this moment there was a rustling of silk in the dark end of the room, and we both, as the Yankees say, "up stick" and bolted. Even in my terror I am glad to remember that I let Joe go first, though he could get along with his crutch pretty nearly as fast as I could. We got downstairs as quick as possible, and burst in on the family, with the somewhat premature intelligence, that we had turned out the ghost, and that she was, at that present moment, coming downstairs in grey shot silk and black mittens.

There was an immediate rush of the younger ones towards my mother and Emma, about whom they clustered like bees. Meanwhile my father stepped across to the shop for a trifle of a striking hammer, weight eighteen pounds, and, telling me to follow him, went upstairs. I obeyed, in the first place, because his word was law to me, and, in the second, because in his company I should not have 'cared one halfpenny for a whole regiment of old ladies in grey silk. We went upstairs rapidly, and I followed him into the dark part of the room.

We were right in supposing we had seen a door. There it was, hasped—or as my father said, hapsed—up and covered with cobwebs. After two or three blows from the hammer it came open, and we went in.

The room we entered was nearly as large as the other, but dark, save for a hole in the roof. In one corner was an old tressel bed, and at its head a tattered curtain which rustled in the

wind, and accounted for our late panic. I was just beginning to laugh at this, when I gave a cry of terror, for my right foot had gone clean through the boards.

My father pulled me out laughing; but I had hurt my knee, and had to sit down. My father knelt down to look at it; when he had done so, he looked at the hole I had made.

"An ugly hole in the boards, old man; we must tell Rube about it, or he'll break his leg, maybe. What a depth there is between the floor and the ceiling below!" he said, feeling with his hammer; "I never did, surely."

After which he carried me downstairs, for I had hurt my knee somewhat severely, and did not get to work for a week or more.

When father made his appearance among the family, carrying me in his arms, there was a wild cry from the assembled children. My mother requested Emma to put the door-key down her back; and then, seeing that I was really hurt, said that she felt rather better, and that Emma needn't.

Some one took me from my father, and said, in a pleasant cheery voice :

"Hallo! here's our Jim been a-trotting on the loose stones without his knee-caps. Hold up, old chap, and don't cry; I'll run round to the infant-school for a pitch-plaster, and call at the doctor's shop as I go for the fire-engine. That's about our little game, unless you think it necessary for me to order a marvel tomb at the greengrocer's. Not a-going to die this bout? I thought as much."

I laughed. We always laughed at Reuben—a sort of small master in the art of cockney chaff; which chaff consisted in putting together a long string of incongruities in a smart jerky tone of voice. This, combined with consummate impudence; a code of honour which, though somewhat peculiar, is rarely violated; a reckless, though persistent, courage; and, generally speaking, a fine physique, are those better qualities of the Londoner ("cockney," as those call him who don't care for

two black eyes, *et cetera*), which make him, in rough company, more respected and "let alone" than any other class of man with whom I am acquainted. The worst point in his character, the point which spoils him, is his distrust for high motives. His horizon is too narrow. You cannot get him on any terms to allow the existence of high motives in others. And, where he himself does noble and generous things (as he does often enough, to my knowledge), he hates being taxed with them, and invariably tries to palliate them by imputing low motives to himself. If one wanted to be fanciful, one would say that the descendant of the old London 'prentice had inherited his grand-sires' distrust for the clergy and the aristocracy, who were to the city folk, not so intimate with them as the country folk, the representatives of lofty profession and imperfect practice. However this may be, your Londoner's chief

fault, in the present day, is his distrust of pretensions to religion and chivalrous feeling. He can be chivalrous and religious at times; but you must hold your tongue about it.

Reuben was an average specimen of a town-bred lad; he had all their virtues and vices *in petto*. He was a gentle, good-humoured little fellow, very clever, very brave, very kind-hearted, very handsome in a way, with a flat-sided head and regular features. The fault, as regarded his physical beauty, was that he was always "making faces"—"shaving," as my father used to call it. He never could keep his mouth still. He was always biting his upper lip or his under lip, or chewing a straw, or spitting in an unnecessary manner. If he could have set that mouth into a good round No, on one or two occasions, and kept it so, it would have been better for all of us.

To be continued.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER VI:—A TIGER-PARTY IN NEPAUL.

March 28, 1863.

MY DEAR SIMKINS,—For some time past, "my mind has been divided within my shaggy breast," as to whether I should send you an account of our tiger-party in Nepaul. I was deterred by doubts of my ability to hit off that peculiar vein of dullness which seems the single qualification requisite for a sporting author. Why a pursuit of such absorbing interest should lose all its charms in the recital it is hard to say. Perhaps men are misled by the delights of a hard run or a successful stalk, and imagine that a bare unadorned narrative will best convey the idea of those delights to their readers. But this can hardly be the cause; for accounts of sport, for the most part, are characterised by carefully elaborated jocosity of a sin-

gularly insipid flavour. Sometimes the writer aspires to poetry; in which case he invariably talks about his Pegasus, and is mildly mythological, calling all ladies "Dianas," and speaking of the sun as "Phcebus." After describing the breakfast at the house of "the Amphitryon," the meet on the lawn, and the scene at coverside, he proceeds somewhat in this strain:—

'Across the fields proud Reynard goes,
Amidst a hundred Tallyhos.
Our master kept the Cockneys back,
Who pressed and jostled in the track.
Right manfully his tongue he plies,
And to perdition dooms their eyes.
Three couple now are on the scent!
'Hark, forrard!' and away we went.
'Hark, forrard! Forrard!' is the cry;
And like a flock of birds we fly,
In breeches, scarlet-coat, and tops,
Along the Dyke to Heywood Copee.

As down towards Barton Wold we sail,
The Cockneys soon began to tail,
And all of them were missing, rot 'em,
Ere yet we got to Brambly Bottom.
The pace now told on every nag,
Which proved the fox was not a 'bag.'
Poor Captain Fisher broke his girth,
And, like Antæus, came to earth,
Though with his fall, I greatly fear O,
Ceased his resemblance to that hero.
Briggs came a cropper; and the earl
Experienced an unlucky purl,
But towards the front he showed again,
Before we entered Ditton Lane."

Who reads these productions? I had the pleasure of living among fox-hunters in England, having indeed myself described parabolas over more than one hedge, but their taste in literature was as good as that of any other class of educated men. Again, there is no want of cultivation among cricketers. My friends who had been in the eleven at Harrow and Eton knew good writing from bad. They laughed at Tupper and *with* Thackeray, and carried off their full share of honours in the university examinations. It could not be for their edification that such stuff as the following is put on paper:

"United Victor Emmanuels v. the
"Second Eleven of Horley School with
"Tomkins."

"Yon light is not daylight. I know it—I." So said Juliet (in a play composed by one Will Shakspeare, who might have shaken a bat in uncommon pretty style had he lived now-a-days), and so said the "Vics," when roused from "Nature's sweet restorer" to catch the early train to Mudford, which was to catch the early coach to Haverton, which was to catch the early drag to Horley, which they were all to catch it from the school captain for not coming early enough as it was, or "as they were," if you like it better so, my gentle and painfully grammatical reader. The "Vics" won the toss, and sent to the wicket Jones and "the Novice." "In I go," Jones says, with his wonted humour: but "Out you go, Jones," was the stern answer of the irresistible Tomkins, as he levelled the off stump of that distinguished architect. Two more gentlemen, whose names we suppress

out of tenderness for their ancestors who come after them, followed, only to lay the wily duck's egg. But, behold, amidst loud cheering from the "Vics," the invincible Buffle assumes the willow. "Et fugit ad salicem, sed se capit ante videri." Alas! poor Buffle! What might not have been the feats of that conquering arm hadst not thou spooned up a ball, which seemed to say, in an inviting manner, "Take a 'poon, point." Point made a point of catching it, and thou, O Buffle, retiredst swearing:—and so forth, till even Bell cries, "Hold! Enough!"

Have you ever observed that a man always speaks of the event which cut short his innings as a remarkable occurrence, out of the ordinary course of the game? "Are you out, old fellow?" "Yes, I was beastly unlucky. Whizz! white bowled me with a shooter:" or, "I hit at a slow pitched-up ball which took my wicket:" or, "I was caught at long-leg by a fluke," who, by-the-bye, generally happens to be standing long-leg on such occasions: or, "The ball came off my pad, and just rolled in:" or, "I was run out:" or, worse than all, "that fool Jobson ran me out." No one ever was known to run himself out. It is either "That fool Jobson," or the bald statement, "I was run out." I once asked a friend of colossal fame as a batsman what was the regular way of getting out to which every other constituted an exception. The question apparently opened to him an entirely new line of thought.

It is bad enough that the athletic pursuits which are the special glory of England should be made the vehicle for such melancholy buffoonery; but the more practical writers on sporting matters have very crude notions of what is readable. There are no authors who as a class so consistently ignore the precept of Horace which forbids to commence the history of the return of Diomedes with the decease of Meleager, and to trace the Trojan War from the double egg. Just as the chroniclers of the Middle Ages always began with Adam, every one who publishes a treatise

on the habits and diseases of the dog seems unable to tell us what mash he recommends for a tired pointer, and whether he treats distemper with sweet oil or mustard and water, unless he has prefaced his remarks by informing us that the hounds of Theseus

"Were bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded ;"

and that the poor Indian entertains the hope that, when he has been despatched "to the equal sky," by fire-water, and small-pox, and the other blessings brought to the door of his wigwam by advancing civilization, "his faithful dog shall bear him company." Whether this privilege, if extended to the whole of the canine race, would conduce to the greatest happiness of the greatest number of departed spirits, may reasonably be doubted. There is an officer residing in our boarding-house who was the spirited proprietor of a bulldog which I shot the day before yesterday with a saloon-pistol, and of which I sincerely trust that I have seen the last in this world and the next. There is no one who can bring out a work upon the game of cricket without introducing into his first few pages an allusion to the rhyme—

"At football or at cricket,
How neatly hur could prick it !"

impelled apparently by the same mysterious necessity which, in the case of the weak-minded gentleman in "David Copperfield," overruled his efforts to keep King Charles the First out of his memorial. It is fortunate that this tendency is confined to one department of literature. Conceive what it would be if every medical publication commenced with Hezekiah's poultice of figs, every book on tactics or fortification with the battle of four kings against five, and every peerage with Duke Teman, Duke Omar, Duke Zepho, and Duke Kenaz.

Indian sport has perhaps suffered more in public estimation by villainously bad writing than any other branch of the gentle craft. People have been so overdone with howdahs, and bottled beer, and hair-triggers, and hair-breadth

escapes, and griffins spearing a sow by mistake, that they had rather face a royal Bengal tiger in his native jungle than in the *Sporting Magazine*, and dread the name of a pig more than the most scrupulous Jew can abhor the reality. What reader of taste does not feel his heart sink within him when, as he flits through the leaves of a periodical, paper-knife in hand, he is aware of a contribution headed,

"Pigs and their Stickers ;
Or, How we keep it up in the North-West.
By Nimrod, Junior."

Mayhap, as he cuts his way through Nimrod Junior's article, in the haste of an absorbing terror, he lights upon a page commencing : "'— your eyes, you 'young greenhorn, keep to your own 'side,' and up dashes Major W—, the 'gallant, the determined, his long beard 'floating on the mid-day air ; his glance 'beaming as it beamed when he led the 'stormers over the glacis at Mooltan. 'Fly, poor piggy, if thou wantest to re— 'see thy porcine spouse ! But faster 'flies thy pursuer, his intellectual brow 'knit with eagerness, as he just feels 'the Pelham pressing the mouth of his 'four-year-old.' I will endeavour to steer clear of the Scylla of slang and the Charybdis of bombast, and to set down on paper a simple unvarnished history of some most pleasant days passed in very good company.

The northern border of the district, of which Mofussilpore is the capital, lies some fifty miles distant from the station. The province is bounded in this quarter by Nepaul, or rather by the Terai, a slip of plain about twenty miles in breadth along the foot of the lower chain of the Himalayas, which we have left in the possession of the Hillmen. It is cultivated by Hindoos, from whom their masters exact a swingeing tribute ; and, as most of their revenue is drawn from this source, the fear of losing it makes even Ghorkas shy of a collision with the British Government. The soil is fertile, and intersected by numerous streams, which, fed by the eternal snows of the main chain, afford a more certain supply of water than the great

rivers that flow into the Ganges from the South. The ground immediately under the hills is, however, wild and broken, and covered with luxuriant jungles, which swarm with wild animals of every species, from elephants to monkeys. It is the custom of the magnates of Mofussilpore to make an expedition thither in the spring of every year; and Jung Bahadur, the mayor of the palace at the court of Khatmandoo, holds it in high repute as a shooting ground. As the Nepaulese have no "sacred reservations" concerning the sale of waste "lands," it is probable that this region will long provide abundant sport alike for civil servants and native premiers. Last year the party from the station had been a good deal annoyed by the suspicion with which they had been regarded by the local officials; so Tom had obtained a permit from the great man himself, giving us leave to shoot for twenty days. It was attested by his seal, which gave his title at full length in English, "Jung Bahadur, G.C.B., Prime Minister of Nepaul."

For months beforehand preparations had been on foot. The arrangements for a shooting party on a grand scale demand no scant amount of administrative capacity, and require all the personal influence of a man in authority to be successfully carried out. Three elephants must be borrowed from one zemindar, and four from another; and the brigadier at Dinapore must be requested to lend the services of a score of his hugest and most earth-shaking beasts, and his pluckiest mahouts. Then tents and howdahs must be looked up and repaired; and a small commissariat department organized for the provisioning of a little army of drivers, grass-cutters, and servants at a distance from the dépôts. Then communications must be kept open between the station and the camp, and a daily dawk maintained on a system resembling as little as possible that of the General Post Office of India. Finally, the comfort of the Sahibs must be insured; bacon, cheese, flour, sheep, fowls, beer-shrub, brandy-shrub, sherry-shrub, Simkin-shrub, tea-shrub, belattee-

pawnee, meta-pawnee,¹ penicka-pawnee,² must be despatched on a-head, and a double set of horses be laid down at six-mile stages along the whole line of road.

From the 16th to the 19th of February, elephants came to Mofussilpore in quick succession; and, as fast as they arrived, we presented each Mahout with a rupee and a bag of rice, and sent him on to camp. On the evening of the 20th, young Benson, the assistant-magistrate, treated his brother hunters to a bachelor-dinner. We were four in number: our host, Tom, myself, and Mr. Mildred, an indigo-planter who resided in the vicinity—a first-rate spear and a rough-rider, a most keen sportsman, but unselfish enough to consider the sport of others as more important than his own. If ever I am sent to skirmish in open order, I should like to have Mildred for the front-rank man of my file. We got uncommonly jolly, under the combined stimulus of Simkin and anticipation. After dessert was removed, we spent the evening in sewing up bullets in linen—a wise precaution, for it is poor work fumbling for a patch when, having just fired away all your ball at an antelope, you see a streak of yellow and black glancing through the grass twenty yards in front of your elephant.

The next morning we rose at half-after three, and started off into the darkness in two tumtums, or dog-carts. Everybody in these parts keeps at least three horses; and no one who meditates a journey, feels any delicacy about asking for the loan of as many as he requires, from the factories and stations bordering on his route. It soon grew light, and we bowled merrily along at the rate of eight miles an hour, including stoppages, and ferries, and shying, and boltings, and rearings. The road, not having been constructed under the auspices of the Public Works Department, was in excellent order. A grass causeway ran along the centre, high and dry; while on either side was a sort of ditch sacred to bullock hackeries. Long before each

¹ Lemonade.

² Drinking-water.

set of nags had lost their freshness, we came in sight of another pair, standing sometimes beneath an ancient peepul-tree, sometimes under the walls of a ruined temple, sometimes in a grove of mangoes or palms. Mofussil horses behave in a most fiendish manner at starting; but, when once well off, they complete their stage with laudable zeal and propriety. Some are incorrigible planters, considering it essential to their dignity to stand perfectly still for ten minutes after they have been put between the shafts. Others jib violently and back into the cart-track beneath, while a cascade of gun-cases slides over the rear of the tumtum, and a stream of collectors pours out in front. In other cases, the owner holds the animal's head high in air, to prevent him from kicking the vehicle to pieces; and, when the harness has been adjusted, sends him off at a gallop, and jumps up behind as best he may.

By eleven o'clock we had accomplished forty-seven miles in safety, and found ourselves at an old military station on the borders of Nepaul. During the war at the beginning of the century, a battalion had been quartered here, but the place had long been deserted. The bungalows were abandoned to the jackal and the cobra, the compounds were overgrown with brushwood, the wells choked with rubbish. One ancient lady, a Mrs. Grant—whose husband, the regimental surgeon, had died and been buried during the period of our occupation—lived on here for many years in perfect solitude, till she lapsed into semi-barbarism, quarrelling with her native servants, and keeping a number of deer and cats under her roof, from which she could not be persuaded to tear herself even after they had departed this life, and become too high to be agreeable pets. The aspect of the burial-ground was melancholy and singular. Amidst a group of trees enclosed within a ruined wall were scattered, fast crumbling to decay, those unsightly masses of brickwork which make hideous the last home of the stranger in India. Here, as elsewhere, most of the inscriptions had been

removed by the rustics of the neighbourhood, to be used for grinding their curry; but some few remained, of which one, showing signs of comparatively recent repair, stated itself to be "in affectionate memory of Dr. Grant." Others recorded the names of officers hardly emerged from boyhood, whose preconceived hopes of the excitement of active service and the gaiety of country quarters were realized in ennui, brandy pawnee, jungle-fever, and an early grave. One monument was erected to a Waterloo hero by "his friend, Lord Combermere," who has lived through another generation since his old comrade was buried in the wilds of Nepaul.

The last vestige of practicable road ceased at the frontier. So we alighted, unloaded the tumtums, and packed our guns and baggage on a couple of elephants. As the Happy Hunting-grounds were seven coss, or fourteen miles, within the Nepaulese territory, we took a few hours' rest and a hearty tiffin under the shade of a noble banyan—a tree that is to other trees as a patriarchal clan to a modern household. Just as, in primitive times, every community owned a common father, whose memory formed an indissoluble tie long after he was dead and gone, even when the family had increased into a mighty nation; so the banyan is a forest in itself, which, for centuries after every trace of the parent trunk has disappeared, grows outward and upward, till whole battalions might repose within the circuit of its boughs. Here we drank tea, and smoked, and did gymnastics on the branches, and read *Tristram Shandy* out loud, till three in the afternoon, when we saddled the horses and recommenced our march.

Before we had gone many yards, my horse, a fiery young Cabul stallion belonging to Mildred, said Ha, ha, and pitched me over his head; and then proceeded, after their manner, to eat me like a radish, from the feet upwards. He was not, however, destined to enjoy his unhallowed meal in peace; for his owner, who dismounted on the spot, and to my intense relief insisted on changing animals with me, speedily

brought him to reason with a pair of heavy spurs and a cotton umbrella. We were conducted by a guide along a track, far more rugged than the fields on either side, through a rich country thickly studded with villages. Tom's eye, more practised or more partial than my own, detected numerous signs of misgovernment. He bade us observe that the tillage had perceptibly fallen off, and that the people lived in wretched wicker huts; while, on his side of the border, each man had his excellent mud cabin, thatched with straw. The population was entirely Hindoo; but here and there we came across a Nepaulese official, clothed in skins, and invariably armed with the heavy carved knife which the native tribes far and near dread as the Tarentines and Etrurians dreaded the broadsword of old Rome. Our own sepoy, led by British officers, could not be brought to stand the charge of the Hill-men; and on more than one memorable occasion even the English bayonets gave way before the Ghorka blades. For a whole year, the regular army of Nepaul, a mere handful of some 12,000 warriors, defended their extensive frontier against tremendous odds. The earlier engagements in the war read like Prestonpans and Killiecrankie. At length, when Ochterlony, acting with great caution and skill, had outmanœuvred the chiefs of these Highlanders of the east, they avoided a Culloden, by signifying their agreement to an equitable peace, the terms of which have been faithfully observed by both parties—an instance of mutual respect rare in India. The specimens of the race whom we passed on the road, to judge by their appearance, would be awkward customers in a surprise or foray. Short, with thick firm limbs, light complexions, long matted hair, and an inexpressibly humorous cast of features, they looked us full in the face, and laughed and talked with a freedom and dignity which had quite a bracing effect on men accustomed to Bengalee servility and effeminacy. In fact, the Ghorkas are a military aristocracy, like the Spartans of blue blood; the other Nepaulese represent the Lakeda-

monians or Perioeci (in gratitude to dear Mr. Grote for that history which all scholars love, and all pedants hate and envy, I make a point of spelling to his fancy), while the Hindoos of the Terai are little better than Helots.

In a bold and singularly unsuccessful attempt to take a flying leap over a mud wall, Benson broke a stirrup-leather, and, while he stopped to mend it with his boot-laces, Tom took occasion to question the villagers about the system adopted by the Nepaulese for getting in the revenue, expecting to obtain some information concerning the grades and duties of the collectors, the nature and amount of the assessment, the permanency of the settlement, &c. His audience burst out laughing, and replied that the received method of collecting consisted in placing a lattee, which is the name for the quarter-staff carried by all Indian peasants, under the defaulter's knee, and raising his leg till he became able to pay up. As to a permanent settlement, the Government officers sometimes brought a ryot's elbows behind his back, passed a lattee under them, hung him by his heels to a tree, and settled him there permanently, unless his quota was forthcoming; but they had never heard of any other. The amount of the assessment seemed to average about four times the sum that would be exacted for the same lands by the English Treasury, with as much more as could be squeezed out of the tenants by these legitimate means of coercion. In return for the tribute, the Imperial Government does not appear to have provided its subjects with cheap and speedy justice, or with facilities for the instruction of their children, or any of the other benefits by which we seek to compensate the natives for the loss of their independence, and salve our own consciences; while the state of the roads and of the irrigation went to show that the Khatmandoo Department of Public Works was hardly superior in efficiency to our own. The whole strength of the Ghorka administration seems to be concentrated on their War Office, and their Prime Ministers are

better hands at shooting their uncles through the back with blunderbusses, than at compiling codes or devising sweeping measures of popular education.

As we went by a miserable hovel, a man ran out, and, putting up his hands in the attitude of prayer, as is the universal custom among natives when addressing a superior, entreated Tom to cure him of a bloody flux, from which he had suffered for the space of two years. Tom said, kindly, that if he would come to Mofussilpore, every attention should be paid to his case ; but this was not what the poor fellow wanted. He had fondly imagined that the Sahib would make him whole by a word or a touch. Europeans are rarer birds and more like black swans in these parts than in the British dominions, and very mysterious notions exist concerning their powers for good and evil. This was a fair instance of what the missionary tracts call "Illustrations of Scripture." How sick one got as a child of those little green books, which never tired of informing us that the Chinese rice-growers even now cast their bread on the waters and find it after many days ; and that even now the Hindoos take up their beds and walk. The similes, drawn by our Saviour from the familiar scenes around him, come home to one with great force out here. Every week a magistrate, in Cutcherry, disposes of cases which forcibly remind one how little twenty centuries have modified the immutable ways of oriental agricultural life. Still, when a farmer goes forth at dawn to find his boundary stone rolled inwards, or his crop choked with tares, he knows that "an enemy hath done this." Still the unjust Gomastah calls his lord's tenants unto him, and bids one who owes a hundred seers of indigo take his bill and write fifty, and another who owes a hundred maunds of grain take his bill and write fourscore, trusting wisely to the selfish gratitude of the mammon of unrighteousness. Still, when some strong man of doubtful loyalty has been deprived of his weapons under the Disarming Act, the

dacoits dig through the wall, and first bind the strong man, and then spoil his house. The excessive aversion to pedestrian exercise that prevails among old residents, and the great difficulty which a fresh arrival experiences in obtaining a companion for a walk, frequently recalls the text which enjoins a special manifestation of unselfishness. More than once have I induced a good Christian to go with me a mile sorely against his will, who, when we have accomplished that distance, has freely offered to complete the twain.

As we approached the mountains the crops became poorer and fewer, and the patches of cultivation were surrounded with rude fences—a sure sign that we were coming into the region of deer. At length we entered upon a grass plain sprinkled with brushwood, fringed on three sides with jungle. It was now the cool of the evening, and we put our horses into a gallop, which soon brought us to the border of a vast wood. After winding about through the trees for the better part of an hour, we hit upon the camp just before dark ; and a very picturesque scene it was. The tents stood in an open space of an acre and a half or two acres, enclosed in the primæval forest. Along the west side of the encampment, at the foot of a bank that went sheer down to the depth of thirty feet, ran the river Bogmutty babbling over the pebbles like a Highland burn. To use the expression of old Pepys, it was pretty to see the excitement of my companions at the sound and aspect of a running brook. Men who, for a dozen years, had never known anything but stagnant tanks, or wide sluggish streams the colour of pea-soup, were beside themselves with delight at the tinkling of the water as it rippled over the shingle, the deep, clear pools "with here and there a lusty trout," the peewits calling to each other from the brink, the rocks which afforded so inviting a dressing-room to bathers who were sceptical on the subject of crocodiles. At a distance of some six miles to the northward the Himalayas sprang straight up from the plain to

the height of five thousand feet ; while, in the far distance, we could discern the white line of those mysterious hills beside which Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn are mere pigmies ; from whose glaciers even Wills would turn away in despair ; on whose summits not even Tyndall could plant a thermometer.

If I live a hundred years (in which case the Government will have made an uncommonly bad bargain, as I shall have continued to draw my pension for half a century), I shall never forget that first morning in the wilderness. I sauntered out of the tent, after a long cool sleep, into an air as pure and fresh as the air of Malvern. All around the jungle-cocks were crowing and the peafowl hooting, while every now and then was heard the deep bellow of an elephant. In the space between the tents Tom was hard at work at a little table, signing, writing, and dictating to a native subordinate ; while a sowar, or mounted policeman, blazing in scarlet and blue, stood bridle in hand waiting to escort the post into British territory. Mildred had got out his guns, and was examining them with that loving solicitude which a lady bestows on her gowns, jewels, and furniture, but which a man is too proud to show except in the case of a favourite fire-arm, or a decrepid salmon-rod which has seen tougher days. Benson was enjoying his coffee and toast, and between the sips read aloud an article in one of the Calcutta papers, proving from Scripture the Divine origin of the Contract Law, to which Mildred listened with an occasional grunt of satisfaction. In one corner of the camp lay the howdahs. In another, the cooks were making preparations for breakfast, which, as it was we who were going to eat it, we took good care not to observe too minutely. In the river below lay a dozen elephants ; while others were cautiously descending the steep bank, or mounting it again after their bath. The huge animals wallowed patiently in the stream, while their mahouts scrambled over their bodies scraping them with a species of

overgrown curry-comb. Those who had been half washed presented a most droll contrast of colour between the white coating of dust and the natural black hue of their skin. We wandered forth into the wood, where the jungle-fowl—who are neither more nor less than cocks and hens in a wild state, with singularly beautiful plumage—ran and fluttered within a few yards of us. Every moment we came upon a group of two or three elephants, standing amidst a great heap of leaves and branches, which they consumed very leisurely and with an air of profound reflection. Meanwhile the drivers were grinding their curry under an extempore tent formed of pads propped up against each other, or saying the morning prayer with their faces turned towards far Mecca. Our horses were tethered in the centre of a lofty grove of ancient trees ; and near them stood the four howdah-elephants : noble beasts, who towered far above their fellows ; their tusks ornamented with metal rings, and their broad foreheads painted in grotesque patterns. Elephants in good condition are very fat and full. Strange stories these old howdah-wallahs could tell us, if they had the gift of speech ! They may have dragged a gun into action at Plassey, or groaned beneath the litter of the Grand Mogul when he was still sovereign of the continent from Nepal to Travancore. Perhaps this sight of the wilderness reminds them, in a dreamy manner, of a Ceylonese forest, far back in the depths of time, where they wandered, and browsed, and bathed, and loved, and were jilted, and fought (for their small eyes get very green on provocation), until some white monkeys tied their legs together, and carried them off into a servitude which they have tolerated ever since with magnificent Oriental indifference. They have seen the empire of Delhi fade away, and John Company come and go. They have beheld the President of Council turn into Governor General, and the Governor General into Lieutenant of the Queen of India. They have beheld a long succession of deficits,

and have attained to the days of a surplus palpable and tangible. They have lived to wonder at the roar and the rush of a steam-engine amidst regions where, with Scindia or Meer Jaffier on their backs, they have stood the roar and the rush of many a tiger and buffalo. I wonder whether they recollect their first mahout, and whether they think the rice now-a-days as good as it was in the heyday of youth, when they were still in their grand climacteric.

After breakfast we started for a point about a mile distant, whence we were to begin shooting; and on the way we settled ourselves in our howdahs as agreeably as circumstances would allow. The howdah consists of a box of wood and wicker-work, open at top, with sides three and a half feet high. There is a tolerably comfortable seat in front for the Sahib, and a remarkably uncomfortable one behind for the attendant. On either side of the sportsman rest his firearms; a double-barrelled rifle and two smoothbores loaded with ball, and one gun with a couple of charges of number four, or BB shot for partridge and jungle-fowl. As most of the firing consists of snap-shots within fifty yards, a good smoothbore is every whit as effective as a grooved barrel. In a number of little partitions in the front of the howdah the ammunition lies ready to hand. Here are a couple of dozen of well-oiled bullets packed snugly in a tooth-powder box. There is the leather shot-belt which you have carried over Perthshire moor, and Galway bog, and Somersetshire stubble, till it has grown limp, and black, and greasy, and beloved. In this drawer roll to and fro, with every jolt of your animal, the remnant of a batch of green cartridges, which the gamekeeper at your grandfather's gave you as a parting present at the end of your last day's shooting on English ground; the day you wiped the old gentleman's eye four several times, and were rewarded by a tip of a hundred pounds to buy hookahs, accompanied with an exhortation not to marry a Begum. Your Chuprassie sits behind, with an umbrella covered with white

linen, with which he contrives to come to the most frightful grief whenever you get among trees. In two holsters on either side of him swing a bottle of lemonade and another of soda water, while your lunch is stowed away in the well beneath your seat. Your dress is simple: a flannel shirt; the trousers of your college boat-club, the wash-leather lining of which is very grateful towards the close of a hard day; a pair of canvas shoes, and an enormous pith hat with a thick pad hanging down your back, which, combined with the howdah, gives you the appearance of a sporting mushroom growing in a flower-pot. Your *tout ensemble* is not as elegant as that of a cockney on the twelfth of August; nor would it pass muster at a show meet in the grass-counties. But, as a dentist once said to me, "All is not stopping that glitters." I dare say Nimrod's leathers were of an archaic cut, and yet he rode to hounds as well as most antediluvians.

On arriving at the rendezvous we found the pad elephants, forty-four in number, which, with the howdah-wallahs, gave us a line of four dozen. Tom, whom we had elected captain, deployed them as well as the difficulties of the ground would admit. Then we advanced, Mildred on the right wing, Tom and myself in the centre, and Benson on the left. Oh, the wild romantic charm of that first day in the forest! The strange luxuriant vegetation; the parasites, hanging in festoons from tree to tree; the gaudy graceful birds, not now seated in uneasy attitudes under a glass case in a drawing-room, with a wire through their bodies, staring in ghastly fashion out of their bead eyes, but piping and darting about among their native foliage; the big baboons swinging from branch to branch, and the lesser monkeys scudding along the cordage of knotted creepers, unconscious of the existence of such beings as Savoyard organ-grinders, the curse alike of man and ape; the jungle-cock, cackling and running about among the fallen leaves, at which I take a deadly aim, when, as my finger already contracts on the

trigger, a timely heave of my elephant flings the barrel ten degrees farther from the horizon: the cry on the far right of "Deer ahead! Look out!" And in and out of the trunks, comes dodging a bright red animal, which recalls in a second a flood of Zoological Garden associations. Trembling from head to foot, I drop the shot-gun, and put a rifle to my shoulder, which—"Confound it! It's on half-cock!" At last I fire, and have the pleasure of seeing a white mark appear on the bark of a sycamore just above the deer's back. A fair shot enough; but, alas, a miss is as good as half a coss. And now my elephant is brushing through the brambles along the bottom of a nullah, and Benson has wandered in a vague manner away to the left, drawing a score of elephants after him; and Tom, in a state of white rage, has gone to bring him to book; and Mildred, who never does anything without an object, has gradually crept up towards me, and is marching on the bank above with his thumb on the hammer of his fowling-piece, and—whir-r-r-r, a vast bird rises before me, obscuring one whole quarter of the heaven with his wings and tail, and I give him both my barrels, and he reels and drops with a slow stately swoop, and lies amidst the tangled grass, gorgeous in death, the hundred-eyed favourite of the Queen of Olympus. Then, as the day draws on, we reach a part of the wood where the trees are young and the ground clear of undergrowth. Leaning back in the howdah, I fancy for the moment that I am passing through a plantation in an English county, and almost expect to see a board threatening to prosecute me with the utmost rigour, or an old keeper in a suit of fustian, with a bunch of vermin-traps hanging from his shoulder, or—What is that thing tumbling through the trees a-head? A cow? A big dog? Heavens and earth, a huge black bear! "Juldee, mahout! Juldee, budzart!"¹ We're gaining! We're gaining! No, no! Yes we are! He's gone. No; there he is again.

¹ Quick, mahout! Quick, base-born man!

Will you look sharp, you beastly old wallah?" Meanwhile, far behind, I hear Tom bawling to me to come back and be—No; the distance must have deceived me. After a fruitless chase of a mile, I obey, and, crest-fallen and repentant, listen to a general lecture on my shortcomings, and a special order at sight of bear or tiger to call "Tallyho," and keep to the line. And, when no game is in view, I have the amusement of observing the almost human sagacity of my elephant; of watching him make his way, howdah and all, through thickets which a man on foot could not penetrate; breaking off great branches and tearing down creepers with his trunk, and pushing over small trees with his massive forehead. Then there are thoughts of tiffin, and occasional draughts of meta pawnee, and sweet anticipations of the lies I shall tell when I get back to Calcutta, and the flaming letter I shall write to the Scholars' table at Trinity. Oh! it is good to tear oneself for awhile from visiting cards, and white chokers, and swallowtail coats, to a life primitive and simple, without waistcoat or collar, care or dignity! It is good to tell the time by sunrise, and noon, and evening, instead of dividing the glorious day into periods nicknamed ten, fifteen, and four-thirty; to eat when hungry, and sleep when weary, and meditate when you feel thoughtful, and talk when you feel gushing. It is good that your object for a time should be, not to send in a Report that shall touch a tender chord in the heart of your Chief Commissioner, but to keep your portion of the line in faultless order by a liberal use of all the powers of vituperation which Providence has allotted you, to shoot a pea-chick for soup, and a blue pigeon, whose feathers will complete the plume which you promised to that dear little girl with whom you danced the three last waltzes at the Bengal Club Ball.

During this expedition I began to realize the ruling principles of military operations. In order to appreciate the history of a campaign, the reader must constantly bear in mind that multitudes

are always helpless and unwieldy. A single man, or a dozen or score of men, will carry their packs and rifles across a country for months together, at the rate of twenty miles a day, procuring food as they go along. But ten thousand men must be handled as if they were so many women. Good roads must be chosen, and plenty of them. The communications must be kept open, and provisions, clothes, and shoes stored at convenient points. The length of the day's march must be such as to allow the train of cannon, waggons, bullock-carts, and baggage mules to keep up with the fighting part of the force. I now began to understand the problems which have puzzled five hundred generations of schoolboys, with the exception possibly of Lord Macaulay's genus, in the fourth form: why Epaminondas did not advance on Sparta from the battle-field of Leuctra; why Hannibal did not advance upon Rome from the slaughter of Cannæ. We never succeeded in moving our tents and furniture to a distance of more than four coes from the last encampment. The country being strange, there continually occurred some misunderstanding about the name and direction of places. Our guides lost their way, and our wheels came off, and our carters stopped to bathe in the nullahs. Sometimes there was no track, and the weakest and the most insane of the elephants had to be left behind to convey our heavy property. Then the rice fell short, and the oxen fell sick, and the mounted escort fell off, and our servants fell to logger-heads with the village people. Nothing but Tom's excellence as a quartermaster-general saved us from confusion a great deal worse confounded. He shone, not only as an administrator, but as a tactician. It is far easier work to manœuvre a battalion of volunteers, among whom every third man considers his claims to the colonelcy overwhelming, than to bring a line of half a hundred elephants through a thorn jungle without clubbing them hopelessly. As it is impossible to see more than ten yards to the right and left, a gap once made, there is every chance that the array will be split

up into two fragments, marching towards opposite quarters. The mahouts are a lazy stupid lot, with none of the interest in the sport displayed by English beaters, and with a more than ordinary Hindoo faculty for going to sleep under circumstances the most unsuited for that pastime. They are very tender of their skins, and, when not strictly watched, are apt to follow the houdah elephant through the thicket in a long string, instead of beating the bushes on either side of him. Consequently every sportsman has to look very sharply after his section of the line. At first I expected to feel the want of an intimate acquaintance with the native terms of abuse; but a copious fount of vigorous English, assisted by the signs that are common to all time, was an excellent substitute for a full vocabulary of vernacular slang; the more so as I had provided myself with one disparaging epithet, which seldom came amiss, "Bud-zart, base-born," which has the advantage, rare in Hindoo Billingsgate, of not embodying a painful and unscrupulous assertion regarding the female relatives of the person addressed. Probably the mahouts in the army of Hannibal were not over and above familiar with colloquial Punic, and yet that eminent general appears to have had no difficulty in explaining to them when their animals were to slide down a glacier on their hind quarters, and when they were to wait till the cruet-stand was brought up from the rear. I adopted a simple plan. Whenever a driver proved incorrigibly sluggish or disobedient I made him take his place next me, within reach of my loading-rod. For instance, if a fellow in a turban loitered behind to steal sugar-canes, I would call out, "Hi, pugree-wallah! Pugree-wallah, hi!" Hereupon was attracted the attention of all the men wearing pugrees, who were thus as a class interested in identifying the culprit; and, at a wave of my arm, they would shove him in front of the line, and pass him on till he came into the place of torment. One very drowsy old boy, with a long white beard, passed three-fourths of every day in this un-

enviable post. The heat and the excitement of Indian shooting are a severe trial to the temper. It is especially necessary to be careful with your own mahout, as he sits immediately below, within the swing of your fist, and, as both his hands are occupied, the temptation to box his ears is, on provocation, fearfully strong. I should like to see Job himself at the moment when, as he is loading for dear life, with a leopard in the reeds before him, the mahout takes him under a branch which sweeps the top of the howdah, knocks him breathless on to the seat, scratches his pet rifle from muzzle to breach, and sends a charge of shot through the crown of his helmet. Unfortunately, your orders are liable to be mistaken on account of the similarity between the two words which are most often in your mouth, "left" and "right." Their sound is well enough represented by "binah" and "dinah," though a young gentleman who has been pronounced "satisfactory" in Oordoo will not be satisfied with anything under "bahinâ," and "dahinâ."

At two o'clock we came to the skirts of a wide plain of turf, with here and there a patch of grass a foot or so in height, browned by the sun. To an English eye the nature of the ground showed poor promise of game. But my companions knew better, and agreed that the cream of the sport was still to come. We made a halt, and lunched on plum-cake and cold tea. No sensible hunter will touch alcohol in any shape till the day's work is over. Nothing but the strictest temperance can avert the dangers of the heat and glare. Indeed, total abstinence is the safest rule for the jungle. The first evening we indulged freely in ale and sherry; then we came down to claret, and from that to lemonade, and a mixture of beer and soda-water, which was very refreshing at the price. The charms of brandy and belattee pawnee, a beverage which goes by the name of a "peg" (according to the favourite derivation, because each draught is a "peg" in your coffin), are far too seductive and insidious for a climate

which in itself finds more than sufficient work for the nerves.

After tiffin we advanced in a half-moon, so that the howdah elephants on the wings formed bastions, whence an enflading fire might sweep from right to left. Our array presented a most impressive appearance as we moved over the plain in stately guise. No Eastern potentate marching to subdue an empire could present a more formidable front than this party of civilians beating for hare and partridge. The firing was incessant all along the line. Besides small game, the long grass swarmed with hog-deer and antelope, while now and then a majestic florican flapped away in the distance. Before we had gone very far, one of the pad elephants, who had throughout the day shown symptoms of mild frenzy, now threw aside every vestige of sanity, and knocked over three of his smaller comrades in succession, not being chivalrous enough to butt one of his own size. Tom, after a hurried investigation, declared him to be a criminal lunatic, ordered him to be put into a sort of straight pad, and told off two great tusk-wallahs to act as keepers, who beat him about with their trunks until he became tractable. Towards evening a spotted deer got up in front of Benson, who fired a shot which broke its leg. We started in pursuit, plying it with ball and slug, but for a long time it succeeded in keeping about eighty yards ahead, till it took sanctuary in a bush. When we came up we found ourselves in the most ridiculous plight, for every one of our thirty barrels had been discharged. At last Mildred loaded again, and shot the animal dead, while Benson and I gave it a parting salvo; and, finally, the Mahommedan mahouts jumped down and cut its throat, calling upon Allah, and pretending to imagine that it was still alive. By this piece of hypocrisy they comfort their consciences, for they profess to believe with the Jews that God "will set His face against that soul that eateth blood, and will cut him off from among His people." A doctrine which, since the manifesto of the bishops against the unfortunate man of

Natal, I suppose we must all hold as necessary to salvation, in common with Hebrew and Mussulman. That night, when the game was laid in state at the tent-door, we counted fifteen holes in the body of the deer. You may be sure we did not dispute the possession of the skin.

And several days passed in like manner, as delightful as constant change of scene, the innumerable chances of the chase, and rare good fellowship, could make them. We bathed, and hunted, and lunched, and hunted again. We had our fair share of incidents. Tom shot a peacock through the neck with a single ball at a distance of two hundred yards, and I hit an old cow in the stomach at a distance of twenty, under the impression that she was a wild buffalo. A native thief, on being detected among the tent-ropes, ran a muck with a beer bottle, and created a panic among our servants, but was eventually knocked down by Mildred, who executed a rude justice on his person with a boot-jack, and then kicked him out of camp. We played whist, we skinned birds, we manufactured and wore to rags an endless supply of bad jokes, which, in after days, will be the shibboleth of the expedition. We disputed by the hour on neology, physiology, free-thought, free-trade, free-will, the respective merits of light and heavy charges of powder, and the virtues of tobacco as a soporific. On the Saturday night we held a general council, to consider the propriety of shooting on the morrow, since there were no ladies or clergymen to scandalize, no church to attend, and nothing to do but to read "Tristram Shandy," which can hardly be said to come under the category of Sunday books. Old associations prevailed, and we resolved not to have out the pad elephants, but to make a *détour* to the next camping-ground, and "shoot at anything we came across," which comprised five pigeons, three hares, a jackal, and a wild cat (mad with wounds). At length, during dinner, one evening, a cowherd came with information, or kubbur, concerning a tiger, which had carried off a bullock

at a place some six miles to the eastward. Now here was a kubbur, but the momentous question was, "Is it pukka?" Tom thought it looked well, and, if the man's story was true, our chances seemed very good; for a tiger invariably lurks three days in the neighbourhood of his prey.

We went to bed in high expectation, and the next morning Benson called up the whole party four several times before six o'clock, our usual hour for rising. "You have waked me too soon," as the Irishman said when suspended animation was restored during his premature funeral rites. Tom's native official was very anxious to be allowed to see the sport, but refused an offer of one of the pad elephants, on the ground that he entertained "apprehensions that inconvenience would result from the friction;" so I took him up in my back seat, while the man who had lost the bullock stood behind Tom's howdah. The forest in which the tiger was supposed to be lying was very extensive, which considerably decreased our hopes. Our captain gave strict orders to fire at nothing except tiger and sambhur, a gigantic deer of the elk species. As invariably happens in such a case, the less noble game seemed to find pleasure in tantalizing us. Antelopes stood gazing upon us out of their large eyes for minutes together. Great hogs trotted gravely away within pistol-shot. Peafowl and jungle-hens scuttled about till the ground beneath looked like a poultry-yard. At last a very small fawn proved too much for my forbearance. But the consciousness of guilt unnerved my arm. I missed, and Tom's voice pealed down the line—

"Is that a tiger?"

"No; a deer."

"What? A sambhur?"

"I—I—I'm not quite certain. I think it was."

Soon after, a peacock, which had strutted before my nose for a quarter of a mile, became irresistible. I fired, and, being now hardened in crime, not unsuccessfully. Then came the question—

"Hullo! What's that?"

"H'm. My gun went off."

"I know that. What did it go off at?"

This time I judiciously pretended to be out of earshot.

After struggling through two miles of frightful thicket we came to a dry nullah, along which we marched, feeling the bank with our right. A conviction seemed to prevail that a crisis was approaching. "Confound those mahouts," I said, "they're trying to sneak off." My companion replied, "Sire, they seem bent upon absconding." And now we reached a spot that to a novice had much of horror and mystery. On the brink of the ravine lay a tract overgrown with rank coarse grass, which overtopped the shoulder of the tallest elephant. Every tree in the neighbourhood was covered with a swarm of foul vultures, who filled the air with discordant ill-omened cries. We began to perceive a strong smell of putrid flesh, which became more oppressive as we drew on. Here, or nowhere, was the tiger's lair. The contrast which our array now presented to its ordinary appearance was as marked as that between a battalion on parade and in action. The drivers of the smaller beasts hung back, and one by one left their places in the line, while the howdah-bearers gradually converged towards the point where the stench and the cloud of flies told us that the tyrant of the jungle could not be far distant. Silent as death, with finger on trigger, every nerve quivering with excitement, straining our eyes downwards to left and right, we advanced in a cluster, step by step, through the tangled vegetation. To my dying day I shall never forget the look on Mildred's face as he peered into the ground below. Ten yards from the brink of the gully we came upon the mangled remnant of the bullock, and then the grass was agitated as with the motion of some large animal, and, casting back a glance of scorn at the throng of men and brutes, forth he stalked from his covert, the royal Nepaul tiger. Quick as thought came the report of all our rifles, and more than one red spot

appeared on his tawny flank. With a roar, a flash of his tail, and one tremendous bound he was among us. I have a very dim recollection of what followed. Bullets were whizzing all around, Tom firing over my shoulder, and Benson into my howdah; the tiger at one time on the head of Mildred's elephant, at another between the legs of mine; our beasts trumpeting, and plunging, and rolling; the rank and file scampering away in ungovernable terror. At the end of what seemed ten minutes, and was perhaps ninety seconds, the tiger lay dead amidst the trampled grass, with six balls in his body, one in the foreleg, and another through the brain.

We returned in triumph, shooting at everything that presented itself. I achieved a conquest over an ancient swine, which I brought down as it careered past at a distance of at least fifteen feet from the muzzle of my gun, at the rate of two miles an hour, including stoppages. As our Mahomedan followers refused to have anything to do with the unutterable flesh, we forced some Hindoos to alight and hoist the boar on to an elephant as it knelt on the ground. It is hard to say whether the men or the animal evinced most disgust. For a long time the mahouts pretended that the weight was more than they could manage; but at last they heaved the pig up, upon which the elephant raised itself on its forelegs, shot off its burden behind, and scrambled away in this absurd attitude, roaring horribly. After a quarter of an hour of this nonsense, during which I endeavoured in vain to quicken the movements of the group by pelting them with custard-apples from an overhanging bough, I appeared among them with my loading-rod, as a *diabolus ex machina*, and the job was done in fifty seconds. Tom offered to prepare the boar's skull to be preserved as a trophy, which excited the most supreme contempt in the breast of Mildred, who remarked, "Some time hence, when the whole thing has been forgotten, you can say you speared him."

We agreed to drink our last two

bottles of Simkin in honour of our signal victory ; and, in order to promote the festivity, each of us undertook to compose a song as we journeyed home to camp through the gloom of the evening. After dinner the fun became uproarious. Every glass added an inch to the length and height of the tiger, till at last he assumed such monstrous proportions in Benson's mouth that Mildred jotted down the items, and chalked a rude sketch of the animal on the table. The result was certainly startling. "Gad, sir," said the artist, "a young elephant is nothing to him." At last Tom knocked down Mildred for a song, who gave us the following plaintive ditty, replete with touching allusion to Government paper, in which he had lately taken a deep interest, with a view to future investment :—

"John Company, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquent
You borrowed, like the Yankees,
At eight or ten per cent.
Our Fours are now at par, John ;
Our cash requirements low.
Yet honour to your old good name,
John Company, my Jo.

"John Company, my Jo, John,
Those tight tight days are past ;
The English budget system
A surplus shows at last.
In eighteen seventy-three, John,
To limbo you must go,
And all your stock will be redeemed,
John Company, my Jo."

Tom followed with a chanson a thought too local for English taste. Still, if Longfellow considers himself justified in borrowing the burden of a song from the dead languages, a Mofussil collector has surely a right to pay the same compliment to Oordoo, the current dialect in the North of India. "Juldee jao" really does mean "go quickly ;" whereas "excelsior" is not "higher," but simply "taller," a horrid bit of Americanism. Pray observe that "lao," which is pronounced like the first three letters in "lout," is the Hindoostanee for "bring ;" that "qui hye" is the ordinary summons to a servant ; that a mookhtar is a native attorney, and a chokeydar a native

watchman ; and that Mahommed is a name as universal among kitmutgars as John among London footmen.

"When from the palkee I descend,
Too weary to rejoice,
At sight of my Mofussil friend
I cry with feeble voice,
Ere yet within the genial tub
I plunge my clammy brow ;
'Qui hye, Mahommed, brandy shrub,
Belattee pawnee lao !'

"As from Cutcherry home I spin,
Worn with the ceaseless rout
Of mookhtars quarrelling within
And chokeydars without,
My servant catches from afar
The mandate, 'Juldee jao !'
'Hullo, there ! Brandy, kitmutgar !
Belattee pawnee lao !'

"And when, a poor forsaken brute,
On fevered couch I toss ;
No man of medical repute
Within a hundred coss ;
One sovereign remedy I know,
Whose virtues all allow ;
'Qui hye, Mahommed, Brandy do !
Belattee pawnee lao !'

Graham, with a sly look at Mildred, gave us a ballad supposed to be sung by a planter, relating to the famous Act which was passed in 1859, with the intention of securing the rights of the ryots ; but which, according to a decision of Sir Barnes Peacock, the Lord Chief Justice of Bengal, is capable of very different interpretation. It must be premised that a vakeel is a pleader ; that an overseer is called a jemmadar ; and that the quarrel between the planters and their tenants arose from the objection of the latter to grow indigo.

"Should auld enactments be forgot,
And never called to min',
Although repealed upon the spot
By ten o' fifty-nine ?
Act ten o' fifty-nine, Sir Barnes ;
Act ten o' fifty-nine ;
We'll put a new construction yet
On ten o' fifty-nine.

"We a' hae garred our ryots plant
Without appeal or fine ;
But we've had mony a weary suit
Sin' ten o' fifty-nine.
We a' hae measured lands for seed,
Frae tiffin until dine,
Though now wi' summonses we're bored
Sin' ten o' fifty-nine.

"But here 's a fee, my bra' vakeal !
I clearly see my line :
Clause seventeen's the clause for me
In ten o' fifty-nine.
I'll bid my trusty jemmadar
Enhance thae rents o' mine :
We'll put a new construction yet
On ten o' fifty-nine."

As a new arrival, I did not like to venture upon an Indian theme, and contented myself with a polemical effusion of a very elementary nature.

I.
"Come, listen to my history,
For surely 'twill amuse ye
Who seek to pierce the mystery
That hangs round Doctor Pusey.
I once was great at picking holes
In Mother Church's skirt, sir ;
Though on my head she heaped hot coals
While I was throwing dirt, sir.
I did my best to catch her all
Abroad in Hebrew particles,
And in a sense non-natural
I freely took the Articles.
But now the modern German school
I fulminate my ban on,
And in the Oxford Senate rule,
For I'm a Christchurch Canon.

II.
"And, though I had my own small sect
At times not very distant,
Yet recollect you can't expect
That I should be consistent.
'Twas I that nipped within the bud
The heresy that Jowett
Had sown amid corruption's mud
Before he came to mow it.
For, when to crush the Hydra's brood
I saw no other way, sir,
With ninety other churchmen good
I dished him of his pay, sir.

For ne'er shall heretic, or Turk,
Or infidel, or Jew, see
A farthing's wages for their work
While it depends on Pusey.

III.
"The Queen desired there should be found
A man in *status clerico*,
Of tastes refined and doctrine sound,
To take the Prince to Jericho.
And in an evil hour she sends
The most esteemed and manly
Of all the Greek Professor's friends
The celebrated Stanley,
Although the world is all agreed
As I that none is so fit,
The rocks of Sinai to read,
And trace the vale of Tophet—
For who could be so safe a guide,
So skilled in all the Musæ,
As Learning's and Religion's pride,
The famous Doctor Pusey ?

IV.
"Says I, 'I'll punish England's hair,
For causing me vexation.
I'll wound him through his bride so fair,
And stigmatize her nation.
And, since she dares to wed in Lent,
To better ways I'll bend her ;
That season clearly was not meant
For changing glances tender.
I'll drive her from our Church's pale,
And offer to the Prince, sir,
An insult that can hardly fail
To make young Bertie wince, sir.'
Since Hildebrand from earth has sped,
Among our priests you few see
Who visit on a monarch's head
His sins, like Doctor Pusey."

Yours truly,

H. BROUGHTON.

VINCENZO ; OR, *SUNKEN ROCKS*.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

VINCENZO'S BARK STRIKES ON SUNKEN ROCKS.

VINCENZO's happy enjoyment of the present, and serene security in the future, met with a sudden check.

In the beginning of the second week in April, Rose had gone to Rumelli, as

she said, for three days. Her excursions in that direction had lately grown very frequent. The monument to the memory of her father, which had engrossed much of her thoughts and time during her residence in Turin, being now finished, she naturally enough wished herself to superintend the erection of it in the churchyard of the village. This was not an affair of

an hour or a day, and her anxiety to make sure that this mark of her filial love should be completed according to her intentions led to her occasionally making a short stay at the palace without Vincenzo, though, of course, accompanied by her infant, which she was nursing. Well, then—Rose had gone to Rumelli only for three days, and Vincenzo was not a little astonished, nay alarmed, when, on the day of her proposed return, he received a letter instead of the wife he expected. Before making known the contents of this letter, we must premise a few facts indispensable to its being thoroughly understood.

Any tolerably well-informed reader will recollect that, not long after sending an imposing *corps d'armée* into Piedmont, France threw a less considerable force, under the command of Prince Napoleon, into Tuscany. The immediate effect of this move was the evacuation by the Austrians of the Romagnas, which they had occupied militarily for years past. The inhabitants of the Romagnas, left to themselves, were not slack in throwing off the government of the Pope, and declaring their annexation to Piedmont. This was the origin of the Roman question.

Had the Pontifical subjects of the Romagnas the right to dispose of themselves as they thought fit, a right which had been exerted, and successfully, by the Greeks and the Belgians, not to speak of the French? Or were they a kind of *servi glebæ* of Catholicity? In other words, was the temporal power (nobody questioned the spiritual, mind)—was the temporal power of the Pope liable to the accidents inherent to the finite nature of all earthly things, or was it a power *sui generis*, inviolable, immutable, inasmuch as a *sine quâ non* of the free exercise of the Pope's spiritual power?

Opinions were and are still divided upon the point. Rose had heard the subject much discussed during the last months, and however strongly her sympathies were enlisted on the side of the

Pope, she had shown nothing of them. Signora Candia had determined not to let any difference of feeling upon this, or any other question of the day, interfere with her domestic happiness. Unfortunately, events turned out so, that she no longer deemed herself justified in persisting in this system of outward neutrality, and there came a moment when, short, as she believed, of endangering her soul, she had no choice but openly to act up to her secret convictions.

We said that the Romagnas had pronounced their annexation to Piedmont. The deputation commissioned to carry the wishes of those provinces to King Victor Emmanuel met with cordial words of sympathy, of encouragement, of hope for the future, but with none of positive adhesion. Diplomatic difficulties stood in the way of a formal acceptance. This occurred in the month of September, 1859. By March, 1860, these difficulties existed no longer, and the earnestly-desired incorporation of the Romagnas with Piedmont was officially decreed. Thereupon Rome issued a bull of excommunication against all those who, either as principals, abettors, or accessories, had in any way contributed, directly or indirectly, to the spoliation of the Holy See.

Armed with this bull, a copy of which he had been one of the first to receive, Don Pio placed it before Signora Candia, and called upon her to do her duty. She must either instantly reclaim her husband, or cut off all intercourse with one excommunicated. Don Pio was not the man to do things by halves. Rose rebelled against this terrible award. Those times were past when Don Pio had only to command to be obeyed. Other feelings, other influences, now counterbalanced his authority. Rose loved her husband as much as it was in her nature to love—he was the father of her child, he was the man she most respected in the world. Impossible to cast him from her. On the other side, the Infallible Head of the Church, Christ's Vicar upon earth, had spoken, and short of unconditional

submission, her eternal salvation was imperilled.

Signora Candia, when she went to reside in Turin, had had to choose a confessor there ; and her choice had luckily fallen upon a very worthy old ecclesiastic. She carried her anguish of mind to his feet, and appealed to his judgment against Don Pio's harsh sentence. The old priest's views of her duty under the circumstances proved far less absolute and much more humane than those of the younger man. To get out of harm's way, so as neither to receive nor countenance any scandal, to do this and pray, continually pray for her husband and the afflicted Church, such and no other were the directions she received. Then it was that, greatly relieved in her mind, yet with still an aching heart, she penned the following letter to her husband :—

“MY DEAR VINCENZO,—Nothing is amiss ; my health is excellent, and so, thank God, is that of our darling. I begin with this cheering intelligence, my dear husband, at once to dispel the uneasiness about us, which you will certainly feel on receiving a letter instead of seeing baby and me, as you expected. Since it is my fate to give you pain, let me, at least, give none that is unnecessary. Yes, my dear Vincenzo, I must give you some pain ; it cannot be avoided ; and yet God, who reads my heart, God is my witness that I would willingly give up my life to make you happy. But there are interests far more precious than life, and such as I cannot sacrifice even for you. There are—but what is the use of all this preamble but to make you fancy something still worse than what I have to say ? What I have to say is, that I cannot return to Turin for the present ; nor, indeed, for some time. I never thought it could be so hard to write these simple words. My hand is all in a shake with the effort ! . . .

“Now for the reason which compels me to take this course. I might have hid it from you—I might have easily accounted for our remaining in the

country by the fatigue of nursing, or the cutting of baby's teeth—two are just coming, poor little darling—or the fine season at hand ; but I will not, I cannot be insincere. I will not, I cannot repay your confidence in me with duplicity. No, I want you to read in my heart as in an open book. Well, then, my reason for not coming back to you for the present is—I scarcely know how to go on. You will do me the justice, my dear Vincenzo, to allow that I have tried, with all my heart, lately to conform to your ideas and meet your wishes. I have taught myself to believe what you believe, to like what you like, and I have so far succeeded in the attempt as to make you contented with me. I have approved of the war, I have willingly acquiesced in your taking office, I have been happy and proud of your success, and my heartiest wishes have been, and are still at this moment, for the greatness and the prosperity of our country. I have followed you thus far. Oh, Vincenzo, why should there be any point to which I cannot follow you ? You guess to what I allude—to one of the results of the last campaign, for which I was quite unprepared—I mean this deplorable annexation to Piedmont of part of the Pontifical States.

“Still, even such an act I might have borne in silence but for the solemn condemnation passed upon it by His Holiness, which makes silence itself a sin. Yes, to keep silent is, to a certain extent, to countenance ; and to countenance what the Holy Father has condemned is mortal sin. You must see, therefore, that, if I were now to return to you, my position would be a most trying one ; indeed, it would be downright wretchedness. Almost all your friends—the Del Palmettos, Signor Onofrio, &c.—and you yourself being in favour of the annexation, I should have no choice but either to remain silent, and thus load my conscience by an appearance of acquiescence, or to protest at every moment, and thus grow a bore to every one, and, worse than all, become displeasing to you.

"I know what you will say to this—you will say, 'Come, and you shall have no such alternative to apprehend. I shall take good care that the thorny question be not even so much as alluded to in your presence.' Yes, but at what cost? At the cost of all your intimacies, of all freedom of communication in your own home? I should hate and despise myself if I could only for a moment harbour the thought of weaning you from your friends, or of burdening them and you with the incubus of a perpetual reticence. No, my dear Vincenzo, there is but one rational way of meeting the difficulty—a temporary separation.

"And now let me beseech you, my dearest husband, not to attempt to combat my resolution, nor to weaken the grounds on which I have taken it. I know you have plenty of cogent reasons to urge, plenty of respectable authorities to quote, against the view I take of this question. I know you have a distinction ready between the Pope, Head of the Church, and the Pope, secular sovereign—between the spiritual and temporal power. All this I have heard over and over again, and without being in the least shaken in my convictions. I suppose (I say so in real humility) that I am far too ignorant to feel the full force of certain arguments. It is a thousand pities that such a clever, learned man as you are should have cast in his lot with a woman who has such a narrow understanding as I am aware I have. But you will give me credit for this, at all events, that I never tried to conceal from you any of my shortcomings. What I am now at twenty-five I was and showed myself when a girl of fourteen.

"Well, then, to me the Holy Father has always been and always will be the representative of Jesus Christ upon earth, and what the Holy Father orders I deem as binding on me as if the Almighty Himself had ordered it. I was brought up in this creed, it forms part of myself; I cannot alter it, nor would I if I could. You see, then,

that no good could come of your remonstrances, and evil might. Even—to anticipate all possible cases—even if the charm of your voice should be able to banish for a time what you consider my scruples, I know myself well enough to be sure that deep-rooted habits of thinking and life-long associations would speedily reassert their power, and that the struggle within me would begin afresh, fiercer than ever, and make me thoroughly miserable. Now, you don't wish to make your Rose miserable, do you? I rely, therefore, on your generously acceding to my prayer not to oppose, though only by arguments, the course I have decided on.

"Even in my sorrow I must consider myself fortunate that I have no sadder message to send, no crueller duty to accomplish, than such as my strength is equal to. What if, as for an instant I had cause to fear, what if I had had to break off all intercourse with you, unless . . . It makes me shudder only to think what *might* have been, and I thank God humbly and fervently that I have been spared the trial. Yes, my dear Vincenzo, that liberty of acting up to the dictates of my conscience, which I claim for myself, I am happily empowered to leave entire to you. I have no change in the actual tenor of your life to exact, to entreat, or (I am, perhaps, going too far, but God, who sees my motives, will pardon me if I do) to wish for. I have acquired the conviction that regular work of a certain kind is absolutely necessary for your well-being. Go on, then, with your present task; continue to be a useful servant to your country, and a credit to yourself and those who love you. I should not have said this, but that I know how generously self-forgetting you are, and I am anxious to put you on your guard against yourself.

"And now good-bye, my dear, my kind Vincenzo. I need not beg you to write as often, to come and see us as often, as you can. I know you will do both without being urged. As for me, I shall write and give you a daily account of both your Roses. Now, I

have only to ask your forgiveness for the pain I give you . . . I am so sorry for it—so very sorry—but it can't be helped. After all, it is only a temporary separation, you know. Matters cannot go on long thus between the King and His Holiness—some right settlement must be made and at no distant period—at least, I hope so; don't you? Adieu! What a pity that it should have come to this! We were so happy together—but I must not murmur. God bless you, my dearest husband, and believe me always

"Your affectionate wife,

"ROSIE.

"P.S.—Little Rose has kissed the paper here at this round mark, and so have I. Once again, adieu!"

Vincenzo was as little prepared for this ominous intelligence as the mariner who has moored his vessel over-night in a quiet haven is prepared for awakening on the high seas in the midst of a terrific storm. Not the remotest idea had even as much as glanced across his mind for the last ten months, that the old half-forgotten spectre, which had for so long haunted his married life, might again rise and place itself between him and his wife. And now, here it was, more threatening than ever! Vincenzo was utterly overcome. He laid his head on the desk before him, clasped his temples with both hands, and strove to collect his thoughts.

Presently he took up the letter to re-read it. Some passages, scarcely noticed on the first perusal, on the second touched him deeply; traces on the paper of tears, overlooked before, now anxiously sought for and verified, went straight to his heart. With the gush of sensibility broke forth a quail of alarm. God alone could know, thought Vincenzo, at the cost of what intense agony she had kept up that show of composure, intended to spare his feelings. But he was not to be duped by her generosity, not he; he felt the moral certainty that she was frantic with grief, fairly heart-broken, probably ill. . . . We know of old how

apt was Vincenzo's imagination, in general far from easily excited, to run riot on any subject connected with Rose and her father.

He drove at once to the railway, and within half an hour was on his road to Rumelli—not to combat his wife's resolution, not to argue or expostulate with her, but to soothe and comfort her. Against Rose, exacting, imperious, defiant, he had found it in his heart to struggle; before Rose, tender, submissive, unhappy, he felt completely disarmed. Indeed, if indispensable to her peace, he would lay, as a sacrifice at her feet, all his plans of usefulness, his prospects of worldly advancement—yes, for her peace, he would not shrink even from that . . . But Cavour! How account to Cavour for his defection? And yet account for it he must, or what would his kind employer think of him? The locomotive at the head of the train did not work harder than did Vincenzo's poor brain, once set on this track. He reached the Palace in a state of feverish agitation.

Rose was not taken unawares; she had contemplated the possibility—nay, the probability—of his coming, and had prepared herself accordingly. We have seen by her letter that what Rose most apprehended, and most wished to avert, was that, in a fit of generosity, Vincenzo should resign his appointment; now plain good sense told her that, the more calm and cheerful she appeared to him, the less chance there would be of his taking that extreme step. It was not, however, without a sharp battle with her feelings that she managed to keep her reception of her husband within the bounds of that affectionate cordiality to which she had accustomed him of late days. She said that she had expected him, and how very glad she was he had come, that they might talk over this momentary difficulty; for, after all, there was nothing like a quiet talk for settling things in their true light. Letters never answered in such cases; they always said too little or too much. Here, she feared, had alarmed him; had it not?

Rose's assumed equanimity had the desired effect. To see her look, to hear her talk in that easy natural way, to receive comfort and encouragement from her, instead of having to comfort and encourage—in one word, to find her altogether so different from what he had pictured to himself—gave Vincenzo a revulsion of feeling which instantly sobered him. Suddenly divested of the phantasmagoria in which he had clothed it, the naked reality, as it stood before him, lost by contrast even somewhat of its natural proportions.

Rose had therefore no difficulty in getting him to adopt her views—the views enforced in her letter. Safeguarding the present as they did, without prejudging the future, they were, in fact, the only rational ones under the circumstances; and Vincenzo, once reassured about his wife, once satisfied that the *short* trial at hand was not above her power of endurance, could not but acknowledge their soundness. In short, Signora Candia had the consolation of sending her husband back to his occupations next day, sad—how could he be otherwise?—but tolerably composed in mind, and heartily thankful for being spared the struggle between his duty to her and that to his venerated patron.

Much as the solitude of his home in Turin weighed at first on Vincenzo, he fought against despondence bravely; and, to help him to do so with less effort, presently came the excitement of that rush of wonderful events, which opened with the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala, and closed with the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy. The work of the sword did not exclude the work of the pen, and that of Vincenzo had no rest either by day or by night. Still, whatever the business in hand, however important or pressing it might be, there would peep from the paper before him the image of his wife and child, sitting lonely and disconsolate far away, and a sigh would come. The sight of his dear ones, whom he never failed to visit on Sundays, generally had the effect of sending him back to

town in low spirits. These were, however, necessarily fugitive impressions. Vincenzo was too much in the current of exciting events, far too much occupied, to indulge long in melancholy musings.

But when, in the lull of success, both the excitement and the press of business slackened, and the compressed sensibilities found leisure for asserting their own; when Vincenzo measured the length of time since Rose's departure, and looked for the chances of her possible return, and saw them, along with the chances of a settlement with Rome, daily recede and fade away into an indefinite future; then Vincenzo's heart sickened with hope deferred, and he was beset by many misgivings. What came of them, Vincenzo will himself tell in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

STRANDED.

"TO SIGNOR ONOFRIO AT NAPLES.

Rumelli, *June, 1861.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have sent in my resignation; it has been accepted with some difficulty; and here I am again at my starting point. Like an ill-fated ship, over and over again driven back by contrary winds, I return disabled to my moorings, there to lie and rot. It was my destiny that it should be so, and it is so far accomplished. . . . But I have not taken up the pen to complain. Even had I the inclination, the moment would be ill chosen to do so. The insignificant insect shorn of its wings in a cobweb has no right to be querulous, when the king of the forest lies struck down in all his might. All individual woes lose their claim even to utterance in the face of the immense calamity which weighs down a whole nation—the death of Cavour. Prepared for it, as we were for the last four-and-twenty hours, we could not believe it—it could not be realized. But yesterday we had heard his voice in parliament; but yesterday we had felt

the impress of his large mind on the course of European events ; and that to-day there should be nothing left of him ! It seemed incongruous, unnatural, impossible, that, so long as his work was not done, the great workman should be missing. Alas ! it is even so. Providence has such thunderbolts among its ways. Was the task of Italian redemption too easy with such a man ? And was he taken from us that we might grope in the dark, and stumble, and earn, through further suffering, the entrance into the promised land ? This is the secret of the Almighty—it only remains for us to bow our heads.

“Happy you, my dear friend, who were spared at least the anguish of the scenes which it was my sad privilege to witness. Yet why so ? There are sights which, however heartrending, still no man who loves his kind would miss, so strongly do they witness in favour of human nature ; and the universal homage of filial respect and tenderness paid to Count Cavour, during the few days of his illness, is too honourable to him who received, and to the population who gave it, not to form one of the saddest and yet one of the proudest recollections associated with his name and with the noble city wherein he was born and died. No one who has not seen the thick rows of anxious faces thronging for days together the halls, the stairs, the courtyard of the Hotel Cavour, and the street of the Arcivescovado—no one whose heart has not throbbed in poignant communion with the hearts of the thousands hanging upon a word—can ever realize what *he* was to us. And when the fatal word fell upon the multitude ; when . . . but I must stop here. I was there ; I saw it all, I felt it all, and still I am powerless to convey any, the faintest, idea of that overwhelming moment. All I can say is, that if peoples are ungrateful—as the common saying is—the people of Turin, for one, was not so. A family mourning over a beloved father, such, literally, was Turin on this lamentable occasion.

“You are not to believe, my dear friend,

that I have thrown up my appointment in a fit of discouragement consequent upon the sad event. No such thing. My nature, had it been left to itself, would have prompted me rather to the contrary course. It is not when the general falls that the soldiers are to leave their ranks. Unfortunately, I was not free to act according to my natural inclination. The fact is, that I had predetermined for some time to seize upon the first opportunity for leaving office ; the death of Count Cavour afforded this opportunity, and I seized upon it. The forming of this resolution was not the work of a day ; it had been forcing itself upon me inch by inch, as it were, for the last six months ; and the moment I acquired the conviction that this unlucky Roman question, far from narrowing to a solution, grew daily more entangled and envenomed, and was likely to linger on for years—from that moment, I say, my resolution became irrevocable. Not without a struggle, as you may well believe. I clung to my employment with the energy of despair . . . but in all struggles between the interests of my wife and mine I am destined to be the loser. It has been the blessing and the . . . stumbling-block of all my life, that I should receive so much from that family as to make all return on my part still inadequate to the benefit. I have a kind of superstition on this score.

“Well, then, it was the old story over again—an everlasting contention of mind. You recollect my flight to Turin in 1857, and the miserable failure in which it ended ; and yet I had to support me, at that time, the sense of provocation and of the harshness I had been writhing under—while now the case was quite different, I met with nothing but affection and submission. How could I find it in my heart to resist ? We could see but little of each other, scarcely once a week. Much as I felt this deprivation, Rose felt it far more. With a man situated as I was, that is, busy from morning to evening, and, when not actually at work, constantly preoccupied about it, time flies quick—

it hung heavy upon her, whose range of occupation was but limited. I saw with a qualm the colour fade in her cheeks, and her looks grow wan. . . . In short, one of the two was to be more or less sacrificed, and I chose that it should not be my wife.

“And your duty to your country?” I hear you say. I have put the objection to myself; I have weighed it carefully with the sincerest wish to find it unanswerable, and—I have not found it so. That a man’s duty to his country be absolute and exclusive of all other duties I readily admit, but only in a few extreme, and therefore exceptional, cases. Let the country be in danger, the Austrian at the gate of the city, or Catilina in the streets, and no citizen worth the name—whatever his other ties and responsibilities—has a choice but to fly to the rescue. I would for one, in spite of everything. But that in ordinary times and circumstances—when the land has nothing to fear from external or internal foes, when order and security prevail—that a man, I say, irrespectively of, or in opposition to other duties and inclinations, should owe himself *quædam mense* to his country, under penalty of lese-patriotism—the assumption is, evidently, too excessive to be tenable. It may have held good at Sparta, where the State was all in all; but in our modern society, where family occupies so large a place, it is out of date. I lay it down, then, as a rule, that—setting aside a few extreme cases—whenever duty to one’s country clashes with other duties, the decision as to which shall take precedence rests with the individual conscience. Now my conscience tells me that my withdrawal from office does not the least harm to the State, while my persevering in it inflicted a very serious one upon my family. It little matters to my country whether the business I have discharged up to this day is performed by Signor Candia or by an equally or far cleverer substitute; but it mattered much to my wife and child whether I should continue to live apart from them, or whether I should live with them.

The State has plenty of willing and able servants at its command; my wife and child have only me. Could I hesitate?

“When I said that my absence from my family was fraught with injurious consequences to them, I did not in the least exaggerate. Rose, as I was telling you, was suffering in health from our separation. Her youthful looks and liveliness were fast forsaking her; and some words dropped maliciously by that mischievous monkey, Marianne, gave me a clue to the cause. My wife was imposing fasts and other penances upon herself, to atone for the sins of her husband, I suppose; from which I could not but infer that time rather sharpened than softened her absolute ways of thinking and feeling in reference to our difficulties with Rome. How could it have been otherwise, left as she was for six out of seven days to the exclusive influence of Don Pio? By the bye, there is a rumour afloat that Don Pio is going to leave us. Would to God! To return: be the inference I drew above founded or unfounded, this I must say, in justice to my wife, that I never marked any alteration in her manner to me, and that such as she showed herself at the beginning of this painful entanglement—discreet, attentive, affectionate, submissive—she proved to the end.

“Then . . . I am going to relate a circumstance which will make you, an old bachelor, smile somewhat contemptuously, and which has made me, a young father, nearly cry scores of times. My weekly visit to the Palace had this drop of gall in it, that when I left on Monday morning I had to steal out of the house like a thief, without taking leave of my little daughter, without so much as kissing her in her sleep, for fear of awakening her. This course was forced upon me from the first by the fits of uncontrollable passion into which she would fly whenever she saw me go. Ah me! How the dear little thing kicked, and wailed, and screamed, until she grew black in the face! how her tiny hands clove desperately to me! To

avoid such painful scenes—and especially their recoil on her health—I had, as I was saying, to give up even seeing her before leaving ; and you can never imagine all the bitterness entailed upon me by this deprivation, all the sad misgivings for the future, which I had the ingenuity to build upon this apparent unfeelingness of mine. You must be a father, my dear friend, to know by how many little tendrils such baby plants can entwine themselves round a man's heart. I fancied that she was getting estranged from me, that she no longer answered my caresses as warmly as she used to do, that my voice had lost its former power over her. I pictured her a grown-up girl, clinging passionately to her mother, and looking at her father with something akin to indifference. . . . That would be a misfortune indeed, the worst of all—not only for me, but for herself. I want my little Rose to love and trust me best after God ; I want my voice to be an oracle with her, that she may be happy, and make others happy. I want my sad experience to be of profit at least to my daughter, and to those whose lot in life she may be destined to influence some day. I have suffered too much through her mother. . . .

“Mind, my dear friend, that I don't say this in bitterness. I protest I have not the least shadow of a grudge against my wife. How could I ? It is no fault of hers if we could not understand each other on certain points. She has acted up to what she has been taught, poor dear soul ; and the responsibility of her not having been taught better rests more with the times and the circumstances of her education than with any living creature. The fault, if any, lies with me, who married her with eyes not blind to her weak points, and, in my youthful infatuation, deluded myself into believing that I might easily modify her opinions. I presumed too much on myself, and I pay a just penalty for my presumption.

“Well, then, as I was saying, I have suffered too much through the mother not to do my best in order that an

honest man should not suffer through the daughter in the same way. I am determined upon this, that my daughter shall not be the sort of clog in the way of the man who casts in his lot with her which her mother has been in mine. This is a duty of conscience with me, and accomplish it I will. I am not fixed yet as to the means through which I shall accomplish it ; a great deal must depend on circumstances. I am no theologian ; I have the best wish to live and die a good Catholic, and I would fain interfere as little as possible with my daughter's religious education. My plan for the present is, to teach her to love her country so well, to inspire her with so deep a sense of duty to her country, as may in future serve her as a corrective against the too absolute notions that she may receive on other heads. Time will show if I am to go further, and in what direction. I shall want no leisure to study the subject *à fond*.

“Perhaps you will say, ‘All this is very well, and will come in good time ; but your daughter is just eighteen months old, and it is rather early to begin your course of patriotic education with her.’ May be so, though I am not quite sure of that. At all events, she is not too young to receive and retain certain impressions, which sink into the infant mind, take root there, and become like instincts. For instance, my little one's teaching goes already thus far. When she toddles along the garden-walks, holding by my finger, if I say, ‘Rosette, give papa the Italian tricolor,’ she will with earnest attention pick a red and a white flower with a green leaf, and hold up the posy triumphantly to me. The other day she almost jumped out of my arms with excitement at the sight of the tricolor banner borne by the national guard, and pointed out eagerly the red, the white, and the green. She also recognises quite well the picture of Cavour, which hangs amongst others in my study, and holds out her baby fingers to it when I ask her which is the *Great Papa*. And then, my dear friend, can it be ever too early for me

to lay the foundations of that entire love and confidence on which I rely, in order to enable me to realize my fond views for my daughter's happiness and that of her surroundings?

"Even in this small way I fancy I shall not be quite useless in my generation, for enlightened female education is yet a great desideratum with us. You, my friend, who gave me timely warning of the danger lurking in my path, will not gainsay me on this point.

"And now that I have laid bare my heart to you, good-bye my dear and noble friend, and God bless you. I don't ask you to write; I know that all your time is scarcely enough for the thousand duties and responsibilities of your thorny official situation; I only entreat you to come and see me whenever you return home. It will be an act of charity. I don't hide from myself that, after the habits of activity I have acquired within these two last years, time will hang heavy upon me at the Palace. It does already, and I have not been here quite a week. By-the-bye, do you know that, not a month ago, I was offered a seat in the House by the College of Ibella—an offer which, of course, I had to decline? It seemed done on purpose to distract me. It was an awful wrench. A man does not crush with his own hand all his prospects of usefulness in this world without a pang. A seat in Parliament was my *beau idéal* in life, and—shall I say it?—I felt qualified for it. Forgive me this burst of self-love. It is my first, and will be my last. The victim may be allowed for once to deck itself with flowers. . . .

"But I promised not to complain. What is the use of repining about what is irreparably lost? Let me rather teach myself to be grateful for that which is left me. I have much to thank Providence for—a pure conscience, the affection of my wife, the caresses of my darling, some excellent friends, and all the comforts imaginable, comprising that most precious of all, the being able to add to the comforts of my poorer neighbours. With so many good gifts

in my grasp, it may seem unnatural that I should have something to regret, and yet . . . it is so; I cannot help it. I suppose, but for that one forbidden fruit, my lot would have been too happy; and perfect happiness is not a flower of this world. Upon which Christian sentiment I hasten to close my already too long letter, and remain, my dear Onofrio, with best wishes,

"Yours, ever affectionate,

"VINCENZO CANDIA."

CONCLUSION.

MORE than two years have elapsed since the date of the above, and still the contention of feeling under which it was written continues to this day. With the best endeavour to rest contented with the present, Vincenzo regrets the past; with the best wish to be happy, and to make his wife happy, Vincenzo succeeds in neither, and is conscious that he does not. There is a void in his existence which not all his love for his wife, not all his wife's love for him, not all the endearing ways of his daughter, not even her great progress under his tuition, can fill up. Vincenzo misses the stimulus of a regular homogeneous occupation, misses the satisfaction of one of the necessities of his nature—expansion in a certain direction. He guards his secret as jealously as he would the deadliest poison—guards it from his wife, from his best friends, would fain guard it from himself. Never a word escapes his lips which the most suspicious touchiness could construe into regret or disappointment. See him of an evening, sitting with little Rose in his lap, serene, talkative, cheerful; mark the affectionate gentleness of his tones whenever he addresses his wife, who, on the sofa opposite, lulls to sleep on her bosom tiny Urbano, just four months old. Captain, now Major, del Palmetto and, perhaps, the new curate (Don Pio is gone, thank God, and has been succeeded by a tolerant, elderly priest, who acts up to the adage "Live

and let live")—well, Del Palmetto and the new curate, while sipping their tea, contribute their quota of news and pleasant chat. If there is a happy man under heaven, could you not swear to that man being Vincenzo Candia?

But see him without a mask—see him in the privacy of his own study, or taking a solitary walk on the terrace late at night—and your estimate of his happiness will sadly abate. Out of the dejected gait, out of the listless eye, oozes his secret, weariness, *ennui*. The assaults from this old enemy, frequent and intense in winter-time, grow less so with the fine season, especially during the three months that the Del Palmettos spend regularly at the Castle; but they never cease altogether.

Need we say that Rose is not the dupe of her husband's kindly meant imposition? Even had she not that kind of divination which affection gives, even had she not heard his broken words in his sleep, she would have read his secret in the premature look of age which has come over him within the last two years. Vincenzo at two-and-thirty has the appearance of a man of forty-five; his hair is going fast, his

beard is all grizzly. Rose knows full well the nature of Vincenzo's ailment—knows that it is her own work—and feels powerless, alas! to undo it; for his determination not to live apart from his family is irrevocable. She is fully aware of this; and follow him to Turin she cannot—her conscience forbids her; and not even for her husband can she endanger her soul. Nothing remains for her but to swallow her tears in secret and—look happy.

And thus they sit, face to face, each acting a part for the benefit of the other, each pretending not to know that the other is doing the same. Sad, thrice sad, is it not, that the schooling and sobering of ten years should abut upon a semblance instead of a reality? Would to God, at least, that the case of the Candias were an isolated one! But no; there is scarcely any corner in Italy, scarcely any corner in Europe, that does not exhibit plenty of such, and worse. God alone knows the number of families whose domestic peace has been, of late years, seriously damaged, or has gone to wreck altogether, on those very rocks which have proved so fatal to Vincenzo.

ON MARITIME CAPTURE AND BLOCKADE.

BY LORD HOBART.

By the Declaration of Paris in 1856, most important changes were (as is well known) made in regard to the trade of belligerents with neutrals or between themselves. Before that Declaration it had been held that the property of an enemy might be captured on the high seas in whatever ships it was conveyed. Thus the ships or goods of an enemy were in all cases and without qualification liable to capture at sea; and his trade with a neutral or with the hostile country was absolutely prevented, so far as it could be prevented by means of maritime capture. Since that Declaration, the rule which may be considered

to have been established is as follows. The ships of an enemy are still liable to capture, without qualification, on the high seas; but the goods of an enemy are liable to such capture only in one case, *i. e.* if they are conveyed in enemy's ships. Thus, at one stroke, the trade of a belligerent with neutrals or with the enemy was (so far as liability to capture on the high seas is concerned) set free; the only condition being, that it should be carried on in the ships of neutrals.

It must be carefully borne in mind, however, that the Congress of Paris did not attempt to call in question or to alter the general rule or principle

of International Law under which the property of an enemy is liable to capture at sea. That general rule or principle remained unchallenged and untouched. What the Declaration of Paris did, was to establish an exception to the rule; that exception being, that the goods of an enemy, if carried in the ship of a neutral, should be free. The exception was, it is true, of such a nature as, in practice, to nullify to a great extent the rule; for its effect, as has just been observed, was no less than to set free (so far as regards voyages upon the high seas) the trade of an enemy, provided only that it was carried on in neutral vessels. But still it was only an exception—an exception which had become practically expedient on account of the increasing power of neutrals, and the difficulties which had long been experienced in the application of the rule to cases in which an enemy's property was carried in the ships of neutral States.

The important change thus introduced respecting the rights of belligerent nations, combined with the terrible effects upon trade of the civil war in America, has brought into prominent notice and discussion the whole question of maritime capture and blockade, with regard to which, though for different reasons, almost every one seems to consider that the law in its present condition is unsatisfactory.

And first, with respect to maritime capture. It is held by some persons that the Declaration of Paris went too far in the way of concession; by others, that it did not go far enough.

The former of these opinions there is little need to discuss. It is based upon extreme views as to the rights of belligerents; and such views, even supposing that they were sound, are so obviously and steadily losing ground with the progress of civilization, that it would be mere waste of time to advocate or oppose them. It is not to be imagined that the maxim, "free ships, free goods," having once been established, will ever, in the face of the progressive development of commerce,

and the increasing importance of the concession to neutral nations, be reversed.

By those who hold the opinion that the Declaration of Paris did not go far enough, it is contended that all private property ought to be exempt from molestation in time of war, unless its capture or destruction is necessary for military purposes; and that this principle is admitted in the established immunity during war of private property on land.

It will be seen from what has been said that the Declaration of Paris did not attempt to deal with the question thus raised. It proceeded upon the assumption that the general rule which subjects to capture the property of an enemy at sea was to remain in force. Whether this rule ought or ought not to be maintained is, however, a question well worthy of consideration. The statement that private property on land is exempt from plunder during war is certainly true in the sense intended. The commander of a military or naval force would be held justified in seizing or destroying on land the private property of an enemy, so far as such seizure or destruction was necessary for strategic purposes; but no further. He would not, in the present day, be held justified in destroying or injuring a purely commercial town, or in plundering on land the property of private individuals, unless such a proceeding was directly conducive to some military object; nor would he be justified in seizing enemy's goods *in transitu* by land to some other country.

There is indeed one case, and only one, in which (as it would appear) a belligerent would claim the right to seize the private property of an enemy on land; and that is when the property is under conveyance to the country of the belligerent itself. There is a traditional rule that with the declaration of war (subject, however, to exception by special licence from the Crown) it becomes unlawful to trade with an enemy: and under this rule the goods of an enemy would (it is presumed) be seized at the frontier custom-houses.

In this case, on land as well as at sea, the immunity of private property, as a general rule, during war, may be supposed to be outweighed by the conflicting rule that trade with an enemy is unlawful. This rule, however, has of late been very partially acted upon, and appears to be singularly absurd. It is unfortunately necessary that, in endeavouring to injure an enemy during war, a nation should do much that will more or less injure itself. But the idea of a rule upon which it is absolutely impossible for a nation to act without inflicting in every instance precisely the same amount of injury upon itself as it inflicts upon the enemy, is simply ridiculous. The blunder had doubtless its origin in the old notion that the export trade of a country is more valuable to it than its import trade. To seize a cargo of French goods bound for an English market causes to England precisely the same loss as it causes to France. Those goods (unless we are to suppose that they are sent to England for the mere chance of a market) are ordered and must be paid for—they may possibly have been already paid for—by an English merchant; and the loss is no more French than it is English. It would be a strange kind of warfare which should be carried on between two countries with the certain knowledge that it could by no possibility in any length of time give any advantage either to one side or to the other.

Is there, then, any valid distinction between private property at sea and private property on land which would make reasonable the exemption of the former, and the non-exemption of the latter, from plunder during war? So far as the *goods* of an enemy are concerned, it is impossible to discover any such distinction. It has sometimes been contended that the immunity of private property on land is not founded on any general principle of international equity or humanity, but is a matter of military expediency, the disadvantage to the plundering army from the exasperation of the occupants of the

country being greater than its advantage from the plunder. But this assertion, besides being contrary to the facts of the case (for it is certain that no general serving a civilized State could allow his troops to plunder in an enemy's country without being held guilty, not of bad generalship, but of moral delinquency), is obviously inapplicable to the exemption from injury by a naval force of a commercial seaport town. As regards *the ships and their crews*, the case is different. It is argued, and with some reason, that the merchant ships of an enemy, with their crews, are the "raw material" of his military marine, and that to capture them is directly to cripple his naval power; so directly, at least, as to bring their capture fairly within the category of hostile measures which may be taken against him. This cannot be said of private property, or of private persons taken on land. Indirectly, no doubt, to seize the private property of an enemy's subjects on land, or to seize the subjects themselves, though engaged in peaceful occupations, tends to diminish his military power; but it does this so indirectly as to have become in modern times unlawful.

It may be admitted, then, that with respect to the ships and crews of an enemy there is at present a not unfair reason for treating them as liable to capture, which reason does not exist in the case of private property on land. It is a reason, however, of which the force has been much diminished by the recent inventions of science, and will be more and more diminished as the difference between a merchant vessel and a vessel of war, both as to construction and as to the qualities required for its navigation, becomes more and more marked. As regards the *goods* of an enemy being private property, and on the high seas, there is absolutely no such reason. Consistency requires that such goods should be exempt from capture, and that if found on board enemy's ships they should be restored to their owners.

The admission, implied in the immu-

nity accorded to private property on land, of the principle upon which it is proposed to extend that immunity to private property at sea renders it practically unnecessary to discuss the justice or expediency of that principle. But it is to be observed, that there is much stronger reason for exempting an enemy's goods from plunder at sea, as well as on land when *in transitu*, than for so exempting them in his own country. Such goods, if they are bound for a neutral country, are, in a certain sense, the property of persons in that country; and to subject them to capture is, to that important extent, a direct and flagrant interference with the obvious rights of neutrals. It is, in fact, a denial to neutrals of the power of trading, so far as their imports are concerned, with a belligerent State; and this, not for any military purpose, but for the sake of the mere injury to the enemy's trade. Such a prohibition is opposed to the plainest dictates of equity. That either of two nations, which for any cause, however frivolous, should think fit to go to war with each other, should have power to intercept the trade of the other with countries which are friendly to it, unjustifiable from the first, has become simply intolerable now that commercial intercourse has been freed from most of its trammels and nations are for the most part dependant upon each other for the comforts and necessities of life. That the Northern States of America, because they happen to have a quarrel with the Southern States, should have had the power—not incidentally upon the necessary operations of war, but deliberately and directly—to cut off from England supplies necessary to the existence of a great part of her population, is in accordance certainly with international law, but in complete opposition to reason and right.

It appears then, from what has been said, that the rule of international law which subjects the private property of an enemy to capture at sea ought to be reversed; but that for the present, at least, an exception to the general immu-

nity might not unjustly be made in the case of an enemy's ships and their crews. Thus the goods of an enemy would be free in whatever ships they were conveyed; while his ships, with their crews, would still remain liable to capture.

As regards the effect of such a change upon the interests of merchants and shipowners: it has been seen that by the Declaration of Paris, the trade of neutrals has been (so far as maritime capture is concerned) already in practice set free; because, unless carried in enemy's ships, enemy's goods are no longer liable to capture. To the mercantile, as distinct from the shipping interest, in belligerent States which have assented to that Declaration, the change would therefore be of far less importance than it would have been before the Declaration. It would, nevertheless, be a measure of great importance to that interest, not only as placing at its disposal the national mercantile marine, at no other disadvantage, when compared with neutral shipping, than the loss and inconvenience of delay in case the ship were captured, but as establishing on an intelligible and rational basis the freedom of private property from plunder during war. As respects the *shipowners* of a belligerent State, the change would at once remove in great part an objection which has been earnestly pressed on behalf of British shipping to the Declaration of Paris, viz. that, in the event of England being engaged in war, its effect will be to throw the carrying trade of the country into the hands of neutrals. That objection, which is avowedly based on the interest of one particular industry, is obviously inadmissible as an argument against a measure intended for the advantage of the State as a whole, and of the general community of nations. Nor does it appear at all clear that, on the whole, the alternation effected by the Declaration of Paris would be injurious to that industry. By the change, however, now proposed the objection must in a great measure be obviated, since the main

object of the complainants—the equal treatment of an enemy's goods, whether conveyed in his own ships or in those of a neutral—would be attained. There would remain the comparatively small disadvantage, on the side of the ships of a belligerent, of the temporary detention of the enemy's goods which they conveyed.

With respect to blockade, the law, which in principle remained unaltered by the Declaration of Paris, seems in its present condition singularly indefensible.

There is no general rule of international law more clearly established than this:—that a neutral has the right of trading on his own account with either belligerent during war. Sir R. Phillimore, in his "*Commentaries on International Law*," says:

"There is no more unquestionable proposition of International Law than the proposition that neutral states are entitled to carry on, upon their own account, a trade with a belligerent."

and whoever will refer to the principal authorities on the subject will find the statement amply confirmed. Great Britain, he goes on to say, has in two or three instances attempted to enforce a contrary doctrine; but in the first of those instances Great Britain, with her accomplice Holland, afterwards confessed that she was wrong; and in the other two she rested her case, such as it was, upon a highly exceptional state of things, which was held to warrant a temporary departure from that which she admitted to be a general principle of law.

But to this rule there are necessary exceptions; and one of these is "the right," as Sir R. Phillimore expresses it, "to prohibit the commerce of the neutral with all besieged and blockaded places; and the duty of the neutral to abstain from all intercourse with them."¹ Now what is the ground on

¹ Wheaton expresses it as follows:—"Another exception to the general freedom of neutral commerce in time of war is to be found in the trade to ports or places besieged or blockaded by one of the belligerent powers." (Part iv. c. 3).

which this exception is justifiable? Simply the necessity of allowing nations which are at war to carry on against each other military operations, among which is the siege or investment of ports or places belonging to the enemy. There are military operations in which it is an object to cut off the supply of provisions or munitions of war from the enemy; and these operations, if nations are permitted to make war upon each other at all, they cannot be prevented from conducting, notwithstanding that in so doing they are acting in opposition to the general rule. In other words, the case is one in which the admitted right of neutrals to trade with a belligerent conflicts with and is made inoperative by the admitted right of belligerents to carry on hostile operations against each other. Such being the case, it is surprising that the right of excluding the commerce of neutrals by blockade should have been considered to hold good where the blockade is what is termed "commercial"—that is, where it is established for the express and single object of excluding that commerce, and not for any purpose which can be termed military. To say that neutrals have a right to trade with a belligerent, and at the same time to say that a belligerent may place at the entrance of any port of the enemy an armed force, for the sole and ultimate object of preventing neutrals from trading with him, is a mere contradiction in terms. In the case of a military blockade, the exclusion of neutral commerce is a secondary object: the ultimate object is to gain a military advantage. The secondary object is inconsistent with the principle of law which prescribes freedom of trade between neutrals and belligerents: but the ultimate object is to do that which, in the interest of all nations, belligerents are authorised to do during war; and this last consideration prevails. In the case of a "commercial" blockade, the ultimate object is to exclude the trade of neutrals, i.e., to do the very thing which the law of nations proclaims to be illegal. There is no conflict in this

case of principles or of rights. The thing done is done in simple and direct contravention of a great legal principle, and not in virtue of any other legal principle which conflicts with it. To lay down the general proposition that the trade of neutrals with belligerents is free, and at the same time to legalise "commercial" blockades, is as absurd as it would be to say that a man has no right to take the law into his own hands, but that any man may on any occasion knock another man down. Either, then, the general rule must be reversed, or the exception, so far as it respects "commercial" blockades, must cease. Happily, there seems no sort of probability that the former alternative will be adopted. It is not in that, but in the opposite direction, that future changes in the law of nations must be expected to tend. The monstrous doctrine which has been already referred to, that either of two nations which choose to quarrel with each other may intercept the trade of the other with a friendly state, having once been shattered, to the extent of allowing neutral goods to be freely conveyed to the enemy, it is not likely that the breach will ever be repaired.

Thus far with respect to "commercial" blockade, considered as excluding the merchandise of neutrals from the ports of the hostile country. Considered as preventing the egress of enemy's goods, it is open to precisely the same objections as those which have been urged in this paper to the capture of an enemy's goods at sea. It is equally irreconcilable with the recognised immunity of private property on land, and, as giving to any two quarrelsome nations an undue power of injuring third countries, equally opposed to the dictates of common sense and common humanity. And it is open to these objections in a degree by so much the greater, as blockade is a more effective instrument than maritime capture for the suppression of trade.

In so far, again, as commercial blockade operates to prevent the interchange of commodities between the belligerent

countries, it is liable to the same objection as that above noticed, to the legal theory by which such a trade is prohibited. In this effect of it, commercial blockade cannot under any conceivable circumstances be of any possible advantage either to one side or to the other.

A blockade, then, to be, as it is termed, "binding," ought not only (in the words of the Declaration of Paris) to be "effective," but established for military purposes. And it ought to be so, not in any vague or indirect manner, but directly and in the fullest sense part of a strategic plan. That no consideration as to its indirect effect in diminishing the enemy's military power by cutting off from his people their sources of wealth, is sufficient to justify blockade, is implied in the very rule which allows neutrals to trade with him. A blockade, to constitute an exception to this rule, should be clearly shown to have for its object direct military disadvantage to the enemy, or, in other words, direct military advantage to the blockading State. Thus a blockade forming part of a plan of siege or investment, or for the purpose of preventing supplies from reaching a hostile army, or intended to prevent the egress of, or to injure in any manner consistent with the laws of war, an enemy's fleet, would be entitled to observance by neutral States. As to what did or did not constitute a "military" blockade, within the meaning of the rule, difficulties would, of course, arise; but there is no reason to suppose that they would be either greater or more numerous than those which attend the interpretation of many other rules of international law.

The assertion that the abolition of "commercial" blockades would be unfairly disadvantageous to this country, as a great maritime power, is open to much discussion. It is surely matter for doubt whether the profit which England would derive from it as a neutral State with the greatest commercial navy in the world, would not exceed any loss which it would inflict upon her as a belligerent State with the greatest military navy in the world;—for doubt, which the

fearful calamity sustained by her in the former capacity on account of the present civil war in America may help to remove. But if the assertion were true, it would be a reason (so far as it went) not for maintaining in its present state the law of maritime capture and blockade, but for abolishing the rules of law with which the right of commercial blockade is irreconcilable. There is no need to insist on the suggestion that a code of international law which is inconsistent with itself requires alter-

ation. A legal doctrine which declares that neutral trade with a belligerent is free, and at the same time declares that the whole coast of an enemy may be closed against neutral trade with the direct and ultimate object of excluding that trade, is self-condemned. The only possible mode of rectifying the anomaly, except the abolition of "commercial" blockade, is one which (as has been already said) is little likely to be adopted—a step backward to the principles and practice of a barbarous age.

NICKAR THE SOULLESS.

BY SEBASTIAN EVANS.

[Of Nickar, *alias* Nicker, Neckar, Neck—etymological parent of "old Nick," and subject of the following poem—more were to be premised were he not already universally known, thanks to Grimm and others, as a somewhat melancholy water-sprite, human to all outward appearance, but without a soul—much given to dolorous chanting on river margins with instrumental accompaniment. Of Saint Patrick and his Purgatory, also, all that need be said has been said already by Mr. Thomas Wright, in his little volume on the subject, to which the reader is referred, if he does not prefer to consult the "Aurea Legenda," or the veridical pages of Roger of Wendover.

Those acquainted with the dates of Nickar's final departure from this world, and the first appearance in these islands of evil-disposed wanderers in grey, chaffering for men's soul's, may possibly convict me of anachronism in introducing both as contemporaries of St. Patrick, who, as critics are well aware, died at the age of 122, just at the close of the fifth century. This objection, however, together with certain topographical difficulties connected with the Poem, I leave to be disposed of by any benevolent reader who may take an interest in tracing the gradual degradation of the superstitions of one age into the nursery tales of the other.]

Where by the marishes
 Boometh the bittern,
 Nickar the soulless One
 Sits with his ghittern.
 Sits inconsolable,
 Friendless and foeless,
 Wailing his destiny,
 Nickar the souless.

Footing the treacherous
 Marish untrodden,
 Glides by a Wanderer
 Hooded in hoddan ;
 Grey is his gaberdine,
 Grey are his hosen :
 Track that he travels by
 No man had chosen.

"Wherefore thus sorrowful
 Sitt'st thou and sighest ?
 Oft when it furthest seems,
 Succour is nighest."
 "Friend," quoth the souless One.
 "Friend of the friendless,
 Vain are all comforters,
 Sorrow is endless !

"Mine, O to make her mine !
 Mine, and for ever !
 Why did I gaze on her ?
 Mine she is never !
 Down by the river-aits
 Walked she at day-rise,
 Beautiful, bright as a
 Child of the Faeries ;

"Kirtled right maidenly,
 Broidered her bodice,
 Belted with emeralds
 Fit for a Goddess,
 Came where the whispering
 Aspen-leaves quiver,
 Just where the silver mere
 Spreads from the river,

"Came for a morning bath,
 Lovely and lonely,
 Ornan the swan-breasted,
 Ornan the only !
 Came, and the silken fret
 Deftly untwining,
 Let fall the golden locks,
 Ripple-like shining.

"Laid by her aumonier,
 Unclasped her brooches,
 Loosened her carcanet,
 Starry with ouches,
 Doffed the rich baudekin
 Broidered with myrtle,
 Unlooped the ruby knops
 Loosing her kirtle—

"Kirtle of cramoisie,
 Glist'ning with bezants,
 Samite the purfled sleeve,
 Slashed into crescents.
 Down from her girdlestead,
 Rustling and gleaming,
 Fall the rich webs and gold,
 Fountain-like streaming ;

"Snow-white the corset is,
 Snow-white the camise ;
 Snow-white herself as the
 Swans of the Thamise.
 Beautiful, fair as the
 Swan when she stretches
 Wings and neck over her
 Nest in the sedges,

"Stands she in midst of her
 Jewels and vesture ;
 O for the pride in her
 Maidenly gesture !
 O those blue eyne of hers,
 Glancing so keenly !
 O those fair limbs of hers,
 Fashioned so queenly !

"Down to the mere she steps,
 Where by the margent
 Brightly the morning-red
 Glints on the argent ;
 Stands there a moment in
 Womanhood peerless,
 Then like a Mermaiden
 Plunges in fearless !

"Bright the hair follows her
 Swimming and plashing,
 Bright as the walk of light
 Sunsetward flashing ;
 Ah, what a lunacy
 Thus to behold her,
 Watching the ripples kiss
 Softly her shoulder !

"Watching the snowy limbs
 Cleaving the waters,
 'Is she indeed,' methought,
 'One of earth's daughters ?'
 Mine, O to make her mine,
 Mine and for ever !
 Why did I gaze on her ?
 Mine she is never !

"Never on woe like mine
 Beameth redressing !
 Never, O Wanderer,
 Dawneth the blessing !"
 "Tush !" quoth the Wanderer,
 "Fondly thou sighest !
 Oft when it furthest seems,
 Succour is highest !

"Had but the maiden thus
 Pledged me her clothing,
 She had not won them back
 Certes, for nothing !
 Would she have drowned herself,
 Think you, to spy you ?
 Would her white arms have donned
 Swan-wings to fly you ?

"Come, for a bargain, now,
 Such as I trade in !
 What wilt thou give an I
 Grant thee the maiden ?"
 "Give ?" quoth the soulless One,
 "What should I give thee ?
 Gift have I none, even
 Could I believe thee !

"None, save the ghittern here,
Friend of my weeping,
This, which the Mermaidens
Gave me in keeping.
Often men heark to its
Harping impassioned,
Little they reck the while
Whence it was fashioned !

"Look you, how white it is,
Polished and slender ;
Once a heart beat in it,
Royally tender !
'Tis the breast-bone of an
Emperor's daughter,
One whom a sister's hand
Slew under water !

"Famous the history,
Molten in metre,
Long ere the Aser gods
Fled before Peter.
Look at the runes on it,
Finger the strings, too !
Sweeter its tone than aught
Minstrel e'er sings to !"

"Pardon," quoth Evil-eye,
"Truly, no bungler
Fashioned your ghittern, but
I am no jongleur !
Gift so imperial
Seems me moreover,
Guerdon too costly for
Blessing a lover !

"Thee of thine only wealth
Shame 'twere to rifle,
All that I ask for is
Just a mere trifle !
Death shoots at humankind,
Hits me or hits thee,
Only just give me thy
Soul when it quits thee !

"Tush ! A man's soul, my friend,
Trust me, in fact is
Great but in theory,
Nothing in practice !
Only souls hap to be
That which I trade in ;
Come, give me thine, my friend !
Thine is the maiden !"

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Nickar the soulless One,
Nickar the crafty,
Thrummed on his ghittern-strings,
Inwardly laughed he !
"Say, if I barter it,
Thou, canst thou take it ?
Ill were a covenant
Made but to break it.

"Look you, this soul of mine
Clings so about me,
He is not born that can
Drag it without me !
Trust me, so straitly the
Life-blood hath tied us,
Death the divider's self
Cannot divide us !"

"Aye ?" quoth the Wanderer,
"Is it so fast in ?
Haply 'twill loose in the
Grave thou art cast in.
I, I can sever it
Ev'n were it faster ;
In my own handicraft,
Trust me, I'm master.

"Come, now, to please thee, I'll
Bargain, my brother,
If I don't take it, to
Find thee another.
If I should fail in it,
Will I, or nill I,
Yours is another soul
Clean as a lily !"

Nickar the soulless One,
Nickar the crafty,
Thrummed on his ghittern-strings,
Inwardly laughed he !
"If to a covenant,"
Then quoth the Dark One,
"Name you've not learnt to sign,
Still you can mark one.

"Pardon !" He lifted the
Hand of the singer,
Swift with a needle-point
Pricked he his finger !
Nickar the parchment-scroll
Lifted unshudd'ring ;—
Handed it back to him
Marked with a blood-ring.

Peal the bells merrily,
 Ringers of Thrifholm !
 Nickar the souless One
 Bringeth a wife home !
 Ornan the swan-breasted,
 Ornan the wader,—
 Bring forth the bridal-dress,
 Girls, that ye made her !

Anlaf the Bishop his
 Blessing delivers,
 Nickar the souless One
 Blanches and shivers !
 Swiftly the winter flies,
 Springtide and summer,
 White are the cradle-swathes
 For the new comer !

Toll the bell solemnly,
 Ringers of Thrifholm !
 Nickar the souless One
 Beareth his wife home !
 Cold in the God's acre
 Sadly he lays his
 Bride and her little one
 Under the daisies !

Where by the marishes
 Boometh the bittern,
 Nickar the souless One
 Sits with his ghittern :—
 Sits inconsolable,
 Friendless and foeless,
 Wailing his destiny,
 Nickar the souless.

Footing the treacherous
 Marish untrodden,
 Glides by a Wanderer
 Hooded in hoddan.
 Grey is his gaberdine,
 Grey are his hosen,
 Track that he travels by
 No man had chosen.

“ Wherefore thus sorrowful
 Sitt'st thou, forlorn One ?
 Did not I win for thee
 Swan-breasted Ornan ? ”
 Nickar the souless One
 Speaks without turning :—
 “ Wherefore ? Thou knowest well
 Whom I am mourning !

“ Yet what myself am, thou
 Seemest to know less :—
 Look on me ! Recognise
 Nickar the souless ! ”
 Fiercely the Wanderer
 Glares on the speaker :—
 “ Fool that I was, to be
 Fooled by a Nickar ! ”

Where by the marishes
 Boometh the bittern,
 Nickar the souless One
 Sinks with his ghittern !
 Drowned in the marishes,
 Grey-Hood beside him ;
 Where is the soul that he
 Vowed to provide him ?

Forth to the green-sodded
 Wilds of Ierne,
 Shiplessly, steadily
 Takes he his journey.
 Straight to the Holy Lough
 Derg, where the hoary
 Patric the bishop still
 Dwells in his glory ;

Dwells in the cavernous
 Islet, to mortals
 Where the dread Spirit-world
 Opens his portals.
 There the red Hell-river
 Bellows and hisses,
 Plunging in flame to the
 Shrieking abysses.

There on the brink of the
 Dolorous river,
 Smoke Purgatorial
 Rises for ever :—
 There with a glow, as of
 Gold in the coppel,
 Glimmers Earth-paradise
 Girdled with opal.

There at the gates of the
 Weird spirit-haven,
 Crosiered St. Patric stands,
 Old as a raven.
 Speaks the grey Wanderer,
 “ Tell me, O Warden,
 What shall I give for a
 Soul from thy garden ? ”

Keenly the hoary Saint
Eyes the grey pedlar :
"Fiend, thou wast ever an
Impudent meddler !
Off ! ere I ban thee with
Bell, book, and candle,
Home for thy taskmaster
Moloch to handle !"

Quaking, the Wanderer
Kneels interceding :
"Mercy, O mighty One,
Hark to my pleading !
Not for myself, O saint,
Ask I the favour,
Once in my life I'm not
Slayer, but saver !

"Nickar, the soulless One,
Pitiful Pixie,
Foully hath won of me
Wager too tricky !
I, who but struck it to
Humour his follies,
Wagered no less than a
Soul to the soulless !

"Wagered and lost it !—Ah,
Saint, if thou aid not,
Think of my doom for the
Wager that's paid not !
Sure thou canst find him a
Soul to inherit ?
Amy will do for him,
So 'tis a spirit !

"Just a mere idiot's,
Say, or a baby's ?
Either would suit for him,
Grossest of gabies !
What ? In the Limbo, there,
Out of the many
Unbaptized little ones,
Hast thou not any ?

"Pity that all of them
Thus should be wasted !

Surely at least by one
Bliss may be tasted ?
See ! Here's a Prodigal's
Spirit I'll cede thee ;
Damned is it evermore,
Elsewise, I rede thee !

"Look you !" He draws forth the
Soul from his pocket,
Flimsily tied, with its
Date on a docket ;
Smooths out its gossamer
Inwardly muttering ;
Holds it up chapmanlike,
Temptingly fluttering,

"Fiend !" quoth the Saint, "not oft
Art thou caught sleeping !
Give me thy Prodigal's
Soul to my keeping,
Since for him, dreeing the
Dole of Purgation,
Prayer may avail even
Yet to salvation.

"Spirit for Spirit's not
Mine to return thee ;
Nathless one favour thy
Pleading shall earn thee !
Ornan the Beautiful
Here still abideth,
Till the dread Hand her soul
Heavenward guideth ;

"Here, too, her little one
Wanders for ever,
Like as his father wont,
Down by the river.
Fiend, when the Beautiful
Winneth to glory,
With her the child shall go
Bearing thy story ;

"He, who fain heavenward
All men would gather,
Haply shall take the Child
In for the Father !"

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

PROLOGUE.

So far as I yet know, the title I have given to the series of articles which I now begin indicates pretty exactly what they are to be. It has been my lot hitherto to live successively in three of our British cities—Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and London. In each of these cities I have chanced to know a few men, now no more among the living, who were either so remarkable in themselves, or made so remarkable to me by the absence from my limited neighbourhood of others that might have been more remarkable, that the recollection of them always accompanies me, and I find myself often, in my hours of reverie, summoning them, one by one, back from the ranks of the dead, and reperusing their habits and physiognomies.

How it may be with others I know not; but the recollections of the *persons* I have known seem, with few exceptions, to surpass, in durability, any recollections that I have of scenes and events. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that in my recollections of persons I find involved and summed up, in most cases, all that seems particularly worth remembering of either events or scenes. There are, of course, exceptions. Bits of absolute Nature, with my first or with repeated visions of which the thought of no man, living or dead, was specially mingled—tracts of brown and solitary moorland, great sea-glimpses broken by islands and promontories, depths of Highland wildness in the clasp of torrent-seamed mountain-masses, rich green sweeps of English meadow and woodland—these do recur powerfully enough. Now and again I can catch the photographs loosening themselves from among the stored millions in the under-memory,

passing the partition for some unknown end, and flashing unbidden into the conscious currents of thought. Then, also, of the hum of that little portion of human affairs in general that one has passed through—of flitting crowds of indiscriminate town-faces to the right and the left, of the transactions that went on among these crowds, and of the rumours of other transactions that were ever brought ceaselessly thither from far and near—one cannot but retain some continuous recollection. Still, in the main, the most precious and intimate possession of each man's memory is his series of recollected portraits and biographies of the persons he has individually known. A peculiar sacredness attaches to these recollections of persons when they themselves are dead. *Abierunt ad plures*, "They have gone over to the majority," was the striking Roman phrase in speaking of the departed. We, the living whom the Earth now bears, what are we but a small minority, compared with the generations that have gone before, and whom we fancy as removed into wider, unfeatured realms, a great company which no man can number? But of this majority, whose overwhelming relation to us we all feel in one way or another, it is still those that have gone over last that stand nearest to us, and have left the sense of their having been before us keenest and most vivid. In that vision of unnumbered multitudes, the assembled by-gone of all ages, peopling the plains of the dead to the farthest horizon of time, it is but here and there, in the extreme distances, that the eye can single out for a moment a face that the world's memory can now recognise. The rest are unnamed, unknown, a mere promiscuous tumult or sea of surging, close-pressed shapes. As

the distance diminishes the figures of whom some tradition still remains in the world become more numerous. But, let History and Biography do what they will to keep our eyes fixed on these distinguishable figures among the more distant dead, and on the search for more of them, it is still the latest dead—those of the dead that the existing generation of the living can actually remember, and whose hands they have grasped—that are least alien from us and claim our most frequent regards. Every living man or woman can reckon up those select of the dead who are most memorable to him or to her; and sometimes there may be a duty, or at least an impulse, that one should speak to others of the dead whom *he* remembers, and of whom *they* know little or nothing. As, in a quiet evening hour, one may take out a few valued miniatures from their repositories, and, showing them to friends with whom one can talk freely, say, "This was So-and-so, a most singular character," or "You all know who this is; but it gives but a poor idea of his noble face as I remember it," or "Here is a man of whom you never heard; but ah! if you knew what a man he was, and what he was and is to me!"—as, in a quiet evening hour, one may do so and prattle so, without offence, and possibly with profit, so it may be even if the sketches have to be done, and the little explanations made, through the medium of writing.

I do not profess that the persons about whom I am to speak in these papers were all of them more notable in their lives than others whom most of my readers may remember for themselves and about whom they might speak to me. One or two of those about whom I mean to speak were, indeed, celebrated men, whose names already figure in well-known books, and are held in honour by the whole British nation, or even beyond its bounds. Nor will any one of those of whom I shall speak, otherwise than incidentally, be a person that, according to the best knowledge of men and their varieties I yet have, I should allow to have been insignificant. But,

of my worthies, some were merely local worthies, of whom the greater part of my readers can never have heard, so that, in what I shall say respecting them, I shall not have the advantage of any preliminary interest in their names or their doings. Altogether, including both the more known and the less known, there may be about a dozen that I shall think it worth while to make the subjects of express sketches; and these I shall introduce as nearly as possible in the order of the time in which they are circumstanced in my memory. But I must be allowed to range as I like, and to preface or interrupt my sketches of persons, when necessary, with little histories of things and places.

ABERDEEN TILL THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Aberdeen, some thirty years ago, was a city of about 60,000 inhabitants—the fourth town in Scotland, for population, as it still is, after Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee. From these larger towns—the last only slightly larger—Aberdeen differs in one obvious geographical respect, which may not have been without importance in forming its peculiar character among the chief Scottish towns. It is not built within the shelter of any firth, or ingoing reach of sea, but stands bleak and strong in the middle of that very outmost shoulder of Scotland to the east which receives the full broadside of the German Ocean. It is the largest Scottish town so pitilessly situated—although, north of it, and within the shire of Aberdeen, the same brunt of the unbroken sea is borne, nearer the extreme bend of the shoulder, by the smaller towns of Peterhead and Fraserburgh, and, in the other coast-counties to the south, as far as the Firth of Forth, Stonehaven, Bervie, Montrose, Arbroath, and St. Andrews, fear not to imitate the brave example. It must be fancy, I suppose; but I think I have never seen anywhere else so vast an arch of open sea as from the beach near Aberdeen. Eastward you gaze; not an island or a headland interrupts the monotony of waters to the far sky-line; and you

know that, beyond that sky-line, you might sail and sail, still without interruption, till you reached Denmark or Norway. This also is worth noting—that Aberdeen, though a British city, is actually nearer, by measured distance, to either Norway or Denmark than to London.

The time may have been when this greater nearness of the Aberdeenshire coast to the Scandinavian countries than to London was a greater nearness not only in measured map-distance, but also for all practical purposes. Certain it is that—although Aberdeen, as the name implies, must have been a native Celtic settlement in the original Celtic times of North Britain, and although there are traces that as late as the twelfth century Gaelic was in use but a few miles inland from Aberdeen, and although to this day the western and mountainous parts of Aberdeenshire are fastnesses of the Gaelic—yet, as far back as memory can go, Aberdeen itself and the adjacent tracts of coast must have been about the most thoroughly Scandinavianized portion of all Scotland. The submerged Celtic influence, I doubt not, exists there, as I believe it exists throughout all Scotland, and all England to boot, to an extent that has never yet been sufficiently appreciated; but, in some respects, it must be *more* submerged there, or more disguised, than in most other districts of the Scottish Lowlands. In that colonization, however, whether purely Scandinavian or not, which submerged or disguised or all but obliterated the aboriginal North British Celts in this part of the Scottish coast, there must have been some now unascertainable peculiarity. The Aberdeen-men, including the men of the Lowland part of the shire as well as of the town, are and have always been, since there has been talk of them at all, a breed differing in some respects from the rest of the Scottish Lowlanders. For one thing, the rest of Scotland, though it makes much of them exoterically, almost disowns them esoterically, on account of their dialect. There is no end to the jokes among the Scotch generally as to

the pronunciation of the Aberdonians; and one of the best of the jokes is that every Aberdonian who has left Aberdeen has a firm persuasion that it has been given to him in particular to leave his dialect behind him. "There was never a man that ever came out of Aberdeen that lost the Aberdeen accent except myself; Sandy Davidson left Aberdeen at the same time that I did, and he speaks like a sow yet"—such is one of the legends of an Aberdonian in Edinburgh, every word being pronounced *Aberdonice*, in a way that no spelling could indicate. This is exaggeration; but it is certain that a line could be drawn comprehending an irregular circuit of country round Aberdeen, all the ruder natives of which pronounce every *wh* as *f* and every *oo* as *ee*, while even the civilized natives, who are emancipated from these oddities and use the formal English, retain a broad Doric tone, by which other Scots, themselves far enough from the Southern standard, can at once recognise them. How this problem of the origin of the Aberdeen dialect is to be settled ethnology has never yet shown, and, probably, will never show. Was there any part of the Scandinavian region, or of the allied Teutonic—for they say Flemings came to Aberdeenshire as well as Scandinavians—from which the peculiarities of *f* for *wh* and *ee* for *oo* could have been imported ready-made? Or, after all, was it the retiring Gaels, in their anger, that left these peculiarities as a fatal bequest to their Scandinavian spoilers, as well as their town of Aberdeen, and some stray Celtic words which may still be picked out in the Aberdonian vocabulary, and are found nowhere else among the Scotch—as, for example, the verb *conach*, meaning "to spoil?"

Scandinavians, Flemings, or whatever they were that first planted the present Aberdonian breed among Ptolemy's *Taizaloi* in those parts, they must have found the site of their chief town already fixed for them. There is a point on the coast at which two Aberdeenshire rivers—the Dee and the Don—discharge themselves into the sea quite

close to each other, after long separate courses from the west and from the north-west. There is a difference between the look and character of these two rivers, exactly like that which the terrible old rhyme commemorates between the two rivers of the Border—the Tweed and the Till:—

“Tweed says to Till,
‘What gars you rin sae still?’
Till says to Tweed,
‘Though ye rin wi’ speed,
And I rin slaw,
Yet, whare ye drown ae man,
I drown twa.’”

The Dee, rising far in the Highlands of the west, and in the upper parts of its course flowing and falling through some of the most magnificent scenery in Scotland, is a rapid river throughout, and even in the lowest and tamest part of its course has a gay, sprightly, ingenuous look. The Don, of shorter course, and taking its rise from a high peatland rather than from a real mountain-range, is, in the latter part of its course, a solemn, dark, malignant-looking river, with some gloomily-romantic spots on its banks. The distance between the mouths of the two rivers is about two miles; but the tradition is that at one time the distance was much less, and that the Don has changed the spot of its outlet. Between these two rivers is the site of Aberdeen—this, its more usual name, literally meaning in Celtic “the mouth of the Dee,” while the alternative “Aberdon,” sometimes found in old writings, and still preserved in the adjective form, may imply equally “the mouth of the Don.” It is to the Dee, however, that the town principally belongs—only straggling, by means of its northern suburbs, to the Don, where these suburbs end in a special little town, called “Old Aberdeen” for distinction’s sake, and because it is now the more venerable in appearance, though it is really the true “Aberdon,” and a later formation of Scottish history than the main town on the Dee. But the name Aberdeen, in ordinary usage, always includes the smaller town as well as the larger.

Had the Aberdonians of old times been ambitious to build their town of stone, they had the hardest and most durable building-stone in the world—the now famous Aberdeen granite—under their very feet. Almost wherever you quarry in Aberdeenshire, you come upon the primitive granite—either the grey kind, of which there are great masses close to Aberdeen itself, or the red kind, which is common near Peterhead. But the granite, though thus native and offering itself, must have been too obdurate a material for all save the clumsiest rough-work of those times; and hence the first Aberdeen that heaves into the sight of history—say, about the eleventh century—is, as far as the eye can discern it, not a prototype of the present granite-city at all, but a town of rubble, woodwork and thatch, with some church, or other large edifice, here and there, of imported ashlar or freestone. If any edifice was built completely of the native granite, it may have been the Castle—a building which once existed, and which has bequeathed its name to the site on which it stood, but of which no vestige has remained within the last five hundred years. It was a great thing for Aberdeen when the Scottish king, Alexander I., in 1122, made it a cathedral town, by transferring to it the seat of one of the old Celtic bishoprics. It was perhaps a greater thing still when William the Lion favoured the town by sometimes keeping his court there, and by giving it certain charters of privilege (1179). Thenceforward we hear of it more and more as the most important burgh of the Scottish north-east. In the time of the Wars of Independence, Wallace was here, stirring up the north, giving despatches in behalf of trade with the Hanse towns to some Aberdeen skippers, and hanging some Aberdeen burgesses for deficient patriotism; near to Aberdeen Robert Bruce gained one of his early victories over the English (1306); and so long and so grievously, after Bruce’s accession, did an English garrison hold the Castle of Aberdeen

aforesaid, that, when the citizens won it back, they determined to have no temptation of a castle among them any more, and razed the tyrannous fabric to the ground. In 1320 was begun the building, with ashlar stone, and with the help of the best architectural skill that Scotland could then command, of the Cathedral of Old Aberdeen, which it took more than a century to complete, and which still exists, the most venerable antiquity of the place. In 1333 there was a burning by an invading English fleet of all of the ancient town that *could* be burnt. A relic from those old days of contest with the English invasion, and an express commemoration of the zeal of the Aberdonians in the cause of the Bruce kings, is that French motto of, "Bon-Accord," which figures in the arms of the town to this day, and is even a fancy name for the town itself. The year 1411 was a memorable year in the history of the town; for in that year it was that the great Celtic chieftain, Donald of the Isles, raging southward, with all the north-west of Scotland at his back, to overturn the government and reconvert the country into a Gaelic chaos, resolved to take Aberdeen on his way. According to the old local ballad,

"To hinder this proud enterpryse,
The stout and michtie Earl of Mar,
With all his men in arms, did ryse,
Even frae Crugarf to Craigievar;
And down the side of Don richt far
Angus did Mearns did a' convene
To fecht, or Donald cam sae nar
The royal bruch of Abirdene."

Foremost among these opposing forces, as in duty bound, were the citizens of the threatened town, under their provost, Sir Robert Davidson. They met the tremendous Celt at a place called Harlaw on Donside, about fourteen miles from Aberdeen; and there they thrashed him, smashed him, and drove him into flight and ruin—saving Scotland from the Celtic relapse, and gaining a victory which was for that small country the counterpart of what Charles Martel's victory over the Saracens had been for

all Europe. But it cost the Aberdonians dear; and to this day Harlaw is a word to stir their memories. Among the many slain was their brave provost, Davidson. Because he died there, his name yet lives and is associated with Harlaw. I have myself stood by his tomb in old St. Nicholas Church in Aberdeen, ere that ancient fabric was pulled down—and, when it *was* pulled down, such walls, for thickness, and for the tenacity against pickaxe of the cement and concrete in the middle of them, no mason of our degenerate days even in that granite district had ever seen—and I have fancied his skeleton still lying underneath, as I doubt not it did, with the fatal clefts from Harlaw on its ribs or skull. Mr. Hawthorne, I see, has been remarking on the absence of very antique tombstones in the churches and churchyards of this country, and has mentioned it as surprising to him that he has seen perhaps as old monuments of that sort in Puritan New England as in Great Britain. He is unaccountably wrong. In the common churchyard-wall of that same St. Nicholas Church in Aberdeen I have deciphered with my own eyes a tombstone-inscription which was cut in hard blue stone fifty years before Columbus discovered America.

Even before Harlaw was fought, the little coast-town between the Dee and the Don had somehow won the fancy of such rude muses as then cared to seek a settlement in Scotland, and were looking about in it for a suitable spot or two. The poet Barbour—Chaucer's contemporary, and the earliest man of letters of whom Scotland can distinctly boast—had been Archdeacon of Aberdeen. Many of those who fought at Harlaw must have remembered him well. But it was after the little town of Old Aberdeen added an actual University to its Cathedral—King's College and University, founded in 1494 by noble Bishop Elphinstone, who got queer old Hector Boece of Dundee, that excessively Scotch Herodotus, to come and be its first Principal—it was then that Aberdeen began to give bed and board to the Muses. It is no difficult thing

thenceforward to imagine the flourishing little community, already organized into more than the mere embryo of all that Aberdeen has been since—in the first place, the detached little subsidiary town, with its Cathedral and its fine arch-roofed College, its quiet ecclesiastical and academic look, and its farmings and Don salmon-fishings for the benefit of the Cathedral and College revenues; and, apart from this by a mile, but for all purposes really keeping hold of it, the main commercial burgh of Dee-mouth—a nest of streets along the Dee, and now straggling in wood and granite over the convenient hills and grounds adjacent—accommodating its population of Davidsons, Menzieses, Lealeys, Duns, Chalmeres, Collisons, Lawsons, Mallisons, Grays, Reids, Rosses, Rutherfords, Jacks, Forbeses, Watsons, Robertsons, Cullens, Cruickshanks, Burnetts, Jaffrays, Leyses, Keiths, Gordons, Inneses, Skenes, Jamiesons, Johnstones, Strachans, and others of similar and still as familiar names, all having their definite relations to each other as bailies of the town, tradesmen-burgesses, and what not, and some of them relations also with the country round as themselves lairds or kinsmen of lairds, but all doing their best collectively to keep up the leisurely prosperity of the town, and especially that shipping-trade with France, with the Low-Countries, with Norway, Denmark, and indeed all parts of the North Sea and the Baltic, for which Aberdeen had had a great name from time immemorial, and which gave it the timber, the tar, the little iron and the casks of wine it needed, in exchange for its wool, its matchless hand-knit woollen hose, its hides, its grain, its cured fish, its bits of granite, and its other saleable odds and ends. In this, the larger town, there were excellent stone churches and other buildings, a great market square, and a fine town-cross—houses also of Grey Friars, Black Friars, and Carmelites; but the headquarters of the Aberdonian muses were as yet over in the Cathedral suburb. Two things were wanted in the sixteenth century to change the structure of the Aberdeen of the fifteenth

into that of the seventeenth and of the time subsequent. These were the Reformation, and the foundation of Marischal College in the main town. Both came in due time—the second, indeed, as a consequence of the first. Somehow or other Aberdeen got its Reformation as well as the rest of Scotland; and there must have been a day when the Vatican heard, with an amount of emotion proportionate to the momentousness of the occasion, that Dee-mouth and the district round had “cuist aff” the Italian connexion. But the process does not seem to have been one of great agony to the natives. They did what was necessary in the way of destruction, and no more—leaving considerable remains of latent Roman Catholicism in the shire; and we hear of poor old fellows who had been White Friars or Grey Friars till they were turned adrift, lingering out their lives peacefully as “servants” in the houses of well-to-do citizens. One effect of the Reformation, such as it was, must have been to make the Cathedral suburb less important relatively to the main burgh than it had been. And the old equilibrium was even more disturbed when, in 1593, George Keith, Earl Marischal, founded for the burgh a new College—Marischal College and University—intended to proceed more according to the new Protestant lights than was expected of the neighbouring College of the old Bishop. From that day till but a year or two ago, Aberdeen had the extraordinary distinction of requiring for itself, apart from the other Scottish towns, as many Universities as served for the whole of England—to wit, two Universities, within twenty minutes of each other. So vast are the intellectual appetencies of a population that lives on the grey granite! But the “new lights” of Marischal College at the time of its foundation were of the strangest. Among them were witch-burnings. Aberdeen, in the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth, seems to have been the witch-burningest place in the whole world. In the single year 1596-7 twenty-three women and one

man were burnt there for witchcraft. The man's name was Thomas Leys; and the "dittay and accusation" against him ran thus:—"Upon Halloween last "bypast, at twelve hours at even or "thereby, thou, the said Thomas Leys, "accompanied with umwhile Janet Wish-art, Isobel Cocker, Isobel Monteith, "Katharine Mitchell, sorcerers and "witches, with ane great number of "ither witches, cam to the market and "fish cross of Aberdeen, under the con-duct and guiding of the Devil, present "with you all in company, playing "before you on his kind of instruments. "Ye all dansit about baith the said "cross and the meal-market ane lang "space of time; in the whilk devil's-dance thou, the said Thomas, was "foremost and led the ring, and dang "the said Katharine Mitchell because "she spoilt your dance and ran not so "fast about as the rest—testifiet by the "said Katharine Mitchell, wha was "present with thee at the time foressaid, "dansin with the Devil." It cost the town 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* (Scots money) in peats, tar-barrels, fir and coals, including the fee of John Justice, the hangman, to burn Leys, and nearly 12*l.* to burn Janet Wishart and Isobel Cocker—part of this last sum, however, being spent in "four fadoms of tows" (i.e. ropes), required at the same time for trailing through the streets the dead body of Isobel Monteith, who had hanged herself in prison. All this and much more of the same sort occurred but a few years before the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne as James I.; and it is a speculation of Mr. Charles Knight that if—as he sees ground for believing—Shakespeare was in Aberdeen in October 1601, along with that company of his fellow-actors and partners from London who are known to have then visited the town, and to have been entertained by the authorities, he may have caught up some of the haggard particulars of these local witchcraft trials, and interwoven them with those other curiously accurate impressions of that whole Scottish region which appeared immediately afterwards

in his play of Macbeth. Shakespeare, however, did not need to go so far from home for his witchcraft. There was plenty of it, if not quite of the extreme "blasted-heath" type, in contemporary England. It is, therefore, on the ground of a wider interest that the question whether Shakespeare was ever in Aberdeen is felt to be so thrillingly important. Is it not the tendency of our time to withdraw one extraordinary phenomenon after another from the sphere of the miraculous, by showing how in each case a perfectly natural explanation may be found? What argument, then, could be stronger for the probability of Shakespeare's visit to Aberdeen than that, by this supposition, we should solve the problem of his marvellous genius and bring it at once on this side of the miraculous? If Shakespeare was in Aberdeen, he could not choose but attend a lecture or two at Marischal College. At all events he must have stood in the middle of the Castle-gate and looked amazedly round him.

The seventeenth century was a troublous time for Aberdeen. The city had settled down, after the Reformation, into decent substantial Presbyterian ways, as they were then nationally arranged. With these first Presbyterian and Calvinistic ways the Aberdonians would probably have remained content; but, when James, after his accession to the English throne, began gradually to introduce changes into the model of the Scottish Kirk, so as to bring it into the form of a modified Episcopacy, there seems to have been something in the dispositions of the Aberdonians—or, perhaps, something in that double charge of the academical element which was so important a peculiarity in the social structure of the place—that disposed Aberdeen and its neighbourhood to acquiesce in the change more easily and heartily than most of the rest of Scotland. Aberdeen got back its Bishop; and round this bishop of moderate powers there clustered, more as his cronies than as his inferiors, the city-clergy, and the professors of the two Colleges, now

harmonious enough among themselves, forming a small influential and scholarly body, partly helping the magistrates in the strict official discipline of the town, partly venting their didactic energy on large audiences from their pulpits and lecturing-chairs, and partly cultivating in private, in extremely good Latinity, and with the help of a local printing-press, the theological and other Dutch-built Muses. Ah! if you would enjoy the true *otium cum dignitate*, you should have lived in the earlier half of the seventeenth century and been one of those "Aberdeen Doctors" of whom the whole Scottish world at home heard so much, and the fame of whom stray Scots in London would then try to force down the throats of unbelieving Englishmen in some circles when the talk became irritatingly monotonous about Oxford and Cambridge. How would you like to have been Dr. William Forbes, or Dr. John Forbes of Corse, or Dr. Robert Barron, or Dr. William Lealey, or Dr. James Sibbald, or Dr. Alexander Scroggie—round which and other theological doctors, and meeting them every day in the cosy streets or in their college-walks, were still other local luminaries of law, medicine, mathematics, and philosophy, with whose names I will not trouble you, but who were, almost to a man, Doctors too? For one who would have a leisurely, massive enjoyment of life, with enough of occupation but not at high-pressure, and with only the drawback of an Aberdeen accent, it must have been no bad society to live in. Sometimes there would arrive from London, on a brief visit to his native place, and bringing with him a budget of welcome London gossip, one of those Aberdonians whom a hard fate or irrepressible philanthropic motives had removed from the quiet pastures of their youth and led into exile in the far southern Babylon. Such a one was the king's physician Arthur Johnstone, the famous Latin poet of his day; and such a one was that hardly less famous Alexander Ross, the king's chaplain, whose numerous works had been read over by the "ancient sage

philosopher" in *Hudibras*, and by no mortal else. Nay, and resident in the town, and one of the most respected and well-to-do of its natives, was the only man in all Scotland who then called himself, or would now be called, an Artist—the portrait-painter George Jamesone, a pupil of Rubens. Whatever noble or other distinguished person in the land wanted to have his portrait painted had to send for Jamesone; and, if one may judge by the number of portraits from his hand that survive, he must have painted at one time or another nearly all the eminent Scotchmen of his age. He and the doctors of the two Colleges must have been on the best of terms; he would go to their houses of an evening, and they would drop in at his of a morning, and see him brush and pallet in hand. Nor can the town-clerk Spalding, whose graphic registerings, in his own homely language, of the occurrences of his time are now so much prized by antiquarians, have been other than personally among his fellow-citizens; a most interesting and well-liked man. In short, in those days, Aberdeen, for a town in so Hyperborean a latitude and so exposed to the east winds, must have been an exceptionally comfortable place. The English satirist Cleveland's couplet about Scotland, written not long afterwards in the fury of his Royalist detestation of the Scotch for what they had done to Charles, is, or ought to be, well-known:

"Had Cain been Scot, God would have
changed his doom—
Not forced him wander, but compelled him
home."

From what has been said it will be seen that the couplet would have been totally inapplicable to Aberdeen at the time when Cleveland began to write. All in all, that was the golden age of the town of Bon-Accord.

But the convulsion came. When, on the signal given by Jenny Geddes, the pent-up Presbyterian and Calvinistic zeal of the Scottish nation blazed forth against the Liturgy, and that Episcopacy more stringent than the Anglican, and that Arminian theology which Laud

and Charles were resolved to force upon them, and when the Covenant of resistance to the death was sworn at Edinburgh and throughout the land, and the Scots tore up by the roots even such Episcopacy as they had till then put up with, and flung the roots over the border, and faced Charles in open war rather than one of them should be brought back again, there never was poor town in such an unhappy predicament as Aberdeen. More stubbornly than any other town and shire, the town and shire of Aberdeen stood out against the Covenant ; and when, by dint of deputations, finings, and dragoonings, the bulk of the population were brought into the general movement of their countrymen, there was a break-up of the "happy family" of the place, and a scattering to the winds of the Aberdeen Doctors. The first blood shed, the first meeting of men and horse with men and horse, in the great struggle which ultimately involved the three kingdoms, took place in those remote northern parts. The Aberdeen Doctors having been silenced and dispersed, and Presbyterianism having triumphed in Scotland, and not only assumed the rule there, but roused by example and contagion the Puritanism of England for its larger and more complex English movement, Aberdeen did distinguish itself as a *bond fide* Presbyterian town—with men in it, such as Provost Jaffray, capable of being of some note, even to Cromwell, in the management of North British affairs. But there remained a strong residuum of Royalism and Episcopacy in the shire ; and so, after the Restoration, there was an easier adaptation there to the circumstances of the relapse than in the south and west of Scotland. We do not hear of many Aberdeenshire martyrdoms, like those of Ayr, Renfrew, and Galloway, for "Christ's Crown and Covenant," and the right of conventicles. The more the pity ! I, for one, whether I were to speak in the interests of Presbyterianism or of the best and broadest Anythingarianism I could find, should be glad to be able to reckon up even now, with the full fear of Mr. Mark

Napier before my eyes, a few of those rudely carved gravestones of old ecstasies scattered over the Aberdeenshire moors. But the cause of the deficiency of such monuments may have partly been that there was no Aberdeenshire Claverhouse to make them necessary.

At last, at the accession of William III., Scotland, leaving the period of her actual life-and-death troubles about Religion behind her, though trailing a cloud of powerful recollections therefrom, entered on the undisturbed possession of her Shorter Catechism, and of that Presbyterian system of parish Kirk-sessions, district Presbyteries, periodical Provincial Synods, and annual General Assemblies for which she had fought so hard. Save that a remnant of the old Scottish Episcopalians remained within her bounds to experience their turn of hard usage for a time, and save that the Presbyterian body itself at length gave off little moons or secessions, and save that, within the last generation or two, the Scottish aristocracy, almost to a man, have detached themselves from the Kirk of their ancestors and gone over without noise to the more softly-cushioned Church of England—it is the system which has continued to grip and regulate the collective social life of Scotland down to the present day. Aberdeenshire started on the career of the eighteenth century pretty much in the same condition in these respects as the rest of Scotland—though with a more than average proportion of the Episcopalian remnant, and of the still older Roman Catholic remnant, in her population. How the town fared in the earlier part of this lazy, worldly, unenthusiastic, but very substantial century—which, say what Scotchmen will against it, was somehow the birth-time of the most splendid men of all sorts that Scotland has given to the world—can be seen only hazily. A scrap or a glimpse here and there is all we have—Provosts and Bailies pottering about the streets or quays, meeting for their suppers of crab-claws and Finnan haddocks, and keeping well in their hands, under dependence on higher powers, the business of the close bo-

rough; the trade with the Dutch increasing, so that on the one hand young Aberdonians go over to Leyden and Rotterdam, and on the other Dutch families settle in Aberdeen; the city-clergy preaching to their flocks, and exercising them in the Shorter Catechism, but gradually, like the rest of their brethren, falling into that theology of "cauld morality" which characterized the century, and the coming prevalence of which, in lieu of the true Evangel of the better days, David Deans had foreseen; and, lastly, the two Colleges, as before, with clergymen chiefly for their professors, working obscurely on from session to session. But, about the middle of the century—whether owing to the commercial enlargement which Scotland then began to feel from the union with England, or owing to more local causes—Aberdeen again comes in sight more roundly and luminously. To this time, for example, or rather to a time just a little earlier, belongs the legend—far from unimportant in the history of Aberdeen—of the rise of the Hadden family. There was a young Aberdonian, named Alexander Hadden, living in the Windmill-Bræ. He was a lad of pushing spirit; but, after various trials, finding no opening for him in Aberdeen, he resolved to go south to seek his fortunes. So, one morning, he set out with his staff and his bundle, bidding farewell to Aberdeen. But, when he had got as far as the Bridge of Dee, about two miles on his way, and found himself on the borders of another county, he began to waver. Some sound equivalent to the famous "Turn again, Whittington" rang in his ears. So, recollecting the old *freit* or superstition that, when you are in doubt which way to go, you should throw your staff as far from you as you can, and, whichever way the head of the staff points, that is the way you ought to follow, he flung his staff forward on the road he was going. Lo! when he came up to it, the head of the staff pointed back to Aberdeen. Back to Aberdeen he went, but with rather a heavy heart, and not sure but his neighbours might think him a fool. But one

of his neighbours did *not* think him a fool. She was a good old woman, also of the Windmill-Bræ, who had five pounds of her own. She lent the young man the five pounds, and told him to be sure to be at the market on the Green very early the next Friday morning, so as to catch the country-people on their first arrival there with their week's supply of woollen hose for the dealers. The hose-trade was then still the leading business in Aberdeen; and this part of it—the purchase of the stockings from the country-wives who had woven them—was conducted by chaffering in the open air of a large space of low level, then still called "the Green," though it was enclosed within old houses. The next Friday morning, accordingly, he was on the Green at what he thought an early hour. But he had not been early enough; for "old Bailie Dingwall had been there before him," and the hose were all bought up. But, the next Friday, he knew better, and, being in the market *very* early, he had done a good stroke in hose before Bailie Dingwall came. And so from this beginning he grew and he grew till, marrying well—I think it was the wide-awake Bailie Dingwall's daughter that he married—he became the most powerful and prosperous public man of the place, and the founder of that family of the Haddens whose names for three generations were household-words in Aberdeen, whose marriages and intermarriages grasped the undisputed government of the municipality till the time of the Reform Bill, and by whose enterprise, even before the last century closed, Aberdeen had mills and manufactories and smoking chimney-stalks. Two of the sons of that original autochthonous Hadden, I remember well as very old men—old Provost James Hadden and his brother, Provost Gavin Hadden, who had been Provosts of the town in and out during all living memory; but the legend of the rise of the family came to me not so very long ago, at the time of a commercial crash which befell its third and fourth generations, and under which Aberdeen shook and staggered. It came to me in the

form of a little twopenny tract then put forth by an aged butler who had been a servant of the family all his life, and whose agony at a catastrophe which was to him as if the heavens had fallen, made him garrulous as to what he remembered or had heard of. I wish I could lay my hands on the tract now, for I think it was the best bit of historical literature on a small scale I have ever met with.

It was during the first generation of the Hadden dynasty in Aberdeen—corresponding with the period of the Dundas despotism for Scotland in general—that the town and the two colleges twinkled with a second cluster of intellectual lights, perhaps a little better known now, because of their nearness to our own time, than their predecessors, the forementioned “Aberdeen Doctors” of the seventeenth century. Scotland, indeed, had begun, though rather later after the Union than might have been expected, to take a conscious share, on her own ground, in the thought and literature of Great Britain as a whole. Edinburgh, as all know, had become an important literary metropolis for the northern part of the island, distinct from London and four hundred miles distant, and containing—in Hume, Adam Smith, Dr. Robertson, and others, permanently or chiefly resident there—a group of men that could not but attract the eye even after it had rested on the larger contemporary London group in the midst of which stood Dr. Johnson. But all the new intellectual activity of North Britain was not concentrated in Edinburgh. Glasgow had a little group of her own ; and there was a third little group in Aberdeen. Interchanges of men, indeed, took place between the three cities, in the form of occasional transferences of Professors from one University to another ; but, on the whole, the three groups existed apart. By far the most important man in the Aberdeen group, until he was removed to Glasgow in 1764, was Dr. Thomas Reid the metaphysician—at first minister of New Machar parish, within a few miles of the town, and then Professor of Moral

Philosophy in King’s College. It was in Aberdeen that Reid meditated and matured that rich and sober system of philosophy, in reply to Hume, which he carried with him to Glasgow, and which, as put forth subsequently in his works, and expounded by Dugald Stewart, and imported into France by Royer Collard, has become known among the metaphysicians of Europe as the philosophy of the Scottish School. While he was still in Aberdeen, Reid gathered round him, in a sort of Deipnosophistic or philosophico-convivial club, which met in taverns, a number of kindred souls—mostly his fellow-professors of one or other of the two colleges. Many a jolly evening they had, with Reid in the midst of them, of essays, and discussions, and savoury eating, and port-wine, and punch and tobacco ; and, even after Reid removed to Glasgow, the club continued to be an institution of the place. With the names of some of these Aberdeen Deipnosophists—Gregory, Gordon, Ogilvy, the two Skenes, Farquhar, and even Dr. Alexander Gerard—none but grubbers in forgotten literature can be expected to be familiar ; but two of them have still left their names in men’s mouths. One of these was Dr. George Campbell, Principal of Marischal College, an acute theologian and Kirk-leader of his day, and whose “Ecclesiastical History” and, yet more, his “Philosophy of Rhetoric,” still find publishers and readers. The other, and the best known now after Reid, if not better known to many, was the poet James Beattie, Professor of Philosophy in Marischal College since 1760, and with as high a reputation throughout the country then for his “Essay on Truth,” of which no one thinks anything now, as for his “Minstrel” and other poems that may still be read with pleasure. As one reads them, and realizes what a tender-natured man, if not strong, Beattie must have been, and with what a vein of the softer genius he was touched, one cannot help thinking of Beattie among the Aberdonians as a somewhat unusual accident of the time.

"At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For Morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn:
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
O, when shall Day dawn on the night of the grave?"

Artificially expressed these verses, of course, as all British verses then were! We may be permitted, in particular, to ask where near Aberdeen Beattie found his nightingale. Mavises are there, and larks, and blackbirds, and yellow-rings, and linties in plenty, but no nightingales. Doubtless Beattie found the nightingale where he also found the "harp ringing symphonious"—that is, in his own musical fancy and his recollections of books. But no one can read the verses, or anything else of Beattie's, without finding real feeling and sweetness beneath the rhetorical artifice. "Poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;" and that he lived among the tougher-fibred Aberdonians so long, and loved them so well, and was respected by them, and, in his later days of despondency under domestic affliction, pitied and caressed by them, is creditable to him and to them. He was not a native of Aberdeen, but had come thither in early life from the district of the same east coast, a little farther south, where he had been born.

Two visits of distinguished strangers, which Aberdeen received while Camp-

bell and Beattie and others of Reid's Deipnosophists were its social notabilities, are duly recorded in its annals—Dr. Johnson's visit, along with Boszy, when he was on his northern tour in 1773; and a flying visit of Burns in 1787. Both were, in their way, failures. Every honour was shown to Johnson, and they made him a freeman of the town; but the Deipnosophists were afraid of him, and, though they gathered round him and invited him to their houses, were shy to speak in his presence. "We sat contentedly at our inn," says Boszy, speaking of their last night in the town, "and Dr. Johnson then became merry, and observed how little we had either heard or said at Aberdeen—that the Aberdonians had not started a single mawkin (i.e. hare) for us to pursue." I am glad to be able to give a hitherto unpublished anecdote of Johnson's visit to Aberdeen, which partly redeems the credit of the town, thus lowered by the pusillanimity of its big-wigs. While Johnson was in the town, there was a house in Hucklester Row undergoing the process of being "harled"—i.e. whitewashed outside with a mixture of lime and gravel. Either because the process interested him, or because he was in an absent fit, the Doctor, passing that way, stopped underneath the ladder on which the man who was doing the work stood with his bucket of "harl" and his trowel. He stood a long while—the man politely ceasing his work so as not to splash so grand-looking a stranger. But, being short-tempered, the man at length got tired, and, on Johnson's perceiving his impatience, and calling up to him, "I hope I am not in your way, my man," answered at once, "Fient a bit are you in *my* way, gin you're nae in your ain (Devil a bit are you in *my* way, if you're not in your own)," at the same resuming his work, and sending a splash of the "harl" from his trowel against the wall, so as to give the Doctor's coat the benefit of the droppings. The anecdote is no bad metaphor of the entire history of Johnson's visit to those outlandish parts. But Burns—who might have

expected a heartier reception, and whose father had come from that East-Coast region, and had left relatives there—seems to have found himself equally “in his own way” among the Aberdonians fourteen years later. He speaks of meeting Mr. Chalmers, the printer, whom he calls “a facetious fellow,” Mr. Ross, “a fine fellow, like Professor Tytler,” Mr. Marshall, “one of the poetical *minores*,” Mr. Sheriffs, “author of *Jamie and Bess*, a little decrepit body, with some abilities,” Professor Gordon, “a good-natured, jolly-looking Professor,” and, above all, the non-juring or Episcopalian Bishop Skinner, who was interesting to him as the son of the author of *Tullochgorum*. But he does not seem to have met so much hospitality as Johnson among the big-wigs; and, with this parting entry in his journal—“Aberdeen a lazy town”—he went his way.

Beattie's death occurred in 1803. It is about this time that, for those Aberdonians whose own recollections can date from thirty years ago, the Aberdeen of the past may be considered to have come to an end, and a new and more familiar Aberdeen to have begun its existence. For, thirty years ago, the generation that had in their youth known Beattie and Campbell and the rest of the eighteenth century set, were still alive (as, indeed, some stray survivors may be alive yet), and through the medium of *their* memory the whole intervening period was accessible as a living tradition. The changes had been many and rapid in that period. Going through the town, and surveying it with a view to discriminate the old from the new, one could still, indeed, pick out, by the names of streets and their looks, the remaining skeleton of the old borough as it had been in the eighteenth century, or even in the preceding centuries back to the days of Bruce—the Windmill-Brae, the Green, the Correction Wynd, the Netherkirkgate, the Broadgate, the Guestrow, the Gallowgate, the Upperkirkgate, the Schoolhill, the Woolmanhill, the spacious Castlegate with its cross, Huckster Row, the Ship Row, Justice Port, &c. &c.—some of them

still useful thoroughfares and full of shops among the best in the town; but others hideous in the squalor into which they had degenerated, as the old parts of towns do, and doubly hideous in the moral putridity of bloated, bare-armed, blaspheming town-women, wrangling with drunken beasts of men at the mouths of their narrow courts. To go through Justice Port, even in the daytime, was to hear, or even to have discharged upon you, within one or two minutes, full excerpts from that fetid wealth of anatomical and physiological words in the British vocabulary which dictionaries never print; and even Justice Port was as nothing to a long narrow lane called the Vennel, in whose double row of ghastly houses, their windows stuffed with rags and old hats, guilt was only more quiet because more murderous. In no unfit moral association with these images of the physically gruesome bits of the old town, another relic of a now utterly past state of society may be mentioned, as having lingered longer into our own days in Aberdeen than in most other towns. It is no feat of memory with many a middle-aged Aberdonian now to remember the last of the Aberdeen hangmen. He lived in a steep, stony declivity of the town, off the Castlegate, called, from old times, “the Hangman's Brae,” from its containing the hangman's house; and here, in the long intervals of the special acts of his profession required of him in his old age, he sold fish. Among the perquisites of his office, in addition to the salary, was the right of taking a fish *gratis* out of every fish-wife's creel on market-days—a right which the fish-wives, superstitious of his touching their creels, are said to have respected by always heaving him, when he approached, one of the best fishes they had. But he eluded observation as much as possible; and there are stories of respectable citizens encountering, in their morning walks in the suburbs, a venerable old man, of meditative gait, and dressed in black, with whom they would hold pious communings for a mile or two without

knowing that it was the hangman. In that poor soul's memory, too, as in the memories of many of those among whom he slunk about superannuated, must have lived the recollections of the rapid changes that had transmuted the Aberdeen in which he had begun his craft in full strength in front of the gaol, into the modern city in which he was hardly recognisable. What extension of building, in the first place—new piers and quays; wide new streets in all directions, the clean hard granite of which, squarely dressed by the pick, contrasted with the dingier and quaint granite of the old parts of the town which they crossed and enclosed; and, above all, the splendid length of Union-street, running from the Castlegate westwards for three-quarters of a mile, and carried in the middle straight over a great dell by a magnificent bridge of one span! And this extension of building but indicated the increased population, the increased trade and commerce, and the increased wealth, which the city had to accommodate. Aberdeen, as we have said, was now a city of 60,000 inhabitants. It contained mills and manufactories, iron-foundries, brass-foundries, comb-works, rope-works, and an agglomeration of all the minor trades that can be carried on in shops; along its quays and jetties was a long range of shipping, from coal-smacks and fruit-smacks to whaling-ships and large steamers, always lading and unlading with the clank of chains, and giving inquisitive boys their first lessons in the miscellaneousness of things; and at one part of the harbour were great dockyards, from which every now and then one of the peerless fast-sailing Aberdeen clippers slipped down the greased ways, a splendid launch. The city was now so large that even to roving and inquisitive boys many parts of it, away from their "ain gate-end" (which was the local expression for the vicinity of their own homes), remained comparatively unfamiliar. Causeway-end and Cleave-the-Wind were, to the juvenile imagination of the Woolman Hill or Dee Street, very out-of-the-way parts. For, in the walks beyond the town,

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which both juniors and elders took, there were certain favourite directions. There was one walk out to Rubislaw Quarries and the Bleachfields, with a large option of cross-roads and ramifications. Another, in which there was a choice through different suburbs of villas and cottages with gardens, was to the Bridge of Dee, or to nearer or more distant spots of the river's steep and cheerful banks. Then there were the long Sands of the sea-shore, stretching from the pier-head, against which, at high tide or at low tide, there was generally a savage dash of foam and breakers, away to the stake-nets and Don-mouth, with the continued coast-line visible as far as Peterhead; and, fringing these Sands, the spacious Links, or range of sand-flats and sand-hillocks, covered with sea-grass and furze, where golfers in red coats plied their stately game, with the massive Broad Hill and ploughed fields between them and the town. Or out King-street you might go—if it was in the evening, listening on your right, through the gloom, to the eternal roar of the sea, which, though a mile off, seemed to be tearing towards you over the dark intervening flats; or, if it was in the day (in which case, however, your route in the same direction would probably have been by the old narrow road through the Gallowgate and the Spital), making for the picturesque Old Town and the hoary cathedral and its tombs overhanging the Don, and ending at the wizard Brig of Balgownie, the antiquity of which no man knows, spanning the Don at one of its darkest pools. All in all, this Brig of Balgownie, celebrated by Byron for itself and for the legendary rhyme attached to it, is, perhaps, the most romantic spot near Aberdeen. But, within the town itself, the main length of Union-street, from its more bustling end, where the chief inns and shops are congregated, out to its quiet western extreme of dwelling-houses and mansions, afforded—more especially of clear, starry nights, when the granite almost glittered, and the long rows of lamps were seen rising and falling in picturesque perspective—a sufficient

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saunter to and fro. In that northern latitude the nights are perceptibly keener and longer in winter, and shorter in summer, than in England. The Aurora Borealis, or Merry Dancers—so rare a phenomenon in the south of England that the newspapers record any very conspicuous occurrence of it—used, at certain seasons of the year, to be an almost nightly sight. And from those Polar Regions, of the comparative nearness to which these twinkling streamers in the northern sky at night were a mysterious sign, Aberdeen sailors that one knew had brought, in Aberdeen whaling-ships, the arrival of which at their season was always looked for with some excitement, the very oil that lit the town. For, as yet, the town was lit with oil, though gas was coming in. A curious sight, also characteristic of Aberdeen to exactly the same effect, was, that, in not a few places in the outskirts of the town, one saw the bones of a whale placed arch-wise at the entrance to some field, so as to form a gateway. Such whalebone-gateways, I should suppose, have now disappeared, or are fast disappearing.

As the Aberdonians are a breed of North Britons of peculiar dialect, so, in these semi-comic representations of them by their fellow-countrymen, they invariably figure as a breed peculiar in some respects of make and character. They are said to be, in the main, an unusually large-boned race; to which phrenologists have added, on the authority of statistics, the more specific statement that they are a large-headed race—the Aberdeen hatters having to keep in stock, for common native demand, two sizes of made hats larger than are required in any other town. As to the truth of this, or what it may imply if true, I know nothing; I only know that the town contained smallish-headed and small-boned men in sufficient abundance, some of whom were about the ablest men in the place; and that, on the other hand, the town, while it also had able men of large build and large heads, never seemed to me to be more deficient than others in big-brained blockheads. But there

is another, and more negative, estimate of the Aberdonians among their countrymen. All those qualities which the English are in the habit of attributing to the Scotch generally, the Scotch generally, discussing matters among themselves, are in the habit of handing over—the worse qualities especially—to the credit of the Aberdeen-men. Are low shrewdness, unimaginative hard-headedness, and plodding perseverance Scottish characteristics? Then, in these respects, according to the opinion of their countrymen, the Aberdonians are *Scotissimi Scotorum*, the Scotchest of the Scotch. Is caution a Scottish characteristic? Then, according to the rest of the Scotch, Aberdeen caution is ordinary Scotch caution raised to the fourth power. And so on through the other qualities in the list. Now, although aware of the necessary fallaciousness of such general impressions respecting communities, one *might* have a recollected sense of something in the intellectual habit of the Aberdonians, as contrasted with some other Scottish cities, to which one could suppose that the popular estimate referred. If I were to say that the Aberdonians *were* a hard-headed people, but that, with some exceptions, there was a sensation as of a flattening-down of the general being of the place, and of the prevalence of cold laboriousness and a suspiciousness of disposition, this might be one way of expressing it. If I were to say that they were, in intellectual respects, a population of *Saturday Reviewers* in the crude state, and without the culture and exquisite refinement of the well-known article-writers, that would be another way of expressing the matter. If I were to say that they were such a people that the last kind of mind that would have been expected to appear among them, or that could have sustained itself among them unless clothed in thunder, would have been a mind of the Shelley-type, this might be a third vague expression of what I mean. But, on the whole, I prefer a less offensive form of expression, and will simply say that the Aberdonian intellect was perhaps more statical than dynamical.

And yet, at the time of which I speak, there were appearances of a dynamical stirring, whether native or imported, among the Aberdonians. They were in a state of extraordinary excitement about the Reform Bill, which was, among other things, to raise their town from the position of a mere member of a group of Parliamentary boroughs to that of a single Parliamentary borough, having a representative all to itself. Enthusiastic crowds shouting political cries, and prearranged pageants and processions of the trades along the streets, were more frequent than usual. And this prevalent whiggism was but the outcome in the secular direction of a spirit which had long held possession of the majority of them in religious matters. While the shire of Aberdeen remained, ecclesiastically, an almost unbroken mass of eighteenth-century Moderatism—so that, in the great votes on the Non-

intrusion question then approaching in the General Assemblies of the Kirk, the Aberdeenshire clergy and the Dumfriesshire clergy formed together the strength or vast ballast of the Moderate party—the clergy and the people of the city were in the main of that “Evangelical” party in theology and in kirk-politics the gradual growth of which, in the first generation of the nineteenth century, from the position of a small minority to that of a national majority, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the recent history of Scotland. Now, the man of whom, besides that he was singular in other ways, it may be fairly said that he had exercised the greatest influence in bringing Aberdeen into this state of spirit, was the man of whom, should the reader care to follow me, I propose first, in this series of papers, to give some account. He was not a native Aberdonian, but a naturalized Irishman.

MR. RUSKIN ON THE GOLD QUESTION.

MR. RUSKIN has spoken. On the remote sides of Mont Blanc the echoes of the gold controversy reached him, and he hastens, ere it closes, to interpose the decisive word. Henceforth the problem for economists will be, not what are the effects of the gold discoveries, but what is the purport of Mr. Ruskin's revelation. Let me attempt, with reverent humility, to expound the pregnant words.

“The market value of a ‘pound,’” says this great authority, “depends less on the supply of gold than on the ‘extravagance or economy of the persons holding documentary currency’ (that is to say, claim to goods). Suppose, for instance, that I hold stock to the value of 500*l.* a year;—if I live on a hundred a year and lay by four hundred, I (for the time) keep down the prices of all goods to the distributed amount of 400*l.* a year, or, in other words, neutralize the effect on the market of 400 pounds

“in gold imported annually from Australia.”

And first, let us, if we can, understand the language of our oracle. What is meant by “laying by?” People talk of laying money by when they lodge it in bank or invest it; but this is not Mr. Ruskin's sense of the words. Money lodged in bank or invested as certainly reaches the hands of producers as if employed by its owner directly in an industrial operation: it is only on this condition that it can yield interest: and the case of productively employing money is considered by Mr. Ruskin under another head. “Laying by,” therefore, in Ruskinese, can only mean simple hoarding—laying by, for example, in an old stocking. Then, again, “documentary currency”—what does this mean? “Claim to goods,” we are told. Not surely bills of lading, dock-warrants, and the like. These are “claim to goods;” but, then, no one has ever heard of such

documents being "laid by." Mr. Ruskin's gift, apparently, does not extend to definition. What he means by "documentary currency" is, it is pretty plain, neither more nor less than what mortals call bank-notes; which, however, are not "claim to goods," but claim to gold. By "laying by documentary currency" Mr. Ruskin means simply hoarding bank-notes; and his assertion is that a given sum in bank-notes thus disposed of will neutralize an equal sum in gold imported from Australia; than which, while the statement is confined to bank-notes in the United Kingdom, nothing, I imagine, can be more true; for the relation between bank-notes and gold is, in the United Kingdom, fixed by law, so that for every note issued over a certain amount (which is always in practice exceeded) there must be a sovereign to represent it in the bank. Hoarding bank-notes in England is thus in all respects tantamount to hoarding sovereigns. Mr. Ruskin's announcement comes in short to this, that if gold be buried in this country as fast as it is unburied in Australia, the result will be *nil*. Such is the first utterance of the voice from Chamounix!

But if scoffers say, as perhaps they will say, that there is here a failure in what theologians call the economy of miracle, that the grand and fruitful doctrine that $a - a = 0$ was not beyond the reach of the unassisted reason of man, what follows at all events must stop their mouths.

"If, instead of laying by this sum in paper, I choose to throw it into bullion (whether gold plate or coin does not matter), I not only keep down the price of goods but raise the price of gold as a commodity, and neutralise 800 pounds' worth of imported gold."

It seems that the mere act of "throwing documentary currency into bullion" (Olympic, I presume, for getting gold for notes over the counter of a bank), is sufficient to neutralize an amount of gold twice as great imported from Australia. A man, for example,

imports 400 sovereigns from Australia, lodges them in the Bank of England, then draws them out in "documentary currency," next day returns to the Bank and demands his 400 sovereigns in exchange for the documentary currency which he had received the day before. The effect of this proceeding is, not merely to render the influence of the imported sovereigns on price nugatory, but to neutralize 400 more—to neutralize "800 pounds' worth of imported gold" in all. Who will, after this, slight the King of Spain's manoeuvre of marching up the hill and down again? It will not be denied, that now, at least, we are on transcendental ground.

"But if I annually spend my entire 500*l*. (unproductively), I annually raise the price of goods by that amount, and neutralize a correspondent diminution in the supply of gold. If I spend my 500*l*. productively, that is to say, so as to produce as much as, or more than I consume, I either leave the market as I found it, or by the excess of production increase the value of gold."

Here are sayings hard to be understood. The first utterance might well have baffled us; but the second, with its pendant doctrine, that "an increased supply of bullion" may excite "an absolutely parallel force of productive industry," has a more familiar ring. I seem to have heard this before, and fear Mr. Ruskin may have to adjust his claims as a discoverer with Mr. T. Crawford. Alas! that the *vox dei* should after all prove but the echo of the *vox populi*!

But the capital disclosure remains:—
 "The lowered value of money is often (and this is a very curious case of economical back current) indicated, not so much by a rise in the price of goods, as by a fall in that of labour. The household lives as comfortably as it did on a hundred a year, but the master has to work half as hard again to get it."

Curious, indeed! The increased facility of producing gold and its increased

abundance are to lead (through the agency of "economical back current"—whatever this mysterious Euripus may be) to the result, that people "have to work half as hard again to get it;" while, notwithstanding the increased difficulty of attainment, it continues to be exchanged on the same terms for other things as before. The upshot of the whole, then, is that the gold discoveries will render gold, at one and the same time, cheaper, dearer, and absolutely unchanged in value. It seems there is to be a catastrophe after all, though not of that coarse kind which the *Times* was taught to apprehend. "No chasm opens into the abyss through the London clay; no gilded victim is asked of the Guards; the Stock Exchange falls into no hysterics; and the old lady of Threadneedle-street does not so much as ask for 'my fan, 'Peter;'" but there is to be a moral earthquake, nevertheless—a revolution

in our economical notions. Henceforward depreciation of gold will appear as increased difficulty, as the result of increased facility, in getting it, both co-existing, well understood, with constancy of price.

The application of these simple principles to practice is too obvious to need elucidation.

J. E. C.

P.S. I had almost omitted one dictum of our oracle. Mr. Ruskin confirms the statement of the *Times* as to "the insufficiency of the evidence hitherto offered on the depreciation of gold." The judgment demands our deference the more that it manifestly does not proceed on grounds of human reason; it being scarcely conceivable that Mr. Ruskin should have seen the evidence of which he here appraises the value; unless, indeed, we are to suppose that he carries with him a copy of Mr. Jevons's recently published catalogue of prices for Alpine reading.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

"I SAY, you boy, it always rains here, doesn't it?—or 'whiles snaws'—as the aborigines say. You're a native, ar'n't you? When do you think the rain will go off?—do you ever have any fine weather here? I don't see the good of a fine country when it rains for ever and ever! What do you do with yourselves, you people, all the year round in such a melancholy place?"

"You see we know no better"—said the farmer of Ramore, who came in at the moment to the porch of his house, where the young gentleman was standing, confronted by young Colin, who would have exploded in boyish rage before now, if he had not been restrained by the knowledge that his mother was within hearing—"and, wet or dry, the country-side comes natural to them it

belongs to. If it werena for a twinge o' the rheumatics noo and then—and my lads are owre young for that—it's a grand country. If it's nae great comfort to the purse, it's aye a pleasure to the e'e. Come in to the fire, and take a seat till the rain blows by. *My lads,*" said Colin of Ramore, with a twinkle of approbation in his eye, "take little heed whether it's rain or shine."

"I'm of a different opinion," said the stranger, "I don't like walking up to the ankles in those filthy roads."

He was a boy of fifteen or so, the same age as young Colin, who stood opposite him breathing hard with opposition, and natural enmity; but the smart Etonian considered himself much more a man of the world and of experience than Colin the elder, and looked on the boy with calm contempt.

"I'll be glad to dry my boots if you'll

let me," he said, holding up a foot which beside young Colin's sturdy hoof looked preternaturally small and dainty.

"A fit like a lassie's!" the country boy said to himself with responsive disdain. Young Colin laughed half aloud as his natural enemy followed his father into the house.

"He's feared to wet his feet," said the lad, with a chuckle of mockery, holding forth his own, which to his consciousness were never dry. Any moralist, who had happened to be at hand, might have suggested to Colin that a faculty for acquiring and keeping up wet feet during every hour of the twenty-four which he did not spend in bed was no great matter to brag of: but then moralists did not flourish at Ramore. The boy made a rush out through the soft-falling incessant rain, dashed down upon the shingly beach with an impetuosity which dispersed the wet pebbles on all sides of him, and jumping into the boat, pushed out upon the loch, not for any particular purpose, but to relieve a little his indignation and boyish discomfort. The boat was clumsy enough, and young Colin's "style" in rowing was not of a high order, but it caught the quick eye of the Eton lad, as he glanced out from the window.

"That fellow can row," he said to himself, but aloud, with the *nonchalance* of his race, as he went forward, passing the great cradle which stood on one side of the fire, to the chair which the farmer's wife had placed for him. She received with many kindly homely invitations and welcomes the serene young potentate as he approached her fireside throne.

"Come awa—come in to the fire. The roads are past speaking o' in this soft weather. Maybe the young gentleman would like to change his feet," said the soft-voiced woman, who sat in a wicker-work easy chair, with a very small baby, and cheeks still pale from its recent arrival. She had soft, dark, beaming eyes, and the softest pink flush coming and going over her face, and was wrapped in a shawl, and evidently considered an invalid—which, for the

mother of seven or eight children, and the mistress of Ramore Farm, was an honourable but inconvenient luxury. "I could bring you a pair of my Colin's stockings in a moment. I daresay they're about your size—or if you would like to gang ben the house into the spare room, and change them——"

"Oh, thanks; but there is no need for that," said the visitor, with a slight blush, being conscious, as even an Eton boy could not help being, of the humorous observation of the farmer, who had come in behind him, and in whose eyes it was evident the experienced "man" of the fifth form was a less sublime personage than he gave himself credit for being. "I am living down at the Castle," he added, hastily; "I lost my way on the hills, and got dreadfully wet; otherwise I don't mind the rain." And he held the dainty boots, which steamed in the heat, to the fire.

"But you maunna gang out to the hills in such slight things again," said Mrs. Campbell, looking at them compassionately, "I'll get you a pair of my Colin's strong shoes and stockings that'll keep your feet warm. I'll just lay the wean in the cradle, and you can slip them off the time I'm away," said the good woman, with a passing thought for the boy's bashfulness. But the farmer caught her by the arm and kept her in her chair.

"I suppose there's mair folk than you about the house, Jeanie?" said her husband, "though you're so positive about doing everything yourself. I'll tell the lass; and I advise you, young gentleman, no to be shamefaced, but take the wife's advice. It's a great quality o' hers to ken what's good for other folk."

"I ken by myself," said the gentle-voiced wife, with a smile—and she got up and went softly to the window, while the young stranger took her counsel. "There's Colin out in the boat again, in a perfect pour of rain," she said to herself, with a gentle sigh—"he'll get his death o' cauld; but, to be sure, if he had been to get his death that gate, it would have come afore now. There's a great deal of rain in this country you'll be think-

ing!—a' the strangers say sae; but I canna see that they bide away, for a' that, though they're aye grumbling. And if you're fond o' the hills, you'll get reconciled to the rain. I've seen mony an afternoon when there was scarce an hour without two or three rainbows, and the mist liftin' and droppin' again, as if it was set to music. I canna say I have any experience mysel', but so far as ane can imagine, a clear sky and a shining sun, day after day, would be awfu' monotonous—like a face wi' a set smile. I tell the bairns it's as guid as a fairy-tale to watch the clouds—and it's no common sunshine when it does come, but a kind o' wistful light, as if he couldna tell whether he ever might see you again; but it's awfu' when the crops are out, as they are the noo—the Lord forgive me for speaking as if I liked the rain!"

And by this time her boy-visitor, having succeeded, much to his comfort and disgust, in replacing his wet *chausures* by Colin's dry, warm stockings and monstrous shoes, Mrs. Campbell came back to her seat and lifted her baby again on her knee. The baby was of angelic disposition, and perfectly disposed to make itself comfortable in its cradle, but the usually active mother evidently made it a kind of excuse to herself for her compulsory repose.

"The wife gets easy to her poetry," said the farmer, with a smile, "which is pleasant enough to hear, though it doesn't keep the grain from sprouting. You're fond o' the hills, you Southland folk! You'll be from level land yourself, I reckon?—where a' the craps were safe housed afore the weather broke? We have nae particular reason to complain yet, if we could but make sure o' a week's or twa's dry weather. It'll be the holidays still with you?"

"Yes," said young Frankland, slightly disgusted at being so calmly set down as a schoolboy.

"I hear there's some grand schools in England," said Mrs. Campbell; "no' that they're to compare wi' Edinburgh, I suppose! Colin, there's some sherry wine in the press; I think a glass

wouldna' harm the young gentleman after his waiting. He'll take something any-way, if you would tell Jess. Its hungry work climbing our hills for a laddie like you, at least if I may reckon by my ain laddies that are aye ready at meal-times," said the farmer's wife, with a gracious smile that would not have misbecome a duchess. "You'll be at ane o' the great schools, I suppose? I aye like to learn what I can when there's ony opportunity. I would like my Colin to get a' the advantages, for he's well worthy o' a guid education, though we're rather out of the way of it here."

"I am at Eton," said the English boy, who could scarcely refrain from a little ridicule at the idea of sharing "a' the advantages" of that distinguished foundation with a colt like young Colin; "but I should think you would find it too far off to send your son there," he added, all his good breeding being unable to smother a slight laugh as he looked round the homely apartment and wondered what "all the fellows" would say to a schoolfellow from Ramore.

"Nae occasion to laugh, young gentleman," said Colin the elder; "there's been Lord Chancellors o' England, and generals o' a' the forces, that have come out of houses nae better than this. I am just as ye find me, but I wouldna' say what might befall our Colin. In this country there's nae law to bind a man to the same line o' life as his fathers. Despise naeboddy, my man, or you may live to be despised in your turn."

"I beg your pardon," said young Frankland, blushing hotly, and feeling Colin's shoes weigh upon his feet like lead; "I did not intend ——"

"No, no," said Mrs. Campbell, soothingly; "it's the maister that takes up fancies; but nae doubt Eton is far ower expensive for the like of us, and a bit callant like you may laugh without ony offence. When Colin comes to be a man he'll make his ain company, or I'm mistaen; but I've no wish to pit him among lords and gentlemen's sons that would jeer at his homely ways. And

they tell me there's schules in Edinburgh far afore anything that's kent in England—besides the college," said the mother with a little pride; "our Colin's done with his schuling. Education takes longer wi' the like of you. After Martinmas he's gaun in to Glasgow to begin his *course*."

To this proud intimation the young visitor listened in silence, not being able to connect the roughshod lad in the boat, with a University, whatever might be its form. He addressed himself to the scones and butter which Jess the servant, a handsome powerful woman of five feet ten or so, had set before him on the table. Jess lingered a little ere she left the room, to pinch the baby's cheeks, and say, "Bless the lamb! eh, what a guid bairn!" with patriarchal friendly familiarity. Meanwhile the farmer sat down with a thump which made it creak, upon the large old haircloth sofa which filled up one end of the room.

"I've heard there's a great difference between our colleges and the colleges in England," said Colin. "Wi' you they dinna train a lad to onything in particular; wi' us it's a' for a profession,—the kirk, or the law, or physick, as it may be,—a fair mair sensible system. I'm no sure it's just civil, though," said the farmer, with a quaint mingling of Scotch complacency and Scotch politeness, "to talk to a stranger of naething but the inferiority o' his ain country. It may be a' true enough, but there's pleasanter topics o' discourse. The Castle's a bonnie situation? and if you're fond o' the water, yachting, and boating, and that kind o' thing, there's grand opportunity amang our lochs."

"We've got a yacht," said the boy, who found the scones much to his taste, and began to feel a glow of comfort diffusing itself through his inner man—"the fastest sailer I know. We made a little run yesterday down to the Kyles; but Sir Thomas prefers the grouse, though it's awfully hard work, I can tell you, going up those hills. It's so beastly wet," said the young hero, "I never was down here before; but

Sir Thomas comes every year to the Highlands—he likes it—he's as strong as a horse—but I prefer the yacht, for my part."

"And who's Sir Thomas, if ane may speer—some friend?" said the farmer's wife.

"Oh—he's my father!" said the Etonian; and a natural flush of shamefacedness at acknowledging such a relationship rose upon the countenance of the British boy.

"Your father?" said Mrs. Campbell, with some amazement, "that's an awfu' queer way to speak of your father; and have you ony brothers and sisters that you're this lang distance off your lane,—and your mamma maybe anxious about you?" continued the kind mother, with a wistful look of inquiry. She was prepared to be sorry for him, concluding that a boy who spoke of a father in such terms, must be motherless, and a neglected child. It was the most tender kind of curiosity which animated the good woman. She formed a theory about the lad on the spot, as women do, and concluded that his cruel father paid no regard to him, and that the boy's heart had been hardened by neglect and want of love. "Figure our Colin ca'ing the maister Mr. Campbell!" she said to herself, and looked very pitifully at young Frankland, who ate his scone without any consciousness of her amiable imaginations. #

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said the calm youth, "She knows better; there's ten of us, and some one of the family comes to grief most days, you know. She's used to that. Besides, I'll get home long before Sir Thomas. It's only four now, and I suppose one could walk down from here—how soon?" All this time he went on so steadily at the scones and the milk, that the heart of the farmer's wife warmed to the possessor of such a frank and appreciative appetite.

"You might put the horse in the gig and drive the young gentleman down," said the soft-hearted woman, "or Colin could row him in the boat as far as the pier. It's a lang walk for such a cal-

lant, and you're no thrang. It's awfu' to think o' the rain how it's taking the bread out of us poor folk's mouths; but to be sure it's the Lord's will—if it be na," said the homely speculatist, "that the weather's ane of the things that has been Permitted, for wise reasons, to fa' into Ither Hands; and I'm sure, judging by the way it comes just when it is no' wanted, ane might think so, mony a time in this country side. But ah! its sinfu' to speak,—and look at yon bonnie rainbow," she continued, turning to the window with her baby in her arms. Young Frankland got up slowly as he finished his scone. He was only partially sensible of the extreme beauty of the scene before him, but the farmer's wife stood with her baby in her arms, with hidden lights kindling in her soft eyes, expanding and beaming over the lovely landscape. It did her good like a cordial; though even Colin, her sensible husband, looked on with a smile upon his good-humoured countenance, and was a little amused and much puzzled, as he had been a hundred times before, seeing his wife's pleasure in those common and every-day processes of nature, to know why.

Young Colin in the boat understood better,—he was lying on his oars gazing at it the same moment; arrested in his petulant boyish thoughts, as she had been in her anxieties, the lad came out of, and lost himself in the scene. The sun had come out suddenly upon the noble range of hills which stretched across the upper end of the loch—that wistful tender sun which shone out, dazzling with pathetic gleams of sudden love in this country, "as if he couldna tell whether he might ever see you again," as Mrs. Campbell said—and just catching the skirts of the rain, had flung a double rainbow across the sheltered lovely curve of the upper banks. One side of the arch stooping over the heathery hillside, lighted it up with an unearthly glory, and the other came down in stately columns, one grand shaft within the other, with a solid magnificence and steadiness, into the water. Young Frankland at the win-

dow, could not help thinking within himself, what a beautiful picture it would make, "if any of those painter fellows could do a rainbow"; but as for young Colin in the boat, the impulse in his heart was to dash up to those heavenly archways, and embrace the shining pillar, and swing himself aloft half-boy, half-poet, to the celestial world, where fiery columns could stand fast upon moving waters—and all was true, but nothing real. The hills, for their share, lay very quiet, taking no part in the momentary drama of the elements; standing passive, letting the sudden light search them over and over, as if seeking for hidden treasure. Just in the midst of the blackness of the rain, never was light and joy so sweet and sudden. The farmer's wife came away from the window with a sigh of pleasure, as the baby stirred in her arms; "Eh, but the world's bonnie, bonnie!" she said to herself, with a feeling that some event of joyful importance had just been enacted before her. As for the boy on the loch, who, being younger, was more abstracted from common affairs, his dream was interrupted loudly by a call from the door: "Come in wi' the boat; I've a message to gie ye for the pier," cried the farmer, at the top of his voice; and the country boy started back to himself, and made a dash at his oars, and pulled inshore as violently and unhandsofly as if the nature of his dreams had been found out, and he was ashamed of himself. Colin forgot all the softening influences of the scene, and all the fine thoughts that had, unconscious to himself, come into his head, when he found that the commission his father meant to give him, was that of rowing the stranger boy as far as the pier, which was about three miles farther down the loch. If disobedience had been an offence understood at Ramore, possibly he might have refused; but neither boy nor man, however well-inclined, is likely to succeed in doing, the first time of trying, a kind of sin with which he has no acquaintance. To give Colin justice, he did his best, and showed a cordial inclination to

make himself disagreeable. He came in so clumsily that the boat grounded a yard or two off shore, and would not by any coaxing be persuaded to approach nearer. And when young Frankland, much to his amazement, leapt on board without wetting his feet, as the country lad maliciously intended, and came against Colin with such force as almost to knock him down, the young boatman thrust his passenger forward very rudely, and was as near capsizing the boat as pride would permit him. "Sit forrit in the stern, sit forrit. Were ye never in a boat afore, that ye think I can row, and you sitting there?" said the unchristian Colin, bringing one of the oars heavily against his adversary's shins.

"What the deuce do you mean by that; give me the oar? We don't row like that on the Thames, I can tell you," said the stranger; and the brief skirmish between them for the possession of the oar having terminated abruptly by the intervention of Colin the elder, who was still within hearing, the two boys set off, sullenly enough, down the loch. The rainbow was dying off by this time, and the clouds rolling up again over the hills; and the celestial pillars and heavenly archways had no longer, as may be supposed, since this rude invasion of the real and disagreeable, the least morsel of foundation in the thoughts of young Colin of Ramore.

CHAPTER II.

"Ye saw the young gentleman safe to the pier—he's a bonnie lad, though maybe no as weel-mannered as ane would like to see," said Mrs. Campbell. "Keep me! such a way to name his father—Bairns maun be awfu' neglected in such a grand house—aye left wi' servants, and never trained to trust their bits of secrets to father or mother. Laddies," said the farmer's wife, with a little solemnity, looking across the sleeping baby upon the four heads of different sizes which bent over their supper at the table before her, "mind you aye,

that, right or wrong, them that's maist interested in whatever befalls you is them that belongs to you—maist ready to praise if ye've done weel, and excuse you if ye've done wrang. I hope you were civil to the strange callant, Colin, my man?"

"Oh, ay," said young Colin, not without a movement of conscience; but he did not think it necessary to enter into details.

"When a callant like that is pridefu', and looks as if he thought himself better than other folk, I hope my laddies are no the ones to mind," said the mistress of Ramore. "It shows he hasna had the advantages that might have been expected. It's nae harm to you, but a great deal of harm to him. Ye dinna ken how weel off you are, you boys," said the mother, making a little address to them as they sat over their supper; little Johnnie, whose porridge was too hot for him, turned towards her the round wondering black eyes, which beamed out like a pair of stray stars from his little freckled face, and through his wisps of flaxen hair, bleached white by rain and sun; but the three others went on very steadily with their supper, and did not disturb themselves; "there's aye your father at hand ready to tell ye whatever you want to ken—no like yon poor callant, that would have to gang to a tutor, or a servant, or something worse; no that he's an ill laddie—but I'm aye keen to see ye behave yoursels like gentlemen, and yon wasna ony great specimen, as it was very easy to see."

After this there was a pause, for none of the boys were disposed to enter into that topic of conversation. After a little period of silence, during which the spoons made a diversion, and filled up the vacancy, they began to find their tongues again.

"It's awfu' wet up on the hill," said Archie, the second boy, "and they say the glass is aye falling, and the corn on the Barnton fields has been out this three weeks, and Dugald Macfarlane, he says its sprouting—and oh, mother!"

"What is it, Archie?"

"The new minister came by when I

was down at the smiddy with the brown mare. You never saw such a red head. It is red enough to set the kirk on fire. They were saying at the smiddy that naeboddy would stand such a colour of hair—it's waur than no preaching weel—and I said I thought that too," said the enterprising Archie; "for I'm sure I never mind ony o' the sermon, but I couldna forget such red hair."

"And I saw him too," said little Johnnie, "he clapped me on the head, and said how was my mammaw, and I said we never caed onybody mammaw, but just mother; and then he clapped me again, and said I was a good boy. What for was I a good boy?" said Johnnie, who was of an inquiring and philosophical frame of mind, "because I said we didna say mammaw! or just because it was me?"

"Because he's a kind man, and has a kind thought for even the little bairns," said Mrs. Campbell, "and it wasna' like a boy o' mine to say an idle word against him. Do you think they know better at the smiddy, Archie, than here? Poor gentleman," said the good woman, "to be a' this time wearyin' and waitin', and his heart yearnin' within him to get a kirk, and do his Master's work; and then to ha'e a parcel of haverels set up, and make a faction against him because he has a red head. It makes ane think shame o' human nature and Scotch folk baith."

"But he canna preach, mother," said Colin, breaking silence almost for the first time; "the red head is only an excuse."

"I dinna like excuses," said his mother, "and I never kent before that you were a judge o' preaching. You may come to ken better about it yoursel before a' 's done. I canna but think there's something wrang when the like o' that can be," said Mrs. Campbell; "he's studied, and he's learned Latin and Greek, and found out a' the ill that can be said about Scripture, and a' the lies that ever have been invented against the truth; and he's been brought up to be a minister a' his days, and knows what's expected. But as soon as word

gangs about that the Earl has promised him our kirk, there's opposition raised. No' that onybody kens ony ill of him; but there's the smith, and the wright, and Thomas Scott o' Lintwearie, maun lay their heads thegither, and first they say he canna preach, and then that he'll no' visit, and at least, if a' thing else fails, that he has a red head. If it was a new doctor that was coming, wha would be heeding about the colour o' his hair? but it's the minister that's to stand by our deathbeds, and baptize our bairns, and guide us in the right way; and we're no to let him come in peace, or sit down in comfort. If we canna keep him from getting the kirk, we can make him miserable when he does get it. Eh, bairns; I think shame! and I'm no' so sure as I am in maist things," said the farmer's wife, looking up with a consciousness of her husband's presence; "that the maister himsel—"

"Weel I'm aye for popular rights," said Colin of Ramore. He had just come in, and had been standing behind taking off his big coat, on which the rain glistened, and listening to all that his wife said. "But if Colin was a man and a minister," said the farmer, with a gleam of humour, as he drew his chair towards the fire, "and had to fight his way to a kirk like a' the young men now-a-days, I wouldna say I would like it. They might object to his big mouth; and you've ower muckle a mouth yourself, Jeanie," continued big Colin, looking admiringly at the comely mother of his boys. "I might tell them wha' he took it from, and that if he had as grand a flow of language as his mother, there would be nae fear o' him. As for the red head, the Earl himsel's a grand example, and if red hair's right in an earl, it canna be immoral in a minister; but Jeanie, though you're an awfu' revolutionary, ye maunna meddle with the kirk, nor take away popular rights."

"I'm no gaun to be led into an argument," said the mistress, with a slightly vexed expression; "but I'm far from sure about the kirk. After you've opposed the minister's coming in, and holden committees upon him, and

offered objections, and done your best to worry the life out o' him, and make him disgusted baith at himsel' and you, do you think after that ye can attend to him when you're weel, and send for him when you're sick, wi' the right feelings? But I'm no gaun to speak ony mair about the minister. Is the corn in yet, Colin, from the East Park? Eh, bless me! and it was cut before this wean was born!"

"We'll have but a poor harvest after a'," said the farmer; "it's a disappointment, but it canna be helpit. It's strange how something aye comes in, to keep a man down when he thinks he's to have a bit margin; but we must jog on, Jeanie, my woman. As long as we have bread to eat, let us be thankful. And as for Colin, it needna make ony difference. Glasgow's no so far off, but he can still get his parritch out of the family meal; and as long as he's careful and diligent we'll try and fend for him. It's hard work getting bread out of our hillside," said big Colin; "but ye may have a different life from your father's, lad, if ye take heed to the opportunities in your hands."

"A' the opportunities in the world," said Colin the younger, in a burst, "wouldna give me a chance like yon English fellow. Everything comes ready to him. It's no fair. I'll have to make up wi' him first, and then beat him—and so I would," said the boy, with a glow on his face, and a happy unconsciousness of contradicting himself, "if I had the chance."

"Well," said big Colin, "that's just ane o' the things we have to count upon in our way of living. It's little credit to a man to be strong," said the farmer, stretching his great arms with a natural consciousness of power, "unless he has that to do that tries it. It's harder work to me, you may be sure, to get a pickle corn off the hillside, than for the English farmers down in yon callant's country to draw wheat and fatness out o' their furrows. But I think myself nane the worse a man," continued Colin of Ramore, with a smile; "Sir Thomas, as the laddie ca's him, gangs wading over the heather a' day after the grouse

and the pairtricks; he thinks he's playing himsel', but he's as hard at work as I am. We're a' bluid relations, though the family likeness whiles lies deep and is hard to find. A man maun be fighting wi' something. If it's no the dour earth that refuses him bread, it's the wet bog, and the heather that comes atween him and his sport, as he ca's it. Never you mind wha's before you on the road. Make up to him, Colin. Many a day he'll stray out o' the path, gathering straws to divert himself, when you've naething to do but to push on."

"Eh, but I wouldna like a laddie of mine to think," interrupted his mother, eagerly, "that there's nae guid but getting on in the world. I'll not have my bairns learn ony such lesson; laddies," said the farmer's wife, in all the solemnity of her innocence, "mind you this aboon a'. You might be princes the morn, and no as good men as your father. There's nae Sir Thomases, nor earls, nor Lord Chancellors I ever heard tell o', that was mair thought upon nor wi' better reason—"

At this moment Jess entered from the kitchen, to suggest that it was bedtime.

"And lang enough for the mistress to be sitting up, and she so delicate," said the sole servant of the house. "If ye had been in your ain room wi' a fire and a book to read, it would have been wiser-like, than among a' thae noisy laddies, wi' the wean and a seam as if ye were as strong as me. Maister, I wish you would speak to Colin; he's awfu' masterfu'; instead of gaun to his bed, like a civilized lad, yonder he is awa' ben to the kitchen and down by the fire to read his book, till his hair's like a singed sheep's head, and his cheeks like burning peats. Ane canna do a hand's-turn wi' a parcel o' callants about the place day and nicht," said Jess in an aggrieved tone.

"And just when Archie Candlish has suppered his horses and come in for half an hour's crack," said the master. "I'll send Colin to his bed; but dinna have ower muckle to say to Archie, he's a rover," continued the good-tempered farmer, who "made allowances" for a little love-making. He raised himself out of his arm-chair with a little hesita-

tion, like a great mastiff uncoiling itself out of a position of comfort, and went slowly away, moving off through the dimly lighted room like an amiable giant as he was.

"Eh, keep me !—and Archie Candlish had just that very minute lookit in at the door," said Jess, lifting her apron to her cheeks which were glowing with blushes and laughter. "No that I wanted him; but he came in wi' the news aboot the new minister, and noo I'll never hear an end o't, and the maister will think he's aye there."

"If he's a decent lad and means weel, its nae great matter," said the mistress; "but I dinna approve of ower mony lads. Ye may gang through the wood and through the wood and take but a crooked stick at the end."

"There's naeboddy I ken o' that the mistress can mean, but Bowed Jacob," said Jess reflectively, "and ane might do waur than take him though he's nae great figure of a man. The siller that body makes is a miracle, and it would be grand to live in a twa-storied house, and keep a lass; but he's an awfu' establishment man, and he micht interfere wi' my convictions," said the young woman with a glimmer of humour which found no response in the mistress's serious eyes; for Mrs. Campbell, being of a poetical and imaginative temperament, took most things much in earnest, and was slow to perceive a joke.

"You shouldna speak about convictions in that light way, Jess," said the farmer's wife. "I wouldna meddle wi' them mysel', no for a' the wealth o' the parish; but though the maister and me are strong Kirk folk, ye ken ye never were molested here."

"To hear Archie Candlish about the new minister!" cried Jess, whose quick ear had already ascertained that her master had paused in the kitchen to speak to her visitor, "ye would laugh; but though it's grand fun for the folk, maybe it's no so pleasant for the poor man. We put down our names for the man we like best, us Free Kirk folks, but its different in the parish. There's Tammas Scott, he vows he'll object to

every presentee the Earl puts in. I'm no heeding for the Earl," said Jess; "he's a dour tory and can fecht for himsel'; but eh I wouldna be that poor minister set up there for a' the parish to object to. I'd rather work at a weaver's loom or sell herrings about the country-side, if it was me!"

"Weel, weel, things that are hard for the flesh are guid for the spirit—or at least folk say so," cried the mistress of Ramore.

"I dinna believe in that for my part," said the energetic Jess, as she lifted the wooden cradle in her strong arms. "Leave the wean still, mistress, and draw your shawl about ye. I could carry you too, for that matter. Eh me, I'm no o' that way o' thinking; when ye're happy and weel likit, ye're aye good in proportion. No to gang against the words o' Scripture," said Jess, setting down the big cradle with a bump in her mistress's bedroom, and looking anxiously at the sleeping baby, which with a little start and gape, resisted this attempt to break its slumbers; "but eh, mistress, it's aye my opinion that the happier folk are the better they are. I never was as happy as in this house," continued the grateful handmaiden, furtively pursuing a tear into the corner of her eye, with a large forefinger, "no that I'm meaning to say I'm guid; but yet—"

"You might be waur," said the mistress, with a smile. "You've aye a kind heart and a blythe look, and that gangs a far way wi' the maister and me. But it's time Archie Candlish was hame to his mother. When there's nae moon and such heavy roads, you shouldna bring a decent man three mile out of his way at this hour o' the night to see you."

"Me? as if I was wanting him," said Jess, "and him no a word to say to me or ony lass, but about the beasts and the new minister. I'll be back in half a minute; I wouldna waste my time upon a gomeril like you."

While Jess sallied forth through the chilly passages to which the weeping atmosphere had communicated a sensation of universal damp, the mistress

knelled down to arrange her infant more commodiously in its homely nest. The red firelight made harmless glimmers all over her figure, catching now and then a sidelong glance out of her eyes as she smoothed the little pillow, and laid the tiny coverlet over the small unconscious creature wrapt closely in webs and bands of sleep. When she had done, she still knelt watching it as mothers will, with a smile upon her face. After a while the beaming soft dark eyes turned to the light with a natural attraction, to the glimmers of the fire shooting accidental rays into all the corners, and to the steady little candle on the mantel-shelf. The mistress looked round on all the familiar objects of the homely low-roofed chamber. Outside, the rain fell heavily still upon the damp and sodden country, soaking silently in the dark into the forlorn wheat-sheaves, which had been standing in the fields to dry in ineffectual hopefulness for weeks past. Matters did not look promising on the farm of Ramore, and nothing had occurred to add any particular happiness to its mistress's lot. But happiness is perverse and follows no rule, and Jess's sentiment found an echo in Mrs. Campbell's mind. As she knelt by the cradle, her heart suddenly swelled with a consciousness of the perfection of life and joy in her and around her. It was in homely words enough that she gave it expression—"A' weel, and under ae roof," she said to herself with exquisite dews of thankfulness in her eyes. "And the Lord have pity on lone folk and sorrowful," added the tender woman, with a compassion beyond words, a yearning that all might be glad like herself; the pity of happiness, which is of all pity, the most divine. Her boys were saying abrupt prayers, one by one, as they sank in succession into dreamless slumber. The master had gone out in the rain to take one last look over his kye and his farmyard, and see that all was safe for the night, and Archie Candlish had just been dismissed with a stinging jest from the kitchen door, which Jess bolted and barred with cheerful din, singing softly to herself as she went

about the house putting up the innocent shutters, which could not have resisted the first touch of a skilful hand. The rain was falling all over the wet silent country; the Holy Loch gleamed like a kind of twilight spot in the darkness, and the house of Ramore stood shut up and hushed, no light at all to be seen but that from the open door, which the farmer suddenly extinguished as he came in. But when solitary light died out from the invisible hillside, and the darkness and the rain and the whispering night took undisturbed possession, was just the moment when the mother within, kneeling over her cradle in the firelight, was surprised by that sudden conscious touch of happiness.—"Happiness? oh, ay, weel enough; we've a great deal to be thankful for," said big Colin, with a little sleepy surprise; "if it werna for the sprouting corn and the broken weather; but I dinna see onything particular to be happy about at this minute, and I'm gaun to my bed."

For the prose and the poetry did not exactly understand each other at all times, even in the primitive farm-house of Ramore.

CHAPTER III.

THE internal economy of a Scotch parish is not so clearly comprehensible now-a-days as it was in former times. Civilization itself has made countless inroads upon the original unities everywhere, and the changes that have come to pass within the recollection of the living generation are almost as great though very different from those which made Scotland during last century so picturesque in its state of transition. When Sunday morning dawned upon the Holy Loch, it did not shine upon that pretty rural picture of unanimous church-going so well-known to the history of the past. The groups from the cottages took different ways—the carriage from the Castle swept round the hill to the other side of the parish, where there was an "English Chapel." The reign of opinion and liking was established in the once primitive community. Half of the

people ascended the hillside to the Free Church, while the others wound down the side of the loch to the Kirk, which had once accommodated the whole parish. This state of affairs had become so usual that even polemical feeling had ceased to a great extent, and the two streams of church-going people crossed each other placidly without recriminations. This day, for a wonder, the sun was shining brightly, notwithstanding a cloudy stormy sky, which now and then heaved forward a rolling mass of vapour, and dispersed it sharply over the hills in a flying mist and shower. The parish church lay at the lower end of the loch, a pretty little church built since the days when architecture had penetrated even into Scotland. Colin of Ramore and his family were there in their pew, the boys arranged in order of seniority between Mrs. Campbell, who sat at the head, and the farmer himself who kept the seat at the door. Black-eyed Johnnie with his hair bleached white by constant exposure, and his round eyes wandering over the walls and the pews and the pulpit and the people, sat by his mother's side, and the younger Colin occupied his post of seniority by his father. They were all seated, in this disposition, when the present occupant of the Castle, Sir Thomas Frankland, lounged up the little aisle with his son after him. Sir Thomas was quite devout and respectable, a man who knew how to conduct himself even in a novel scene—and after all a Presbyterian church was no novelty to the sportsman—but to Harry the aspect of everything was new, and his curiosity was excited. It was a critical moment in the history of the parish. The former minister had been transferred only a few weeks before to a more important station, and the Earl, the patron, had, according to Scotch phraseology, “presented” a new incumbent to the living. This unhappy man was ascending the pulpit when the Franklands, father and son, entered the church. For the Earl's presentation by no means implied the peaceable entrance of the new minister; he had to preach, to give the people an opportunity of deciding whether they liked him or not; and if they did not

like him, they had the power of “objecting,” that is, of urging special reasons for their dislike before the Presbytery, with a certainty of making a little noise in the district, and a reasonable probability of disgusting and mortifying the unlucky presentee, to the point of throwing up his appointment. All this was well known to the unfortunate man, who rose up in the pulpit as Sir Thomas found a seat, and proceeded to read the psalm with a somewhat embarrassed and faltering voice. He was moderately young and well-looking, with a face, at the present moment, more agitated than was quite harmonious with the position in which he stood: for he was quite aware that everybody was criticizing him, and that the inflections of his voice and the fiery tint of his hair were being noted by eager commentators bent upon finding ground for an “objection” in everything he said. Such a consciousness naturally does not promote ease or comfort. His hair looked redder than ever, as a stray ray of sunshine gleamed in upon him, and his voice took a nervous break as he looked over the many hard unsympathetic faces which were regarding him with the sharp curiosity and inspection of excited wits. While Harry Frankland made, as he thought, “an ass of himself” on every occasion that offered—standing bolt upright when the congregation began to sing, which they did at their leisure, seated in the usual way—and kicking his heels in an attempt to kneel when everybody round him rose up for the prayer, and feeling terribly red and ashamed at each mistake, Colin the younger, of Ramore, occupied himself, like a heartless young critic as he was, in making observations on the minister. Colin, like his father, had a high opinion of “popular rights.” It was his idea, somehow drawn in with the damp Highland air he breathed, that the right of objecting to a presentee was one of the most important privileges of a Scotch Churchman. Then, he was to be a minister himself, and the consciousness of this fact intensified the natural opposition which prompted the boy's mind to resist anything and every-

thing that threatened to be imposed on him. Colin even listened to the prayer, which was a thing not usual with him, that he might find out the objectionable phrases. And to be sure there were plenty of objectionable phrases to mar the real devotion; the vainest of vain repetitions, well-known and familiar as household words to every Scotch ear, demonstrated how little effect the absence of a liturgy has in promoting fervent and individual supplications. The congregation in general listened, like young Colin, standing up in easy attitudes, and observing everything that passed around them with open-eyed composure. It did not look much like common supplication, nor did it pretend to be—for the people were but *listening* to the minister's prayer, which, to tell the truth, contained various expository and remonstrative paragraphs, which were clearly addressed to the congregation; and they were all very glad to sit down when it was over, and clear their throats, and prepare for the sermon, which was the real business of the day.

"I dinna like a' that new-fangled nonsense to begin with," said Eben Campbell, of Barnton, as he walked home after church, with the party from Ramore; "naeboddy wants twa chapters read at one diet of worship. The Bible's grand at hame, but that's no what a man gangs to the kirk for; that, and so mony prayers—it's naething but a great offput of time."

"But we never can have ower muckle o' the word of God," said Colin of Ramore's wife.

"I'm of Eben's opinion," said another neighbour. "We have the word o' God at hame, and I hope we make a good use o' it; but that's no what we gang to the kirk to hear. When ye see a man that's set up in the pulpit for anither purpose a'thegether, spending half his time in reading chapters and ither preliminaries, I aye consider it's a sure sign that he hasna muckle o' his ain to say."

They were all walking abreast in a leisurely Sunday fashion up the loch; the children roaming about the skirts of the older party, some in front and some

behind, occasionally making furtive investigations into the condition of the brambles, an anti-Sabbatical occupation which was sharply interrupted when found out—the women picking their steps along the edges of the muddy road, with now and then a word of pleasant gossip, while the men trudged on sturdily through the puddles, discussing the great subject of the day.

"Some of the new folk from the Castle were in the kirk to-day," said one of the party,—"which is a respect to the parish the Earl doesna pay himself. Things are terrible changed in that way since my young days. The auld Earl, this ane's father, was an elder in the Kirk; and gentle and simple, we a' said our prayers thegither—"

"I dinna approve of that expression," said Eben of Barnton. "To speak of saying your prayers in the kirk is pure papistry. Say your prayers at hame, as I hope we a' do, at the family altar, no to speak of private devotions," said this defender of the faith, with a glance at the unlucky individual who was understood not to be so regular in the article of family prayer as he ought to have been. "We gang to the kirk to have our minds stirred up and put in remembrance. I dinna approve of the English fashion of putting everything into the prayers."

"Weel, weel, I meant nae harm," said the previous speaker. "We a' gaed to the Kirk, was what I meant to say; and there's the Queen, she aye sets a grand example. You'll no find her driving off three or four miles to an English Chapel. I consider it's a great respect to the parish to see Sir Thomas in the Castle pew."

"I would rather see him respect the Sabbath day," said Eben Campbell, pointing out a little pleasure-boat, a tiny little cockle-shell, with a morsel of snow-white sail, which just then appeared in the middle of the loch, rushing up beautifully before the wind, through the placid waters, and lighting up the landscape with a touch of life and motion. Young Colin was at Eben's elbow, and followed the movement of his hand with keen eyes. A spark of

jealousy had kindled in the boy's breast—he could not have told why. He was not so horrified as he ought to have been at the sight of the boat disturbing the Sunday quiet; but, with a swell of indignation and resentment in his boyish heart, he thought of the difference between himself and the young visitor at the Castle. It looked symbolical to Colin. He, trudging heavily over the muddy, lengthy road; the other, flying along in that dainty, little, bird-like boat, with those white wings of sail, which pleased Colin's eye in spite of himself, carrying him on as lightly and swiftly as heart could desire. Why should one boy have such a wonderful advantage over another? It was the first grand problem which had puzzled and embittered Colin's thoughts.

"There they go!" said the boy. "It's fine and easy, running like that before the wind. They'll get to the end o' the loch before we've got over a mile. That makes an awfu' difference," said Colin, with subdued wrath; he was thinking of other things besides the long walk from church and the muddy road.

"We'll may be get home as soon, for all that," said his father, who guessed the boy's thoughts; for the elder Colin's experienced eye had already seen that mists were rising among the hills, and that the fair breeze would soon be fair no longer. The scene changed as if by enchantment while the farmer spoke. Such changes come and go like breath over the Holy Loch. The sunshine which had been making the whole landscape into a visible paradise, vanished suddenly off the hills and waters like a frightened thing, and a visible darkness came brooding over the mountains, dropping lower every moment like a pall of gloom over the lower banks and the suddenly paled and shivering loch. The joyous little sail, which had been careering on as if by a natural impulse of delight, suddenly changed its character along with all the other details of the picture. The spectators saw its white sail, fluttering like an alarmed seabird, against the black background of cloud. Then it began to tack and waver and

make awkward tremulous darts across the darkened water. The party of pedestrians stood still to watch it, as the position became dangerous. They knew the loch and the winds too well to look on with composure. As for young Colin of Ramore, his heart began to leap and swell in his boyish bosom. Was that his adversary, the favoured rival whom he had recognised by instinct, who was fighting for his life out there in midwater, with the storm gaining on him, and his little vessel staggering in the wind? Colin did not hear the remarks of the other spectators. He felt in his heart that he was looking on at a struggle which was for life or death, and his contempt for the skill of the amateur sailor, whose unused hands were so manifestly unable to manage the boat, was mingled with a kind of despair lest a stronger power should snatch this opponent of his own out of the future strife, in which Colin had vowed to himself to be victorious.

"You fool! take in the sail," he shouted, putting both his hands to his mouth, forgetting how impossible it was that the sound could reach; and then scarcely knowing what he was about, the boy rushed down to the beach, and jumped into the nearest boat. The sound of his oars furiously plashing through the silence was the first indication to his companions of what he had done. And he did not even see nor hear the calls and gestures with which he was summoned back again. His oars, and how to get there at a flight like a bird, occupied his mind entirely. Yet even in his anxiety he scorned to ask for help which would have carried him so much sooner to the spot he aimed at. At the sound of his oars dashed and echoed through the profound silence, various outcries came from the group on the bank.

"It's tempting Providence," cried Eben Campbell. "Yon's a judgment on the Sabbath-breaker,—and what can the laddie do? Come back, sir, this moment, come back! Ye'll never win there in time."

As for the boy's mother, after his first start she clasped her hands together, and watched the boat with an interest too intense for words. "He's in nae danger," she said to herself softly; and it would have been hard to tell whether she was sorry or glad that her boy's enterprise was attended by no personal peril.

"Let him be," said the farmer of Ramore, pushing aside his anxious neighbour, who was calling Colin ineffectually but without intermission. Colin Campbell's face had taken a sudden crimson flush which nobody could account for. He went off up the beach with heavy rapid steps, scattering the shingle round his feet, to a spot exactly opposite the struggling boat, and stood there watching with wonderful eagerness. The little white sail was still fluttering and struggling like a distressed bird upon the black overclouded water. Now it lurched over till the very mast seemed to touch the loch—now recovered itself for a tremulous moment—and finally, shivering like a living creature, gave one wild sudden stagger, and disappeared. When the speck of white vanished out of the black landscape, a cry came out of all their hearts; and hopeless as it was, the very man who had been calling Colin back, rushed in his turn to a boat and pushed off violently into the loch. The women stood huddled together, helpless with terror and grief. "The bit laddie! the bit laddie!" cried one of them—"some poor woman's bairn." As for Mrs. Campbell, the world grew dark round her as she strained her eyes after Colin's boat. She did not faint, for such was not the habit of the Holy Loch; but she sank down suddenly on the wet green bank, and put up her hand over her eyes as if to shade them from some imaginary sunshine, and gazed, not seeing anything, after her boy. To see her, delicate as she was, with the woman weakness which they all understood, seating herself in this wild way on the wet bank, distracted the attention of her kindly female neighbours, even from the terrible event which had just taken place before their eyes.

"Maybe the lad can swim," said Eben Campbell's wife—"onyway yonder's your Colin running races with death to save him. But you maunna sit here—come into Dugald Macfarlane's house. There's my man away in another boat and some mair. But we canna let you sit here."

"Eh, my Colin, I canna see my Colin," said the mistress of Ramore; but they led her away into the nearest cottage, notwithstanding her reluctance. There they all stood clustering at the window, aiding the eyes which had failed her in her weakness. Colin's mother sat silent in the chair where they had placed her, trembling and rocking herself to and fro. Her heart within her was praying and crying for the boys—the two boys whom in this moment of confused anxiety she could not separate—her own first-born, and the stranger who was "another woman's bairn." God help all women and mothers!—though Colin was safe, what could her heart do but break at the thought of the sudden calamity which had shut out the sunshine from another. She rocked herself to and fro, ceasing at last to hear what they said to her, and scarcely aware of anything except the dull clank of the oars against the boat's side; somebody coming or going, she knew not which—always coming or going—never bringing certain news which was lost and which saved.

The mistress of Ramore was still in this stupor of anxiety, when young Harry Frankland, dripping and all but insensible, was carried into Dugald Macfarlane's cottage. The little room became dark instantly with such a cloud of men that it was difficult to make out how he had been saved, or if there was indeed any life left in the lad. But Dugald Macfarlane's wife, who had the ferry-boat at Struan, and understood about drowning, had bestirred herself in the meantime, and had hot blankets and other necessities in the inner room where big Colin Campbell carried the boy. Then all the men about burst at once into the narrative. "If it hadna been for little Colin o' Ramore—" was about

all Mrs. Campbell made out of the tale. The cottage was so thronged that there was scarcely an entrance left for the doctor and Sir Thomas who had both been summoned by anxious messengers. By this time the storm had come down upon the loch, and a wild sudden tempest of rain was sweeping black across hill and water, obliterating every line of the landscape. Half-way across, playing on the surface of the water was a bit of spar with a scarlet rag attached to it, which made a great show glistening over the black waves. That was all that was visible of the pleasure-boat in which the young stranger had been bounding along so pleasantly an hour before. The neighbours dropped off gradually, dispersing to other adjacent houses to talk over the incident, or pushing homeward with an indifference to the storm that was natural to the dwellers on the Holy Loch; and it was only when she was left alone, waiting for her husband, who was in the inner room with Sir Thomas and the saved boy, that Mrs. Campbell perceived Colin's bashful face gleaming in furtively at the open door.

"It's no so wet as it was; come away, mother, now," said Colin, "there's nae fears o' him." And the lad pointed half with an assertion, half with an inquiry, towards the inner room. It was an unlucky moment for the shy hero, for just then big Colin of Ramore appeared with Sir Thomas at the door.

"This is the boy that saved my son," said Harry's father. "You are a brave fellow; neither he nor I will ever forget it. Let me know if there is anything I can serve you in, and to the best of my exertions I will help you as you have helped me. What does he say?"

"I say," said Colin the younger, with fierce blushes, "that it wasna me. I've done naething to be thanked for. Yon fellow swims like a fish, and he saved himself."

And then there came an answering voice from the inner room—a boy's voice subdued out of its natural falsetto into feminine tones of weakness, "He's telling a lie, that fellow there," cried the

other from his bed; "he picked me up when I was about done for. I'll fight him if he likes as soon as I'm able. But that's a lie he tells you; that's him—that Campbell fellow there."

Upon which young Colin of Ramore clenched his fists in his wet pockets and faced towards the door, which Dugald Macfarlane's wife closed softly, looking out upon him, shaking her head and holding up a finger to impose silence; the two fathers meanwhile looked in each other's faces. The English baronet and the Scotch farmer both broke into a low, unsteady laugh, and then with an impulse of fellowship mutually extended their hands.

"We have nae reason to think shame of our sons," said Colin Campbell with his Scotch dignity; "as for service or reward that is neither here nor there; what my boy did your boy would do if he had the chance, and there's nae mair to be said that I can see."

"There's a great deal more to be said," said Sir Thomas; "Lady Frankland will call on Mrs. Campbell, and thank that brave boy of yours; and if you think I can forget such a service,—I tell you there's a great deal more to be said," said the sportsman, breaking down suddenly with a little effusion, of which he was half ashamed.

"The gentleman's right, Colin," said the mistress of Ramore. "God be thanked for the twa laddies! My heart was breaking for the English lady. God be thanked! That's a' there is to say. But I'll be real glad to see that open-hearted callant when he's well, and his mother too," said the farmer's wife, turning her soft eyes upon Sir Thomas, with a gracious response to the overflowing of his heart. Sir Thomas took off his hat to her as respectfully as he would have done to the Queen, when she took her husband's strong arm, and followed Colin, who by this time, with his hands in his pockets and his heart beating loudly, was half way to Ramore; and now they had other topics besides that unfailing one of the new minister to talk of on the way.

To be continued.

A WEEK IN RUSSIAN POLAND.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

IN the middle of last September I left London for Poland. Owing to private circumstances, the time that I could afford to be away from London was extremely limited. Numbers of people assured me that, in the first place, I should never get to Warsaw; that, in the second, I should be arrested or sent to Siberia, or stabbed by some patriotic assassin if I ever did get there; and, thirdly, that if I did escape these misadventures, I should not see anything worth the trouble I had taken. However, I did accomplish the journey without incurring the calamities prognosticated, and saw a good deal which to me at any rate was very new and strange, and therefore worth the seeing. About the journey itself, let me say in passing, there is no difficulty whatever. If you can stand two consecutive nights of very luxurious railway travelling, you can take an early breakfast to-day in London, and dine at six in Warsaw the day after to-morrow; and yet, I will venture to say, you will see a stranger spectacle than any journey of a similar length can afford you at the present day. It would be, of course, absurd to attempt, from a week's hasty view, to discuss the Polish question. All I wish to do, all I shall attempt to do, is to convey to my readers the impression left upon my mind by that railway scamper of mine through the length and breadth of Poland.

The one train in the four-and-twenty hours from Berlin to Warsaw starts very near midnight. I may state for the benefit of intending travellers, that the fare in the second-class carriages—which are as luxurious as our own Great Western first—is under two pounds, and the time occupied by the journey, including innumerable stoppages, is less than twenty hours. A long night's sleep, and I woke up in the grey morning light, as the train came snorting into the town of Brom-

berg. There, for the first time, I saw a Polish peasant in real life. Anything more squalid and wretched-looking I never looked upon. Clad in a long grey coat hanging in tatters about his bare dirt-begrimed feet, his dark matted hair clustering in tangled wisps from underneath a greasy cap, crouching and shivering in the cold morning air, with a hang-dog look and gait, he seemed more like a scarecrow set up in the fields to frighten the birds than a living human being. I had thought before that the back slums of London and Liverpool had a monopoly of this type of human misery, but a creature so haggard, hungry-looking, and helpless, never caught my eye out of Poland. Before the day had passed I had seen hundreds like him, along the route of my journey, but he remains fixed in my mind with the vividness of a first impression.

At Bromberg we left the Posen train, and turned eastwards towards the Russian frontier through Russian Poland. No country in the world looks cheerful seen through the haze of drizzling mist and rain, but I doubt whether an Italian sunlight would have made the scenery we passed through anything but cheerless. The pine forests, which give a grim picturesqueness to Russian Poland, were here almost wanting, and instead we had nothing but bare dreary fields on either side. The harvest was all gathered in, and it seemed hard to realize that anything ever could have grown on that damp dun-coloured soil. Except the roadside stations, not a house was to be seen for miles, and even the curiosity of seeing a new country would hardly induce me to keep looking out at that monotonous succession of fields and fallow land. Happily, I was not without society in my carriage. In the first place, I had, for a short time, the company of a German "Guts-Besitzerin," who possessed the merit of

being the most communicative specimen of German womanhood—and that is saying a good deal—that I ever came across. In the space of half an hour she told me the history of her marriage, the circumstances of her husband's death, the amount of property he had left her—the “*grosse Erbschaft*,” as she described it, consisting of ten thousand *thalers*' worth of landed estate), the diseases that her children had had, and her own intentions with regard to a second marriage. She also volunteered details of the rapidity with which her different confinements had followed one another, of a nature not commonly dilated upon. My part in the conversation was confined to saying, “*So*,” and “*Ist es möglich?*” whenever I thought politeness required that I should say anything. Any vanity I might have felt at having been selected as the object of such confidence was destroyed by the fact that, as soon as she had poured forth her troubles and adventures into my ears, she turned to some ladies in the carriage, and repeated the same story with equal frankness to them. I may add, without impoliteness, that hands and feet of such size as were possessed by my travelling acquaintance I never saw before, and hope never to see again.

The ladies who shared with me the confessions of this German widow were Poles, with whom I had journeyed from Berlin. The party consisted of two elderly ladies—sisters, as far as I could gather—who were travelling back, together with their children, to some Polish town in the neighbourhood of Wilna. In the early part of our journey I had interchanged a few remarks with them in German; and as their knowledge of that language was not very perfect, and as my remarks were very short, they took me for a Prussian, and, though perfectly civil, did not seem disposed to enter upon conversation. However, it happened that one of the ladies complained to me about the incivility she had received from some Prussian guard on the line; and my repudiation of any responsibility for German breeding dis-

closed the fact that I was not a member of the Fatherland. Let me repeat, that my acquaintance's knowledge of the German language was extremely limited, or else my nationality would have been discovered long before this. As it was, the mere fact that I was not a German, and, therefore, not necessarily an enemy of Poland, changed civility at once into cordiality. A similar fact I noticed repeatedly throughout my stay in Poland. Foreigners are rare as visitors in that most unattractive of countries, and the people have not yet learnt to distinguish the peculiarities by which our countrymen are known at once in other parts of the Continent. Thus, at Warsaw, if you speak to anybody in German, he will probably understand you, but he will treat you to the curtest of answers consistent with bare civility; if you speak in French, the chances are, unless the person you address is of the educated classes, he will not understand you, but he will treat you with the utmost civility, and use most laudable efforts to guess at your meaning. There is, however, to my mind, one extreme drawback to the pleasure of conversation with any casual Polish acquaintances. With no fault of your own, you feel yourself an impostor while listening to their recitals of their sufferings and receiving their civilities. You see so clearly that they have an idea you can be of some service to them in influencing English policy in their behalf, and you know so perfectly well that you have as much chance of influencing the policy of the Lama of Thibet. The fact that you are a private individual, travelling for your own amusement, and with no political power whatever, is one that the Polish mind finds it very hard to realize.

This experience held good on the present occasion. The discovery of my being an Englishman opened the hearts of my fellow-travellers, who forthwith began to expatiate on the miseries to which their country was subjected. Indeed, our intimacy increased with a rapidity somewhat alarming to myself. We were fast approaching the Russian

frontier, and my new friends proposed that we should represent ourselves as travelling together, and also that I should pass an extremely bulky cigar-case through the custom-house in my own pockets. To the first proposal, I regret to say for my own gallantry, I returned a distinct negative; the second I accepted on the positive assurance that the case contained nothing but cigarettes. The assurance was given with extreme readiness, but I know that the cigar-case was very heavy, and the sides felt suspiciously thick and crisp, as if they were stuffed with papers. I am afraid that my manner did not imply implicit confidence; for, after being entrusted with the mysterious case, I was deprived of it before arriving at the custom-house, in favour of a Polish Jew who was standing on the platform. I did everything in my power by assisting in the transport of cloaks and luggage and children to atone for this inevitable want of complaisance, but I fear greatly I never quite recovered the ground that I had lost.

A custom-house is not a lively place at the best of times, and the process of being searched is not exhilarating; but I never remember a scene more dismal than that of the Otloczyn station on that grey chilly morning. A long low shed standing in the midst of a grey expanse of bare sandy moorland, a crowd of ragged bleary-eyed beggars loitering about listlessly, a detachment of grey-coated heavy-looking Russian soldiers drawn up upon the platform waiting to receive us, a few roadside hovels, and a deserted Cossack camp, are all the objects that I can recall as breaking the monotony of the scene. Personally the custom-house officers were civil to me, as, indeed, were all the Russian officials that I came across. Everything that I had was subjected to a most minute search. Nothing, however, could be more innocent than my luggage, with one single exception. In packing my trunk I had wrapped up a pair of boots in the first newspaper that came to hand. As ill-luck would have it, this newspaper

was an old copy of the *Illustrated London News*, which happened to contain a picture of some episode in the Polish insurrection. The paper was passed gravely from one official to another, and at last I was informed it must be sent on to Warsaw. I assured my examiners that the paper was absolutely worthless to me, and that they were welcome to burn it on the spot; but no argument I could use was of the slightest avail. The paper and all the books in my possession must, I was told, be laid before the Imperial Censorship at Warsaw. My travelling library consisted of five volumes — "Goethe's Correspondence with Karl August," in German; G. H. Lewes's "Life of Goethe," and an English "Bradshaw." I pleaded hard for the last-named volume, which I valued more than all the rest, but to no purpose. Strange to say, the Russian officials overlooked a French novel, which I found afterwards in a corner of my bag; and yet the title, "*Je me tuerai demain*," was one which might well have been considered to have a hidden reference to the present state of Poland. I reconciled myself as best I could to the loss of my books, and had taken my seat in the carriages for Warsaw, when I was summoned back to the presence of a higher official who enjoyed a private room of his own. This gentleman informed me that the expense of transmitting my books to Warsaw would be some unintelligible number of copecks. I expostulated on the unreasonableness of requiring me to pay for the transport of my own books in order that the Government censors might have the pleasure of perusing them. I had no hopes that my expostulations would be successful, but I dreaded the alternative of having to pay an unknown sum of money. Finding this plea of no avail, I produced a Prussian thaler, in return for which the official had the grace to hand me some minute debased copper coins. I made out afterwards that, in giving me change, he probably appropriated some two shillings out of the thaler for himself, but, as he might perfectly well have given me nothing, or even have asked for more, I feel grateful to

him for his forbearance. In return I received a receipt in Russian, and was told that if I sent up to the censorship in two days' time I should duly receive back my books, if found unobjectionable. I never saw the books again. I sent time after time, and was always told that the books had not yet been revised; and I had to leave Warsaw finally before the censors even made up their minds as to the political tendency of Goethe's life and letters, and of Bradshaw's figures. My case was not an exceptional one, as nobody is allowed to introduce foreign books into Poland without permission. Before I leave the subject of the custom-house, let me record one other trait of Russian management which struck me as eminently characteristic. My luggage was registered through from Berlin to Warsaw, and therefore was entirely out of my care and possession. As I have stated, it was examined carefully at Otloczyn, and replaced in the luggage vans. I thought the whole bother was now over; but it was examined a second time at a roadside station some thirty miles beyond the frontier, and again at Warsaw itself. No conceivable object could be assigned for the unnecessary delay and trouble occasioned by this threefold examination of objects all of which were under the sole custody of the railway officials, and to which their owners had no access whatever during the journey. The only credible explanation that I heard given for the practice was, that it was intended as a check on the possible dishonesty of the custom-house searchers. Owing to the almost universal corruption of the Russo-Polish officials, smuggling is carried on to such an extent that the Government is obliged to resort to the most elaborate expedients in order to secure some kind of supervision.

The mode in which our journey commenced was not calculated to remove any apprehensions of a nervous traveller. Our train was a short one of half-a-dozen carriages. Immediately behind the tender was a long open car of that extinct order of railway carriages which used to be called a "tub" in the early

days of English railroads, but which has now disappeared from use. This tub, which was not even provided with benches or seats of any kind, was filled with some forty Russian soldiers with fixed bayonets, ready to fire at once at any insurgents that might make their appearance on the line. Behind the break-van there was a second tub filled in the same manner, so that an escort of nearly a hundred men was considered necessary to secure the safety of the train. Nor was this precaution uncalled for. But a couple of days before that on which I made the journey, the Grand Duke Constantine had passed over the same line on his way to Berlin. His train, besides the usual escort, was preceded and followed at a short distance by special trains filled with soldiers; and yet, in spite of these precautions, the insurgents approached so near that the Grand Duke could see their pickets from his carriage windows. On the return of his escort they were attacked by the insurgents, and achieved one of those indecisive victories which the Russian troops have rarely failed in winning whenever they come into contact with any large body of Poles. This skirmish, however, had cleared the country for the time, and nothing was to be seen of the insurgents as we passed along.

The distance from the frontier to Warsaw is 213 wersts, and we took about nine hours in doing it. The rate of travelling was by no means slow for the Continent, but the stoppages at the roadside stations were wearisomely long. We were always stopping to take up or put down soldiers, and our passports were constantly being overhauled. No one was allowed to leave the carriage at any station till he had exhibited his papers; and at every stopping-place files of soldiers were drawn up, before whom any one leaving the train was obliged to pass. Altogether the journey was a dreary one. The sky had that pallid, leaden-coloured hue so common in northern climates, and to me so inexpressibly depressing. The country in itself had nothing to

repay looking at. We passed one town, Kutno, which seemed in the distance to have a handsome church picturesquely placed on the bend of a river; we caught a glimpse, at Skierniewich, of a tumbledown shooting-box of the Imperial family, which, with its ponds and bosquets and pagodas, bore some faint resemblance to the Petit Trianon. But, with these two exceptions, each stage of our journey was the exact counterpart of any other. Every few miles or so the train plunged into a pine forest. All over Poland, at any rate at that season of the year, the bark of the pines seemed to have peeled off at about two-thirds of their height. It was impossible at first to avoid the impression that the sun had broken out in the low horizon and was lighting up faintly the tops of the lofty trees; but as soon as you emerged from the wood, you found out that you had been subject to an optical delusion, and that the dull, grey sky was as unbroken as ever. Every now and then in the midst of these forests you saw encampments of mounted Cossacks, the horses fastened to the stumps of the pines, which had been cut down in order to make a clearing, and the soldiers sleeping on the ground, or crouching round camp fires. Then you come out into the open country. It is not flat like the western prairies, so that you have not even the satisfaction of gazing over a vast expanse. The extent of country you could see at any single moment was not large. You passed through one series after another of long, low, bare hillocks, till you got absolutely impatient at never coming to any break in the monotony. The land itself struck me as rich, but the cultivation was of the poorest order. The few scattered farm-houses that we passed were all covered with thatch, and looked singularly wretched and lonely. In front of each house stood that most primitive of water-raising machines, which consists of a long pole balanced on the top of another, with a bucket at one end and a heavy stone at the other. It was Sunday, but there

were a good number of peasants working in the fields, all miserably dressed, and almost all barefooted. The roads that our line crossed were little better than tracks; and there was no indication of any money having been spent upon the country, except for the construction of the railroads, for the last century. My Polish companions several times called my attention to what they considered the beauty of the scenery through which our road lay. I tried to simulate some expression of admiration, at the expense of strict veracity; but I own the whole aspect of the country seemed to me exactly expressed by the one American epithet of "God-forsaken."

At every road-side station there was a crowd collected. Very few of the bystanders were expectant passengers. As far as I could gather, they had assembled together partly because they had a vague idea of seeing some acquaintance arrive or depart, still more because they had absolutely nothing else to do. Of local costume there was little to be seen. Beyond the fact that everybody was dirty and wretched-looking and squalid to a degree I never saw elsewhere, there was nothing to distinguish the crowd from any assemblage of ordinary German peasants and mechanics. The one vestige of picturesqueness lay in the costume of the Jews, whose number was enormous. They all wore long black or drab-coloured coats reaching down to their ankles, and resembling closely dilapidated Noah's-ark coats of the type which were in fashion in London some six years ago. They all had top-boots of a cross between a Blucher and a Hessian; and they all had their hair twisted into two corkscrew ringlets hanging down either cheek. Their look was somewhat less hungry, and their dress, if possible, somewhat greasier than that of the ordinary Pole; but, beyond this, there was not a pin to choose between Jew and Gentile. The whole population—I am speaking literally, not metaphorically—had a scrofulous look, and the quantity of blear-eyed children that

I saw hanging about was something incredible. There were, too, so it seemed to me, an unusual proportion of cripples and idiots loitering about the platforms. It may be, that, like the traveller who formed a theory as to the colour of hair in France from one red-haired woman he saw in Calais, I generalize too much from one particular experience; I only know that every day of the few I passed in Poland confirmed my first impression of the utter squalor and misery of the population.

Nobody, according to the German saying, except madmen and Englishmen, ever travel first-class. Certainly, as far as comfort is concerned, there can be no reason why anybody should pay half as much again for the sake of sitting on a seat lined with red velvet instead of grey cloth: but on these Polish railroads there is a third description of mankind, besides the two named above, which travels first. The Russian officers occupy the velvet-covered carriages in solitary state. They do so for the simple reason, that travelling in mixed company is extremely unpleasant to them. No Pole will speak to them, or enter into any sort of communication with them. In our carriage, there was a very quiet and well-bred young Russian lieutenant, almost a lad, who made several attempts at conversation, which were received in the most frigid silence, till at last his courage gave way, and he betook himself back to an empty first-class carriage. I observed that, in his presence, my friends professed to be absolutely ignorant of Russian, and incapable even of telling me the meaning of an inscription on my luggage-receipt. As soon, however, as he was gone, their recollection of Russian returned, and they proceeded to translate a number of Russian regulations for my benefit, adding at times, I fear, glosses of their own. For instance: they informed me that a very short printed notice stuck up on the side of the carriage, was an intimation that no traveller was to look out of the window on approaching Warsaw, under pain of being subject to military execution. I felt that, if the statement was cor-

rect, Russian must be a language gifted with the power of expressing a great deal in very few words; and I found afterwards, as I suspected, that the notice was simply of the ordinary order, warning travellers against the danger of putting their heads out of the windows. The names of the stations, I may add, were written up both in Polish and Russian, but the latter language seemed to be employed on every occasion when it was possible to do so without occasioning practical inconvenience to the administration of the railroad.

It was growing dusk when I reached Warsaw. As we came nearer, I perceived that my companions grew less and less communicative, and I saw clearly their feeling was, that a chance acquaintance, which was all very well travelling, was not safe under the present state of things in the capital. So, on arriving at the station, they bade me a hasty good-bye, and I was left to my own energies to find my way. I experienced there a sensation which to me was a novelty, but not a pleasing one. For the first time for many years I was in a place where everybody spoke a language utterly unintelligible to me. However, I have a great faith in all travelling difficulties being easily surmounted, if you take them quietly; and time was of very little object. For upwards of an hour I was kept at that miserable station. In the first place, I had to have my passport viséed, and was asked innumerable questions, in broken German, about why I came to Warsaw, whom I knew there, and what I intended to do there. Then my pockets were searched in a way very gallant to British pride, and a long discussion was held over a letter I had with me, sealed with the stamp of the Foreign Office. Finally, the officials came to the conclusion that I was not a spy, though I saw clearly they adopted the even less flattering one, that I was a madman, or else I should never have come to Warsaw at all. Then I was handed over to the custom-house officers, who overhauled my luggage carefully and scrupulously; then I was detained in a waiting room for a lengthened

period, for no conceivable reason that I could ever discover, during which period I consoled myself with tasting a sort of potato brandy, called Wodka, not altogether contemptible; then I was turned loose amidst a howling multitude of Jew commissionaires, each of whom had marked me for his own, and was resolved to carry me off to some obscure hotel; and, finally, after paying everybody for doing nothing, I got safely into a droschky, and was driven through the half-lit streets to what was then the chief inn of Warsaw, the Hotel de l'Europe.

Within a few days of my visit, a spy was killed in this very house, and the hotel was forthwith shut up, and is now confiscated for the use of the Russian Government. The gloom of its impending fate seems to me to have hung over the house when I was there. Everybody was civil enough, but there was an air of listlessness and insolvency about the whole establishment. The building was an immense one, and the solitary porter who received me at the doors led me through a series of vast, empty corridors, till at last he ushered me into a room large enough to have housed a family. By asking, and repeated ringing, you could get what you wanted, after a time; but nobody volunteered anything, and it appears to me that if I had chosen to go to bed and remain there till the present hour, not a soul would have entered the room to see whether I was alive or dead. I recollect meeting with a very similar reception about a year ago, when I established myself at the St. Clair Hotel, at Nashville, soon after the occupation of that town by the Federal troops. I had no incivility to complain of, but nobody seemed to care—what shall I say?—a “cuss” whether I came or not, or whether I spent anything in the house. On that occasion I was accompanied by a worthy New Englander, who, like myself, was new to the town. “Well, stranger,” I can recall his saying, “I don’t know what you think, but I reckon this is a *hard* place.” So, I own, it struck me then that Warsaw was an eminently hard place, and that opinion

I retain to the present hour. At the Hotel de l'Europe, as I believe at most Polish hotels, you take your meals at a restaurant attached to the house, but not under the same management—the result of which arrangement is, that you have to pay on the spot for every meal you take; a plan which, to the traveller, is more economical than pleasant. I dined in a vaulted room, closely resembling the prison in which Manrico is confined in the “*Trovatore*,” and feebly lit up by the two candles on my solitary table. Then, it being by that time about nine o’clock, I resolved to stroll out and look about me. As I was leaving the house, however, the porter rushed up and implored me not to go out without a lantern, for, in case I did, I might get arrested, or stabbed, or shot. Of course, there were no lanterns to be had in the hotel—there never was anything to be had there—and all the shops were closed, so there was nothing to be done except to stop indoors. The only amusement I could devise was to smoke my cigar on the steps of the hotel, which looked out on the great “*Place de Saxe*,” where there was not a soul to be seen except the Russian sentries. Every half-hour a patrol of soldiers marched by with a dull, heavy tramp, and about as often some belated passenger stole stealthily along, holding up his lantern before his face, and looking around him at every moment. But in half an hour’s time the city appeared to have gone to sleep. After ten o’clock no human being is allowed to be about the streets except on public duty, and, as soon as it grows dark, every one is obliged, under heavy penalties, to carry a lantern with him. The effect of this custom is very peculiar and picturesque. The whole street, in the early part of the evening, appears to be alive with gigantic fire-flies. As the gas burns very dimly at the best, and as everybody is in black, you hardly see the walkers themselves, and the lamps appear to flicker up and down as if they were carried by some monster moth.

In fact, at night, the main streets of the city bear something of the look of a

Venetian carnival on the stage. Then and then only is there anything cheerful in the aspect of Warsaw. The universality of the mourning attire is in itself depressing. Man, woman, and child are dressed in black. Every now and then you see some very poverty-stricken-looking peasant in coloured clothes, but even then there is almost always some black ribbon about his dress to mark the mourning. The very women who walk the streets of Warsaw are dressed in black. In fact, I doubt whether anybody, with whom poverty was not an absolute excuse, could walk safely about the town in light colours. During the first day of my sojourn I wore an ordinary English hat. I was perfectly astonished at the scowls of bitter hatred with which I found myself greeted, from time to time, by passers-by, whose faces I had never seen before; till at last, on inquiry, I found that a hat was considered a symbol of a Russian partisan. On examining, afterwards, the head-gear of the population, I do not think I saw a dozen hats in the whole city. There is no doubt that this universal practice of wearing black is due partly to the almost unanimous hatred to the Russians, but partly to the fear of disobeying the National Government.

It is not my intention to describe, day by day, what I saw in Warsaw. The days pass there, I should say, slowly and monotonously for a stranger. I had introductions to the Consulate, where I was received with a courtesy to which all English visitors to Warsaw will, I am sure, bear testimony. Nor can I lose this opportunity of recording my gratitude to our vice-consul, Mr. White, who probably knows more about Polish affairs than any resident in Warsaw, and who is possessed of a quality—rare I think, among English diplomats—a readiness to impart information as well as to acquire it. Thanks to the hospitality of our representatives, and to the fact that I met an old friend and fellow-traveller at Warsaw, my stay there was made pleasant enough; but of the place itself, the impression left upon me is a

very dismal one. Amusements there are absolutely none, if you except a theatre, open two or three nights a week, and attended solely by the Russian officers. You can drive in the Lazienki Park, which the guide book describes as a "*Promenade délicieuse, d'une vaste étendue.*" Very pretty indeed, it is, and very like the Cascine at Florence, without the views of Fiesole mountains; but the grounds have that dreary look inseparable from neglect and decay; and the presence of half a dozen carriages is not sufficient to create anything of the gaiety of a promenade. Then, towards sunset, you can walk in the gardens of the Saski Palace, where the Russians still allow the Poles to congregate in groups of three or four together. But a crowd of people dressed in deep mourning, and moving about silently like mourners at a funeral, is not an exhilarating spectacle. If you dine out, you have to leave the table at nine, in order to be safely housed before the prohibited hours; and, in fact, as soon as the night comes on, a gloom seems to sink over the whole city—the patrols come out in force, and the little lamps are lit, as the passengers hurry homewards. For my own part, I always found it impossible to divest my mind of the idea that, when I carried my lamp about, I looked exactly like a stage conspirator. Moreover, there is an art in using a lantern, as in most things, and I found that my candle had a way of guttering down and going out suddenly, from which lamps in the hands of Poles appeared to be wonderfully free. I recollect my lantern getting blown out suddenly in the centre of a long, dark street, which I was coming down alone. I had no matches, and there was nothing for it but to make for a light which I could see flickering in a distant shop-window at the end of the street. Happily, I arrived there before any Russian patrol came up; but, after that, I always took the precaution of carrying matches with me. However, even the novelty of being obliged to carry a lantern palls upon you after a time, and, with this exception, there is no amusement in Warsaw.

Let me try and recall some of the scenes that I saw during my visit there, which remain most strongly impressed on my mind. It is a cold wintry afternoon, and the sun is struggling feebly to make its way through great banks of watery clouds. I have strolled down with a friend, to whom Russian and Polish are almost better known than his native tongue, to see the view of Warsaw. We pass by the long dilapidated-looking palace where the old kings of Poland used to dwell, and come out upon the great iron railway bridge, the one work which, in case of their expulsion, the Russians would leave as a reminiscence of their rule in the Polish capital. A score of men are working listlessly, tinkering up the girders of the half-finished bridge, already rust-eaten and weather-stained. Beneath us is the wide sandy bed of the Vistula. A few straggling shallow rills of water are all that is left for the time of the torrent river; a raft of logs floating down the broadest of these rills, going Dantzic-wards, a couple of puny steamers, stranded high upon the banks, are the only signs of traffic to be seen. The river is so low that the bridge of boats, crossing the Vistula a little above the railway viaduct, lies resting upon the sand-banks, raised up and down at all sorts of angles. In the centre of the widest of the water-channels a dead horse has been stranded on its back months before, and shows no signs of moving, though the water has worn away the flesh from off its legs. Close by, a gun-boat is moored, with its one gun placed so as to sweep the bridge. Below us lies the suburb of Praga—a collection of wood sheds, and railway works, and low one-storied, thatched, poverty-stricken houses; and beyond that stretches the dead dreary plain, over which the line runs towards St. Petersburg. On the other side is the steep, sandy cliff on which Warsaw is placed. The position is a fine one, or rather might be a fine one, if the town had not turned its back as it were on the river. As it is, looking from the Vistula, you gaze upon a series of narrow

back streets running up the side of the cliff, and beyond that is the dead long level line of the city, broken only by the gilded cupolas of the cathedral. Far away to the right stands the citadel, to enter which, except as a prisoner, is no easy task, and where the guns are always pointed towards the city. I was at Naples at the time when the cannon of Sant Elmo were turned towards the town, and when it was believed that, sooner than allow Garibaldi to enter, the timid king would summon up a remnant of courage and fire upon his capital. But, there, where everything was so bright, and joyous, and full of life, it was impossible to realize that such a danger could ever exist in truth. No man, not even a Bourbon, could have the heart to destroy Naples. Here the impression was altogether different. Everything was so dreary, so sad, and so hopeless, that if the Russians, in sheer weariness of heart, were to shell the devoted city from their impregnable fortress, it would be, speaking artistically, the fitting end to the fate of Warsaw. To finish with the whole dismal task of subduing Poland for once and for all, is a thought which, I should think, must have a strange attraction for the half-savage Tartar mind. What Suwarroff did at Praga, why should not Mouravieff do on the left bank of the Vistula?

Such was the thought that passed through my mind as I stood upon the bridge gazing over that dull expanse of broken plain, which ought, in the fitness of things, to be ended by the sea. "A few more steps," my friend said to me, "and you will be in the midst of Asia." Wondering what his words meant, I followed him, and passing to the opposite shore, and then crossing a low hillock, we found ourselves in the heart of a Cossack camp. The scene, indeed, was more like a great gipsy encampment than anything I could liken it to. A number of coarse, ragged tents were pitched haphazard upon the field; little, sturdy, shaggy ponies were browsing on the scant, trodden-down grass, fastened with ropes by their hind legs

to stakes stuck in the ground ; a score or so of carts filled with pots, and pans, and old harness, were drawn up in a sort of rough circle ; kettles, suspended on three sticks leaning against each other, were simmering over fires made up of broken palings ; and lying round these fires were swarms of wild-looking soldiers, whose worn grey coats were almost the colour of the earth on which they were stretched. A troop of mounted Cossacks, with lances longer than themselves and their horses put together, were just riding in from a foraging expedition, with great bundles of hay piled upon their horses' backs ; in one corner a file of soldiers were bringing in great iron cauldrons filled with some most unsavoury mixture of soup and meat ; in another, a lot of half-drunken Cossacks were quarrelling in some rough horse-play ; but the great mass of the troops were crouching upon the ground. Between men and officers there was little apparent difference. Possibly the former were a shade less grimy ; but that was all. Their low foreheads, high cheeks, broad mouths, lank hair, and copper-like skin, seemed to belong to a different race from those of western Europe. As soon as my friend spoke to them in Russian, the men crowded round us, and stared at us with a childish, but good-natured wonder. They were mostly peasant farmers from the Don, who had been forced to leave their homes and families to come and serve for three years. The one idea they seemed to have was, that this was the fault of the Poles, who ought to be punished, not only as the enemies of the Czar, but as having inflicted a personal injury upon themselves. As soldiers, I should doubt their having discipline enough to be of much service, but as marauders they must be very terrible when their blood is up. Just by their camp we met a Gallician peasant, who had taken a raft down to Dantzig, and was walking home barefooted, with a great loaf of black bread beneath his arm. The man was crying like a child, and, on my friend's asking

him what was the matter, he said that these Cossacks—these “wicked foreigners” as he called them—had fallen upon him and beaten him with their sticks as he was walking past. Thousands of such cases doubtless occur daily ; and it is easy to understand what the state of Warsaw must be, with a score of Cossack regiments encamped in every open space near the city. The Russian Government is not directly to blame for these acts of brutality ; but the Poles, reasonably enough, detest a rule under which such acts can be perpetrated with impunity.

A little further on, within a stone's throw of the camp, stood a round white-washed building. It was the synagogue of the poor Jews at Warsaw, and the day happened to be one of high festival—the first day, I believe, of the Jewish year. We entered the building, which was literally crammed. It was with the utmost difficulty we could force an entrance. Every person within the synagogue was singing to himself at the highest pitch of his voice. Singing is hardly the proper word ; for the prayer, as I took it to be, was a sing-song repetition of a number of texts. Everybody had a book in his hand, filled with Hebrew characters, and seemed to be reciting from it aloud. The object of each worshipper appeared to be to out-sing every one else. The excitement depicted on their faces was really painful to witness. Their bodies swayed to and fro in harmony with the rise and fall of the doleful chant ; the veins in their necks were swollen with the efforts they were making to raise their voices. Behind the gratings of the gallery which went round the church you could see the dark eyes of the women glistening brightly ; ragged little urchins, of two years old and upwards, crawled between the legs of the worshippers, and kept on chanting like their parents, except when they were engaged in fighting with each other. Old men, who looked so feeble that you wondered how they held themselves up, kept on shouting, and swinging to and fro with a spasmodic vigour. The whole congregation

were clad in the dress common to the Polish Jews, of which I have before spoken. The heat was awful, and the worshippers were addicted to primitive methods both of spitting and blowing their noses, which made close proximity anything but attractive. On the other hand, there was a look of earnest devotion about the service I never saw equalled elsewhere. Every man prayed as though some awful danger were at hand, to be averted by the fervour of his prayers. A rabbi in rich-coloured vestments, standing on a raised platform, appeared in some way to direct the service; but the congregation apparently paid but little heed to him, each praying after his own fashion. Fresh worshippers came passing in constantly; and passing out, we met group after group of Jews hastening to the synagogue, men and women walking mostly apart—the women with false hair covering their shaven foreheads, and the men leading little boys by the hand, who, with their high boots and long coats, looked the very counterpart of the old wooden figures of Noah and his sons, which I remember as the inmates of the Ark of one's childhood. Along the banks of the Vistula you could see long files of Jews walking slowly down, one by one, to the water's edge, gazing steadily at the running stream, and then turning slowly backwards. Some of the older men bowed their heads till they touched the sand, but the generality contented themselves with gazing at the water. As far as I could learn, the river was supposed to represent the waters of Babylon, and the Jews, as they gazed upon it, were expected to remember Zion in the days of their captivity. But in that dreary scene, under that grey, cold sky, there was something inexpressibly mournful about the ceremony; and the thought would force itself upon me, that they were come forth to mourn over the approaching ruin of their adopted home. Why, I have often wondered, is it that the Jews choose a place like Warsaw, or the Ghetto at Rome, for their especial home? They are miserably poor in Poland;

little money is to be made there at the best, and they have been, till lately, cruelly ill-treated by every successive Polish Government; yet they hang on there with a strange tenacity, and, what is more, increase and multiply. At the present day, at least a ninth part of the whole Polish population is of Jewish race, and that part represents fully half the wealth and intelligence of the country.

There is little about Warsaw itself to distinguish it from any large North German town. The main street—the Krak Przed—is one of fair pretensions; and there are several public buildings of good second-rate merit; but beyond this there is little that is distinctive about the city. As soon as you get into the suburbs, you come upon long, broad, straggling streets of one-storied houses; and, in fact, it is difficult to define where the village ends and the town begins. The whole city has that painful air, familiar to persons acquainted with Pisa or Venice, of being too large for its inhabitants. Everything, with the exception of the official buildings, appears to be left to decay. The best houses are half shut up; the courtyards of even the best mansions are filled with mounds of earth, or pools of water, or heaps of planks and broken bricks. The idea of using paint or stucco to repair the dilapidated look of the house-fronts seems to have been abandoned long ago. As anything falls out of repair, nobody has the heart to mend it; the pavement of the streets is villanous; and ups and downs, which are enough to break the knees or backs of any but Polish horses, and which a day's work might set in order, are to be seen even in the main thoroughfares. The one trade which flourishes is that of the droszky-drivers; the poorer a population is, the fonder, I have always observed, they are of riding. But otherwise every trade was paralysed. Owing to the festival, I have alluded to, all the Jewish shops were shut; and a very large proportion of the shops of every description belong to the Jews. But even in those

that were open no business was doing, and the shopmen looked astonished if you offered to buy anything. During the last day of my stay in Warsaw, not one shop in ten was open. Large patrols of soldiers were going round with the tax-collectors to levy the dues for the Russian Government; and in order to escape payment the owners had closed their stores. In one or two that I went into on that day, I found the women crying—the families sit frequently in the Warsaw shops, as they do in some parts of Italy—and an air of indescribable depression was visible everywhere. The National Government had forbidden payment of the taxes, and, though it was not believed that the order could be enforced, it was still an anxious time for all who had not the courage or power to close their establishments. Small groups of people followed the soldiers on their rounds, but as soon as they came too close they were driven back by the troops. Permission was required to pass the barriers of the town, and it required very urgent solicitation before I could get an order from the police authorities to drive outside the town for a couple of hours. That an *émeute* was feared, I cannot believe; no insurrection is possible in a town where the number of regular troops is equal to that of the able-bodied men of the city, especially when, as in the present instance, the latter are unprovided with arms and unacquainted with their use. But the ostentatious display of troops on that day, at every corner of the town, looked as if the Government thought it desirable to convince the inhabitants of the hopelessness of any resistance.

The churches were fuller than usual, and very full they were always. I suspect that under the shelter of the church the Poles can meet with less danger than elsewhere. But, also, the devotion of the congregation is very striking. Constantly you would see men and women stretched flat upon the pavement, with outspread arms, before some shrine or altar, and praying aloud with a fer-

vour that could not be feigned. All over the town there are crosses, and pictures of the Virgin; and it is rare to see a Pole pass them without raising his cap in honour of the sacred image. The churches themselves were barer of ornament, and more simple in their decorations, than the shrines of Southern Europe, and the number of priests visible about the streets was much smaller than in most Catholic countries. The beggars, however, were as numerous and as decrepit-looking as in Rome itself.

Throughout the whole of my stay in Warsaw my abiding feeling was a wish to get away from it. I was comfortable enough there in every respect; but the air of dejection and melancholy, and I might almost say despair, which was visible on every face you met, was oppressing to a degree I cannot hope to convey to those who have not experienced it. Probably most persons in their lives have been thrown accidentally into contact with some household overwhelmed with the approach of a great calamity. I had a like feeling while I stopped in Warsaw. I was in the midst of a great sorrow, which I could in no wise alleviate or aid, and I felt as if my presence as an indifferent observer jarred upon the misery I saw on every side. I know that I was heartily glad when the morning came on which I had settled to quit Warsaw. My route lay along the Cracow line, which, after many weeks' suspension, had been reopened for passenger traffic only four days before. The morning was chilly and wet, and I left Warsaw as I had entered it, with a gloomy pall of cloud hanging over it. On this occasion—I understood for the first time that year—our train was allowed to run without a military escort. The trains that we passed, travelling northwards, were accompanied by large bodies of troops, who were being brought back to Warsaw from the districts lately cleared of the insurgents. But the ordinary course of traffic was in the act of resumption. Our passports were no longer required on leaving or entering the carriages, and, except for the files of

soldiers with fixed bayonets still drawn up on every platform, there was nothing unusual in the fashion of our travelling. The train was chiefly filled with the representatives of German commercial houses, who had returned on the restoration of tranquillity to look after their business relations in Poland. Of course they were not friendly to the cause of the insurrection; but, judging from their conversation, it was clear that in their opinion the revolt was at an end, as far as this district of Poland was concerned. The country was the exact counterpart of that which I have attempted to describe already on my journey from Otloczyn to Warsaw. I had been told that on this line I should see the real traces of the war in the number of villages destroyed and burnt along the road. I can truly say that I did not see a single house which bore outward evidence of having been sacked or set on fire. I do not, for one moment, mean to assert that the Russians have not burnt down villages; I only say that on this particular road I saw no indication of it. However there were traces enough of the disturbed state of the country. There was not a bridge we passed which had not recently been repaired, and which was not still guarded by a picket of Russian soldiers. Whenever the railroad passed through a forest—and I should think of the couple of hundred miles between Warsaw and the Austrian frontier fully sixty must lie through forests—the trees were being cut down to the distance of a hundred yards or so on either side of the line. Immense gangs of peasants, escorted by detachments of Cossacks, were at work all along the forest parts of the line, hewing down the pine-trees. Probably the presence of these troops was considered a sufficient protection for the train, without the necessity of any military escort. We travelled, however, with a rapidity which seemed to astonish my fellow-travellers, and I fancy the railway officials were not sorry to get the journey over in safety.

There was a long delay at the Russian

frontier town of Szezakowa, where our luggage was overhauled, and our passports scrutinized most carefully. Then we were placed in another train, where, to my immense satisfaction, the guard asked for the tickets, in German; and a short ride of a quarter-hour led us over a narrow stream, past the last Cossack encampment, into Austrian ground. I am no admirer of Austria, but I must own, in honesty, that I have seldom experienced such a feeling of satisfaction as when I found myself again under the dominion of the Kaiser. A German fellow-traveller of mine, who had been residing for two years in Poland, remarked to me that he felt able to breathe for the first time since he had left Germany; and I perfectly understood his feeling. The atmosphere of gloom and terror and dismay which had seemed to me to hang over Poland had vanished, as if by magic. There were no soldiers to receive you at the station; you could walk about where you liked; your passports were hardly looked at, or your luggage opened, and every official was good-humoured and obliging. Papers were selling on the platform, the walls were covered with advertisements, and the peasants who were standing about were, compared with those of Russian Poland, clean and well-dressed, and healthy-looking. So it was along the line. The fields were well cultivated, the houses substantial, and the country prosperous. No troops were to be seen; and the one token of the insurrection was a notice on the station-walls, in German and Polish, warning Austrian subjects against taking any part in the struggle. I have no doubt that the Polish subjects of Austria have cause enough of complaint: all I assert is, that in passing from the kingdom into Galicia, you seem to have come at once into a higher and happier form of civilization. Any one, who has been struck by the instantaneous change in passing from the Papal States into the territory of the Italian Kingdom, will understand the sentiment I have sought to convey.

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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE PRELIMINARIES TO THE MOMENTOUS EXPEDITION TO STANLAKE.

THAT same year also, Joe and I made a new acquaintance, in this manner:—

It had become evident to me, who had watched Joe so long, that his lameness was to some slight extent on the mend. I began to notice that, in the case of our getting into a fight in the street (no uncommon case among the Chelsea street-children, even in this improved age, as I am given to understand), and being driven to retreat, he began to make much better weather of it. I was pleased to find this, for nothing on earth could have prevented his following me at a certain distance to see how I was getting on. The first time I noticed a decided improvement was this. We (Church Street—Burtons, Chittles, Holmeses, Agers, &c.) were at hot feud with Danvers Street on the west side of us, and Lawrence Street on the east. Lawrence Street formed a junction with Danvers Street by Lombard Street; and so, when we went across the end of the space now called Paulton Square, we came suddenly on the enemy, three to one. The affair was short, but decisive. Everything that skill and valour could do was done, but it was useless. We fled silent and swift, and the enemy followed, howling. When round the first corner, to my astonishment, there was

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Joe, in the thick and press of the disordered ranks, with his crutch over his shoulder, getting along in a strange waddling way, but at a most respectable pace. The next moment my fellow-apprentice and I had him by his arms and hurried him along between us, until the pursuit ceased, the retreat stopped, and we were in safety.

I thought a great deal about this all the rest of the day. I began to see that, if it were possible to strengthen the poor lad's leg by gradual abandonment of the crutch, a much brighter future was before him. I determined to try.

"Joe, old fellow," I said as soon as we were in bed, "have you got a story for us?"

"No," he said, "I haven't. I am thinking of something else, Jim."

"What about?"

"About the country. The country is here within three miles of us. I been asking Rube about it. He says he goes miles up the river into it in his lighter. Real country, you knows—stiles, and foot-paths, and cows, and all of it. You and me has never seen it. Lets we go."

"But," I said, "what's the good? That there crutch of yourn (that's the way I used to talk in those old times) would prevent you getting there; and, when you got there, old chap, you couldn't get about. And, if the cows was to run after you, you couldn't hook it over the gates and stiles, and such as you talks on. Therefore I ask you, What's the good?"

"But the cows," urged Joe, "don't allus come rampaging at you, end on, do em?" (That is the way our orator used to speak at twelve years old.)

"Most times they does, I reckon," I replied, and turned myself over to sleep, almost afraid that I had already said too much "about that there crutch of hisn." I had become aware of the fact that crutches grew, ready made, in Shepherd's nursery-ground, in rows like gooseberry trees, and was on the eve of some fresh discoveries in the same line, when Joe awoke me.

"Jim," he said, "Rube's barge goes up on the tide to-morrow morning; let us see whether or no we can get a holiday and go."

I assented, though I thought it doubtful that my father would give us leave. A month or so before he would have refused our request point-blank. Indeed, I should not have taken the trouble to ask him, but I had noticed that he had softened considerably towards Reuben. Reuben was so gentle and affectionate, and so respectful to my father and mother, that it was impossible not to yield in some way; and so Reuben was more and more often asked into our great kitchen on the ground floor, when he was heard passing at night up to his solitary chamber in the roof.

At this time I began first to notice his singular devotion to my sister Emma—a devotion which surprised me, as coming from such a feather-headed being as Reuben, who was by no means addicted to the softer emotions. I saw my father look rather uneasily at them sometimes, but his face soon brightened up again. It was only the admiring devotion of a man to a beautiful child. Reuben used to consult her on every possible occasion, and implicitly follow her advice. He told me once that, if you came to that, Emma had more head-piece than the whole lot of us put together.

My father gave us his leave; and at seven o'clock, on the sweet May morning, we started on our first fairy voyage up the river, in a barge full of gravel, navigated by the drunken one-eyed old man

who had been Rube's master. It was on the whole the most perfectly delightful voyage I ever took. There is no craft in the world so comfortable as a coal barge. It has absolutely no motion whatever about it; you glide on so imperceptibly that the banks seem moving, and you seem still. Objects grow slowly on the eye, and then slowly fade again; and they say, "We have passed so and so," when all the time it would seem more natural to say, "So and so has passed us."

This was the first voyage Joe and I ever took together. We have made many voyages and journeys since, and have never found the way long while we were together; we shall have to make the last journey of all, separate, but we shall meet again at the end of it.

Oh, glorious and memorable May-day! New wonders and pleasures at every turn. The river swept on smoothly without a ripple, past the trim villa lawns, all ablaze with flowers; and sometimes under tall dark trees, which bent down into the water, and left no shore. Joe was in a frantic state of anxiety to know all the different kinds of trees by sight, as he did by name. Reuben, the good-natured, was nearly as pleased as ourselves, and at last "finished" Joe by pointing out to him a tulip-tree in full bloom. Joe was silent after this. He kept recurring to this tulip-tree all the rest of the day at intervals; and the last words I heard that night, on dropping to sleep, were, "But after all there was nothing like the tulip-tree."

In one long reach, I remember, we heard something coming towards us on the water, with a measured rushing noise, very swiftly; and, before we could say, What was it? it was by us, and gone far away. We had a glimpse of a brown thin-faced man, seated in a tiny outrigger, which creaked beneath the pressure of each mighty stroke, skimming over the water like a swallow, with easy undulations, so fast that the few swift runners on the bank were running their hardest. "Robert Coombes training," said Reuben, with bated breath; and we

looked after the flying figure with awe and admiration, long after it was gone round the bend, and the gleaming ripples which he had made upon the oily river had died into stillness once more.

I hardly remember, to tell the truth, how far we went up with that tide; I think, as far as Kew. When the kedge was dropped, we all got into a boat, and went ashore to a public house. I remember perfectly well that I modestly asked the one-eyed old man, lately Rube's master, whether he would be pleased to take anything. He was pleased to put a name to gin and cloves, which he drank in our presence, to Joe's intense interest, who leant on his crutch, and stared at him intently with his great prominent eyes. Joe had heard of the old man's extraordinary performances when in liquor, and he evidently expected this particular dram to produce immediate and visible effects. He was disappointed. The old man assaulted nobody (he probably missed his wife), ordered another dram, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, swore an ingenious oath perfectly new to the whole of his audience, lit his pipe, and sat down on a bench fronting the river.

Then, after a most affectionate farewell with Reuben, we turned to walk homewards—Joe walking stoutly and bravely with his crutch over his shoulder. We enjoyed ourselves more on shore than on the river, for Joe said that there were wild tulips on Kew Green, and wanted to find some.¹ So we hunted for them, but without success. The tulip-tree at Fulham had given me incorrect ideas, and I steadily looked up into the limes and horse-chestnuts for them. Then we pushed on again, and at the turnpike on Barnes Common we took our first refreshment that day. We had some bread and treacle in a cotton pocket-handkerchief, and we bought two bottles of ginger beer; and, for the first time in our lives,

we "pic-nic'd." We sat on the short turf together, and ate our bread and treacle, and drank our ginger-beer.

Last year, when Joe and I came over to the Exhibition as Commissioners, we, as part of our duty, were invited to dine with one of the very greatest men in England. I sat between Mrs. Oxton and a Marchioness. And during dinner, in a low tone of voice, I told Mrs. Oxton this story about the bread and treacle, and the ginger-beer. And, to my surprise, and rather to my horror, as I must confess, Mrs. Oxton, speaking across me, told the whole story over again to the Marchioness, of whom I was in mortal terror. But, after this, nothing could be more genial and kind to me than was that terrible Marchioness; and in the drawing-room, I saw her, with my own eyes, go and tell the whole horrid truth to her husband, the Marquis. Whereupon he came over at once, and made much of me, in a corner. Their names, as I got them from Mrs. Oxton, were Lord and Lady Hainault.

Then we (on Putney Common twenty years ago) lay back and looked at the floating clouds, and Joe said, "Reuben is going to marry our Emma, and I am glad of it."

"But he musn't," I said; "it won't do."

"Why not?"

"Father won't hear on it, I tell you. Rube ain't going on well."

"Yes, he is now," said Joe, "since he's been seeing so much of Emma. Don't you notice, Jim? He hasn't sworn a oath to-day. He has cut all that Cheyne Walk gang. I tell you she will make a man of him."

"I tell you," I said, "father won't hear tell on it. Besides, she's only fourteen. And, also, who is fit to marry Emma? Go along with you."

And so we went along with us. And our first happy holiday came to an end by my falling asleep dog-tired at supper, with my head in my father's lap; while Joe, broad-awake, and highly excited, was telling them all about the tulip-tree. I was awakened by the screams incident Fred having fallen triumphantly into the fire, off his chair, and having to be

¹ Joe was to a certain extent right. The common *Fritillaria* did grow there—fifty years before Joe was born. He had seen the locality quoted in some old botany-book.

put out—which being done, we went to bed.

After this first effort of ours, you might as well have tried to keep two stormy petrels at home in a gale of wind, as to keep Joe and me from rambling. My father “declined”—I can hardly use such a strong word as “refuse” about him—any more holidays; but he compromised the matter by allowing us to go an expedition into the country on Sunday afternoon—providing always that we went to church in the morning with the rest of the family—to which we submitted, though it cost us a deal in omnibuses.

And now I find that, before I can tell you the story of our new acquaintance in an artistic manner, I shall have to tell you what became of that old acquaintance of ours—Joe’s crutch; because, if we had not got rid of the one, we never should have made acquaintance with the other.

On every expedition we made into the country, Joe used his crutch less and less. I mean, used it less in a legitimate manner; though, indeed, we missed it in the end, as one does miss things one has got used to. He *used* it certainly to the last. I have known him dig out a mole with it; I have known him successfully defend himself against a dog with it in a farmyard at Roehampton; I have seen it flying up, time after time, into a horse-chestnut tree (we tried them roasted and boiled, with salt and without, but it wouldn’t do) until it lodged, and we wasted the whole Sabbath afternoon in pelting it down again. Latterly, I saw Joe do every sort and kind of thing with that crutch, except one. He never used it to walk with. Once he broke it short in two getting over a stile; and my father sent it to the umbrella-mender’s and had it put together at a vast expense with a ferrule, and kept Joe from school till it was done. I saw that the thing was useless long before the rest of the family. But, at last, the end of it came, and the old familiar sound of it was heard no more.

One Sunday afternoon we got away

as far as Penge Wood, where the Crystal Palace now stands; and in a field, between that and Norwood, we found mushrooms, and filled a handkerchief with them. When we were coming home through Battersea, we sat down on a bank to see if any of them were broken; after which we got up and walked home again. And then and there Joe forgot his crutch, and left it behind him on the bank, and we never saw it any more, but walked home very fast for fear we should be late for supper. That was the last of the crutch, unless the one Joe saw in the marine storekeeper’s in Battersea was the same one, which you may believe or not as you like. All I know is, that he never got a new one, and has not done so to this day.

We burst in with our mushrooms. Father and mother had waited for us, and were gone to bed; Emma was sitting up for us, with Harry (of whom you will know more) on her knee; and, as Joe came towards her, she turned her sweet face on me, and said, “Why, where is Joe’s crutch?”

“It’s two miles off, sweetheart,” I said. “He has come home without it. He’ll never want no crutch this side of the grave.”

I saw her great soul rush into her eyes as she turned them on me; and then, with that strange way she had, when anything happened, of looking out for some one to praise, instead of, as many women do, looking out for some one to blame and fall foul of, she said to me—

“This is your doing, my own brother. May God bless you for it.”

She came up to bed with Harry, after us. As soon as she had put him to bed in the next room, I heard him awake Frank his bedfellow, and tell him that Jesus had cured our Joe of his lameness.

Now, having got rid of Joe’s crutch, we began to go further afield. Our country rambles were a great and acknowledged success. Joe, though terribly deformed in the body, was growing handsome and strong. What is more,

Joe developed a quality, which even I should hardly have expected him to possess. Joe was got into a corner one day by a Danvers Street bully, and he there and then thrashed that bully. Reuben saw it, and would have interfered, had he not seen that Joe, with his gigantically long arms, had it all his own way; and so he left well alone.

We began to go further afield—sometimes going out on an omnibus, and walking home; sometimes walking all the way; Joe bringing his book-learning on natural objects to bear, and recognising things which he had never seen before. Something new was discovered in this manner every day; and one day, in a lonely pond beyond Clapham, we saw three or four white flowers floating on the surface.

"Those," said Joe, "must be white water-lilies. I would give anything for one of them."

In those days, before the river had got into its present filthy condition—in the times when you could catch a punt full of roach at Battersea Bridge, in the turn of a tide—nearly every Chelsea boy could swim.

I very soon had my clothes off, and the lilies were carried home in triumph.

"Ah, mother!" said my father, "do you remember the lilies at Stanlake?"

"Ah, father!" said my mother.

"Acres on 'em," said my father, looking round radiantly; "hundreds on 'em. Yallah ones as well. Waterfalls, and chaney boys being poorly into cockleshells, and marvel figures dancing as naked as they was born, and blowing tunes on whilk shells, and winkles, and such like. Eh, mother!"

Mother began to cry.

"There, God bless me!" said my father; "I *am* a stupid brute if ever there were one. Mother, old girl, it were so many years agone. Come, now; it's all past and gone, dear."

Fred, at this moment, seeing his mother in tears, broke out in a stentorian, but perfectly tearless, roar, and cast his bread and butter to the four winds. Emma had to take him and walk up and down with him, patting him on the

back, and singing to him in her soft-cooing voice.

There was a knock at the room-door just when she was opposite it—she opened it, and there was Reuben; and I saw my father and mother look suddenly at one another.

"May I come in, cousin?" he said. to my mother, in his pleasant voice.

"Come, let's have a game with the kids before I go up and sleep with the ghost."

"You're welcome, Rube, my boy," said my father; "and you're welcome every day. We miss you, Rube, when you don't come; consequently, you're welcome when you do, which is in reason. Therefore," said my father, pursuing his argument, "there's the place by the fire, and there's your backer, and there's the kids. So, if mother's eyes is red, it's with naught you've done, old boy. Leave alone." I heard my father growl to himself (for I, as usual, was sitting next him); "is the sins of the fathers to be visited on the tables of kindred and affinity? No. In consequence, leave alone, I tell you. *He* didn't, any how. And there was worse than his father—now then."

In a very short time we were all comfortable and merry, Reuben making the most atrocious riot with the "kids," my younger brothers. But I saw that Joe was distraught; and, with that profound sagacity which has raised me to my present eminence, I guessed that he was planning to go to Stanlake the very next Sunday.

The moment we were in bed, I saw how profoundly wise I was. Joe broke out. He must see the "yallah" water-lilies; the chaney boys and the marvel figures were nothing; it was the yallah lilies. I, who had noticed more closely than he my mother's behaviour when the place was mentioned, and the look she gave my father when Rube came in, had a sort of fear of going there, but Joe pleaded and pleaded: until I was beaten; at last, I happily remembered that we did not know in which of the fifty-two counties of England Stanlake was situated. I

mentioned this little fact to Joe. He suggested that I should ask my father. I declined doing anything of the sort ; and so the matter ended for the night.

But Joe was not to be beaten. He came home later than usual from afternoon school next day. The moment we were alone together, he told me that he had been to see Mr. Faulkner. That he had asked him where Stanlake was ; and that the old gentleman—who knew every house and its history, within twenty miles of London—had told him that it was three miles from Croydon, and was the seat of Sir George Hillyar.

CHAPTER VII

THE BATTLE OF BARKER'S GAP.

THE Secretary rode steadily on across the broad sands by the silent sea, thinking of Gerty Neville, of how hot it was, of George Hillyar, of the convict he had left behind, of all sorts of things, until Cape Wilberforce was so near that it changed from a dull blue to a light brown, with gleams of green ; and was no more a thing of air, but a real promontory, with broad hanging lawns of heath, and deep shadowed recesses among the cliffs. Then he knew that the forty-mile beach was nearly past, and that he was within ten miles of his journey's end and dinner. He whistled a tune, and began looking at the low wall of evergreen shrubs to his right.

At last, dray-tracks in the sand, and a road leading up from the shore through the tea-scrub, into which he passed inland. Hotter than ever here. Piles of drifted sand, scored over in every direction with the tracks of lizards of every sort and size ; some of which slid away, with a muscular kind of waddle, into dark places ; while others, refusing to move, opened their mouths at him, or let down bags under their chins, to frighten him. A weird sort of a place this, very snaky in appearance ; not by any means the sort of place to lie down and go to sleep in on a hot night in March or September, when the wicked

devils are abroad at night. Did any one of my readers ever lie down, dog-tired, on Kanonook Island, and hear the wretches sliding through the sand all night, with every now and then a subdued "Hish, hish, hish?" As the American gentleman says in "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Darn all manner of vermin!"

At nightfall, he came to a little cattle-station, where he slept. It was owned by a little grey-headed Irish gentleman, who played the bassoon, and who had not one grievance, but fifty ; who had been an ill-used man ever since he was born—nay, even, like Tristram Shandy, before. He had been unfortunate, had this Irish gentleman, in love, in literature, in commerce, and in politics ; in his domestic relations, in his digestion ; in Ireland, in India, in the Cape, and in New Zealand ; still more unfortunate, according to his own showing, in Cooksland. He told all his grievances to the Secretary, proving clearly, as unsuccessful Irish gentlemen always can do, that it was not his own fault, but that things in general had combined against him. Then he asked for a place in the Customs for his second son. Lastly, he essayed to give him a tune on his bassoon ; but the mason-flies had built their nests in it, and he had to clean them out with the worm-end of a ramrod ; and so there was another grievance, as bad as any of the others. The Secretary had to go to bed without his music, and, indeed, had been above an hour asleep before the Irish gentleman succeeded in clearing the instrument. Then, after several trials, he managed to get a good bray out of it, got out his music-books, and set to work in good earnest, within four feet of the Secretary's head, and nothing but a thin board between them.

The country mended as he passed inland. He crossed a broad half-salt creek, within a hundred yards of the shore, where the great braam basked in dozens ; and then he was among stunted gum-trees, looking not so very much unlike oaks, and deep braken fern. After this he came to a broad plain of yellow grass, which rolled up and up before

him into a down; and, when he came, after a dozen miles, to the top of this, he looked into a broad bare valley, through which wound a large creek, fringed by a few tall white-stemmed trees, of great girth.

Beneath him were three long, low grey buildings of wood, placed so as to form three sides of a square, fronting the creek; and behind, stretching up the other side of the valley, was a large paddock, containing seven or eight fine horses. This was the police-station, at which Lieutenant Hillyar had been quartered for some time—partly, it was said, in punishment for some escapade, and partly because two desperate escaped convicts from Van Diemen's Land were suspected to be in the neighbourhood. Here George Hillyar had been thrown into the society of the Barkers, at whose house he had met Gerty Neville.

The Secretary reined his horse up in the centre of the little quadrangle, and roared out, *Hallo!* Whereupon a horse neighed in the paddock, but no other effect was produced.

He then tried a loud *Cooe!* This time the cat jumped up from where she lay in the sun, and ran indoors, and the horses in the paddock began galloping.

"*Hallo! Hi! Here! Stable guard! Where the deuce have you all got to? Hallo!*"

It was evident that there was not a soul about the place. The Secretary was very angry. "I'll report him; as sure as he's born, I'll report him. It is too bad. It is beyond anything I ever heard of—to leave his station without a single man."

The Secretary got off his horse, and entered the principal room. He looked round in astonishment, and gave a long whistle. His bushman's eye told him, in one instant, that there had been an alarm or emergency of some kind, immediately after daybreak, while the men were still in bed. The mattresses and clothes were not rolled neatly up as usual, but the blankets were lying in confusion, just as the men had left them, when they had jumped out to dress. The carbines and swords were gone from

the rack. He ran hurriedly out, and swung himself on to his horse, exclaiming, just as he would have done four-and-twenty years before at Harrow,

"Well! Here is a jolly row."

It was a bare mile to the Barkers' Station. In a few minutes he came thundering into their courtyard, and saw a pretty little woman, dressed in white, standing in front of the door, with a pink parasol over her head, holding by the hand a child, with nothing on but its night-shirt.

"My dear creature," cried the Secretary, "what the dickens is the matter?"

"Five bushrangers," cried Mrs. Barker. "They appeared suddenly last night, and stuck up the O'Malleys' station. There is nobody killed. There was no one in the house but Lesbia Burke—who is inside now—old Miles O'Malley, and the housekeeper. They got safe away when they saw them coming. They spared the men's huts, but have burnt the house down."

"Bad cess to them," said a harsh, though not unpleasant voice, behind her; and out came a tall, rather grey-headed woman, in age about fifty, but with remains of what must have been remarkable beauty. "Bad cess to them, I say, Mr. Oxtan dear. 'Tis the third home I have been burnt out of in twenty years. Is there sorra a statesman among ye' all can give a poor old Phoenix beauty a house where she may die in peace? Is this your model colony, Secretary? Was it for this that I keened over the cold hearthstone at Garoopna, when we sold it to the Brentwoods, before brave Sam Buckley came a-wooing there, to win the beauty of the world? Take me back to Gippeland some of ye, and let me hear old Snowy growling through his boulders again, through the quiet summer's night; or take me back to Old Ireland, and let me sit sewing by the Castle window again, watching the islands floating on Corrib, or the mist driving up from the Atlantic before the west wind. Is this your model colony? Is there to be no pillow secure for the head of the jaded, despised old Dublin flirt, who has dressed, and dizened, and

painted, and offered herself, till she became a scorn and a by-word? A curse on all your colonies! Old Ireland is worth more than all of them. A curse on them!"

"My dear Miss Burke! My dear Lesbia!" pleaded the Secretary.

"Don't talk to me. Hav'n't I been burnt out three times, by blacks and by whites? Hav'n't I had to fight for my life like a man? Don't I bear the marks of it? There is no rest for me. I know the noise of it too well; I heard it last night. Darkness, silence, sleep, and dreams of rest. Then the hoofs on the gravel, and the beating at the door. Then the awakening, and the terror, and the shots, stabs, blows, and curses. Then murder in the drawing-room, worse in the hall. Blood on the hearthstone, and fire on the roof-tree. Don't I know it all, James Oxton?"

"Dear Lesbia," said the good-natured Secretary, "old friend, do be more calm."

"Calm, James Oxton, and another home gone? Tell me, have you ever had your house burnt down? Do Agnes or Gerty know what it is to have their homes destroyed, and all their little luxuries broken and dispersed, their flowers trampled, and their birds killed? Do they know this?"

"Why, no," said the Secretary.

"And, if it were to happen to them, how would you feel?"

"Well, pretty much as you do, I suppose. Yes, I don't know but what I should get cross."

"Then, vengeance, good Secretary, vengeance! Honour and high rewards to the vermin-hunters; halters and death for the vermin."

And so Miss Burke went in, her magnificently-shaped head seeming to float in the air as she went, and her glorious figure showing some new curve of the infinitely variable curves of female beauty at every step. And it was high time she should go in; for the kind, good, honest soul was getting too much excited, and was talking more than was good for her. She had her faults, and was, as you see above, very much given to a Celtic-Danish-Milesian-Norman way

of expressing herself, which is apt to be classified, on this side of St. George's Channel, as Irish rant. But her rant had a good deal of reason in it—which some Irish rant has not—and, moreover, was delivered with such magnificent accessories of voice and person, that James Oxton himself had been heard to declare that he would at any time walk twenty miles to see Lesbia Burke in a tantrum. Even, also, if you are heathen enough to believe that the whole art of rhetoric merely consists in plausibly overstating your case, with more or less dishonesty, as the occasion demands, or your conscience will allow, yet still you must admit that her rhetoric was successful—for this reason: it produced on the Colonial Secretary exactly the effect she wished; it made him horribly angry. Those taunts of hers about his model colony were terribly hard hitting. Had not His Excellency's speech at the opening of the Houses contained—nay, mainly consisted of—a somewhat offensive comparison between Cooksland and the other five colonies of the Australian group; in which the perfect security of life and property at home was contrasted with the fearful bushranger-outrages in New South Wales. And now their turn had come—Cooksland's turn—the turn of James Oxton, who had made Cooksland, and who *was* Cooksland. And to meet the storm there were only four troopers and cadets in command of Lieutenant Hillyar, the greatest fool in the service.

"Oh, if that fellow will only bear himself like a man this one day!" said the Secretary, as he rode swiftly along. "Oh for Wyatt, or Malone, or Maclean, or Dixon, for one short hour! Oh, to get the thing snuffed out suddenly and sharply, and be able to say, 'That is the way we manage matters.'"

One, two, three—four—five—six, seven, eight shots in the distance, sounding dully through the dense forest. Then silence, then two more shots; and muttering, half as a prayer, half as an exclamation, "God save us!" he dashed through the crowded timber as fast as his noble horse would carry him.

He was cutting off an angle in the road, and, soon after he joined it again, he came on the place where the shots had been fired. There were two men—neither of them police—wounded on the grass, and at first he hoped they were two of the bushrangers; but, unluckily, they turned out to be two of Barker's stockmen. Two lads, who attended to them, told him that the bushrangers had turned on the party here, and shown fight; that no one had been wounded but these two; that in retreating they had separated, three having gone to the right, and two to the left; that Lieutenant Hillyar had ordered Mr. Barker's men, and three troopers, to go to the right; while he, attended only by Cadet Simpson, had followed the two who were gone to the left, with the expressed intention of riding them down, as they were the best mounted of the five robbers.

"I hope," thought the Secretary, "that he will not make a fool of himself. The fellow is showing pluck and resolution, though—a deal of pluck and resolution. He means to make a spoon or spoil a horn to-day."

So, armed only with a hunting-whip, he put his horse at a canter, and hurried on to overtake Hillyar. Soon after he heard several shots ahead, and began to think that he might as well have had something better in his hand than a hunting-whip. Then he met a riderless horse, going large and wild, neighing and turning his head from side to side, and carrying, alas! a government saddle. Then he came on poor Simpson, lying by the side of the road, looking very ghastly and wild, evidently severely wounded.

Mr. Oxton jumped off, and cried, "Give me your carbine, my poor lad. Where's Hillyar?"

"Gone after the other two," said Simpson, feebly.

"Two to one now, eh?" said Mr. Oxton. "This gets exciting."

So he rode away, with the carbine on his knee; but he never had occasion to use it. Before he had ridden far he came on the body of one of the convicts,

lying in a heap by the roadside; and, a very short time afterwards, he met a young gentleman, in an undress light-dragoon uniform, who was riding slowly towards him, leading, handcuffed to his saddle, one of the most fiendish-looking ruffians that eye ever beheld.

"Well done, Hillyar! Bravely done, sir!" cried Mr. Oxton. "I am under personal obligations to you. The colony is under personal obligations to you, sir. You are a fine fellow, sir!"

"Recommend me to these new American revolvers, Mr. Secretary," replied the young man. "These fellows had comparatively no chance at me with their old pistols, though this fellow has unluckily hit poor Simpson. When we came to close quarters I shot one fellow, but this one, preferring hanging (queer taste), surrendered, and here he is."

This Lieutenant Hillyar, of whom we have heard so much and seen so little, was certainly a very handsome young fellow. Mr. Oxton was obliged to confess that. He was tall and well-made, and his features were not rendered less attractive by the extreme paleness of his complexion, though one who knew the world as well as the Secretary could see that the deep lines in his face told of desperate hard living; and yet now (whether it was that the Secretary was anxious to make the best of him, or that George Hillyar was anxious to make the best of himself) his appearance was certainly not that of a dissipated person. He looked high-bred and handsome, and lolled on his horse with an air of easy languor, not actually unbecoming in a man who had just done an act of such unequivocal valour.

"Revolvers or not, sir," said Mr. Oxton, "there is no doubt about your courage and determination. I wonder if the other party will have fared as well as you."

"Undoubtedly," said Hillyar; "the other three fellows were utterly outnumbered. I assure you I took great pains about this business. I was determined it should succeed. You see, I have, unfortunately, a rather biting tongue, and have made myself many

enemies ; and I have been an objectless man hitherto, and perhaps have lived a little too hard. Now, however, that I have something to live for, I shall change all that. I wish the colony to hear a different sort of report about me ; and, more than that, I wish to rise in the esteem of the Honourable James Oxton, Chief Secretary for the Colony of Cooksland, and I have begun already."

"You have, sir," said the Secretary, frankly. "Much remains ; however, we will talk more of this another time. See, here lies poor Simpson ; let us attend to him. Poor fellow !"

CHAPTER VIII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY : THE IMMEDIATE RESULTS OF THE EXPEDITION TO STANLAKE.

I HAD a presentiment that our proposed Sunday expedition to Stanlake would lead to something ; and I was anxious. I noticed that my mother had cried at the mention of the place. I saw the look that my father and mother interchanged when Reuben came in ; and I had overheard my father's confidential growl about the sins of the fathers being visited on the children, and so on. Therefore I felt very much as if I was doing wrong in yielding to Joe's desire to go there, without telling my father. But I simply acquiesced, and never mentioned my scruples (after my first feeble protest in bed) even to Joe. And I will confess why. I had a great curiosity to see the place. I was only a poor stupid blacksmith-lad ; but my crippled brother had given me a taste for beautiful things, and, from my father's description, this was the most beautiful place in the world. Then there was the charm of secrecy and romance about this expedition—but why analyse the motives of a boy ? To put it shortly, we deceived our good father and mother for the first time when we went there ; and we reaped the consequences.

The consequences ! But, had the consequences been shown to me in a glass, on that bright Sunday morn when we

started to Stanlake, should I have paused ? I have asked myself that question more than once, and I have answered it thus. If I had seen all the consequences which were to follow on that expedition then, I would have thrown myself off Battersea Bridge sooner than have gone. But I was only a blind, ignorant boy at that time. Now, as a man, I begin, dimly and afar off, to understand why we were let go. I don't see it all yet, but I begin to see it.

I think that, if I had been the same man that morning as I am now, I would have said a prayer—and gone.

Now, what seems almost like accident, were there such a thing, favoured us that Sunday morning. An affair which had been growing to a head for some time came to its crisis that morning. Mr. and Mrs. William Avery had taken our first floor, and Bill himself was not going on at all well. Mrs. Bill had a nasty tongue, and he was much too "handy with his hands." So it came about that Bill was more and more at the "Black Lion," and that my father, who had contrived to sawder up every man-and-wife quarrel in the buildings, was fairly puzzled here. This very Saturday-evening the crash came. We had heard him and his wife "at it" all the evening ; and heavy things, such as chairs, had been falling overhead, whereas my mother had said, "There ! Did you ever ?" But at eight o'clock, Emma, taking Fred up the broad old stairs to bed, in his nightgown, leading him with one hand, holding a lighted candle in the other, and slowly crooning out "The Babes in the Wood" in her own sweet way, was alarmed by the Averys' door being burst open, and by the awful spectacle of Mr. and Mrs. Avery fighting on the landing. Instantly after, whether on purpose or by accident I cannot say, the poor woman was thrown headlong down stairs, on to the top of Emma and Fred. The candle behaved like a magnificent French firework ; but Mrs. Bill, Emma, and Fred, came down in a heap on the mat, the dear child, with his usual luck, underneath.

After this, William Avery, holding the landing, and audibly, nay, loudly,

expressing his desire to see the master blacksmith who would come upstairs and offer to interfere between a man and his wife, it became necessary for Mrs. Avery to be accommodated below for the night. The next morning, after the liquor had died out of him, William Avery was brought to task by my father; and during the imbroglío of recriminations which ensued, which ended in an appeal to the magistrate, we boys dared to do what we had never dared to do before—to escape church, take the steamer to London Bridge, and get on to Croydon by the atmospheric railway, reaching that place at half-past twelve.

It was September, but it was summer still. Those who live in the country, they tell me, can see the difference between a summer-day in September and a summer day in June; but we town-folks cannot. The country-folks have got tired of their flowers, and have begun to think of early fires, and shortening days, and turnips, and deep cover, and hollies standing brave and green under showering oak-leaves, which fall on the swift wings of fitting woodcocks; but to town-folks September is even as June. The same deep shadows on the grass, the same tossing plumage on the elms, the same dull silver on the willows. More silence in the brooks perhaps, and more stillness in the woods; but the town-bred eye does not recognise the happy doze before the winter's sleep. The country is the country to them, and September is as June.

On a bright September day, Joe and I came, well directed, to some park-palings, and after a short consultation we—in for a penny in for a pound, demoralized by the domestic differences of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Avery—climbed over them, and stood, trespassing flagrantly in the park which they enclosed. We had no business there. We knew we were doing wrong. We knew that we ought to have gone to church that morning. We were guilty beings for, I really think, the first time in our lives. William Avery's having thrown his wife down stairs on to the top of Emma and Fred had been such a wonderful disturbance of old order and law, that

we were in a revolutionary frame of mind. We knew that order would be once more restored, some time or another, but, meanwhile, the barricades were up, and the jails were burning; so we were determined to taste the full pleasure derivable from a violent disturbance of the political balance.

First of all we came on a bright broad stream, in which we could see brown spotted fish, scudding about on the shallows, which Joe said must be trout. And, after an unsuccessful attempt to increase the measure of our sins by adding poaching to trespass, we passed on towards a dark wood, from which the stream issued.

It was a deep dark wood of lofty elms, and, as we passed on into it, the gloom grew deeper. Far aloft the sun gleamed on the highest boughs; but, beneath, the stream swept on through the shadows, with scarcely a gleam of light upon the surface. At last we came on a waterfall, and, on our climbing the high bank on one side of it, the lake opened on our view. It was about a quarter of a mile long, hemmed in by wood on all sides, with a boathouse, built like a Swiss chalet, halfway along it.

The silence and solitude were profound; nothing seemed moving but the great dragon-flies; it was the most beautiful place we had ever seen; nothing would have stopped us now short of a policeman.

We determined to wait, and go further before we gathered the water-lilies; then, suddenly, up rose a great red-and-black butterfly, and Joe cried out to me for heaven's sake to get it for him. Away went the butterfly, and I after it, headlong, not seeing where I went, only intent on the chase. At one time I clambered over a sunk fence, and found myself out of the wood; then I vaulted over an iron hurdle, then barely saved myself from falling into a basin of crystal water, with a fountain in the middle; then I was on a gravel walk, and at last got my prize under my cap, in the middle of a bed of scarlet geranium and blue lobelia.

"Hang it, I thought, I must be out

of this pretty quick. *This* won't do. We shan't get through this Sunday without a blessed row, I *know*."

A voice behind me said, with every kind of sarcastic emphasis—

"*Upon* my veracity, young gentleman. *Upon* my word and honour. Now do let me beg and pray of you, my dear creature, to make yourself entirely at home. Trample, and crush, and utterly destroy, three or four more of my flower-beds, and then come in and have some lunch. *Upon* my word and honour!"

I turned, and saw behind me a very handsome gentleman, of about fifty-five or so, in a blue coat, a white waistcoat, and drab trousers, exquisitely neat, who stood and looked at me, with his hands spread abroad interrogatively, and his delicate eyebrows arched into an expression of sarcastic inquiry. "He wont hit me," was my first thought; and so I brought my elbows down from above my ears, rolled up my cap with the butterfly inside it, and began to think about flight.

I couldn't take my eyes off him. He was a strange figure to me. So very much like a perfect piece of waxwork. His coat was so blue, his waistcoat so white, his buttons so golden, his face so smoothly shaven, and his close-cropped grey hair so wonderfully sleek. His hands too, such a delicate mixture of brown and white, with one blazing diamond on the right one. I saw a grand gentleman for the first time, and this, combined with a slightly guilty conscience, took the edge off my London prentice audacity, and made me just the least bit in the world afraid.

I had refinement enough (thanks to my association with Joe, a gentleman born) not to be impudent. I said—"I am very, very sorry, sir. The truth is, sir, I wanted this butterfly, and I followed it into your grounds. I meant no harm, indeed, sir. (As I *said* it, in those old times, it ran something like this—"I wanted that ere butterfly, sir, and I follered of it into your little place, which I didn't mean no harm, I do assure you)."

"Well! well! well!" said Sir

George Hillyar, "I don't say you did. When I was at Eton, I have bee-hunted into all sorts of strange places. To the very feet of royalty, on one occasion. Indeed, you are forgiven. See here, Erne: here is a contrast to your lazy style of life; here is a —"

"Blacksmith," I said.

"Blacksmith," said Sir George, "I beg your pardon; who will—will—do *all kinds of things* (he said this with steady severity) in pursuit of a butterfly. An example, my child."

Taking my eyes from Sir George Hillyar, for the first time, I saw that a boy, about my own age apparently (I was nearly sixteen), had come up and was standing beside him, looking at me, with his arm passed through his father's, and his head leaning against his shoulder.

Such a glorious lad. As graceful as a deer. Dark brown hair, that wandered about his forehead like the wild boughs of a neglected vine; features regular and beautiful; a complexion well-toned, but glazed over with rich sun-brown; a most beautiful youth, yet whose beauty was extinguished and lost in the blaze of two great blue-black eyes, which forced you to look at them, and which made you smile as you looked.

So I saw him first. How well I remember his first words. "Who is this?"

I answered promptly for myself. I wanted Joe to see him, for we had never seen anything like him before, and Joe was now visible in the dim distance, uncertain what to do. I said, "I hunted this butterfly, sir, from the corner of the lake into this garden; and, if you will come to my brother Joe, he will confirm me. May I go, sir?"

"You may go, my boy," said Sir George; "and, Erne, you may show him off the place, if you please. This seems an honest lad, Erne. You may walk with him if you will."

So he turned and went towards the house, which I now had time to look at. A bald, bare, white place, after all; with a great expanse of shadeless flower-garden round it. What you would call a very great place, but a very melancholy

one, which looked as though it must be very damp in winter. The lake in the wood was the part of that estate which pleased me best.

Erne and I walked away together, towards the dark inscrutable future, and never said a word till we joined Joe. Then we three walked on through the wood, Joe very much puzzled by what had happened; and at last Erne said to me—

"What is your name?"

"Jim."

"I say, Jim, what did you come here for, old fellow?"

"We came after the water-lilies." I said, "We were told there were yellow ones here."

"So there were," he said; "but we have rooted them all up. If you will come here next Sunday, I will get you some."

"I am afraid we can't, sir," I said. "If it hadn't been for Bill Avery hitting his missis down stairs, we couldn't have come here to-day. And we shall catch it now."

"Do you go to school?" said Erne.

"No, sir; I am apprenticed to father. Joe here does."

"Do the fellows like you, Joe? Have you got any friends?"

Joe stopped, and looked at him. He said:

"Yes, sir. Many dear friends, God be praised! though I am only a poor hunchback. Have you many, sir?"

"Not one single one, God help me, Joe. Not one single one."

It came on to rain, but he would not leave us. We walked to the station together; and, as we walked, Joe, the poet, told us tales, so that the way seemed short. Tales of sudden friendships made in summer gardens, which outlive death. Of long-sought love; of lands far off; lands of peace and wealth, where there was no sorrow, no care; only an eternal, dull, aching regret for home, never satisfied; and of the great heaving ocean, which thundered and burst everlastingly on the pitiless coast, and sent its echoes booming up the long-drawn corridors of the dark storm-shaken forest capes.

Did Joe tell us all these stories, or has my memory become confused? I forget, good reader, I forget; it is so long ago.

We had to wait, and Erne would sit and wait with us in the crowded waiting-room, and he sat between Joe and me. He asked me where I lived, and I told him, "Church Place, Church Street, Chelsea." Somehow we were so crowded that his arm got upon my shoulder, just as if he were a school-fellow and an equal. The last words he said were—

"Come back and see me, Jim. I have not got a friend in the world."

Joe, in the crush before the train started, heard the station-master say to a friend: "It's a queer thing: it runs in families. There's young Erne Hillyar is going the same way as his brother. I seen him, with my own eyes, sitting in the second-class waiting-room, with his arm on the shoulder of a common young cad. He has took to low company, you see; and he will go to the devil, like his brother."

If the station-master had known what I thought of him after I heard this, he would not have slept the better, I fancy. Low company, forsooth. Could the Honourable James Burton, of the Supreme Council of Cooksland, Colonial Commissioner for the Exhibition of 1862, ever have been justly described as "low company?" Certainly not. I was very angry then. I am furious now. Intolerable!

This Sunday's expedition, so important as it was, was never inquired into by my father. When we got home we found that our guilty looks were not noticed. The affair between William Avery and his wife had complicated itself, and got to be very serious, and sad indeed. When we got home we found my father sitting and smoking opposite my mother; and, on inquiry, we heard that Emma had been sent up to bed with the children at seven o'clock.

I thought at first that we were going to "catch it." I, who knew every attitude of theirs so well, could see that they were sitting in judgment; and I thought it was on us. This was the

first time we had ever done any great wrong to them ; and I felt that, if we could have it out, there and then, we should be happier. And so I went to my father's side, put my arm on his shoulder, and said :

"Father, I will tell you all about it."

"My old Jim," he answered, "what can you tell, any more than we have heard this miserable day? We know all as you may have heard, my boy. Little Polly Martin, too. Who would have thought it?"

My mother began to cry bitterly. I began to guess that William Avery had quarrelled with his wife on the grounds of jealousy, and, also, that my father and mother had sifted the evidence and pronounced her guilty. I knew all about it at once from those few words, though I was but a lad of sixteen.

I knew now, and I had suspected before, that young Mrs. Avery was no longer such a one as my father and mother would allow to sit down in the same room with Emma.

She had been, before her marriage, a dark-eyed pretty little body, apparently quite blameless in every way, and a great favourite of my mother's. But she married William Avery, a smart young waterman, rather too much given to "potting," and she learnt the accursed trick of drinking from him. And then everything went wrong. She could sing, worse luck ; and one Saturday night she went marketing, and did not come home. And he went after her, and found her singing in front of the Six Bells in the King's Road, having spent all his money. And then he beat her for the first time ; and then things went on from bad to worse, till the last and worst crash came, on the very week when Joe and I ran away to Stanlake.

William was fined by Mr. Paynter for beating his wife ; and soon after his end came. He took seriously to drinking. One dark night he and his mate were bringing the barge down on the tide—his mate, Sam Agar, with the sweeps, and poor Avery steering—and she (the barge) wouldn't behave. Sam knew that poor Avery was drunk,

and rectified his bad steering with the sweeps, as well as he was able. But, approaching Battersea Bridge, good Sam saw that she was broadside to the tide, and cried out : "Starboard, Bill ! Starboard, old boy, for God's sake ;" but there was no answer. She struck the Middlesex pier of the main arch heavily, and nearly heaved over and went down, but righted and swung through. When Sam Agar found himself in clear water, he ran aft to see after Bill Avery. But the poor fellow had tumbled over long before, and the barge had been steering herself for a mile. His body came ashore opposite Smith's distillery, and Mr. Wakley delivered himself of a phillippic against drunkenness to the jury who sat upon him.

And his wife went utterly to the bad. I thought we had heard the last of her, but it was not so. My mother's face, when she turned up again, after so many years, ought to have been photographed and published. "Well, now, you know, this really is," was what she said. It was the expression of her face, the look of blank staring wonder that amused Joe and me so much.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR GEORGE HILLYAR.

ONE morning in September, Sir George Hillyar sat in his study, before his escritoire, very busy with his papers ; and beside him was his lawyer, Mr. Compton.

Sir George was a singularly handsome, middle-aged gentleman, with a square ruddy face, very aleek close-cropped grey hair, looking very high-bred and amiable, save in two points. He had a short thick neck, like a bulldog, and a very obstinate-looking and rather large jaw. To give you his character in a few words, he was a just, kind man, of not very high intellect, in spite of his high cultivation ; of intensely strong affections, and (whether it was the fault of his thick neck, or his broad jaw, I cannot say), as obstinate as a mule.

"Are you really going to renew this lease, Sir George?" said Mr. Compton.

"Why, yes, I think so. I promised Erne I would."

"Will you excuse me, Sir George, if I ask, as your confidential friend of many years' standing, what the deuce my young friend Erne has to do with the matter?"

"Nothing in the world," said Sir George; "but they got hold of him when we were down there, and he got me to promise. Therefore I must, don't you see."

"No, I don't. This widow and her sons are ruining the farm; you propose to give them seven years longer to complete their work. How often have you laid it down as a rule, never to renew a lease to a widow; and here you are doing it, because that young gaby, Erne, has been practised on, and asks you."

"I know all that," said Sir George, "but I am quite determined."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Compton, rather nettled, "let's say no more. I know what *that* means."

"You see, Compton, I *will* not disappoint that boy in anything of this kind. I have kept him here alone with me, and allowed him to see scarce any one. You know why. And the boy has not seen enough of the outside world, and has no sympathies with his fellow-men whatever. And I will not baulk him in this. These are the first people he has shown an interest in, Compton, and he shan't be baulked."

"He would have shown an interest in plenty of people, if you would have let him," said the lawyer. "You have kept him mewed up here till he is fifteen, with no companion but his tutor, and your grey-headed household. The boy has scarcely spoken with a human being under fifty in his lifetime. Why don't you let him see young folks of his own age?"

"Why!" said Sir George angrily. "Have I two hearts to break that you ask me this? You know why, Compton. You know how that woman and her child broke my heart once. Do you want it broken again by this, the child of my old age, I may say—the child of my angel Mary?"

"You will have your heart broken if you don't mind, Hillyar," said the lawyer. "I will speak out once and for all. If you keep that boy tied up here in this unnatural way, he will play the deuce some day or another. Upon my word, Hillyar, this fatigue of yours approaches lunacy. To keep a noble high-mettled boy like Erne cooped up among grey-headed grooms and footmen, and never to allow him to see a round young face except in church. It is rank madness."

"I have had enough of young servants," said Sir George. "I will have no more Samuel Burtons, if you please."

"Who the deuce wants you to? Send the boy among lads in his own rank in life."

"I have done it once. They bore him. He don't like 'em."

"Because you don't let him choose them for himself."

"Let him have the chance of choosing, in his ignorance, such ruffians as young Mottesfont and young Peters, for instance," said Sir George, scornfully. "No more of that, thank you, either. You are a sage counsellor, upon my word, Compton. Let us change the subject."

"Upon my honour we had better," said the lawyer, "if I am to keep my temper. You are, without exception, the most wrong-headed man I ever saw. This I will say, that, as soon as Erne is released from this unnatural restraint, as he must be soon, he will make friends with the first young man, and fall in love with the first pretty face, he sees. You have given him no selection; and, by Jove, you have given him a better chance of going to the deuce than ever you did his half-brother."

Obstinate men are not always ill-tempered; Sir George Hillyar was not an ill-tempered man. His obstinacy arose as much perhaps from self-esteem, caused by his having been from his boyhood master of ten thousand a year, as from his bull-neck and broad jaw. He was perfectly good-tempered over this scolding of his kind old friend; he only said—

"Now, Compton, you know me. I have thought over the matter more than you have. I am determined. Let us get on to business."

"*Very well!*" said the lawyer; "these papers you have signed; I had better take them to the office."

"Yes; put 'em in your old japped box, and put it on the third shelf from the top, between Viscount Saltire and the Earl of Ascot; not much in *his* box, is there, hey?"

"A deal there shouldn't be," said the lawyer. "Is there *nothing* else for me to put in the tin box of Sir George Hillyar, Bart on the third shelf from the top?"

"No! hang it, no, Compton. I'll keep it here. I *might* alter it. Things might happen; and, when death looks in between the curtains, a man is apt to change his mind. I'll keep it here."

He pointed to the tall fantastically-carved escritoire at which he was sitting, and, tapping it, said once again, "I'll keep it here, Compton; I'll keep it here, old friend."

Sir George Hillyar's history is told in a very few words. His first marriage was a singularly unfortunate one. Lady Hillyar sold herself to him for his wealth, and afterwards revenged herself on him by leading him the life of a dog. She was an evil-tempered woman, and her ill-temper improved by practice. They had one son, the Lieutenant Hillyar we have already seen in Australia, and whose history we have heard; whose only recollections of a mother must have been those of a restless dark woman who wrangled and wept perpetually. Sir George Hillyar's constitutional obstinacy did him but little good here; his calm inflexibility was more maddening to his fierce wild wife than the loudest objurgation would have been. One night, when little George was lying in his cradle, she kissed him and left the house; left it for utter ruin and disgrace; unfaithful more from temper than from passion.

In two years she died. She wore her fierce heart out at last in ceaseless reproaches on the man with whom she had fled, the man whom she had jilted

that she might marry Sir George Hillyar. A dark wild story all through; which left its traces on the obstinate face of Sir George Hillyar, and on the character and life of his poor boy.

Dark suspicions arose in his mind about this boy. He never loved him, but he was inexorably just to him. His suspicions about him were utterly groundless; his common sense told him that, but he could not love him, for he had nearly learnt to hate his mother. He was more than ordinarily careful over his education, and his extra care led to the disasters we know of.

But there was a brief glimpse of sunshine in store for Sir George Hillyar. He was still a young, and, in spite of all appearances, a warm-hearted man. And he fell in love again.

He went down into Wiltshire to shoot over an outlying estate of his, which he seldom visited save for sporting purposes, keeping no establishment there, but lodging with his bailiff. And it so happened that the gamekeeper's daughter came down the long grass ride, between the fallowing hazel copse, under the October sun, to bring them lunch. And she was so divinely beautiful that he shot badly all the afternoon, and in the evening went to the keeper's lodge to ask questions about the pheasants, and saw her again. And she was so graceful, so good, and so modest, that in four days he asked her to marry him; and, if ever there was a happy marriage it was this; for truth is stranger than fiction, as many folks know.

They had one boy, whom they christened Erne, after an Irish family; and, when he was two years old, poor Lady Hillyar stayed out too late one evening on the lake, too soon after her second confinement. She caught cold, and died, leaving an infant who quickly followed her. And then Sir George transferred all the love of his heart to the boy Erne, who, as he grew, showed that he had inherited not only his mother's beauty, but all the yielding gentleness of her disposition.

To be continued.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

BY MRS. GASKELL.

I SHOULD like some of the readers of *Macmillan* to remember the name of the late Colonel Robert Gould Shaw as the name of one who gave up his life for what he believed to be right—deliberately risked, and cheerfully laid down, a prosperous, happy, beloved, and loving life.

Forgive me, dear American friends, if I seem to trench a little too much on what is personal! Before I end my narrative I think you will understand why I do it.

My first acquaintance with the Shaw family was in Paris, in the year 1855. Mrs. Shaw and her young daughters were spending the winter there; Mr. Shaw had gone to America to superintend the building of a large family house on Staten Island, that pleasant suburb of New York. There was only one son, Robert Gould Shaw, and he was absent from Paris at this time—studying in Germany, I think. The family had been for nearly five years in Europe, travelling in Italy and Egypt, and stopping where they liked, after the manner of wealthy Americans, and educating their children *not* after the usual manner of wealthy people. I remember the large pleasant suite of rooms, looking into the Tuileries gardens, occupied by Mrs. Shaw and her daughters; the pretty, thoughtful, original girls, clustering round their sweet, loving mother; the birds and pet animals, which she taught them to care for and attend to. I recollect scraps of the conversation of those days: how Mrs. Shaw spoke of her husband as the true and faithful descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers who had left everything for conscience' sake; how anxious she was that, while her daughters benefited in every way by the real advantages which Paris offered in the way of intellectual education, they should not be tainted by the

worldliness and the love of dress so often fostered by a residence there. She spoke of the pity it was that the American girls in general were so encouraged, by the wealth of their parents, to spend great sums of money on themselves, so that this habit of expenditure always produced a self-indulgent character, and really often became an obstacle to marriages of true love; and then she went on to say how much she and her husband feared the adoption of riches as a comparative standard of worth. But, again, she was fully alive to the real advantages that might be derived from wealth. One of her daughters drew well, and loved animals; she had lessons from Rosa Bonheur. The house at Staten Island was to be a home not merely for their children, but for their children's friends; each child was to have a sitting-room and bedroom, and an extra bedroom opening into the sitting-room, for a friend. These plans came lightly to the surface of conversation; and every now and then I had glimpses, unconsciously to my friend, of what she and her husband felt to be the deeper responsibilities of their position.

Well, this happy, prosperous family returned to America the next year. From time to time I gave English friends going to New York introductions to the Shaws; and one and all spoke of the kind hospitality which was shown to them—the bright home, full of treasures of European art, collected during their five years' travel; the upright, honourable father, the sweet mother, the eldest daughter, now married and living at home with her husband—(I thought how well the education had answered that had led to a "marriage of true minds," to which no want of riches on the distinguished husband's part had proved "impediment")—the pretty, elegant daughters

playing at croquet on the lawn, before the game was so common in England—the noble, handsome, only son, with both his parents' characters blended in him, and a sunny life of prosperity before him.

That was the last picture I had of the home on Staten Island before the war broke out.

I knew that my friends were deeply impressed with the sin of slavery; they were thoughtful Abolitionists, and had taken part in all political questions bearing upon the subject both before and after their residence in Europe. I had letters on the subject of the war, as likely to affect slavery, within a month or two after the affair at Fort Sumter. They were not the fanatical letters of new converts to an opinion; still less were they the letters of people taking up a great moral question as a party cry. They were the letters of men and women deeply impressed with the sense of a great national sin, in which they themselves were, to a certain degree, implicated; and, without too much casting stones at others, they spoke of slavery as a crime which must be done away with, and for the doing-away of which they were not merely willing, but desirous, to make their own personal sacrifices. The sacrifice has been made, and is accepted of God.

Presently I heard that Robert Gould Shaw, the only son, had entered the 7th New York Lancers, the crack regiment into which all the young men of the "upper ten thousand" entered; a dashing corps, splendidly horsed and arrayed. I remember well how I used to look for any mention of this 7th Lancers! By-and-by, perhaps before the war had deepened to grim, terrible earnest, Mrs. Shaw sent me word how, unable almost to bear the long separation from her only boy, she and his sisters had gone to camp (I forget where) to see him. And then he was at home on leave; and then he was engaged to a sweet, pretty young lady; and then—he had left the gay regiment of the 7th Lancers, and had gone to live with, and train and teach, the poor forlorn coloured people,

"niggers," who were going to fight for the freedom of their brothers in the South. The repugnance of the Northerners to personal contact with black or coloured people has been repeatedly spoken of by all travellers in America. Probably Colonel Shaw had less of this feeling than a Northerner would have had who had been entirely brought up in America; but still it must have required that deep root of willingness to do God's will out of which springs the truest moral courage, to have enabled him to march out of New York at the head of the Massachusetts 54th, all black or coloured men, amidst the jeers and scoffings of the "roughs," and the contemptuous pity of many who should have known better. Yet this did Colonel Shaw, one day this last spring, with a brave trustful heart, leaving home, leaving mother, leaving new-made wife, to go forth and live amongst his poor despised men, the first regiment of niggers called into the field, and to share their hardships, and to teach them the deepest and most precious knowledge that he had himself. Two months afterwards he was with them before Fort Wagner, "sitting on the ground and talking to his men," says an eyewitness, "very familiarly and kindly. He told them how the eyes of thousands would look on the night's work on which they were about to enter; and he said, 'Now, boys, I want you to be men!' He would walk along the line, and speak words of cheer to his men. We could see that he was a man who had counted the cost of the undertaking before him, for his words were spoken so ominously," (remember the Confederates had openly threatened to make an especial aim of every white officer leading coloured troops), "his lips were compressed, and now and then there was visible a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, like one bent on accomplishing or dying. One poor fellow, struck no doubt by the Colonel's determined bearing, exclaimed as he was passing him, 'Colonel, I will stay with you till I die;' and he kept his word; he has never been seen since."

The 54th coloured Massachusetts regiment held the right of the storming column that attacked Fort Wagner on the 18th of July last. It went into action 650 strong, and came out with a loss of a third of the men, and a still larger proportion of officers, but eight out of twenty-three coming out uninjured. The regiment was marched up in column by wings, the first being under the command of Colonel Shaw. When about 1,000 yards from the fort, the enemy opened upon them with shot, shell, and canister. They pressed through this storm, and cheered and shouted as they advanced. When within a hundred yards from the fort, the musketry from it opened with such terrible effect that the first battalion hesitated—only for an instant. Colonel Shaw sprang forward, and, waving his sword, cried, "Forward, my brave boys," and, with another cheer and shout, they rushed through the ditch, gained the parapet on the right, and were soon hand to hand with the enemy. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and, while shouting to them to press forward, he was shot dead, and fell into the fort. His body was found with twenty of his men lying dead around him, two lying on his own body. In the morning they were all buried together in the same pit.

I must not forget to name one of Colonel Shaw's men—one of "his niggers" (as the Confederates called them; when the Federals asked for his body the day after the fight, "Colonel Shaw!" they said, "we buried him below his niggers!")—One of his niggers was a Sergeant William Carney, who caught the colours from a wounded colour-bearer, and was the first man to plant the stars and stripes on Fort Wagner. As he saw the men falling back, himself severely wounded in the breast, he brought the colours off, creeping on his knees, pressing his wound with one hand, and with the other holding up the banner, the sign of his freedom. The moment he was seen crawling into hospital with the flag still in his possession, his wounded companions, both black and white, rose

from the straw on which they were lying and cheered him until, exhausted, they could cheer no longer. In response to this reception the brave wounded standard-bearer said, "Boys, I but did my duty; the dear old flag never touched the ground."

And now Robert Gould Shaw is dead; the rich prosperous young man, who might have lived at his ease in the beautiful home on Staten Island, is dead. He, who might have fought gallantly in splendid uniform on a noble charger among his fellows in riches and station, is dead—fighting among the despised coloured people, amongst whom the last months of his life were passed—buried beneath his niggers with contempt and insult.

It makes my heart burn when I read the false statements sometimes put out by English papers, to the effect that the higher classes of Northerners shirk their part of sacrifice and suffering, and that, in fact, the Federal regiments are filled with mercenaries, German or Irish. I, one English individual, know, of my own personal knowledge, of three only sons, of rich parents, living in happy homes, full of gladness and hope, who have left all—I will say it—to follow Christ; and have laid down their lives, for no party object, for no mere political feeling; but to see if their lives might avail, if ever so little, to set the captive free. And the mother of one of these dead sons is giving, her friends fear far too liberally, to procure comforts, and even luxuries for the Confederate prisoners in Fort la Fayette.

And now, dear mourning friend, let me quote some of your words:—

"Yes, my darling, precious, only son
"has joined the host of young martyrs
"who have given their lives to the cause
"of right in the last two years. He
"and I had thought and talked of
"what might happen to him, and I
"thought I was ready for the blow when
"it should come; but when can a mother
"be ready to give up her child? It has
"been a terrible struggle, and no relief
"comes to me but from prayer. I do
"not mean that I would have had it

"otherwise, for it was a fitting end for his noble and most beautiful life. Ah! dear friend, when I think of the agony that has torn the hearts of mothers and wives in this country, North and South, I feel sure that God is performing a mighty work in the land, and, purified from our curse of slavery, our descendants will reap the reward of our suffering."

I will now copy out some extracts from an American newspaper, to show that my strong feeling about Colonel Shaw is participated in by others not of kin to him.

"COLONEL ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

"When John Brown was led out of the Charlestown jail on his way to execution, he paused a moment, it will be remembered, in the passage-way, and, taking a little coloured child in his arms, he kissed and blessed it. The dying blessing of the martyr will descend from generation to generation, and a whole race will cherish the memory of that simple caress, so degrading as it seemed to the slaveholders around him. . . .

"Only those who knew Colonel Shaw can understand how fitting it seems, when the purpose of outrage is put aside and forgotten, that he should have been laid in a common grave with his black soldiers. The relations between coloured troops and their officers, if these are good for anything and fit for their places, must needs be, from the circumstances of the case, very close and peculiar. They were especially so with Colonel Shaw and his regiment. His was one of those natures which attract first through the affections. Most gentle - tempered, sympathetic, full of kindness, unselfish, unobtrusive, and gifted with great personal beauty and a noble bearing, he was sure to win the love, in a very marked degree, of men of a race peculiarly susceptible to influence from such traits. First they loved him with a devotion which could hardly exist anywhere else than in

"the peculiar relation which he held to them as commander of the first regiment of free coloured men permitted to fling out a military banner in this country—a banner that, so raised, meant to them so much. But then came closer ties. They found that this young man, with education and habits that would naturally lead him to choose a life of ease, with wealth at his command, with peculiarly happy social relations—one most tender one just formed—accepted the position offered to him, in consideration of his soldierly as well as moral fitness, because he recognised a solemn duty to the black man, because he was ready to throw all that he had, all that he was, all that the world could give him, for the negro race! Beneath that gentle and courtly bearing which so won upon the coloured people of Boston when the 54th was in camp; beneath that kindly but unswerving discipline of the commanding officer; beneath that stern, but always cool and cheerful courage of the leader in the fight, was a clear and deep conviction of a duty to the blacks. He hoped to lead them, as one of the roads to social equality, to fight their way to true freedom, and herein he saw his path of duty. Of the battle (two days before that in which he fell, and in which his regiment, by their bravery, won the right to lead the attack on Fort Wagner), he said, 'I wanted my men to fight by the side of whites, and they have done it;' thinking of others, not of himself; thinking of that great struggle for equality in which the race had now a chance to gain a step forward, and to which he was ready to devote his life. Could it have been for him to choose his last resting-place, he would no doubt have said, 'Bury me with my men, if I earn that distinction.'

The following is the address of the Military Governor of South Carolina to the people of colour in the Department of the South.

"Beaufort, S.C. July 27, 1863.

"To the coloured soldiers and freed-men in this Department.

"It is fitting that you should pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the late Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, Colonel of the 54th regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He commanded the first regiment of coloured soldiers from a Free State ever mustered into the United States' service.

"He fell at the head of his regiment, while leading a storming party against a rebel stronghold. You should cherish in your inmost hearts the memory of one who did not hesitate to sacrifice all the attractions of a high social position, wealth, and home, and his own noble life for the sake of humanity—another martyr to your cause that death has added—still another hope for your race. The truths and principles for which he fought and died still live, and will be vindicated. On the spot where he fell, by the ditch into which his mangled and bleeding body was thrown, on the shores of South Carolina, I trust that you will honour yourselves, and his gallant memory, by appropriating the first proceeds

"of your labour as free-men towards erecting an enduring monument to the hero, soldier, martyr—Robert Gould Shaw.

"R. SEXTON,

"Brigadier-General and Military Governor."

TOGETHER.

"We have buried him with his niggers."

Reply to the request for Colonel Shaw's body.

Oh! fair-haired Northern hero!
With thy guard of dusky hue,
Up from the field of battle!
Rise to the last Review!

Sweep downward, welcoming angels,
In legions dazzling bright
Bear up these souls together
Before Christ's throne of light!

The Master, who remembers
The cross, the thorns, the spear,
Smiles on these risen freedmen
As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young generous spirit,
What shall thy greeting be?
"Thou hast aided the down-trodden;
Thou hast done it unto Me."

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER VII:—ABOUT CALCUTTA AND ITS CLIMATE; WITH SERIOUS INFERENCES.

CALCUTTA, April 12, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—The hot weather has set in. These words may convey to you no very definite idea, beyond the general one, of punkahs and iced champagne; but to us they are the earnest of miseries which are unutterable. The amenities of life are over for the year. The last waltz has been danced in the assembly-rooms; the last wicket has been pitched on the cricket-ground; the last tiffin eaten in the Botanical gardens; the last couple married in the

cathedral, at the very sensible and uncanonical hour of half-past five in the afternoon. People have settled themselves down to be clammy, and gloomy, and hepatic for six grilling months. The younger and more vigorous effloresce with a singularly unpleasant eruption, known as "prickly heat"—a condition which is supposed to be a sort of safety-valve for feverish tendencies, and which, therefore, excites the envy of all who are not so blessed. Conceive a climate such that an exquisitely painful cutaneous disorder is allowed to be a fair

subject of congratulation ! And in such a plight, amidst a temperature of 97° in the shade, and anything ranging from headache to apoplexy in the sun, men are supposed to transact official work from morn till stewy eve. Is it fair to expect high efficiency under such circumstances ? Are enlarged views compatible with enlarged livers ? No strain is put upon the reflective powers of Strasbourg geese. Their most active mental exercise is a vague consciousness of an increasing weight under the right wing. And why should English gentlemen be debarred from a privilege extended to Alsatian fowls ? It required the transcendent genius of Milton to imagine for the lost angels this aggravation of their punishment, that they should carry on public business amidst the burning marle, and beneath the torrid clime vaulted with fire. The second book of "Paradise Lost" reads like the proceedings during the meeting of a Supreme Council to decide on the question of peace and war with Burmah or Nepaul, in which the aggressive schemes of Moloch, the first ordinary member, are opposed by Mammon, the financial member, who is nervous about his surplus, and who thinks that the country needs "repose" in order that her resources may be developed by judicious, but hearty aid from Government.

"This desert soil

Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to
raise
Magnificence. And what can Heaven show
more ?"

There can be no doubt that Mammon was adverse to an annexation policy. And yet the poet does not inflict upon the fallen cherubim any heavier task than that of making and listening to speeches, a labour which he justly considered to be quite severe enough for such an atmosphere. There were no reports to be written, no accounts to be kept, no "bokkuses" to be worked off and passed on. Thammuz would find his annual wound a very different thing from an annual estimate of the net pro-

duce of the sales when opium was at 1423 rupees a chest ; and Astoreth would soon have worried herself into an attack of dysentery, if the Sidonians, instead of paying her "their vows and songs," had paid five per cent. on Madapollams tarified at ninepence, and disposed of in the market at one-and-fourpence the pound. Why, I ask, should the condition of enlightened public-spirited civilians be worse than that of Rimmon and Beelzebub ?

Take your map of India, and find, if you can, a more uninviting spot than the town whose name stands at the head of this letter. Placed in the burning plain of Bengal, on the largest delta in the world, amidst a network of sluggish, muddy streams, in the neighbourhood of the jungles and marshes of the Sunderbunds, and yet so distant from the open sea as to miss the benefits of the breeze which consoles Madras for the want of a cold season and a permanent settlement—it unites every condition of a perfectly unhealthy situation. If the Government were in want of a site for a convalescent hospital, they could not pray for one more to their taste. The place is so bad by nature that human efforts could do little to make it worse ; but that little has been done faithfully and assiduously. "God made the country" evidently without a view to its becoming a European colony ; and "man made the town," and the municipal council made the drains. The combined effect is overwhelming. Statistics cannot express the state of the native streets. The unassisted genius for manufacturing smells displayed by the Hindoo becomes stupendous when aided by the sanitary measures of the local authorities. A walk in Dhurumtollah Lane would prove too much for a City Missionary, and would try the stomach of a Spitalfields costermonger. During the hot months, the English aristocracy live entirely among the lofty mansions fringing the Maidan, the vast plain of turf which forms the Hyde Park of Calcutta. Here they lead an artificial life amidst gardens, and verandahs, and spacious saloons alive with

punkahs, and would as soon think of walking as of taking their carriages fifty yards within the limits of the Black Town. In fact, we have at our doors a region which we dare not enter under the penalty of a headache, or of feeling like a French juryman returning from the Exhibition *à* Folkestone and Dieppe. It is only necessary to make an hour's journey up or down the river in order to appreciate the atmosphere of Calcutta at Barrackpore. Where the average rate of mortality does not much exceed that in the Irish quarter of Liverpool during a typhus fever in the haymaking season, the air appears balmy and genial to a visitor from the capital.

A soldier might go through three battles of Waterloo with no greater risk of life than he incurs during a residence of a year in Fort William. Out of every thousand soldiers quartered in Bengal, sixty-five die in the course of every twelvemonth. And these not old Quihys, with clogged livers and shattered nerves, but picked men in the very spring and prime of life, sent forth from home sound in wind and limb, with open chests, and arched feet, and broad, straight backs. Of soldiers' wives forty-four die yearly in the thousand; and, of their children, eighty-eight in the thousand. As an old surgeon said, in 1672, of the Europeans in Bombay, "They reckon that they walk in charnel-houses. In five hundred one hundred survive not." The European army in Bengal has, hitherto, disappeared in every ten and a-half years. This computation of course includes the men who have been invalided. The yearly mortality among the officers rises from nine to the thousand in London to twenty-four to the thousand in Bengal. The civilians, by dint of horse-exercise, and ice, and cool rooms, and trips to Simla, and furloughs to Europe, and (a better medicine than any) constant and interesting occupation, keep down their average to something *ever* seventeen in the thousand. But a hard-worked official finds no lack of indications that he is not at Malvern or Torquay. After his first year in Cal-

cutta, an Englishman can no longer sleep as he once slept, or eat as he once ate, and it is lucky if he drinks no more than he once drank. If you asked him to run, he would laugh in your face. I sometimes think that our uniform success in Indian warfare may be partially due to the fact that our countrymen, by long disuse, lose the power of running away. Above all, the mental faculties deteriorate surely and rapidly in this hateful climate. The mind, like the body, becomes languid and flabby and nerveless. Men live upon the capital of their energy and intellect, backed by occasional remittances from home, or from the hills. While this sudarium continues to be the seat of government, the public interests do not suffer only under the head of sick allowances and pensions; the work done here by the servants of the Crown is far inferior in quality and quantity to what it would be in a more congenial air. This may be clearly seen in the case of literary composition, which I take to be the most thorough strain on the mind—a sort of moral gymnastics, the greatest exercise for the greatest number of intellectual powers. At home, on a pinch, a man may write his very best for five hours in the day, and for months on end. Perhaps "Ask Mamma" might be produced at the rate of eight hours a day, and "Aurora Floyd" at the rate of twelve, while the accomplished author of "Proverbial Philosophy" may have spent weeks together in the sweet throes of creative travail. Poor old Tupper! thou art, as it were, the village donkey, at whom every one has a shy as he passes onward to his daily work. Blessed, for thee, will be the hour in which a new Montgomery may take his place beside thee on the green, at whom wayward youth may discharge the potato of satire; to whose tail fastidious middle life may attach the tin-kettle of hostile criticism. Sweet it is to lie on the rosewood tables in a Clapham drawing-room! Sweet to be quoted in households where even Cowper may not penetrate, where even Pollok is held to be profane and worldly!

But these joys may be too dearly purchased. Do they compensate thee for the ruthless rillery of the *Saturday Review*? For the clumsy mockery of the Press, kicking, not a sick lion, but a prostrate brother? Do they repay thee for the misery of seeing thy divine name popularly quoted at the opposite end of the poetic scale from that of the Swan of Avon? What Review, weekly or quarterly, metropolitan or provincial, canst thou open without lighting upon that baleful, yet familiar phrase, "all hards from Shakespeare to Tupper?" Or that sentence, which thou believest to be a translation from Sophocles, which speaks of thee in connexion with gods, and men, and columns?

But to return to our muttons, as sporting authors say when they mean to be funny. Three consecutive hours of original composition on a summer-day in Calcutta, is a sufficient task for the strongest brain. Woe to him who ventures to court the muse in the first watch of the night, the hour when she lends the kindest ear to her votaries. When he tears himself from the pleasing labour, it is with nerves in high excitement, and a sensation in his head as if all the vessels and cellules in which thought lies were in a state of rabid red inflammation. A sleepless couch is the certain penalty for his presumption; and sleep is even more a necessary of life here than in England. So that, after fancying that he has wrested some hours of study from the unwilling night, he finds himself in the position of the Emperor Titus. I sometimes think that the classical idea of departed spirits, shadows pursuing shadowy occupations, hunting incorporeal game, mining for immaterial treasures, tending visionary sheep, must have been suggested by the experiences of the day that succeeds a sleepless night. You go about your ordinary cares without interest; you eat and drink without gratification; venison seems tasteless, and champagne insipid; you read without reflection, and talk without animation; your actions are prompted by habit, not by choice; you

seem to live, but life is neither painful nor pleasant. I cannot conceive a man, who knows in what the value of writing consists, after having completed one book whilst resident in this climate, deliberately and in cold blood commencing another; and I believe that no one, who had lived and toiled here for ten years, would be capable of producing a first-class work. Even Anthony Trollope would succumb to the exhalations of the Lal Bazaar. Even Dr. Stanley would become as Cumming, and Tennyson as—no, *requiescat*.

"Allusions sore unmoved he bore,
And watched his books attain,
By his foes' admission,
The seventieth edition,
Like 'The Rights of Man,' by Paine."

Surely this simple epitaph would well suit one who fondly imagined that he was writing poetry when he addressed the Princess Alexandra thus:—

10,000,000 welcomes!
100,000,000 welcomes!
1,000,000,000 welcomes!

Farewell, my Tupper!
1,000,000,000,000,000,000 farewells!

Hear Dr. Moore, of the Bombay Medical Service, a most able and observant officer—

"In Indian hill ranges it is not the "terrestrio-miasmatic causes of disease alone which are partially escaped; it is the absence of intense heat, the lowering of the temperature some ten or fifteen degrees, which allows the European to recover his elasticity of vital and physical powers—which the fervid heat of the plains depresses to the lowest existing point—which allows him to obtain a moderate quantity of exercise, without undue fatigue and exhaustion, and which conduces to his obtaining rest and sleep by night, free from the forbidding causes of the plain—heat and mosquitoes.

"As a natural consequence, the body not only becomes invigorated and spirited, but the mind also is more active, and capable of greater and sustained action.

"A clear intellect, and a temperature of 88° Fahrenheit, are almost incom-

"patibilities, when long and continual intellectual exertions are required; and it may be stated, that the capabilities of any individual as regards the latter vary inversely as the heat of the climate. Intense application and deep thought never prospered long together where the body is always on the *qui vive* to keep itself cool. The hands, perhaps, may be taxed, but not the head. The latter, after a certain time, either fails or performs its work unsatisfactorily.

"Hence, in hill stations, whether for good or evil, there is generally a fresher, more energetic, and, it perhaps may be added, more intellectual tone than is met with among the dwellers on the plains. There is not the heat to feel and talk about, and the climate seems to instil a new life into both mind and body. It gives a greater elasticity, and enables Europeans to undergo more than they could possibly endure under the 'punkah' and 'tatties,' or exposed to the heat without those necessities. It is the circumstance of a hill climate being a sanitarium for the mind as well as the body which adds so immensely to its value."

But, besides sanitary defects, there are other objections to Calcutta as the seat of the Central Government; for, as long as that Government remains here, it can be central only in name. At present the chief city is poked up in an angle of the empire, with nothing to the East of it except part of our Burmese dominions. It lies at a distance of nearly five hundred miles (as the crow and General Pope fly) from Allahabad, the capital of the North-West; six hundred miles from Lucknow, the capital of the Chief Commissionership of Oude, and from Nagpore, the capital of the Chief Commissionership of that Ilk; more than eight hundred miles from Delhi, the focus of native interests; nine hundred from Madras; more than one thousand from Bombay; and between eleven and twelve hundred miles from Lahore. During the crisis of the Mutiny the people on the scene of action were left to manage as they

best might, without orders from headquarters, and with small chance of making their position known to the supreme authorities. Sir John Lawrence fought his province as a brave captain fights his vessel when he finds himself surrounded by the hostile fleet in a fog which prevents him from discerning his admiral's signals. It is fortunate for England that our officers acted in the spirit of Nelson's golden rule—"When a commander is in doubt what to do, he cannot be in the wrong if he lays his ship alongside the nearest enemy." But it is not only while great events are in progress that the inconveniences of the hole-and-corner situation of Calcutta are severely felt. In the most piping times of peace (why are times of peace piping?) the expense and delay in the transmission of despatches constitute a very serious public evil. When instructions from the India Office at Home, relating to the Punjab, arrive at Bombay, they are within nine hundred miles of the Government to which they refer; but, as they must be submitted to the Supreme Authorities, before they reach their destination they will have made a journey of two thousand two hundred miles in a direct line: and a journey of two thousand two hundred miles in India is no joke.

But the Imperial Government should not only be locally central. It must likewise be morally central. As long as the Viceroy, the Council, and the Secretariat are settled in the capital of a Presidency, that Presidency will always rule the rest of India. To this day Bombay and Madras are familiarly spoken of as "the Minor Presidencies," while the north-west provinces, with their thirty millions of inhabitants, and the Punjab, with its sixteen millions, are regarded as mere dependencies of Bengal. And how should it be otherwise? From the time that our Eastern dominions were united under the superintendence of one supreme authority, that authority has been located at Calcutta. As long as this state of things lasts, Bengal influences and Bengal habits of thought will direct or modify every measure of

the Supreme Government. There is no danger lest the servants of the favoured Presidency should use their power for their own selfish advantage. But it is not good that the officials of Bombay and the Punjab should have no voice in matters which are of special moment to themselves, or which concern the general interests of the empire. It may be said, without exaggeration, that a young fellow who begins his career in the Southern Presidencies has no hope of ever taking part in the general administration of the country. A man might count the Madras and Bombay officers who are employed in the Supreme Administration on the fingers of one hand, even if he had passed some time in the establishment of Adoni-bezek, in company with the threescore and ten unfortunate royal personages who gathered their meat under the table of that remarkably unpleasant monarch. The knowledge of this has the most depressing effect on the *morale* of the services which are thus virtually excluded from high and honourable office. This objection to Calcutta as the official capital is so strong as to outweigh all others. It is absolutely essential that the Supreme Government should be impartial, unbiassed by local prejudices or associations,—in a word, imperial; and, while India is, to a certain extent, misgoverned from this cause, Bengal is over-governed. Zealous and able Councillors and Secretaries of State, who watch things going wrong under their nose, would be more than official if the temptation to direct interference did not sometimes prove too strong for their forbearance. The local powers are hampered, and trammelled, and fretted by the constant presence of a superior authority. No one would be more heartily glad to see the backs of the members of the Supreme Government than the magnates of the Presidency of Bengal.

The expense of changing house is, of course, the strongest argument against moving the seat of Government from Calcutta to some less enervating and pestilential climate; and undoubtedly it would cost no trifle to found a new

official metropolis for a country of more than four times the area of Great Britain and France together. But, when we look the matter in the face, many of the difficulties vanish. From the circumstances under which our Eastern empire came into existence, a large share of power remained in the hands of the provincial authorities. It was long before the Southern Presidencies could be brought to acknowledge what Mr. Grote would call the Hegemony of Bengal; and even now the idea of centralization is repugnant to the Indian official mind. At Madras and Bombay, Allahabad and Lahore, Nagpore, Lucknow, and Rangoon, much public business is carried on which in a European State would be transacted at the capital city. Consequently, the staff of public servants stationed at Calcutta, and attached to the Supreme Government, is not so large as to render the removal of that Government a work of extraordinary labour and cost. A very large proportion of the *employés* resident in the capital belong to the Government of Bengal, and would therefore stay where they are. It must not be forgotten that the whole legal staff come under this head—judges, barristers, attorneys, clerks, registrars, and false witnesses. Even the High Court is a Bengal tribunal!

In the case of an empire which can trace the history of its growth through long centuries, the associations which gather round the chief city form a tie which few Utilitarians could find it in their heart to break. Even in that fearful year when the Thames gave up his dead cats, when volumes of foul vapours rolled in at every one of Barry's mullioned windows, when honourable members sat gloomy and silent in the smoking-room, or lay on their backs on the floor of the dressing-closets in the agonies of nausea, when Pam became sobered and Bright pale and pensive, when there was only a basin between Spooner and Eternity, not then did it cross the mind of the most qualmish legislator to suggest that the English Curia should be transferred from the sacred soil of Westminster. That

August ally of ours, though he carefully demolishes every relic of the old régime and of the great events which have placed a gulph between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, aims only at adorning the ancient site, and has no thought of creating a new Paris in a distant department. Such, at least, I presume to be his intentions; for the Imperial secrets, if Mr. Tennyson is to be believed, are entrusted only to a single confidant of very questionable reputation.

"True that we have a faithful ally;
But only the d—— knows what he means."

Even the Yankees seem unwilling to abandon those sacred walls within whose precinct they and their fathers have talked bunkum for a couple of generations—those classic haunts, hallowed by the recollections of Daniel Webster, and the bodily presence of Mister Chase, and of General Fremont, who "planted the stars and stripes on 'the highest summit of the Rocky Mountains';"¹ that sublime Capitol, towards which their legions have fled in dire confusion from many a field of victory—which not even the cackling of Cassins Clay, nor the Camillus who found a Veii in Richmond, will save from the clutches of the barbarians from the South; that rostrum on which, in years to come, the heroes who solicit the suffrages of their countrymen will bare their backs and display the scars which testify to their prowess on more than one hard-run day of battle. In the case of Calcutta there is no reason to entertain scruples on this score. As I am curious about the scenes and circumstances of notable events, immediately on my arrival I instituted an inquiry into the existing associations of the place, and got together the following collection, which is not so rich that it deserves to have much weight when

¹ The orators of his party never weary of alluding on every possible occasion to this feat of their beloved champion; but it seems rather a mysterious proceeding to an unimaginative Old World mind.

the expediency of changing the seat of Government comes to be considered.

1. A Baboo was alive some years ago, who stated himself to have been the native secretary of Warren Hastings, and who pointed out the tree under which the duel took place. According to his own account, he was at hand when that sahib of chequered fame fought with Francis Sahib, "to decide which should be Governor-General—" a theory not wholly devoid of truth; for, if Hastings had been killed, his adversary would assuredly have seized the reins. The value of this old gentleman's testimony was somewhat impaired by the fact that his presence, on the occasion in question, did not form a feature in the earlier editions of the story, and is strongly suspected to have been an afterthought.

2. There are those still living who have often talked with an ancient lady who remembered, as a very young girl, during an early ride on the Maidan, seeing a gentleman carried across the grass. On asking his name, she was informed that he was Mr. Francis, supposed by Mr. Macaulay and Lord Stanhope to be the author of the letters of Junius, England's lasting fame, and that he was returning, with a bullet through his body, from an interview with the Governor-General.

3. The Black Hole was somewhere in Tank Square, though some think that it is a certain room at the office of the Board of Examiners.

4. Enthusiastic antiquarians profess to find traces of the Mahratta Ditch in the neighbourhood of Ballygunge. Others are of opinion that these faint indentations in the soil are an early effort of the Public Works Department in the canal-making line.

Wherever a great mass of public buildings and private residences has been accumulated in a long course of time, the removal of the personnel and paraphernalia of Government would occasion much individual distress and a considerable loss to the State. When Constantine resolved on founding a new Imperial capital on the shore of the Bos-

porus, it must have cost a bitter pang to many an old official when he was bidden to surrender "the smoke, the pomp, the din of favoured Rome;" to turn his back for ever on the temples, and arches, and theatres of the glorious city; the long succession of echoing squares, fringed with stately colonnades; the colossal baths where he had perspired, and sipped negus, and betted, and talked scandal ever since he came to man's estate; the Mint, under the Capitol, where he sat as quaestor during his first and proudest year of public life; the causeway of Appius, along which he drove, through the tombs of his ancestors, to take possession of his province; and the portico under which, after his return, he stood to be congratulated on his acquittal from the charge of extortion and oppression, on the day when he so triumphantly established his innocence at the rate of a hundred thousand sesterces to each judge, and a Venus Victrix, by Scopas, to the Prætor. It must have been a terrible blow to him when the gorgeous Basilica, where he had listened to the eloquence of the great pleaders of the day, was turned into a little Bethel for Christians, and when his pretty house-property on the edge of the Esquiline Hill, where two Augurs and the Emperor's barber lived within four doors, went down fifty per cent. in value on the publication of the fatal edict which announced that Byzantium was henceforward to be the mistress of the world.

Calcutta, however, is not Rome; though old Job Charnock, the Quirinus of the town, when he pitched his tent under a fine banyan-tree that grew where Fort William now stands, would probably have been considerably astonished had he been told that he was the nucleus of a population that would one day exceed four hundred thousand souls. Still, the servants of the Indian Government will, on their departure, have but little reason to regret the board-rooms they leave behind them. It is not too much to say that there is nothing here which answers to a public office in London. The busi-

ness of the State is transacted in private houses hired or bought for the purpose. The lobby of the Treasury is a dirty closet with a whitewashed wall, daubed with specimens of native art, and opening into an untidy back-yard. Out here the Horse Guards would be regarded as an elegant and commodious pile of architecture, and the National Gallery as the model of a chaste and classic style. The only building which can properly be said to belong to the Supreme Government is the palace of the Viceroy; and this would not be wasted, as the want of accommodation for the Courts of Law is a crying evil, and Government House, from the peculiarity of its form, is admirably suited for judicial purposes. Twelve halls of justice might be provided—for the worst of which the judges at Westminster would pull wigs—with ventilation that would win a smile of approval from Baron Bramwell, or, as I suppose I ought to say, the late Baron Bramwell, since long before this reaches you he will probably have fallen a victim to the outraged relatives of expatriated garotters. The result of the proposed change would be that a couple of dozen of the finest mansions in Calcutta would be thrown into the market—a most timely supply, as the scarcity of house-room is already painfully felt. They would be immediately snatched at by the families who are now living in discomfort and publicity at hotels and boarding-establishments, because respectable and convenient dwellings are not to be had at any price. No perceptible effect would be produced upon society by the departure of the Viceroy; for it may be confidently asserted that no one resides at Calcutta because it is fashionable. In India everybody lives within reach of his business; and, when he has got money, he goes to spend it in England.

Some hold that there is danger in removing the Government from a bustling populous city, where the healthy breezes of public opinion circulate freely, to a solitude where it will be surrounded by an impenetrable official atmosphere. But on this point men are misled by

European analogies. It is idle to endeavour to find a counterpart out here for every English institution, from *Magna Charta* down to the skating club. If I dared, I would say that the state of feeling on Indian matters that prevails among the great majority of our countrymen at home has far more in common with the public opinion of the Civil Service than with that of our small and peculiarly constituted non-official society :—

ἀλλὰ μὴλ' αἰνῶς
αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρῳάδας ἑλκεσιπέπλους ;

I am in a mortal fright of the Calcutta gentlemen, and of the very pretty Calcutta ladies with wide crinolines.

Next comes the choice of a permanent site ; for the Supreme Government must not go cruising about like a returned Indian, who cannot make up his mind whether to settle in a Cheltenham villa, or a Brighton Crescent, or at Rugby to educate his sons, or in London to dispose of his daughters. For some time subsequently to the Mutiny, Delhi was generally talked of. There was much of the romantic in the notion of enthroning the Lieutenant of the Crown in the palace of the Mogul. It was supposed that the native mind would transfer to the representative of the Empress of India the prestige attached to the line of Baber and Aurengzebe. But Delhi is neither much more central nor much more healthy than the present capital. It lies almost as far to the North as Calcutta to the East. The air, taking the whole year round, is as hot ; and the drainage would, doubtless, very soon be as bad. It is worth while to incur expense and trouble for the sake of a change to a hill climate, and to a hill climate only.

Fortunately, a region exists which unites all the conditions desirable for the official capital of a great empire. On the new line of railway from Allahabad to Bombay, in latitude 23° 7' N. and longitude 79° 57' E. stands Jubbulpore, at an elevation above the sea of near fifteen hundred feet. The Washington of the East might spring up on these

high table-lands, amidst the park-like undulating scenery in the vicinity of the town—and in India vicinity means anything within fifty miles. A branch line from Jubbulpore would bring despatches to hand twenty-four hours subsequent to their arrival at Bombay, and in twenty-two days after their departure from England. The spot is the very centre and *ὀμφαλὸς* of the continent. It lies a hundred and fifty miles from Nagpore, two hundred from Allahabad, three hundred from Lucknow, something over five hundred from Calcutta, something under six hundred from Bombay, and about seven hundred miles from Madras in the far south and Lahore in the extreme north. The public opinion of the whole of India would be applied equably and in due proportion to all the measures of the Supreme Government, which would no longer be swayed by the influences of a single Presidency. The high officials would be drawn from all quarters, would reflect the feelings and interests of many different provinces, and would bring to the service of the Crown a great variety of ideas and experiences. A representative element would thus be introduced into the constitution.

One most beneficial result would ensue, which is not evident at first sight. The removal of the seat of Government to the table-lands of the Central Provinces would have the effect of a gigantic scheme of colonization, as far as colonization is practicable in India. With reference to this question, much has of late been talked and written. Most people who know anything about the country have a pretty decided opinion on the subject. It is impossible to induce men to work in a climate worse than that of Jamaica, for less than half the wages earned by a Dorsetshire peasant. Skilled labour of the highest class will always find its price out here. Clerks, and factors, and engineers will never have any difficulty in earning a livelihood ; but poor people, without capital or education, could not find employment in any considerable number. Besides, colonization is hope-

less unless the colonist can manage to live himself, and rear his children and grandchildren. On this point Dr. Moore speaks very positively :—

"It is the fashion now, in some quarters, to declare that the dangers of Indian residence and service have been deeply overrated, and that there is little or nothing, in the exceptional character of the climate of India to render it necessary that special inducements should be held out to persuade people to reside therein, and this, too, in the face of so many stern facts which have confronted us within the last few years. How many more victims must be added to the list of those killed by climate, before the dangers of a tropical residence become appreciated ?

"If colonization, as America and Australia have been colonized, were possible in this country, some instances of the kind would already have occurred. But the melancholy truth is, that the European race dies out. Of the numerous pensioners who have settled at our principal military stations, how many have been colonists ? There is not one single instance ! There is not a great-grandchild, or grandchild of these pensioners retaining their European characteristics. An infusion of native blood is essential to the continuance of the race.

"The fact is, for the white man or his offspring, there is no such thing as acclimatisation in India. As a rule, Europeans enjoy the best health, and suffer less from heat, during their first years of residence in this country. Acclimatisation, as regards an Indian sun, is simply impossible. Exposure, instead of 'hardening' the system, actually has the contrary effect, and, the longer Europeans remain in this country, the more they feel the effects of the vertical sun. When Europeans urge that they have exposed themselves to the sun for years, and have never felt any evil effects, it is only saying that the losing battle between the sun and their constitution is not yet over ; but every day's exposure

"brings them nearer to the final triumph of their solar adversary. The lamented fate of that gallant sun-defier, Colonel Jacob, who advised young officers not to mind the sun, as 'it would only tan their cheeks,' is an *apropos* example of the foregoing."

Colonization, in the usual sense of the word, is, therefore, impracticable. But, if a modified system can succeed anywhere, or under any circumstances, it will be in the event of the settlement of the Supreme Government on a new and salubrious site. At present, all our large European communities are planted in and about ancient and important native towns, already civilized up to a certain point. Our example has produced no perceptible change in the manners, ways of thought, and religion of the bulk of the inhabitants of Calcutta, Madras, or Delhi. But, when the Governor-General, in all his glory, with a couple of European regiments and a great staff of officials, comes down like a god from Olympus, among a sparse and wild population, there is every hope that a Christian and Anglified colony will gradually be formed in the very heart of India.

One objection remains to be answered. It is maintained that, in case of another mutiny, the position of the Government, many hundred miles from the sea, and in the midst of hardy, warlike tribes, will be alarming in the extreme. To this I answer, that our power is now, humanly speaking, absolutely secure from an internal shock. In the fatal spring of 1857, the European force in India was barely twenty thousand strong. Vile roads, and treacherous rivers, were the only channels of communication. The artillerymen, the skilled labourers of the army, whose training is a work of much time and expense, and whose services are absolutely essential to the success of military operations, were for the most part natives, and sworn foes to our rule. At present seventy thousand English soldiers are distributed over the three Presidencies. The whole continent is covered with a network of telegraph

wires. Railways already completed, or in rapid process of construction, connect all the chief cities ; and light tramways are being pushed out in every direction from the grand trunk lines. Excepting one or two local corps, posted in savage and unhealthy districts, there is not a black gunner or driver within the borders of the empire. Every battery is worked exclusively by Europeans. Forewarned, forearmed. Fifty General Lloyds would find it difficult to bungle us into another crisis. The condition of the Punjab is undoubtedly critical, but the distance between that province and Jubbulpore is greater than that between Paris and Vienna.

Something must be done, and that soon. At home, Calcutta is regarded as a city of the plague. When a man sails from Southampton, his friends bid him farewell, with the same look on their faces as the secretary of the Church Missionary Society wears when he sends out a supplementary batch of African bishops, of whom not one in six is destined to return to convulse the episcopal bench with problems propounded by sceptical Zulus and latitudinarian Bosjemen. And no wonder ; for, of the distinguished Englishmen who for many years have gone forth in mature life to bear high office in Bengal, most have found their graves on the banks of the Hooghly, or, with shattered health and blighted hopes, have returned to die. Splendid, indeed, were the prospects which induced Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning to surrender the joys, the comforts, the manifold interests of English life. It was a noble position which tempted them to these shores ; but the conditions of the tenure of that position were hard indeed, for it was written on their lease that they were never to hold another. But, sadder still, the Nemesis, which, if the old Greek poets are to be believed, attends upon high fortune, was not to be contented with one sacrifice. Lady Dalhousie, prostrated by the effects of the deadly atmosphere of the capital, sank and died during the homeward voyage ; and an exquisitely simple and beautiful monument, strewn daily

with fresh flowers, in the sweetest nook of the viceregal gardens at Barrackpore, marks the spot where Lady Canning best loved to linger away the evening hours during her splendid exile. Poor Mr. Wilson, who came out in the cold season full of vigour of mind, but at an age when a man cannot with impunity begin taking a vapour-bath daily and all day long, at first used to talk of the climate with good-humoured approbation ; but, when the terrible summer came upon him during the severe labours of the first Indian budget, he ceased to joke, though he stood to his post to the death with truly admirable courage and devotion.

This view of the subject deserves most serious consideration, for it is impossible to over-estimate the benefit to India that is derived from the influence and labours of statesmen and jurists who are already famous at home. The advantage does not end here ; for, on his return, a man of established English reputation can do much to excite the interest of the public in the affairs of our eastern empire. We venture to say that three-fourths of the knowledge of Indian matters possessed by a young fellow at Oxford or Cambridge is derived from Lord Macaulay's *Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings*. The service, and the nation at large, owe much to the efforts and example of such a man as Macaulay, fresh from the lobby of the Commons and the drawing-room of Holland House ; of such men as Mr. Wilson, Mr. Laing, the present financial minister, and the accomplished scholar and juriconsult, who now holds the office of Legal Member of Council. The introduction of the English budget, with all Mr. Gladstone's recent improvements, is alone an incalculable blessing. Measures are being taken for the despatch of subordinate officials trained in the Home Treasury and Audit office—a step that promises to be of great advantage to the administration of the public departments in this country. But the evil repute which is attached to the air of Calcutta will be fatal to any extensive system of mutual

accommodation in intellect and experience between the mother-country and her greatest dependency.

There are few public men who would not be pleased with the idea of spending two or three years in a most interesting land, amidst an ancient and peculiar society, a mysterious and wide-spread system of idolatry, with unbounded powers of effecting good in his generation, a noble income, an eminent position, and every opportunity for keeping his name in the mouths of his countrymen. It is exactly what would, at one time, have appeared most fascinating to the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis. Such would be the case if the seat of Government were planted amidst high table-lands, and in a bracing air, where an Englishman would miss nothing except the east winds in March and the fogs in November. As it is, he exchanges the excitements and amenities of London and country-house life; the long cool sleep, the breakfast seasoned by a fresh appetite and the *Times* newspaper, the afternoon ride in the park, the chat in the smoking-room at his club, cut short by a telegraphic summons to a division on the Irish Drainage Bill, the speech-day at Harrow, where he sees his firstborn quarrel with Cassius and cringe before Sir Anthony Absolute as *he* quarrelled and cringed a quarter of a century before, the heather in August, the run with Lord Fitzwilliam purchased at the price of a wiggling from the Treasury whip, a night in the train, and a breakfast in the refreshment-room at the Shoreditch Station—he exchanges all this, for what? For the privilege, at forty or fifty years of age, of entering upon a life of compulsory hypochondria and inevitable valetudinarianism; measuring his food by ounces, and his drink by gills; abstaining from fruit by the advice of one old Indian, and from ice-pudding at the warning of another; rising six times in the night to kick his punkah-bearer awake; issuing forth, after fevered broken slumbers, for a dreary objectless constitutional; growing weak, thin, languid, and still slaving

on till a definite malady overtakes him; then, tossing outside the Sandhead in a dirty, comfortless pilot-brig, in the vain hope of staving off the inevitable; returning to the hateful city to work again, to droop, to despair, to rally once during the short winter months, and then to sicken for the last time. Eight thousand a year and the title of Honourable are dear indeed at such a price.

The other day we made up a party to go to a ball at the town-hall, the last of the long succession of brilliant entertainments which have enlivened our short and cherished winter. During the past cold season fancy-balls were the rage. This ball, however, was no fancy, but the sternest reality. You probably never waltzed in full evening dress round the inner chamber of a Turkish bath, and therefore can have no conception of the peculiar charms of the dance in this climate. Terpsichore is a muse who loves shade, and zephyrs, and running streams; but not shade in which the thermometer stands at 93°, where the zephyrs are artificial, and the only running streams those on the faces of her votaries. The waste of tissue during a galloppe, with a partner in high training just landed from England, is truly frightful. The natives understand these things better. They let the ladies do their dancing for them, and content themselves with looking on. I sometimes think that Orientals agree to consider women as chattels, in order to avoid the trouble of paying attentions to the sex. It cannot be denied, however, that this is very hard upon the women. Making love is no joke out here; though, in one sense, Indian lovers may all be said to be ardent. It is all very well in a humid northern atmosphere to talk of the torch of Cupid, and the flames which dart from the eyes of your mistress, and the genial glow of mutual affection; but on the Tropic of Cancer these images acquire a horrible significance. Talk of dying for your sweetheart! But what if you were comfortably ensconced on the breezy

side of the punkah, within reach of an ice-pudding—would you cross over to where she sits panting between a fat brigadier and a fatter chaplain? If after supper you were to swear to her that you had looked for her in vain, it would surely be one of those

“Lover’s perjuries,
At which they say Jove laughs.”

There is no fear of her testing your devotion like the lady at the court of King Francis, who flung her glove into the arena among fighting lions, for here it is no easy matter to doff a glove on the spur of the moment, from causes that do not require explanation. Perhaps a little quiet dalliance inside a retired tatty¹ is the most tolerable form of flirtation; though even in this case you are liable to interruption by stepping upon a plateful of mangoes, or a bottle of claret which the kitmutgar has deposited there to be cooled.

Sweet Emily R—, most piquante and wayward of all step-daughters of Deputy-Assistant Income-tax Commissioners, hast thou yet forgotten thy favourite Competition Wallah? Didst thou ever deign to wonder what secret cause estranged that much-enduring snub-nosed youth, who once was the most submissive of the captives who were dragged at the wheels of thy buggy? Perchance, in thy vexation, thou didst accuse the wiles of the black-eyed sister of the Joint Magistrate of Bogglegunge. Perchance thou didst imagine that the approaching examination in Persian allowed thy swain no leisure for the more grateful but not less perilous ordeal of courtship. Yet my heart owned not the sway of any other dame. The snare of the Siren of Bogglegunge was in vain spread in the sight of at least one civilian. I should not have been deterred from plucking a feather for my cap out of the wing of

¹ A tatty is a framework placed over the window, stuffed with scented grass, which is kept constantly wet. The air from the outside, after passing through this erection, is supposed to give coolness to the room, and undoubtedly does give lumbago to the people who sit in it.

Cupid by any fear of being plucked in the tongue of the children of Cyrus. The motive for my coldness was far other. Dost thou remember how, at the United Service Club, we pulled a cracker which contained a scroll bearing these tender lines :—

“As when a roaming busy bee
Inflicts its sting upon my knee,
So thou, O fair, within my heart
Hast caused a wound that makes me smart.”

Next morning I awoke from a late sleep, during which I dreamed alternately that I had been appointed Secretary of State for India on condition of taking you to wife, and that I was being kicked by the aide-de-camp from Government House, to whom thou didst give all the round dances after supper. I found on my dressing-table that halloved slip of paper, sticky and sweet with the remains of the bonbon which it had enveloped. Dreadful to relate, it now formed the rendezvous for two long armies of white ants, which ascended and descended the opposite legs of the article of furniture in question. One string passed across the carpet into the cupboard where I kept my pickles and soda-water, while the other filed in unbroken order over the matting, up the bed-post, round the edge of my mattress, and thence on to the shelves where my Radley and Cambridge prize-books stand, a glittering row; thenceforward those two colonies have planted themselves, the one among my literature, and the other amidst my condiments, being apparently desirous of settling the problem of white colonisation in India. From that fatal morn I have never seen thee without thinking of white ants; never listened to the accents of thy voice without feeling a tickling as of an insect meditating a bite; never heard thy once-adored name without experiencing an irresistible inclination to scratch the calf of my leg. What love could hold out against such a connexion of ideas? Certainly not that of a young civilian in his first year of residence.

A serious drawback to the enjoyment
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of an English ball is the impossibility of getting at any accurate information concerning your partners or your rivals. If your attention is attracted to any stranger by his taste in dress or style of dancing, or his ugliness, or his equanimity and self-reliance when his quadrille has fallen into inextricable confusion, your inquiries about him will probably be answered by the assurance that he seems "a devilish cool flier," or that he is "a flier with lots of money;" or you will be told something about his father, or his elder brother, who meets with the qualified approbation of being "not a bad sort of flier." You are struck by the appearance of some *débutante*, and request an introduction. Your good-natured hostess presents you to each other with some cabalistic words, amidst which you distinguish your own titles clearly enough, but can catch no part of the lady's name except the last syllable, which sounds like —son. "The next lancers? Can she favour you? Well, then the gallopé? Number six, you believe." The first round proves to you that she dances very prettily; and during the last quadrille before supper you learn that she talks and listens nicely, and that she can preserve an equal mind in the awful crisis when one couple is dancing "Trélise," and another "Pastorale," and the rest are standing still in despair, or vaguely dodging about in a sort of spontaneous "Chaine Anglaise." A very minute allowance of champagne has the most genial effect. Having discovered that she has been on the Continent, you make the remark which never fails to elicit a symptom of interest from the haughtiest or stupidest of belles, "What very objectionable persons one does meet abroad." From this common ground you gradually approach the subject which forms the staple of ball-room conversation, the extreme shyness of ordinary people. If you stand within ear-shot of a couple talking behind a curtain, or on the landing-place, it is ten to one that you will find them discussing this mental phenomenon—the gentleman indulging

in a mild imitation of the ethical small-print articles in the *Saturday Review*, firing off, from time to time, the epithet "self-conscious"; while the lady draws her illustrations from individuals among the company then present. After supper, you induce your partner to coax her chaperone to stay out one more waltz; and then, as you re-ascend the stairs, after having paid her the last offices, you resolve to call next day and show her that passage of Robert Browning, whom she owned never to have read, and of whom you strongly suspect that she has never heard. But on reflection you begin to be aware that you have no conception who she is or where she lives. All you know about her is, that she has black eyes, that her aunt disapproves of theatres, but that she has witnessed the moving panorama of the Mississippi, that she has a brother in the 49th, and that she hates men who hop in the polka. You apply to your hostess, who, inasmuch as she has brought together nearly five hundred pairs in the course of one evening, naturally wonders what young lady you can possibly refer to, but thinks she may have been a distant relation whom Mrs. — Chose asked leave to bring. Now, there is nothing of this sort in India. Your curiosity regarding a cavalier will not be satisfied with a statement concerning his dress or manners, or his merits and demerits as a "flier," but by the solid palpable fact of his being the acting Sub-Inspector General of Opium Godowns:¹ for everybody here is something as well as somebody. If you want to know the name of the brunette who is standing up with the man in Windsor uniform, the reply will be, "Brunette! I should rather think she is! There's a strong touch of the tar-brush in that quarter. Why her father was old Joe Collins, once Commissioner of Pollyghaut, who went off the other day after being eight-and-forty years in the service. For the last part of his life he gave into native ways. He married her a few years before his death. The mother, I mean.

¹ Storehouses.

She's alive now, somewhere up in Oude, and is supposed to have made away with a deal of Joe's property. His grandson is coming out by the next boat to look into the matter. The girl is a good girl, and lives with her uncle, the Sudder Judge."

Besides the facility of identifying everybody one meets, there are other signs of the strong official element in the composition of society. Nowhere are the rules of precedence so rigorously observed as in Calcutta. I have heard a Member of Council complain that for a whole fortnight he always took the same lady in to dinner; and, inasmuch as I am a very minor Sahib, I have never had the pleasure of descending the stairs in other company than that of male personages of my own calibre. Fortunately, the English character is entirely free from any bias toward bureaucratic exclusiveness or conceit. Civilians who draw salaries as large as twenty insolent Prussian Directors-General or pompous French Sub-prefects, always bear in mind that they or their companions are English gentlemen. It is impossible, however, long to forget that you are in the midst of a community of public servants. For instance, a person in ill health is always spoken of as being "sick"—a term which has a curious effect till it becomes familiar to the ear. The employment of it arises from the peculiar constitution of society. When a member of the service hears that another member has been taken ill, his first ideas are not those of doctors, or nurses, or lawyers, or clergymen, or undertakers. They run in the line of sick-leave and sick-allowances. Some time ago I was much puzzled at hearing nothing talked of except the probability of a gentleman in mature life being "confirmed." Everybody took the deepest interest in his approaching confirmation. The conversation of Calcutta was so full of the rite in question that it sounded like one of Miss Sewell's novels. To add to my bewilderment, our excellent bishop was on a pastoral tour, and was not expected back for some weeks to come. Having a dim

notion that Anglo-Indian society was somewhat Pagan, I presumed that the religious education of this person had been lamentably neglected. It turned out that he performed temporary duty in the place of an *employé*, who was absent on sick-leave, and whose recovery was so doubtful that there was every prospect of his substitute being permanently "confirmed" in the office. The gentle sex take a deep interest in this branch of public affairs. I love to hear a pair of pretty lips pronounce on the chance of the Acting Appointment held by Miss Meta Pornideau's betrothed becoming "pucka," or declaiming against the iniquity of the authorities in having banished into the Mofussil young Sir Henry Currey, Bart., whose family have enjoyed the loaves and mango-fishes of Calcutta ever since his great-grandfather was chairman of the Board of Directors during the trial of Warren Hastings. The ladies manage the affairs of the charities of the town with a knowledge of the forms of official business which would delight the heart of Sir Gregory Hardlines. They form committees, and distribute the superintendence of the various departments, and send round reports—which the older hands supplement with copious minutes, while the less experienced content themselves with a bare expression of approbation or disapproval; just as a new Member of Council "concurs in the compromise sanctioned by his colleagues."

You may remember that in an early letter I remarked upon the absence of "Dundreary." At first there was relief in the thought that so many thousand miles of sea foamed between myself and that polished but simple nobleman. Time, however, has led me to think otherwise. The great want in India is a diversity of minor subjects of conversation—novels, plays, reviews, heretical books, sensation-histories of the Crimean War, trials de Lunatico Inquirendo costing five hundred pounds a day, international prize-fights, Leotards, Blondins, officers in the Black Watch betting freely on questions of orthography—in

short, all those petty interests which may be summed up under the generic head of "Lord Dundreary." We sadly need some yeast to keep society from becoming doughy. As an education, nothing can be better than the early years of a civilian's career. It is a great thing to live in a community where every one has work to do, and where almost every one does it with a will; where intolerance and bigotry are at a ruinous discount; where broad liberal unselfish views are as plentiful as blackberries at the bottom of a Surrey valley. But, after a time, symptoms appear which show that the mind needs the stimulus of variety. You begin to perceive that the drones of this world have their use as well as the bees. However much mischief Satan may find still for idle hands to do, those idle hands certainly provide a great deal for busy people to talk about. This state of things is painfully felt—as is proved by the avidity with which we seize on any scandal from Simla, any trumpery squib in the daily journals, any question about the desirability of excluding pigs from the agricultural show in deference to native prejudices. But all this is very poor mental food for men who have received a first-rate home education. A civil servant, who neglects to keep up a lively interest in general subjects by a conscientious perusal of the English newspapers and periodicals, by a certain modicum of standard reading, and by a furlough judiciously spent in London society and Continental travel, is in danger of lapsing into an honourable and public-spirited bore. Unless he takes unremitting care of his intellectual health, he can no more expect, on his return, to enter kindly into English interests and English conversation, than he can hope to enjoy roast-beef and plum-pudding with his digestion impaired by hot curries and Manilla cheroots.

Happily, it is no uncommon thing for men to bring home at the end of their term of service a vigorous constitution both of mind and body. The habits of our countrymen in India have long been

in steady course of improvement. It has generally been found that a manly valiant race, which has imposed its yoke upon an effeminate and unwarlike people, in course of time degenerates and becomes slothful and luxurious. Thus the Persians adopted the manners of Medes, and the Macedonians the manners of Persians. Thus Marc Antony—or, as some people spell him, Mark Anthony—and his followers became half Egyptians under the influence of the lovely Begum of Alexandria; and the sun was reduced to the painful predicament of beholding, among the military standards a base canopy; while the Roman soldier, alas! (O posterity, you will deny it) was bound to the service of a woman. With the English in the East precisely the opposite result has taken place. The earliest settlers were indolent, dissipated, grasping, almost Orientals in their way of life, and almost heathens in the matter of religion. But each generation of their successors is more simple, more hardy, more Christian than the last. Mrs. Sherwood's pictures of a Mofussil station, of a merchant's household in Calcutta, of an indigo factory among the jungles in the days when Lord Wellesley was Governor-General, are well worthy of careful study. Our knowledge, derived from other sources, fully bears out her vivid descriptions of the splendid sloth and the languid debauchery of European society in those days—English gentlemen, overwhelmed with the consequences of extravagance, hampered by liaisons with Hindoo women and by crowds of olive-coloured children, without either the will or the power to leave the shores of India; English ladies living in a separate establishment from their husbands, in semi-oriental retirement, drinking largely of beer and claret, smoking hookahs, abandoning their little ones to the fatal blighting bestial influence of native conversation and example, maintaining not even the pretence of religious belief or practice, having no hope, and without God in the world. Great men rode about in state coaches, with a dozen servants running

before and behind to bawl out their titles ; and little men lounged in palanquins, or drove a chariot for which they never intended to pay, drawn by horses which they had bullied or cajoled out of the stables of wealthy Baboos. Writers not yet within years of man's estate gave champagne dinners, ran race-horses, and put together a pretty nest-egg of debt before they had passed the examination which qualified them for public employ. As a natural result, there were at one time near a hundred civilians of more than thirty-five years' standing who remained out here in pledge to their creditors, poisoning the principles of the younger men, and blocking out their betters from places of eminence and responsibility. The amount of bribery and extortion was something stupendous. A worthy, of the name of Paul Benfield,¹ at a time when he was drawing a few hundred rupees a month as a junior servant of the company, petitioned the Madras Council to assist him in getting in a sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds owed to him by a single native prince. From this chaos of profligacy and corruption emerged, from time to time, that jaundiced purse-proud Nabob, who roused the indignation of our forefathers by his insolence, his ignorance of everything English, his effeminate habits transplanted to a clime where men lead a manly life, his curries and spices, his fans and cushions, the crowd of shivering helpless dark-faced beings who hung about the corridors of the hotel in which he occupied the choicest suite of rooms.

Things are changed now, thank God ! Many stations boast a chaplain and a

¹ When Cicero was chief-commissioner of the non-regulation province of Cilicia, he complained bitterly in his private letters of the rapacity of the celebrated Brutus, who plundered the wretched Baboos of Cyprus through the agency of one Scaptius. Brutus was very importunate with Cicero to make Scaptius a collector, with full powers of a magistrate. Lord Macaulay, who had no love for the oligarchical party in those days, says in a marginal note in his favourite well-thumbed letters to Atticus : "This patriot seems to have been little better than a Paul Benfield."

pretty little parish church, where the punkahs surging to and fro recal the swing of the censers in a Roman Catholic temple. In other places the coolest room in the cutcherry or the Government school is swept and garnished every Sunday morning, and the collector, assisted by his joint magistrate, performs the service, with now and then a sermon from the works of his favourite standard divine ; while the superintendent of police, who has an ear for music, plays the harmonium and leads the choir. It is a question whether the congregation do not benefit by the substitution of the official for the clerical element, since the clergymen who can be induced to take duty in India are, as a rule, no cleverer than they should be. One Sunday, at Mofussilpore, the chaplain of a neighbouring cantonment offered to drive over and officiate. We were disappointed, since Tom and his colleagues chant Gregorians in a style which excites the admiring envy of the whole division, and the reverend gentleman was known to disapprove of this interference of the laity. He gave us, according to his usual custom, a sermon which he had written for a military audience. In this particular discourse he addressed himself to wives. He exhorted them to endure ill-treatment with meekness, even if their husbands should beat and starve them. Above all, he warned them against betaking themselves, in despair, to drink, or evil courses. He then drew a pathetic picture of the horrors of *delirium tremens*, and the other temporal consequences of gross sin : an admonition which was all very well when directed to soldiers' wives, whose lot is as hard and perilous as that of any class of women, but which savoured of the absurd when addressed to a congregation among whom the only matrons present were the ladies of the judge and the collector. Nowadays, at any rate, the natives cannot taunt us with being ashamed of our religion. In fact, the English societies here are so small, and the goings out and comings in of every one so well known to his neighbours, that men attend public worship more regularly here than at home,

if it were only to avoid giving offence to their weaker official brethren.

The days of corruption have long passed away. The hands of a civil servant are as pure and white as his summer trousers. Men have learned to resist the temptations to indolence and dissipation. They drive dog-carts instead of being driven in coaches, and very much prefer a gallop across country to snoozing about in a palanquin. They walk up partridges, and ride down hogs, and no longer relax their minds with hazard and cock-fighting. Honest dancing has driven out the vicarious nautch, an amusement the moral tendency of which might be called in question. A quiet pipe in the verandah after dinner has succeeded to the eternal omnipresent hookah, and habitual indulgence in brandy-pawnee is no longer allowed to be respectable. Did you not always imagine brandy-pawnee to be a drink compounded of many ingredients, a sort of tropical dog's nose, like sangaree, or those abominations in the American refreshment-room at the Great Exhibition, which sapped the health of the more curious and foolhardy among the visitors? It is merely brandy and water, or, as it is usually pronounced, brar-r-ry war-r-rer, the most simple and handy agent for any one who has a mind to derange his liver and destroy the coats of his stomach in the shortest possible time. Sobriety and decency have had their ordinary effect upon the intellect of society. Book clubs have been established all over the continent, which are well supplied from home with all the new publications, including the chief reviews and magazines. The *Evening Mail*, each copy containing the pith of two numbers of the *Times*, is taken in at many stations. A man finds it uphill work still to keep himself *au courant* with European matters; but it is no longer a struggle in which success is hopeless. The time has already gone by when returned Indians could talk of nothing but lacs and jaghires, which people at home took to be a sort of leopard, and the time is fast going by when they can talk of nothing but the Amalgamation Act and the Ryotwar Settlement.

With reference to the subject treated of at the commencement of this letter, I venture to insert a song, composed by a friend who is passionately devoted to the study of the laws of sanitation and mortality. He carries his enthusiasm on the subject so far as to tinge with it his view of every conceivable matter, religious, political, and literary. He once wrote an anonymous letter to the Laureate, commenting on the lines in the "Vision of Sin"—

"Every moment dies a man—
Every moment one is born."

He observed, with great truth, that if this statement were correct the population of the world would remain stationary, and urged the poet to alter the lines thus—

"Every moment dies a man,
And one and one-sixteenth is born."

He owned that the exact figure was one, decimal point, ought, six, four, seven; but (as he said) some allowance must be made for metre.

ODE TO CALCUTTA.

I.

Fair city, India's crown and pride,
Long may'st thou tower o'er Hooghley's tide,
Whose hallowed, but malarious stream,
The peasant's god, the poet's theme,
Rolls down the dead Hindoo;
And from whose wave, a stagnant mass
Replete with sulphuretted gas,
Our country beer we brew:
As o'er a pulse physicians stand,
Intent upon the second-hand,
Determined not to miss ticks,
I watch thy sanitary state,
Jot down of deaths the annual rate,
And each new epidemic greet,
Until my system I complete
Of tropical statistics.

II.

Of those with whom I laughed away
On Lea's¹ fair banks the idle day,
Whose love would ne'er my breast allow
To hold concealed the thoughts that now
Within my heart are pent,
Who hung upon my every breath,
Of those dear friends I mourn the death
Of forty-five per cent:

¹ The old East Indian College stood within a mile and a half of this river.

And Cecil Gray, my soul's delight,
The brave, the eloquent, the bright;
The versatile, the shifty,
Stretched hopeless on his dying bed,
With failing strength and aching head,
In cholera's malignant phase,
Ah! woe is me, will shortly raise
The average to fifty.

III.

And when, before the rains in June,
The mercury went up at noon
To nine-and-ninety in the shade,
I every hour grew more afraid
That doctor Fayrer right is

In hinting to my wife that those
Inflammatory symptoms rose
From latent hepatitis.
I'll 'ere another week goes by,
For my certificate apply,
And sail home invalidated.
Since, if I press an early bier,
The deaths from Liver in the year,
Compared with those produced by Sun,
Will (fearful thought!) have then by one
Their ratio exceeded!

Yours truly,

H. BROUGHTON.

THE VIGIL OF ALL-SOULS.

TO MY FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING-NIGHT.

To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me;
I have said God bless thee, o'er and o'er,
And there is not a joy awaiting thee
But I wish it double and more.
Oh friend! I pause on thy bridal-night,
I pause from my toil to wish thee all
Fair and pure and honest and bright,
That to mortal lot can fall,
And upon thy head no touch of sorrow.
To-day for thee; and for me to-morrow.

The sun shone fair, and the moonlight now
Has crowned the darkness with silver gleams;
God send thy life be as bright, and thou
As glad as a bridegroom's dreams.
But on me the household lamp lets fall
A light subdued—and thy hour of pride
Is the vigil of a Festival
To us on life's other side.
To-day on the living all joy be shed;
But to-morrow is for the Blessed Dead.

To-morrow for me, but to-day for thee;
Thus are the lots of our living cast,
And the cheerful lamp sheds over me
A light that shines out of the past.
Thine be the future, oh friend! I greet
In thee life's promise all bright and brave,
But the sunshine, though fair it smiles, and sweet,
Falls to me over cross and grave.
Bright be thy path and untouched by sorrow,
To-day for thee; and for me to-morrow.

31st October.

A WORD MORE ABOUT SPINOZA.

"By the sentence of the angels, by the decree of the saints, we anathematize, cut off, curse, and execrate Baruch Spinoza, in the presence of these sacred books with the six hundred and thirteen precepts which are written therein, with the anathema wherewith Joshua anathematized Jericho; with the cursing wherewith Elisha cursed the children, and with all the cursings which are written in the Book of the Law: cursed be he by day, and cursed by night; cursed when he lieth down, and cursed when he riseth up; cursed when he goeth out, and cursed when he cometh in; the Lord pardon him never; the wrath and fury of the Lord burn upon this man, and bring upon him all the curses which are written in the Book of the Law. The Lord blot out his name under heaven. The Lord set him apart for destruction from all the tribes of Israel, with all the curses of the firmament which are written in the Book of this Law. . . . There shall no man speak to him, no man write to him, no man show him any kindness, no man stay under the same roof with him, no man come nigh him."

With these amenities, the current compliments of theological parting, the Jews of the Portuguese synagogue at Amsterdam took in 1656 (and not in 1660 as has till now been commonly supposed) their leave of their erring brother, Baruch or Benedict Spinoza. They remained children of Israel, and he became a child of modern Europe.

That was in 1656, and Spinoza died in 1677, at the early age of forty-four. Glory had not found him out. His short life—a life of unbroken diligence, kindness, and purity—was past in seclusion. But in spite of that seclusion, in spite of the shortness of his career, in spite of the hostility of the dispensers of renown in the 18th century,—of Voltaire's

disparagement and Bayle's detraction,—in spite of the repellent form which he has given to his principal work, in spite of the exterior semblance of a rigid dogmatism, alien to the most essential tendencies of modern philosophy, in spite, finally, of the immense weight of disfavour cast upon him by the long-repeated charge of atheism, Spinoza's name has silently risen in importance, the man and his works have attracted a steadily increasing notice, and bid fair to become soon what they deserve to become,—in the history of modern philosophy, the central point of interest. An avowed translation of one of his works at last makes its appearance in English—his "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," of which I spoke here some months ago, just before the English translation of it appeared. It is the principal work which Spinoza published in his lifetime; his book on ethics, the work on which his fame rests, is posthumous.

The English translator has not done his task well. Of the character of his version there can, I am afraid, be no doubt; one such passage as the following is decisive:—

"I confess that, *while with them* (the theologians) *I have never been able sufficiently to admire the unfathomed mysteries of scripture, I have still found them giving utterance to nothing but Aristotelian and Platonic speculations, artfully dressed up and cunningly accommodated to Holy Writ, lest the speakers should show themselves too plainly to belong to the sect of the Grecian heathens. Nor was it enough for these men to discourse with the Greeks; they have further taken to raving with the Hebrew prophets.*"

This professes to be a translation of these words of Spinoza:—"Fateor, eos nunquam satis mirari potuisse Scripturæ profundissima mysteria; attamen præter Aristotelicorum vel Platoni-

"corum speculationes nihil docuisse video, atque his, ne gentiles sectari viderentur, Scripturam accommodaverunt. Non satis his fuit cum Græcis insanire, sed prophetas cum iisdem deliravisse voluerunt." After one such specimen of a translator's force, the experienced reader has a sort of instinct that he may as well close the book at once, with a smile or a sigh, according as he happens to be a follower of the weeping or of the laughing philosopher. If, in spite of this instinct, he persists in going on with the English version of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," he will find many more such specimens. It is not, however, my intention to fill my space with these, or with strictures upon their author. I prefer to remark that he renders a service to literary history by pointing out in his preface how "to Bayle may be traced the disfavour in which the name of Spinoza was so long held;" that in his observations on the system of the Church of England he shows a laudable freedom from the prejudices of ordinary English Liberals of that advanced school to which he clearly belongs; and, lastly, that, though he manifests little familiarity with Latin, he seems to have considerable familiarity with philosophy, and to be well able to follow and comprehend speculative reasoning. Let me advise him to unite his forces with those of some one who has that accurate knowledge of Latin which he himself has not, and then, perhaps, of that union a really good translation of Spinoza will be the result. And, having given him this advice, let me again return, for a little, to the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*" itself.

This work, as I have already said, is a work on the interpretation of Scripture,—it treats of the Bible. What was it exactly which Spinoza thought about the Bible and its inspiration? That will be, at the present moment, the central point of interest for the English readers of his Treatise. Now I wish to observe—what it was irrelevant to my purpose to observe when I before spoke of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Poli-*

ticus"—that just on this very point the Treatise, interesting and remarkable as it is, will fail to satisfy the reader. It is important to seize this notion quite firmly, and not to quit hold of it while one is reading Spinoza's work. The scope of that work is this:—Spinoza sees that the life and practice of Christian nations, professing the religion of the Bible, are not the due fruits of the religion of the Bible; he sees only hatred, bitterness, and strife, where he might have expected to see love, joy, and peace in believing; and he asks himself the reason of this. The reason is, he says, that these people misunderstand their Bible. Well, then, is his conclusion, I will write a "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*." I will show these people that, taking the Bible for granted, taking it to be all which it asserts itself to be, taking it to have all the authority which it claims, it is not what they imagine it to be, it does not say what they imagine it to say. I will show them what it really does say, and I will show them that they will do well to accept this real teaching of the Bible, instead of the phantom with which they have so long been cheated. I will show their Governments that they will do well to remodel the National Churches, to make of them institutions informed with the spirit of the true Bible, instead of institutions informed with the spirit of this false phantom.

Such is really the scope of Spinoza's work. He pursues a great object, and pursues it with signal ability; but it is important to observe that he does not give us his own opinion about the Bible's fundamental character. He takes the Bible as it stands, as he might take the phenomena of nature, and he discusses it as he finds it. Revelation differs from natural knowledge, he says, not by being more divine or more certain than natural knowledge, but by being conveyed in a different way; it differs from it because it is a knowledge "of which the laws of human nature considered in themselves alone cannot be the cause." What is really its cause, he says, we need not here inquire (*verum*

nec nobis jam opus est prophetice cognitionis causam scire), for we take Scripture, which contains this revelation, as it stands, and do not ask how it arose (*documentorum causas nihil curamus*).

Proceeding on this principle, Spinoza leaves the attentive reader somewhat baffled and disappointed, clear as is his way of treating his subject, and remarkable as are the conclusions with which he presents us. He starts, we feel, from what is to him a hypothesis, and we want to know what he really thinks about this hypothesis. His greatest novelties are all within limits fixed for him by this hypothesis. He says that the voice which called Samuel was an imaginary voice; he says that the waters of the Red Sea retreated before a strong wind; he says that the Shunammite's son was revived by the natural heat of Elisha's body; he says that the rainbow which was made a sign to Noah appeared in the ordinary course of nature. Scripture itself, rightly interpreted, says, he affirms, all this. But he asserts that the Voice which uttered the Commandments on Mount Sinai was a real voice, a *vera vox*. He says, indeed, that this voice could not really give to the Israelites that proof which they imagined it gave to them of the existence of God, and that God on Sinai was dealing with the Israelites only according to their imperfect knowledge. Still he asserts the voice to have been a real one; and for this reason, that we do violence to Scripture if we do not admit it to have been a real one (*nisi Scripturæ vim inferre velimus, omnino concedendum est, Israëlitas veram vocem audivisse*). The attentive reader wants to know what Spinoza himself thought about this *vera vox* and its possibility; he is much more interested in knowing this than in knowing what Spinoza considered Scripture to affirm about the matter.

The feeling of perplexity thus caused is not diminished by the language of the chapter on miracles. In this chapter Spinoza broadly affirms a miracle to be an impossibility. But he himself contrasts the method of demonstration

à priori, by which he claims to have established this proposition, with the method which he has pursued in treating of prophetic revelation. "This 'revelation,' he says, 'is a matter out of human reach, and therefore I was bound to take it as I found it. *Movere volo, me aliâ prorsus methodo circa miracula processisse, quam circa prophetiam . . . quod etiam consulto feci, quia de prophetia, quandoquidem ipsa captum humanum superat et questio mere theologica est, nihil affirmare, neque etiam scire poteram in quo ipsa potissimum constiterit, nisi ex fundamētis mentis revelatis.*" The reader feels that Spinoza, proceeding on a hypothesis, has presented him with the assertion of a miracle, and afterwards, proceeding *à priori*, has presented him with the assertion that a miracle is impossible. He feels that Spinoza does not adequately reconcile these two assertions by declaring that any event really miraculous, if found recorded in Scripture, must be "a spurious addition made to Scripture by sacrilegious men." Is, then, he asks, the *vera vox* of Mount Sinai in Spinoza's opinion a spurious addition made to Scripture by sacrilegious men; or, if not, how is it not miraculous?

Spinoza, in his own mind, regarded the Bible as a vast collection of miscellaneous documents, many of them quite disparate and not at all to be harmonized with others; documents of unequal value and of varying applicability, some of them conveying ideas salutary for one time, others for another. But in the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus" he by no means always deals in this free spirit with the Bible. Sometimes he chooses to deal with it in the spirit of the veriest worshipper of the letter; sometimes he chooses to treat the Bible as if all its parts were (so to speak) equipollent; to snatch an isolated text which suits his purpose, without caring whether it is annulled by the context, by the general drift of Scripture, or by other passages of more weight and authority. The great critic thus voluntarily becomes as uncritical as

Exeter Hall. The epicurean Solomon, whose *Ecclesiastes* the Hebrew doctors, even after they had received it into the canon, forbade the young and weak-minded among their community to read, Spinoza quotes as of the same authority with the severe Moses; he uses promiscuously, as documents of identical force, without discriminating between their essentially different character, the softened cosmopolitan teaching of the prophets of the captivity, and the rigid national teaching of the instructors of Israel's youth. He is capable of extracting, from a chance expression of Jeremiah, the assertion of a speculative idea which Jeremiah certainly never entertained, and from which he would have recoiled in dismay—the idea, namely, that miracles are impossible; just as an ordinary Englishman can extract from God's words to Noah, *Be fruitful and multiply*, an exhortation to himself to have a large family. Spinoza, I repeat, knew perfectly well what this verbal mode of dealing with the Bible was worth; but he sometimes uses it because of the hypothesis from which he set out; because of his having agreed “to take Scripture as it stands, and not to ask how it arose.”

No doubt the sagacity of Spinoza's rules for biblical interpretation, the power of his analysis of the contents of the Bible, the interest of his reflections on Jewish history, are, in spite of this, very great, and have an absolute worth of their own, independent of the silence or ambiguity of their author upon a point of cardinal importance. Few candid people will read his rules of interpretation without exclaiming that they are the very dictates of good sense, that they have always believed in them; and without adding after a moment's reflection, that they have passed their lives in violating them. And what can be more interesting than to find that perhaps the main cause of the decay of the Jewish polity was one of which from our English Bible, which entirely mistranslates the 26th verse of the 20th chapter of Ezekiel, we hear nothing,—the perpetual reproach of im-

purity and rejection cast upon the mass of the Hebrew nation by the exclusive priesthood of the tribe of Levi? What can be more suggestive, after Mr. Mill and Dr. Stanley have been telling us how great an element of strength to the Hebrew nation was the institution of prophets, than to hear from the ablest of Hebrews how this institution seems to him to have been to his nation one of her main elements of weakness? No intelligent man can read the “*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*” without being profoundly instructed by it; but neither can he read it without feeling that, as a speculative work, it is, to use a French military expression, *in the air*; that, in a certain sense, it is in want of a base and in want of supports; that this base and supports are, at any rate, not to be found in the work itself, and, if they exist, must be sought for in other works of the author.

The genuine speculative opinions of Spinoza, which the “*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*” but imperfectly reveals, may in his *Ethics* and in his *Letters* be found set forth clearly. It is, however, the business of criticism to deal with every independent work as with an independent whole, and—instead of establishing between the “*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*,” and the *Ethics* of Spinoza, a relation which Spinoza himself has not established—to seize, in dealing with the “*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*,” the important fact that this work has its source, not in the axioms and definitions of the *Ethics*, but in a hypothesis. The *Ethics* are not yet translated into English, and I have not here to speak of them. Then will be the right time for criticism to try and seize the special character and tendencies of that remarkable work, when it is dealing with it directly. The criticism of the *Ethics* is far too serious a task to be undertaken incidentally, and merely as a supplement to the criticism of the “*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*.” Nevertheless, on certain governing ideas of Spinoza which receive their systematic expression, indeed, in the *Ethics*, and on which the “*Trac-*

tatus Theologico-Politicus" is not formally based, but which are yet never absent from Spinoza's mind in the composition of any work, which breathe through all his works, and fill them with a peculiar effect and power, I wish, before concluding these remarks, to say a few words.

A philosopher's real power over mankind resides not in his metaphysical formulas, but in the spirit and tendencies which have led him to adopt those formulas. Spinoza's critic, therefore, has rather to bring to light that spirit and those tendencies of his author, than to exhibit his metaphysical formulas. Propositions about substance pass by mankind at large like the idle wind, which mankind at large regards not; it will not even listen to a word about these propositions, unless it first learns what their author was driving at with them, and finds that this object of his is one with which it sympathizes, one, at any rate, which commands its attention. And mankind is so far right that this object of the author is really, as has been said, that which is most important, that which sets all his work in motion, that which is the secret of his attraction for other minds, which, by different ways, pursue the same object.

Mr. Maurice, seeking for the cause of Goethe's great admiration for Spinoza, thinks that he finds it in Spinoza's Hebrew genius. "He spoke of God," says Mr. Maurice, "as an actual being, to those who had fancied him a name in a book. The child of the circumcision had a message for Lessing and Goethe which the pagan schools of philosophy could not bring." This seems to me fanciful. An intensity and impressiveness, which came to him from his Hebrew nature, Spinoza no doubt has; but the two things which are most remarkable about him, and by which, as I think, he chiefly impressed Goethe, seem to me not to come to him from his Hebrew nature at all—I mean his denial of final causes, and his stoicism, a stoicism not passive, but active. For a mind like Goethe's—a mind profoundly impartial and passionately as-

piring after the science, not of men only, but of universal nature—the popular philosophy which explains all things by reference to man, and regards universal nature as existing for the sake of man, and even of certain classes of men, was utterly repulsive. Unchecked, this philosophy would gladly maintain that the donkey exists in order that the invalid Christian may have donkey's milk before breakfast; and such views of nature as this were exactly what Goethe's whole soul abhorred. Creation, he thought, should be made of sterner stuff; he desired to rest the donkey's existence on larger grounds. More than any philosopher who has ever lived, Spinoza satisfied him here. The full exposition of the counter-doctrine to the popular doctrine of final causes is to be found in the Ethics; but this denial of final causes was so essential an element of all Spinoza's thinking that we shall, as has been said already, find it in the work with which we are here concerned, the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," and, indeed, permeating that work and all his works. From the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*" one may take as good a general statement of this denial as any which is to be found in the Ethics:—

"Deus naturam dirigit, prout ejus leges universales, non autem prout humanæ naturæ particulares leges existunt, adeoque Deus non solius humani generis, sed totius naturæ rationem habet. (God directs nature, according as the universal laws of nature, but not according as the particular laws of human nature require; and so God has regard, not of the human race only, but of entire nature.)"

And, as a pendant to this denial by Spinoza of final causes, comes his stoicism:—

"Non studemus, ut natura nobis, sed contra ut nos naturæ pareamus. (Our desire is not that nature may obey us, but, on the contrary, that we may obey nature.)"

Here is the second source of his attractiveness for Goethe; and Goethe is but the eminent representative of a whole

order of minds whose admiration has made Spinoza's fame. Spinoza first impresses Goethe and any man like Goethe, and then he composes him; first he fills and satisfies his imagination by the width and grandeur of his view of nature, and then he fortifies and stills his mobile, straining, passionate, poetic temperament by the moral lesson he draws from his view of nature. And a moral lesson not of mere resigned acquiescence, not of melancholy quietism, but of joyful activity within the limits of man's true sphere:—

"*Ipsa hominis essentia est conatus quo unusquisque suum esse conservare conatur. . . . Virtus hominis est ipsa hominis essentia, quatenus a solo conatu suum esse conservandi definitur. . . . Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest. . . . Lætitia est hominis transitio ad majorem perfectionem. . . . Tristitia est hominis transitio ad minorem perfectionem.* (Man's very essence is the effort wherewith each man strives to maintain his own being. . . . Man's virtue is this very essence, so far as it is defined by this single effort to maintain man's being. . . . Happiness consists in a man's being able to maintain his own being. . . . Joy is man's passage to a greater perfection. . . . Sorrow is man's passage to a lesser perfection.)"

It seems to me that by neither of these, his grand characteristic doctrines, is Spinoza truly Hebrew or truly Christian. His denial of final causes is essentially alien to the spirit of the Old Testament, and his cheerful and self-sufficing stoicism is essentially alien to the spirit of the New. The doctrine that "God directs nature, not according as the particular laws of human nature, but according as the universal laws of nature require," is at utter variance with that Hebrew mode of representing God's dealings, which makes the locusts visit Egypt to punish Pharaoh's hardness of heart, and the falling dew avert itself from the fleece of Gideon. The doctrine that "all sorrow is a passage to a lesser perfection" is at utter variance with the Christian

recognition of the blessedness of sorrow, working "repentance to salvation not to be repented of;" of sorrow which, in Dante's words, "remarries us to God." Spinoza's repeated and earnest assertions that the love of God is man's *summum bonum* do not remove the fundamental diversity between his doctrine and the Hebrew and Christian doctrines. By the love of God he does not mean the same thing as the Hebrew and Christian religions mean by the love of God. He makes the love of God to consist in the knowledge of God; and, as we know God only through his manifestation of himself in the laws of nature, it is by knowing these laws that we love God, and the more we know them the more we love him. This may be true, but this is not what the Christian means by the love of God. Spinoza's ideal is the intellectual life; the Christian's ideal is the religious life. Between the two states there is all the difference which there is between the being in love, and the following, with delighted comprehension, a demonstration of Euclid. For Spinoza, undoubtedly, the crown of the intellectual life is a transport, as for the saint the crown of the religious life is a transport; but the two transports are not the same.

This is true; yet it is true, also, that by thus crowning the intellectual life with a sacred transport, by thus retaining in philosophy, amid the discontented murmurs of all the army of atheism, the name of God, Spinoza maintains a profound affinity with that which is truest in religion, and inspires an indestructible interest. "It is true," one may say to the wise and devout Christian, "Spinoza's conception of beatitude is not yours, and cannot satisfy you; but whose conception of beatitude would you accept as satisfying? Not even that of the devoutest of your fellow-Christians. Fra Angelico, the sweetest and most inspired of devout souls, has given us, in his great picture of the 'Last Judgment,' his conception of beatitude. The elect are going round in a ring on long grass under laden fruit trees; two of them, more restless than

the others, are flying up a battlemented street—a street blank with all the ennui of the Middle Ages. Across a gulf is visible, for the delectation of the saints, a blazing caldron in which Beelzebub is sousing the damned. This is hardly more your conception of beatitude than Spinoza's is. But 'in my Father's house are many mansions;' only, to reach any one of these mansions, are needed the wings of a genuine sacred transport, of an 'immortal longing.' These wings Spinoza had; and because he had them he horrifies a certain school of his admirers by talking of "God" where they talk of "forces," and by talking of "the love of God" where they talk of "a rational curiosity."

One of these admirers, M. Van Vloten, has recently published at Amsterdam a supplementary volume to Spinoza's works, containing the interesting document of Spinoza's sentence of excommunication, from which I have already quoted, and containing, besides, several lately found works alleged to be Spinoza's, which seem to me to be of doubtful authenticity, and, even if authentic, of no great importance. M. Van Vloten (who, let me be permitted to say in passing, writes a Latin which would make one think that the art of writing Latin must be now a lost art in the country of Lipsius) is very anxious that Spinoza's unscientific retention of the name of God should not afflict his reader with any doubts as to his perfect scientific orthodoxy.

"It is a great mistake," he cries—"to disparage Spinoza as merely one of the dogmatists before Kant. By

"keeping the name of God, while he "did away with his person and character, he has done himself injustice. "Those who look to the bottom of "things will see that, long ago as he "lived, he had even then reached the "point to which the post-Hegelian "philosophy and the study of natural "science has only just brought our own "times. Leibnitz expressed his apprehension lest those who did away "with final causes should do away with "God at the same time. But it is in "his having done away with final "causes, and with God along with them, "that Spinoza's true merit consists."

Now, it must be remarked, that to use Spinoza's denial of final causes in order to identify him with the Coryphæi of atheism is to make a false use of Spinoza's denial of final causes, just as to use his assertion of the all-importance of loving God to identify him with the saints would be to make a false use of his assertion of the all-importance of loving God. He is no more to be identified with the post-Hegelian philosophers than he is to be identified with St. Augustine. Nay, when M. Van Vloten violently presses the parallel with the post-Hegelians, one feels that the parallel with St. Augustine is the far truer one. Compared with the soldier of irreligion M. Van Vloten would have him to be, Spinoza is religious. His own language about himself, about his aspirations and his course, are true: his foot is in the *vera vita*, his eye on the beatific vision.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE REV. DR. JAMES KIDD.

THIRTY years ago there was to be seen walking slowly almost at any time every day through the streets of Aberdeen a venerable old grey-headed man, of massive build and peculiarly dignified appearance, in handsome clerical costume ending in fine black-silk stockings, very erect in gait, and looking before him, or to the right and left, as he advanced, with an air of authority and portly courage. Had you followed him, you would have seen, by the respectful demeanour of those whom he met, that his authority was recognised. You would have seen hats touched to him, frankly or sheepishly, according to the rank and character of the owners; you would have seen heads turned to look after him; occasionally, if your powers of observation had been very sharp, you would have noticed, in some street-group of the idler and more lowering sort, a look of uneasiness at beholding him approaching, a disposition to break up and turn down any convenient court or cross-street so as to avoid him, or, if that could not be, a feeling of relief when he had passed and had not administered to them a gratuitous blowing-up. Among the children, on the contrary, you would have seen a wonderful attraction towards him, a wonderful habit of finding out by rumour among themselves when he was anywhere near, and of gathering from the side-streets or even from the houses so as to place themselves in his way. Their manner, or at least that of the boys, was to place themselves, three or four together, a few feet in advance of him on the pavement, and to wait stock-still with their caps off till he came up, when invariably he put his hand on each little waiting

head with this word of blessing, "Be all good," "Be all good." In any of the more crowded thoroughfares his walk was a regular succession of these kindly Be-all-goods and pappings of young heads; and such mystic virtue was supposed to lie in the Doctor's blessing and head-patting that little rogues have been known to secure a double share of it fraudulently by bolting off after the first Be-all-good, running hastily round a few streets, and placing themselves a second time in the Doctor's way, with all imaginable gravity, so as to be Be-all-gooded over again. But this was felt to be a bold act; and what might be the consequences if the Doctor, who was very wide-awake, should detect one filching a second blessing from him on false pretences, was a thought of some alarm.

The title of "The Doctor," which I have already given to this local worthy, was one specially his. Doctors of various kinds were plentiful enough in the town, then as now; but, if you had spoken of "The Doctor," then, unless the context had implied that you were speaking of the particular medical man attending some case, you would have been understood—at least in that large quarter of the town which saw most of him—to mean the Rev. Dr. Kidd. By that fuller designation which he himself liked to use on formal occasions, he was "James Kidd, D.D., L.L.O.O.P."; and portraits of him, in his clerical gown and bands, with this designation underneath, in facsimile of his own elegant and flowing handwriting, were common enough in the booksellers' windows in the town, and in the houses of private families. Copies of these portraits,

either by themselves, or prefixed to certain books which the doctor had written, had even travelled out of Aberdeen into parts where the rumour of him had spread; and, latterly, local sculpture took possession of him, and produced a life-size bust, copies of which in plaster were bought by even poor people out of affection for the original. I remember one of these busts which, to prevent the effects of dust upon it in its pure white state, the family possessing it had caused to be painted jet-black. The "D.D., L.L.O.O.P." did not appear, of course, on the busts, but only in the engraved portraits. The last five letters of this designation expressed (according to the device in such cases of signifying a plural by the reduplication of a letter) one of the two official capacities in which the Doctor was and had long been known in Aberdeen—*Linguarum Orientalium Professor*, or Professor of Oriental Languages in Marischal College. But, though actually fulfilling the duties of this office, and teaching Hebrew every winter-session to considerable classes of divinity-students congregated in Marischal College from the whole north of Scotland, Dr. Kidd was far better known to the community at large in his other and more popular capacity as minister of Gilcomston Chapel—a very large, plain, square-built place of worship in the north-west of the town, and the centre of what was in fact a large parish, although nominally it had not then the full rights of a parish, but was an ecclesiastical district cut out of the vast parish of Old Machar. Though, as minister of such a "chapel of ease" to one of the parishes of the Presbytery, Dr. Kidd had not a seat in the Presbytery, he was, to all intents and purposes, a co-Presbyter of the city-clergy, and, in popular repute, more illustrious in his way, more a king in the place, than all the rest put together. For one thing, the congregation of Gilcomston Chapel was the largest in the neighbourhood, perhaps the largest in the whole of Scotland; and, as minister of this congregation, even though it consisted

mainly of the poorer and respectable middle sort—as holding it together by his influence, and giving it celebrity far and near by the wonderful three sermons with which he roused it every Sabbath, and of which stray comers might have the benefit if they did not object to standing in the passages among the red-cloaked old women and the poor old men who stately occupied the stools and benches there and hung on the Doctor's lips—if only as minister of such a congregation, Dr. Kidd was no ordinary local power, but the head of a constituency whose enthusiasm for him would, if necessary, have swamped the rest of the town in his behalf. But there was no such necessity. Although it was the Gilcomston district that mustered immediately round him and swore by him daily in all things, the whole town looked at him fondly in the streets, and felt a kind of property in him. In other parts of the country he was known as "Dr. Kidd of Aberdeen"; and, had the dimensions of Gilcomston Chapel and the distances of the town allowed it, I verily believe that the reality would have corresponded with the name, and that at least the whole *populace* of the place—using that word to exclude the wealthy, the fastidious in habit, and the lovers of theology only in its cold-drawn forms—would have belonged to Kidd's congregation. At all events, the children all through the town, no matter in what parish or locality, gathered round his footsteps for his well-known blessing. To young and old no living figure in the town was so familiar as his. No man was perhaps ever known by sight to all London except the Duke of Wellington, whose nose and face of white bone proclaimed him even where he had never been seen before. By no such inference from his portraits, but by repeated actual vision of his portly figure and his handsome silk-stockings, his white face that must have once had much of the sanguine in it, and that even in his old age was full and well-fleshed rather than bony, his amorphous rather than aquiline nose, his white hair now thinned to baldness at and over the

temples, and his rich Irish eyes, every soul in Aberdeen that knew anything at all knew Dr. Kidd.

His rich Irish eyes! I see them now as such in a portrait before me; in which also I seem to recognise a something Irish in the general cast of the face—though no such thing occurred to me in those almost infant days when I first gazed upon the Doctor in his pulpit or elsewhere. Irish, English, and Scotch were then all one to me, I suppose; and I had not heard of the doctrine of races. But now it seems to me as if I could sum up, to my own satisfaction, a good deal of what I remember of Kidd's peculiar power, and of the nature of his influence, by recollecting that he was an Irishman among the Aberdonians. Such, in fact, he was.

Born in County Down, in 1761, of poor Protestant parents—who, though they were probably of Scottish or English descent, had become Irish enough by naturalization in all save religion—Kidd had been tossed about the world for thirty-two years of his life, a resolute Irish adventurer, before that fate which makes such odd marriages of men with the places where they are needed, planted him in hard-headed Aberdeen. Till his twenty-third year he had remained in Ireland—in his childhood, left to the care of his poor pious mother, who had removed with him and his two brothers to her own county of Antrim, and of whose first instructions of him in the Bible he had a warm memory to the last; then, in his boyhood, struggling into Latin with the help of what chance-schooling could be had for a poor widow's son, and looking forward to the time when he might attain the height of his ambition and be a preacher; then, in youth, while still eager for self-improvement, and especially for a grasp of English grammar and elocution, himself setting up a poor sort of school for farmers' children, and, in a short time, a more flourishing one, on the strength of which he married a farmer's daughter. It was a very early marriage; and, the outlook in Ireland being but meagre, Kidd and

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his wife, with what little money they had, emigrated to America in 1784. His stay in the United States, where he landed without a single letter of introduction, extended over some years. During these years—forming the second or American period of his life—he shifted about a good deal as he could find employment in teaching; but at length he settled in Philadelphia, where he first opened an academy of his own, and afterwards was attached as usher to Pennsylvania College, eking out a livelihood for his family by acting at the same time as corrector of the press for a printer in good business. It was the sight of the Hebrew character in the course of his duties in the printing-office that first set him upon learning Hebrew. With such passion did he take to the study that, one day, going to buy a new suit of clothes which he much wanted and for which he had painfully saved the money, the recollection of a Hebrew Bible he had often looked at wistfully in a Dutch bookseller's shop-window proved too much for him, the bookseller balked the tailor, and the new suit was postponed indefinitely in favour of the Bible. What with private labour, what with the help of a Portuguese Jew (who fleeced him awfully for his lessons), and what with incessant attendance on Friday evenings in the Jewish synagogue in Philadelphia, he seems really at this time to have acquired an unusual practical fluency in the Hebrew tongue, if not the kind of acquaintance with it that would now satisfy a sound orientalist. A certain restlessness ensued from the new possession. His mind was divided between two projects—the project of a journey in Syria and the East generally, that he might plunge more deeply into the Oriental tongues; and the project of a migration for a time to Scotland, to qualify himself for the ministry by the study of Divinity under the then celebrated biblical commentator, Dr. John Brown of Haddington. But, by this time, Kidd had made friends in America. I think he knew Jefferson;

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at all events, he knew Dr. Benjamin Rush, the celebrated physician and politician ; among the clergy and college-men of Pennsylvania and other States he had not a few acquaintances ; and among the pupils he had trained in Philadelphia was at least one whose name the Americans remember—Commodore Decatur, afterwards killed in a duel. These friends remonstrated with Kidd. Why should he quit America ? Dr. Rush succeeded in driving one of his projects—that of a visit to the East—out of his head. “I think I see you,” he said to the young Irishman, “returned to America after your tour in Asia, and doing what ?—lecturing to empty benches. A tour in Asia ?” “No, no ! Study men and things where you are.” But the other project, of a visit to Scotland, to learn Presbyterian theology at the fountain-head, was not given up. Leaving his wife and children in America, he did recross the Atlantic, carrying with him letters from Dr. Rush to some of the Edinburgh notables. By their advice, or on his own motion, he began now, when about thirty years of age, to make up his leeway in regular academic training by attending the principal classes in the University of Edinburgh—Hill’s Latin lectures, Dalzell’s Greek, Dugald Stewart’s in Moral Philosophy, and even Black’s in Chemistry and Monro’s in Anatomy—supporting himself the while by setting up, with some *éclat*, extra-collegiate classes in the Oriental languages. Dr. John Brown being dead—instruction under whom would have implied attachment to one of the bodies of Presbyterian Dissenters in Scotland—Kidd had so far changed his mind on that subject as to enter himself also in the theological classes of the University, in training for the ministry of the Established Scottish Church. It was still probably his intention, when this training should have been completed, to return to America. But the Aberdonian Fates were on the look-out for him. There chanced to die a certain Dr. Donaldson, who was Professor of Oriental Languages in

Marischal College, Aberdeen ; the patronage of this office, according to the curious habits of those days, chanced to belong to a private Scottish gentleman, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balmain ; Hebraists were probably then not numerous in Scotland ; and, Kidd having been recommended to Sir Alexander by the Edinburgh people, the chair was his. Sending to America for his wife and children, he went to Aberdeen, in October, 1793, when he was just thirty-two years of age. He began his duties as L.L.O.O.P. in Marischal College that winter, still as a layman ; but—the due amount of attendance on the theological lectures of his colleague, Principal Campbell, of Marischal College, and of Dr. Gerard, of King’s, having completed his theological courses begun in Edinburgh—he was licensed by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and became a preacher as well as a professor. For some years he held the post of Evening Lecturer in Trinity Chapel, a newly-built chapel in the Shiprow ; but, in 1801, the congregation of Gilcomston Chapel invited him to be their pastor, and thus brought him, at the age of forty, into the exact place fore-ordained for him, though he had reached it by so long a circumbendibus. It was not till 1818 that his American friends, with whom he still kept up a correspondence, sent him over a D.D. from the College of New Jersey to add to his L.L.O.O.P., and so changed him, in popular nomenclature, from the Rev. Professor into the Rev. Dr. Kidd.

I can hardly conceive a greater incongruity of a bit of fresh substance with a pre-existing element into which it had been suddenly intruded, than must have been presented by Kidd’s first appearance among the Aberdonians. Everything must have been against him. He was Irish ; and, if there is any portion of Great Britain the population of which is the reverse of Irish, and where one might say *à priori* that no Irish need apply, or would find themselves at home if they did apply, it is Aberdeen and its neighbourhood. Then he was not only an Irishman,

but, as it seemed, a restless Irishman—one who had not gone through a regular education for the ministry in the routine way and at the usual age, but had been in America, colloquing with Portuguese Jews, and doing nobody knew what, and had been flung back again almost in mature manhood to be polished up in the *ologies* and turned into a parson. Now the Aberdonians have faith in routine; they like all things done decently and in order; and, where they have not the means of satisfying themselves by actual inquiry, they are apt to suspect that things may be wrong. To set against these difficulties in Kidd's way there was certainly in his favour the fact that Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balmain had promoted him to the Hebrew Professorship. A Professor in Aberdeen is a somebody socially, I can tell you, whatever he is Professor of; and, as to the Professorship of Oriental Languages—why, it was hardly to be expected in those days that a man could be found for that post who had not been going to and fro on the earth, and who had not *some* bee in his bonnet. So, in his Professorship of Hebrew in Marischal College, Kidd did have a start among the Aberdonians. As far as I know, however, it was not, in any great degree, by his activity in this capacity that he wove himself forward into that extraordinary and all-dominant popularity in the town which he ultimately attained, and which he had exercised long before I knew him in his old age. He is said, indeed, to have given a stimulus to the study of Hebrew in the North of Scotland; but, from what I have heard from students of his in the later days of his Professorship, I should infer that he had never been of the profoundest or most accurate as an Oriental scholar, and that, though he may have talked quaintly and with a lax enthusiasm to his classes on points of Hebrew grammar and Biblical interpretation, he had by that time been left behind, as a Hebraist, by younger pioneers. But, in truth, Kidd as a teacher of Hebrew, Kidd among the points, was not the Kidd about whom the community cared,

and in whose influence they came to revel. It was by his powers of pulpit-oratory, first brought to bear by him on the town in his five years of probationary evening-lecturing in Trinity Chapel, and then transferred, in 1801, to that great congregation of Gilcomston Chapel with which his name was permanently associated—it was by these powers of pulpit-oratory, exercised through a period of forty years, and by the force at the same time of a most vigorous and original personality, exerted in a thousand ways, and at first against violent opposition, on the miscellaneous economy of the town, that he had become the venerable and much-loved Dr. Kidd whom I remember. He was then past his seventieth year, though still hale and in unabated energy. He was far from rich in worldly goods, and had had his losses and difficulties; but, on the whole, he had made the ends meet. He had had sore family troubles, which were still matters of hushed rumour; but his buoyant spirit had surmounted them, and, save among the brutal who have their snouts always among such personalities, no reproach had, on this account, attached to him. And so, taking him as I remember him, let me mention some of the causes which, as I conceive, may have been concerned in transmuting the Irish stranger, who had arrived in Aberdeen in the old days of Beattie and Gerard and Campbell, into that venerable figure in whom the whole enlarged modern town felt a property, whose very blowings-up seemed native Aberdonian breezes, and whose Irish origin had been so forgotten that he was identified with the town, and people in the other counties, when he went among them on Communion-occasions to assist their parish-ministers, spoke of him and thought of him as Dr. Kidd of Aberdeen.

Moderatism and Evangelicalism have been terrible words in Scotland for more than a generation. Guelph and Ghibelline in mediæval Italy did not denote a more necessary distinction than Moderate and Evangelical did recently in Scotland. It was a natural

polarization. If you were not a Moderate you were an Evangelical, and if you were not an Evangelical you were a Moderate; and not the less were you the one or the other, although you might not yourself know which you were. To my shame be it said, it was not till I was older than I ought to have been at the time of my enlightenment as to the meaning of this important distinction—not, in fact, till Kidd was several years dead—that I first heard of the distinction. How I escaped the knowledge so long is now a mystery to me, for I was not uninquisitive, and, though the names were unrevealed to me, I must have been in the middle of the double-bodied actuality. But so it was. I first heard the words "Moderate" and "Evangelical," in their party sense, when I joined a debating-society, the discussions in which were often, though not exclusively, theological. The first evening of my membership, one of the older members, anxious for a new vote on his side in the terrific divisions that took place on the theological questions, sat down beside me, as a recruiting-sergeant might, and asked coaxingly, "Are you an Evangelical or a Moderate?" It was a trying moment for a youngster anxious not to appear more green than his neighbours when he had just been elected to an august body. I remember I tried back mentally among the etymologies of the two adjectives, to see if any light could be got by that process. But no light came. It seemed a decidedly good thing, even a splendid thing, to be an "Evangelical;" but it did not seem a bad thing to be a "Moderate," and I could not see why the virtue involved in this respectable adjective should be excluded by an affection for the other. So I had presence of mind to extricate myself, *more Scotico*, by putting my mouth close to the ear of my questioner, and whispering emphatically "Which are *you*?" He told me right off, and with some passion, that he was a Moderate, as all sensible people were; and, as I knew him slightly, and had then a concrete specimen of Moderatism at my elbow, a glimmering dawned

upon me, as I looked at him, of what Moderatism in the abstract might be. Not that I should not have been wrong if I had concluded that I knew the physiognomy of a Moderate once and for ever from this one instance. This very person became afterwards an intense Evangelical, and even died a martyr, in some sense, to the service of his views of Evangelicism. He was one of the younger Free-Church ministers at the disruption; and, his charge then lying in a part of Dumfriesshire where the hostility of the landed-proprietors to the Free-Church denied building-sites to the outgoing congregations, and compelled them to worship for some time in the open air, he caught his death from exposure to rain and sleet in performing his duties.

Perhaps I have come to understand better since that time why there should have been this distinction between Evangelical and Moderate, why so much was made of it in the small region of North Britain, and with what perennial polarity in the constitution of men and things on a broader scale it corresponded.

Whether a man's view of the universe includes mainly the solids and the liquids, or whether it takes account also of the gases and the imponderables—or, to state the thing less unfairly, whether a man's principles of life are the best and surest conclusions he can form from what is within the sphere of his sensible and reasonable ken, or whether he imports among them mysteries of a higher metaphysics, which he calls intuitions, but which his critics may perhaps call phantasies or hallucinations—this has always been, according to philosophers, a constitutional difference among human beings at large, as well as among philosophers themselves. In an article in the *Saturday Review* the other day, there was an ingenious attempt to make the nature of the difference plain by transferring it to the world of dogs. Which would be the wiser dog, the writer virtually asked—a dog that had formed his principles carefully and soundly from all the facts within his dog-experience; or another

dog that somehow brought into his consciousness and principles of action some vehement intuitions or averments respecting the real nature and relations of that superior world of man which he dimly perceived as a boundless grandeur above him? Knowing as *we* do what a much vaster arch of things the world of man comprehends than that of a dog, we should necessarily conclude, the writer seemed to hint, that the more sensible dog might be by no means the wiser. In part, this was begging the question. If the so-called intuitions of the Transcendentalist dog respecting the higher world of man did not correspond with the truth, but were only hallucinations, then their possession would not be wisdom for the poor dog, but only confusion. Nay, unless there were in the dog-mind, or in the minds of some dogs, a special organ for such apprehensions of a higher sphere, the so-called intuitions, it might be argued, could hardly fail to be hallucinations. But though, according to the writer's putting of the case, it might, therefore, be too much to call the one dog *wiser* than the other, it would not be difficult to say which would be the more *powerful* dog, the more perturbing and exciting as a force among his fellows. While the dog of sound judgment might look contemplatively over his paws, and be firm in the sufficiency of his own views of things, the strange beliefs that had taken possession of the other dog, even though they might be hallucinations, would send him skurrying among his fellows, and raising such a commotion that, if they did not at once put an end to him for his troublous ways, he would probably gain over great numbers of them to his own exaltation of spirit. Now, leave behind what is absurd in such a fancied analogy from the dog-world, and the real point of the analogy would help you—so the writer seemed to think—to a clearer intelligence of the nature of the distinction which has always prevailed among men in respect of the amount of their affection for the supernatural or metaphysical. In the history of human thought such oppositions as

Aristotelianism and Platonism, Realism and Idealism, the Kantian Understanding and the Kantian Reason, have been varying forms of the distinction. Whether the higher wisdom shall be said to be with the one mode of thought or with the other will depend on the answer that may be given to the question, whether there is in the structure of the human mind, or of some human minds, an organ of metaphysical truth; but as to which of the two modes of thought has been historically the most exciting and rapturous there is little room for doubt. Wherever the souls of men collectively on any large scale are seen to have been roused and made to glow, the fervour has come from some outburst or inburst of Idealism. As if only by a blast from beyond itself could the world be dynamically affected, every powerful excitement or movement of the general spirit of humanity has been the action of some diffusive faith, involving a fresh assertion or imagination respecting man's relations to the supernatural.

We are less concerned here with the distinction in its broadest form than with the fact that a modification of the distinction is always visible even within the pale of societies which are founded on the conclusion that supernatural truth is not only possible, but actually in possession. Within the bounds of any Church we see invariably a certain number, few or many, who have a more intense fascination than others for what may be called the extreme spiritual peculiarities of the system of doctrine which all alike profess, and who work these peculiarities more incessantly and fervently. Not to go farther back than the last century in England, every one knows what a powerful movement in the Church of England was then caused by the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield. The Church generally was orthodox enough. It was not rejecting any of its doctrines; all clergymen alike used habitually and believably such phrases as "Our Lord," "Our Saviour;" all administered the rites of the Church, and applied its ethics, and exercised its

authority—some in really the most devout spirit. But Wesley and Whitefield roused this Church, and the popular mind of the land all round this Church ; and they did so by fetching out of the middle of the Articles of the Church those peculiar and secret items which, as it seemed to them, constituted the real difference between the Gospel and such a mere system of excellent moral views as man's reason might have devised in any age for itself. They seized these items as the things of divinest worth and surest potency over the human spirit ; they developed them ; they refulminated them ; wherever they went, they held them up in their hands over the heads of listening crowds, proclaiming, "This is the good news, the real Gospel of Christ." And the common people heard them gladly ; and that Evangelical movement was begun in England which has not died out to this day, and in the course of which the preaching of England, and the religious literature of England, became full once more of those phrases—"Come to Jesus," "Believe in Jesus," and a thousand others taken warn from the very vitals of Scripture, or expressing deep points of the Calvinistic metaphysics—of which prior theology had been rather ashamed, and in the reception of which by men of the world we are told, even now, to see the truth of that declaration of the Gospel about itself, that, though the power of God and the wisdom of God, it would be to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness. England is now in a crisis in which Evangelicalism is no longer to the national soul what it was ; and there have been other notable recent forms of Idealism in the English Church besides Evangelicalism. But the national importance of the English Evangelical movement, towards the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, is now universally recognised. Now, in Scotland there was a corresponding movement—with this difference, that, there having been, in that smaller country of Presbyterian habits, no extensive form of religious Idealism

to compete with the Calvinistic Evangelicalism, the nation became more self-conscious of the movement, made more of it rhetorically, and invented, as it went along, more definite terms for the facts and circumstances of it. It is known to all Scotchmen, almost as a lesson taught in their school-histories, that the last century was "the reign of Moderatism" in Scotland, when the clergy, among whom there were many able and serious-minded men, had let go in theory the strong points of their inherited system of Calvinistic theology, and, while retaining the formulas of that system, administered but a washed-out version of it to the consciences of the people. It is equally well-known that this "reign of Moderatism" was broken up by a revival of Evangelicalism, which, gradually extending itself, and gaining over more and more of the clergy, at last overspread the land and almost extinguished Moderatism in its theological sense, though Moderatism survived as the Tory form of Kirk-politics. The change may be said to have reached its consummation in 1843—since which time, in Scotland as in England, there have been new theological developments, enfeebling Evangelicalism and making it no longer what it once was to the general mind of the country. But in the half century between 1790 and 1843 the Evangelical movement in Scotland was really a phenomenon for careful historical study. From the more complete way in which all classes were whirled along in the movement ; from the extraordinary didactic energy which it called forth, and which is inseparable from Calvinism ; and, above all, from the identification of the theological struggle with what may be called the real Parliamentary or public life of Scotland (for Scotland had a complete Parliamentary apparatus in her democratic church-courts)—from these things it certainly happened that latterly the Evangelicalism of Scotland had elements of intellectual strength in it which were wanting in the contemporary Evangelicalism of England. So at least Dr. Chalmers thought. Though

it was to the Evangelical, or Low Church, party in the Church of England that he was drawn by his theological sympathies, he had come to form an opinion of the prevalent state and standard of intellect in that body, which he expressed by saying that, whenever he was among the English Evangelicals, he found himself thinking of that text of Scripture, "The conies are a feeble folk." Perhaps, if there ~~was~~ any such greater play of general intellect latterly among the Scottish Evangelicals, it was owing to nothing so much as to their having Dr. Chalmers himself in the midst of them. A Moderate in his youth, and a massive partisan of Moderatism, he had passed over to the Evangelical ranks in 1810, in consequence of a change then wrought in his whole theory of Religion. Thenceforward he was a leader among the Evangelicals in their contests with the Moderates, both theological and political; and from 1834, onwards to the epoch of the Disruption and the Free Church, he was their champion, their statesman, their spokesman, their generalissimo. He was, in fact and by genius, a great deal more than this in his generation, but he was this by the way.

While Chalmers was yet among the Moderates, nay, before he was a parish-minister at all, there were scattered up and down in Scotland ministers of the Evangelical sort, keeping alive within the Established Church that more fervid style of theological doctrine which had never ceased to be dear to the people where they could get it, for the maintenance of which many of them had even separated themselves from the Establishment, and which was again after a while to be in the ascendant all through the land. Among these pioneers of Evangelicalism in the days of prevailing Moderatism, I recognise Dr. Kidd. By his Irish nature, by the abiding recollection of the form of Christianity he had learnt in his childhood, or by whatever else of deeper influence may have operated, Kidd, as soon as he began to preach, could preach nothing else than a kind of Whitefieldism, and even a

very warm and rich kind of Whitefieldism. It mattered not that he was in the city of Campbell and Gerard, and that these had been his instructors in theology. Only this kind of doctrine could he preach if he preached at all. Anywhere in Scotland a mode of Evangelical preaching so rich, hearty, and warm as Kidd's must have been from the first, would probably have then been an innovation; but in that Aberdonian region it must have been a marvel. Nowhere in Scotland was there such a vast stone-bed of uninterrupted Moderatism. Among the native clergy of the shire there were many specimens of Moderatism at its best—excellent and strong-headed men of great natural piety, controlling the manners of their neighbourhoods most creditably, and preaching sermons of good shrewd matter. But uniformly the theology had come to be of the cold-drawn kind; and, in many parishes, the doctrine expounded had come to have so faint a tincture of theology of any sort in it that, but for a few phrases and forms, any decent pagan who had read Marcus Aurelius would have answered for the parson. It would have astonished the late Mr. Buckle, in his strange notion of Scotland as a country where theology had always been hissing-hot, to hear some of the many stories still current about the theology of the Aberdeenshire lairds and the Aberdeenshire Moderate ministers. "My friends," said one worthy to his little congregation of rustics from the pulpit, "we're told that it is a wrong thing to tell a lee; and I'll no deny, in a general way, that it is; but there's one thing that I'm sure of, and that is, that there can be nae ill in tellin' a lee if it's to haud down din" (i.e. to prevent scandal or disturbance). A doctrine this which might have something to say for itself; but hardly the kind of doctrine that it was necessary to set up a Church for, or that it required the events of Judæa to bring within the reach of the human understanding! I remember another story of an Aberdeenshire minister, whose lifelong peculiarity it was, that he never could get an egg boiled hard enough for

his taste. "Well, is your egg boiled hard enough *this* morning, sir?" said his man to him one morning at breakfast. "Oh, no ; not nearly hard enough, John," was the reply. "Then I dinna ken how we can ever contrive to please you, sir," said the servitor ; "for that egg that you're eating has been on boiling a' nicht wi' the horse-meat" (i.e. with some mess for the horses). Why this story should seem representative to me of an Aberdeenshire Moderate minister I hardly know, seeing that there is nothing contrary to Evangelicism in liking a hard-boiled egg ; but so it is, that this perpetual quest of the hard and the still harder in the way of nutriment does seem characteristic to me of Aberdeenshire Moderatism as it was seventy years ago. Now the Irish Kidd came into the very midst of all that. Among clergymen passionately in quest of hard-boiled eggs, and judiciously advising their flocks that, though it might be sin in a general way to tell a lie, it could be no sin to tell a lie if it were to prevent disturbance and keep the peace, *he* stood up in the pulpit as a force of a new kind, speaking to men of such mysteries as the person and the offices of Christ, of original sin, of God's grace to mankind, of a future state of eternal reprobation for the wicked, and a heaven in God's presence for the saints. "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"—these and a thousand other Biblical texts he quoted and again quoted, he expounded, he exhausted of their marrow. And they heard him, these hard-headed Aberdonians heard him. Even for them these transcendentalisms, warmly uttered by the Irishman, had a subtle softness that disintegrated their moral granite. First, crowds of the poorer sort flocked to hear him in his evening lectures in Trinity Chapel ; and then the great congregation of Gilcomston Chapel, still mainly of the poorer sort, elected him as the man from whom they could hear a really moving Gospel. And among them for thirty years he

laboured—thrice every Sabbath administering to them, with warm Irish vehemence, some special bit of Biblical narrative or doctrine, which he had ruminated, collated, methodized into heads, allegorized into occult meanings, and always melted into intense applicability to the needs and uses of those whom he addressed. And, ere long, the taste for this style of preaching spread beyond his own congregation, till the whole city became in the main Evangelical in its notions of doctrine, and the other pulpits in it were filled with men supplying similar doctrine after their various native fashions, and only in the country round did Moderatism still prevail, though even there largely modified. All this was not owing to Kidd, for the *Zeit-geist* was at work ; but much of it *was* owing to him. He was a flame at which many lit their candles. And it was probably because, in the city and all around Kidd, Evangelicism had so come to be normal thirty years ago, that the notion of any formal contrary in theological sentiment remained then unknown to me, and it was not till a debating-society brought me into contact with specimens of young Moderatism from the shire that I knew of the fact of such a tremendous polarization of North-British human beings as that into Moderates and Evangelicals.

But what Kidd did was not accounted for simply by his being an Evangelical and an Irishman. There might have been many an Evangelical, Irish or Scotch, from whose similar activity in the circumstances no such results would have come. There were extraordinary points about Kidd. He had a good strong head on his shoulders, full of a kind of confused lore of his own. He had a great avidity for information and new lights on all subjects, and every now and then would be seized with some speculative maggot, or a fit of enthusiasm for some research—as when he betook himself, after his sixtieth year, to Dr. Thomas Brown's system of Moral Philosophy, and, again, some years later, to Political Economy, and had private classes at his own house, or public

lectures, on these subjects. Hence he was always refreshing himself with new matter and new imagery; and, biblical to the core as his sermons were, and with chains of text running through them, there would frequently come into a sermon a stroke of capital moral philosophy for the million, or a flash of unexpected secular illustration. He had a rich and ready wit; he had an abundant flow of simple and perspicuous, yet choice English—never bombastic, but often of fine poetic elevation, or flushed with a sudden accession of colour; and he had a beautiful, or even consummate, Irish elocution. This last must have given him, among the Aberdonians, something of the power of an artist. To them he was a real Chrysostom. His slow and impressive reading of the Psalms was, I remember, a never-failing source of admiration and delight; and I remember as a particular treat his peculiar Irish pronunciation of the possessive personal pronoun *her*. From his mouth it was a rich *hur*, in which both the aspirate and the rough consonant had full justice done them. But, above all, Kidd knew men and things. His wandering and residence in America, his early adventures in quest of a livelihood, and his acquaintanceship with different classes of men, must have left in his mind a fund of various and shrewd recollections more considerable than usual. And Dr. Rush's advice to him, "*Study men and things,*" had been followed. Though childish-hearted and full of impulse, he was very wide-awake, could see through people as well as most, was a master of all the little duplicities and vanities of ordinary good people, and would have scented a humbug or a hypocrite at the first look of him. He was a man of the world—if not in the sense of being able always to manage his own affairs, at least in the sense of knowing how affairs were to be managed. Especially he had the condition and habits of the poor at his fingers' ends. I know not any respect in which Christianity, according to the primitive interpretation of it, seems so wholly to have vanished from the world, seems to be so utterly

extinct in fact, nay, so utterly gone out of the conceptions of men, as in respect of that love of the society of the poor and abject, that passion for companionship with them rather than with the well-to-do, that habit of seeking them out and sitting down with them—not patronizingly, but out of love for them as the greater number, and even from a belief in social abjectness itself as a state of thousand-fold richer spiritual capability than upliftedness—of all which there is such a continuous example in the life of Christ. Philanthropy we have, Magdalen Associations we have, district-visiting we have; never was Christianity so rife in such activity; the very ground all round us cracks and splits with the strain of such immense leverage for "raising the sunken masses;" but the essential Christian spirit itself—of personal preference for the society of the poor and wretched and unrespectable, of reverence for them raised or not raised, of feeling towards them in their depressed multitudinousness as towards the real ocean-depths of the world's spirit where mighty forces may be stirring, and creative changes preparing that shall overtop the high-built pinnacles and make the existing order a sediment—this we see almost nowhere. But in the character of Kidd there was much of this. How he went about in his great pastoral district of over 10,000 souls, chiefly of the middle and poorer classes! How he passed the thresholds of the poorest, and knew their household ways—their pots, their porringers, their hearts, their humours, their domestic troubles, and their besetting vices! How he watched the incidents of the streets, and reproduced them in his sermons, with comments that went home! How he had his pockets full of sweetmeats for crying little ones in entries! How, at one time, at a humble marriage in the house of one of his parishioners, he would make the bride happy by waiting a little after the ceremony, sitting down at the table, and drinking a glass of porter to her health—which strange nuptial beverage had, by a stroke of inventive genius, been got ready before-

hand as the likeliest to suit the Doctor in case he *should* so honour the occasion! How, at another time, with a poor woman just out of a fever leaning on his arm, he would be seen in some mean neighbourhood, making a round of the shops! Thus he had come to know the poor intellectually, and it was no vague grasp of them that he took from the pulpit, but the grasp of one who had all the chords at his touch. His style, as I have said, was wonderfully perspicuous. I do not believe that he ever preached a sermon without being thoroughly understood by his poorest hearers.

Still I find I have not imaged Kidd to others up to my own full recollection of him. One all-prevailing quality of his, at which I have already hinted, must be further brought forward. Good-humoured, and even so habitually humorous, that most times, he carried laughter with him wherever he broke in upon a week-day company (though it behoved always to be laughter of his own making, and, had there been an attempt to laugh *at* him, his majesty would pretty soon have turned the tables),—with all this, his dominant quality was courage. Nor was it passive courage. It was very active courage—the courage of a constitutional pugnacity, that considered fighting a man's business, and looked out for objects of attack. "Wherever you see a head, hit it" is the well-known advice of the Irishman to his friend; and, if by the noun "head" we understand "anything unlikeable," Kidd was a model Irishman in this too. If there was anything he did not like he soon let the fact be known. Take the following opening passage from a sermon of his, preached April 3, 1797—*i.e.* while he was not yet member of Gilcomston chapel, but only evening lecturer in the Shiprow chapel—on the text, *Eccles. v. 5*, "Better it is that thou 'shouldst not vow than that thou 'shouldst vow and not pay :"—

"MY BRETHREN,—It never was, nor is it, my desire to make the pulpit a scorner's chair, or to gratify private resentment, by taking an

unmanly advantage of the place where I stand; and yet I suspect there is an individual here this evening, against whom, I promptly declare, I have composed the discourse which I am now about to deliver. Now, that it may not be said that I have deviated from candour, honesty and fidelity, or that I have brought 'a railing accusation' against any one, I call upon you, aged fathers! and upon you, discerning men and brethren! and upon you, ye female part of my audience, whom I should have named first! to ponder well what I shall say—to weigh, with Christian impartiality, the force of my arguments—and to declare the truth, when ye leave this house. 'Ye are witnesses of these things.' I cast myself upon the whole of this assembly, and for once request attention, without the disturbance of coughing or throat-clearing, which so frequently obstructs both speaking and hearing. As in the Divine presence, then, we shall proceed."

Against what flagrant scandal of backsliding, or of breach of promise, in Aberdeen, sixty-seven years ago, Kidd thus spoke out, I do not know; nor can it be gathered in the least from the sermon. One can fancy some skulking culprit in one of the pews, the cynosure of the thoughts of all, and with what cold shivering he sat the sermon out!¹ But I have quoted the passage to suggest that characteristic of Kidd which—already possessed by him, as the passage proves, in his early manhood—accompanied him through life, and even grew by thirty years of practice, in the pulpit and out of it, till it was abnormally developed, and, in his elderly years, he was a very Turk for explosive irascibility. We have seen what kind of steam was in the man, and it may now be added that he went about with the steam always fully up. He was the incarnation of the opposite of our sweet modern principle of Non-interference. Whatever he did not like he spoke out against, and at once and loudly. And it so chanced that there were a great many things, both small and great, that he did not like. He did not like to see people loitering about the church-door—indeed, it was one of his habits to be in the pulpit always when the bell began to ring, and to watch the people taking their

¹ I am not sure but that the passage may have been only a solemn stroke of Kidd's wit, to arrest the attention of all, and make every one think himself the particular scoundrel aimed at.

places during the half-hour before service; and, on coming up once to a small group who chanced to be at the church-door very early, and were innocently exchanging salutations and a little neighbourly gossip, he dispersed it roughly with "What Devil's Committee are you holding here? Get in, get in." I knew one old lady who was of the group; and, though she had never forgotten the circumstance, she had no resentment against the Doctor on account of it, but only a regret that the Doctor should have supposed *she* could be one of a "Devil's Committee." Again, he had a particular aversion to seeing persons asleep in church—a thing which would sometimes happen in drowsy weather even in his audience; and, as he had the eye of a hawk for any culprit in this respect in his vast congregation, every third or fourth Sunday there would be an interruption of the sermon for an explosion on somebody. "Wake up, sir; wake up; there will be no sleeping in Hell," was common enough; and once, by way of variation, I remember something to this effect, "You, sir, No. 3 in the second seat from the front in the top-loft, what are you asleep for? Rouse him up, rouse him up. Won't he wake? Put your thumb into him, his next neighbour." There would be an arrest of the attention of the congregation at such moments—even a titter, when the oddity of the incident was greater than usual; but straightway all would be solemnity again; nor at his greatest oddities was the feeling other than that of awe at the outbreaks of a royal Lear. In his earlier days in Aberdeen he must have had vehement personal critics and enemies. But he had tossed and gored them, or they had died off or gone into corners; and one heard of them chiefly in connexion with a Gilcomston legend that no one that had ever resisted the Doctor had prospered. So, in his later years, his combativeness was left free for impersonal antagonists—for Aberdonian evils, and wild beasts at Ephesus. As a true Irish Protestant, he had an especial detestation of Papacy and Popery in all their manifestations;

and there were, of course, opportunities, even away from his pulpit, when this blazed forth. The story is that, during one anti-Popery paroxysm of the town, when meetings were being held and squibs were flying, he chanced to meet the Roman Catholic priest in the School-hill, and, being on good enough terms with him save where religion was concerned, saluted him thus, two yards off, "Hillo! Priest Fraser; tell me this; what difference is there between Christ's mother and my mother?" Only on this one occasion, if the story be true, was the Doctor ever known to be vanquished; for the priest, coming up to him, had said quietly, "I don't know, Doctor; but the difference is very great between the sons." But the story may not be true; for, even in his lifetime, many myths had gathered round Kidd, and many tales that I have heard told of him I have since found to be floating Rowland-Hilliams, or what not, that had been fathered on Kidd in the North, from a feeling of their verisimilitude. Yet the absolutely authentic stories of Kidd's eccentricities—all of them, so far as I have investigated, instances of his fearless courage, his humorous irascibility, his sudden discharges of steam—would make a sufficiently large collection. Under the head of his fightings with wild beasts at Ephesus—that is, of his outbreaks against things offensive to him which were far enough off, in all conscience, from any power of Gilcomston or of Aberdeen to lay hold of them or mend them—may be reckoned, in addition to his furies against the Papacy, his denunciations of Socinianism. A live Socinian in Gilcomston was a physical impossibility; but every man must have his pastimes, and one of Kidd's was to fore-exercise the Gilcomstonians against every conceivable invasion of the anti-Trinitarian heresy. Coming more home to them, perhaps—though any practical application was also a long way off—was his vehement ecclesiastical Whiggism, showing itself in his Anti-patronage philippics, and what, had he lived a little longer, would have been called his Non-Intrusionism.

But he was a Whig also in secular politics, and affected no concealments even here. On the occasion of the accession of George IV. he had prayed openly for him in this wise: "Grant, O Lord, that he may be a better King than he has been a Prince-Regent;" and when, even in Kidd's privileged case, the local authorities—who were mostly Tories, and rabid against Queen Caroline—thought themselves obliged, in loyalty, to make some inquiry respecting so seditious an utterance, Kidd's answer had non-plussed them:—"And where's the man that can't improve?" In short, in this, as in everything else at last, he was best let alone. But it was as an angry old lion who would let nobody else alone. Non-intervention! Pshaw! you should have known Dr. Kidd! Take him even in his walks within the bounds of Aberdeen, and he was, in his own person, worth a police-force to the town. At the time when vaccination was coming in, the popular prejudice being strongly against it in Aberdeen, Kidd had not only lectured on the subject from the pulpit, and employed a medical man to vaccinate, at intimated times, those whom he had thus persuaded, but, finding this not enough, had compelled hundreds into his own house, like sheep, and vaccinated them himself. Vaccination by *his* hands *must* be free from harm! Latterly, I believe, even a kick from him would have seemed a sacred thing to many. I do not know that he ever came to kicks, for he was stalwart in the upper part of his body, and would have preferred his arm. Were there a fray in the streets as he was passing, he was in the middle of it in a moment. Not if it were a legitimate fray—for, when the students, throwing snowballs in the College court-yard, would stop to let him through the midst of them, and also because it was against College rule and a Professor might fine them, his good-humoured "Heave away, my lads; never mind me!" would be received with a cheer. But, if it were a brutish fray, with Aberdeen savagery in it, then, I say, he would be in the middle of it,

a white-haired justice. And, where his tongue failed on such occasions—which it rarely did—his umbrella would be in requisition. The scamps knew their man, and would make off loweringly, their heads bent, and their hands deep in their fustian pockets. Even Alcohol—the chief fiend of Aberdeen, as of all the rest of Scotland—was no match for the Doctor. He has been seen driving all the way before him up Skene Street a drunken parishioner on whom he had pounced, and whom he was bent on seeing home—the man going as meekly as a lamb, in spite of the volleys of epithets from all Irish parts of the vocabulary with which the Doctor was pursuing him, and the occasional thwack of the Doctor's umbrella on his drunken back. Let a drunken beast have been beating his wife, and the rumour of the Doctor's coming, or the mere threat of sending for him, would have been the most potent thing in Aberdeen, short of an actual cudgel in the hands of a convenient six-foot man on the spot, to cow and quiet the brute. But it was not only drunkenness and its consequences that brought out the irascibility of the Doctor. Anything might do it—any meanness, or cruelty, or (and here was his excess) any unlovely thing whatever that encountered him inauspiciously. One story, beyond my own memory, has been reported to me—how, as he was going, one Fast-day morning, through a part of the town where there were gardens and hedges, he came upon a well-known professional bird-catcher, plying his vagabond craft, with his limed twigs and lines all in operation and the cages waiting for the produce, and how, his soul starting up in loathing at such a blasphemy on Nature's quiet, he dashed at the lines and traps, liberated the already captive linnets, broke the cages, and chased the scared offender, as incapable of resistance as if it had been Michael the Archangel that was after him, for a full quarter of a mile. Habitually, and to the very last, there was one thing that moved him to his most violent indignation—the sight of a savage mother misusing her little ones by her own street-door, and giving

them over to the Devil with imprecations. Woe to the woman whom the Doctor came upon in his walks so engaged! There was nothing for her, if she would escape the torrent of his wrath, but to rush to her door—upstairs, downstairs, or on the ground-floor—and bolt herself in, and the Doctor out. Such horrors must have been frequent in mean neighbourhoods in Aberdeen, or must have made a particular impression on him. Often, in his sermons—or, more especially, in his addresses to the parents who, after every service, stood up in the lectern, under the white-clothed christening-basin, to have their month-old infants baptized before the whole congregation, three or four at a time (for Gilcomston was prolific)—he would allude to this cursing of children by their parents, and make an extraordinary text of it. But everything that the Doctor saw was turned to account in his pulpit; and his love for children, and for the young generally, was his ruling softness.

Kidd's eccentricities were the talk of the town. One never heard the last of them. What he might say or do next, nobody knew. That he did sometimes outrage propriety, and that, though his own adoring congregation forgave him everything, there were outstanding portions of the more cultured opinion of the town that regarded him, even at the last, only as a splendid popular eccentric, are facts within my cognisance. But, remembering him all in all, I cannot allow that the stories of his eccentricities—a whole budget of which, I suppose, might still be collected in Aberdeen—adequately represent him or his influence. While writing this sketch of him, I have looked into one of his published volumes, which—attracted by his name, and the vision of thirty years ago which it called up—I picked up for threepence at a London book-stall. His printed remains are not numerous. What may be called his miscellaneous writings are—a volume of his Gilcomston Sermons, printed by him in his life-time; another volume of

sermons, or rather of skeletons of sermons, posthumously printed; a pamphlet on the Rights and Liberties of the Church against the Usurpation of Patronage; a Catechism for the Young on approaching the Communion-Table for the First Time; and a Treatise on Infant-Baptism. In the uttermost depths of the British Museum, I believe, you would look in vain for copies of these productions. But his *opera magna*, into which he threw his whole literary strength, were these two—(1) "*An Essay on the Doctrine of the Trinity, attempting to prove it by Reason and Demonstration, founded upon Duration and Space, and upon some of the Divine Perfections, some of the powers of the Human Soul, the language of Scripture, and Tradition among all nations;*" (2) "*A Dissertation on the Eternal Sonship of Christ.*" The first was published in 1815; the second in 1822. I should like to have got hold of Kidd on the Trinity, for the sake of its Gilcomstonian metaphysics. I should fancy it a queer book—a book that would not now bite anywhere into contemporary intelligence, but would seem the action of an ingenious Irish mind whirling in *vacuo*. But it so chanced that it was the Treatise on the Eternal Sonship that I picked up for threepence. I cannot say that there is any intellectual bite in this treatise either—a laboriously-reasoned argument as it is against a subtle form of Arianism or semi-Arianism. The Doctor, I have said, did a good deal in the way of fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus. But this I noticed in the treatise, almost to my own surprise—a singular finish of style, an elegance and neatness in the concatenation of thoughts and clauses in which the keenest knife-edge could hardly detect a flaw. And so, going back upon the Doctor as he lived, I am surer than ever that, even in æsthetic respects, he must have been a god-send among the Aberdonians. I can see now how, with that finish of style and his rich Irish elocution, added as external graces to all his hot energy as a moral messenger, he must have been

as a kind of local Aaron and Moses in one, and how that happened which did happen — that his vast squab-built chapel on Gilcomston heights became, in addition to all else that it was, a kind of intellectual and æsthetic gymnasium for the inhabitants of Aberdeen. In minute respects, as well as in greater, the old Irishman Kidd was a dynamic power among the Aberdonians. There they sat on Sundays, in daylight or in candle-light, a densely-packed mass of between two and three thousand human beings — old red-cloaked women and decrepit poor men in the passages or on the pulpit-stairs, and a general congregation of young and old in the ground-pews or the gallery-pews, including men in as large proportion as women, and as considerable a sprinkling of tough-headed old fellows among the men as you would be likely to find anywhere — and all this miscellaneous audience hung, in reverence, on the Doctor's lips. Their week-day life might have been hard and meagre; but here at least they were above penury, here their souls could be set a-glow, here they heard of things unearthly, here they were in a world of ideas, here they felt the glimmering of the Celestial City. And strangers would be there, attracted by the fame of the Doctor's oratory, and divinity-students, anxious to catch hints as to the way in which to address a congregation. And what mattered it if the doctor would go off now and then into his Trinitarian metaphysics, and his visionary interpretations of the Apocalypse? Man cannot live by bread alone, and the Aberdonians were susceptible to flights of Idealism. Even in such matters Kidd made himself intelligible; and for the hardest-headed old fellow, who had haggled over his bargain to a penny yesterday, and would haggle to a halfpenny to-morrow, there was a temporary expansion of being in knowing all about the Millennium. What it was to be the Doctor hardly ventured to say; but about the time when it was due he had no doubt. *He* should not live to see it, he often said,

but many then hearing him would! It was to be in 186—; unfortunately, I forget the last digit. And Gilcomston believed him, because he believed it himself. I should like also an affidavit to be taken in Aberdeen as to another prophecy of the Doctor's. Unless I am mistaken, there are many now alive who could attest what I can attest myself — that he used to say over and over again, about the years 1830—1834, that Europe was to have another terrible Napoleon, of *the same name*, treading in the footsteps of the first. How on earth he had worked out this conjecture I do not know. But Aberdeen, thirty years ago, had this opportunity, I can vouch, of being wiser than all the rest of the world.

What a mourning there was in the town when the Doctor died! The event was sudden. He had been ailing for a day or two; but, on Tuesday, the 23d December, 1834, he persisted in going out to meet his Hebrew class in Marischal College. On his return home he fell down in apoplexy. The news ran, like a shock, through the town; and the next day Aberdeen knew that it had lost Dr. Kidd. His body lay in state for a week; and the immense length of the funeral-procession that followed it to the grave remains in my memory as a mourning-pageant the equal of which I have never seen since. I remember looking down into his grave before the interment. It was solidly cased with brick. Accustomed as I had been to the sight only of graves of earth, this struck me as a peculiarity. They would save all that remained of such a man from the worms and corruption as long as they could! And they did right. In Aberdeen there are still many, past their prime, who remember more of him than I can, and many middle-aged whose heads he patted when they were children, and not a few, justly reckoned among the foremost minds of the town in everything, (but, after this lapse of time, not a whit more Evangelical than they should be) who trace back their first intellectual stirrings to Kidd and Gilcomston Chapel.

And I, too, at this distance, would fain build my little brick wall around the moral remains of the first man I knew in this world that I can think of now as a man of mark and influence. But what is the use? Had he been the imaginary hero of some novel, the scene of which was laid in Kamtschatka or in Chelten-

ham, people might not have objected to hear of him. But he was only a real man, and an Evangelical minister, of Irish birth, who lived thirty years ago in the North of Scotland. And some people are so much in the habit of making all their geese into swans whenever they speak about them!

ONE DAY.

I WILL tell you when they met :
In the limpid days of spring ;
Elder boughs were budding yet,
Oaken boughs looked wintry still,
But primrose and veined violet
In the mossful turf were set,
While meeting birds made haste to sing
And build with right good will.

I will tell you when they parted :
When plenteous autumn sheaves were brown,
Then they parted heavy-hearted ;
The full rejoicing sun looked down
As grand as in the days before ;
Only they had lost a crown ;
Only to them those days of yore
Could come back nevermore.

When shall they meet? I cannot tell,
Indeed, when they shall meet again,
Except some day in Paradise :
For this they wait, one waits in pain.
Beyond the sea of death love lies
For ever, yesterday, to-day ;
Angels shall ask them, "Is it well?"
And they shall answer, "Yea."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"THE LAST VOICE FROM THE CRIMEA."

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

A VALUABLE pamphlet entitled "The Crimean War," has just been published by Dr. Shrimpton, an Englishman practising as a physician at Paris, and late Surgeon-in-chief of Field Hospitals in Algeria. Looking through the eyes of a surgeon-major of the French army, who is nevertheless still English to the core, we get a new and very interesting point of view of that drama, which will never fail deeply to move the heart of England, at least until the grave has closed over our generation. Dr. Shrimpton is chiefly occupied, of course, with the health of the Allied Armies, and of the British in particular. But the health of an army involves all manner of other efficiency, and we get side-glances of every branch of the service while following him about the hospitals. The main object of the writer is to contrast the sanitary state of the English army at the beginning and end of the siege, and to point out the share which Miss Nightingale had in the almost incredible change which was effected in one year. Incidentally he speaks of the French troops also, and gives the clue to the extraordinary mortality which prevailed amongst them after the time when the English camp had become more healthy than barracks at home.

Nothing can add to the force of the simple facts put side by side; and they cannot be too often set before the eyes, and dinned into the ears, of the nation. In the early months of 1855 the British soldiers in the Crimea there died, of diseases alone—over and above those who were killed in battle, or died of wounds—at the rate of sixty per cent. per annum; that is to say, as Miss Nightingale vividly puts it, at an annual rate greater than that of deaths in time of pestilence out of the sick. In the early months of 1856 (from January to May) the rate of mortality had been reduced to

1.15 per cent. per annum on the whole force, while amongst the sick the fate was two-thirds only of what it is amongst troops on home service. I suppose it would be quite impossible to match these figures, or indeed to produce anything like a parallel case, from the records of any army which ever fought on the face of this earth. Of these sixty per cent. of our soldiers who died in the worst months of 1855, out of every hundred ninety-six died of hospital diseases commonly classed as preventible. Of the 70,000 English soldiers who embarked for the East, we lost 22,000—of whom at least 14,000 might have been saved to the nation, for they died of diseases which, during the last six months of the campaign, had absolutely disappeared from our camps.

The contrast between the French and English armies is very remarkable and instructive. During the winter of 1854-5, the military administration of the French army was admirable. Not only did it suffice for their own needs, but in the most critical times it came to our relief with a promptness and generosity which should never be forgotten. After Inkerman, when the remnant of our army were slowly carrying off the wounded from the field on stretchers, the French *train des équipages* came to our aid with 500 mules. Between the 1st of December 1854 and the 20th of January 1855, 8,000 English sick were carried—on *litières*, lent by the French administration—from the camp before Sebastopol down to Balaclava. It would seem that during the first year the sanitary condition of the French army stood out in as marked and as favourable contrast to ours as their general administrative arrangements. During the second year of the siege, however, the tables were turned. In the month of February 1856, 20,800 sick were taken to the

French hospitals, almost all of whom died. A few months later there were 73,422 men in hospital out of a force of 142,391. Typhus fever was raging in their camps, while ours were wholly free from this disease. On the whole our allies lost 75,000 out of the 309,000 men who went to the war; and from Dr. Shrimpton's account it is evident that the average who died of preventible diseases was at least as large as it was amongst our troops.

The disasters of the French were, however, not directly caused by any shortcomings in their military administration, though the hospital organization seems at last to have broken down. The absolute horror of pure fresh air, with which Dr. Shrimpton charges the whole French nation, mischievous when the troops were under canvas, became fatal when they were huddled. "Their huts," the doctor says, "were built by choice "on low ground; pits were often dug "to receive them," and every possible precaution was taken to exclude fresh air. Even the hospital huts had no ventilators, and only three windows on one side, and a door, with a small window above it, at one end, all of which were generally kept closed. Both huts and hospitals were overcrowded, and the consequence was that half the force was laid up with hospital-diseases during the last six months of the war.

The English huts, on the contrary, were placed on elevated spots, isolated from each other, and provided with moveable boarded floors; they were perfectly ventilated, and never overcrowded; and in them the British army enjoyed such health as has seldom fallen to the lot of soldiers in a campaign.

Dr. Shrimpton preaches earnestly on the text that "ventilation is the only "preventive of hospital diseases," but does not seem to think that the French military authorities have yet recognised the fact. The evidence of the Italian war, however, would go to prove that our neighbours have not forgotten their Crimean lesson. In that campaign larger powers were given to the Physician-in-chief of the army than ever

before, and, consequently, the sick and wounded, instead of being crowded in a few large ill-ventilated hospitals, were distributed in a number of smaller ones. In the town of Brescia alone there were thirty-eight of these. The result was, as the *Gazette Medicale* avers, that there were no traces of hospital diseases in the French army during the Italian Campaign.

Let us see how we have profited by our Crimean lesson. At the beginning of that war we had simply no military administration; but times are changed since then. We have had one really searching trial of the machinery which the War Office has organized since 1855. Two years ago our Government was suddenly called upon largely to reinforce our army in Canada. It was mid-winter. The War Office had scarcely time to send off a small staff of officers in advance, before the transports sailed from our ports. At 1.30 P.M. on January 3d, 1862, the *Australian*, with General Rumley and staff, the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and a battery of artillery, on board, arrived off St. John in the Bay of Fundy, the spot chosen for disembarkation; and by 6.15 P.M. all the troops, with their light baggage, were landed and housed. St. John is 319 miles from Riviere du Loup, the nearest point of the Grand Trunk railway. The tracks were in several places almost impassable when first visited by the officers who planned the route. On the 10th of January the first detachment started, in sleighs holding eight men each. The route for each detachment occupied thirteen days, the 5th and 10th of which were spent at the halt. At the eleven stations not only had comfortable sleeping accommodation been provided, but also commissariat depots, hospitals, and telegraph offices, in charge of officers of the military train, so that the slightest delay or break-down was known at once along the whole route, and all chance of crowding at any station avoided. So perfect was the organization along the route, that extra warm clothing was circulated along the line, each detachment being provided with it

in turn, and returning it into store at certain stations, from whence it was sent back to meet, and comfort, fresh relays of men. Day by day, up to the 12th of February, the detachments passed along the route without interruption, when a break of two days occurred, as there were no troops left at St. John. On the 14th the route was resumed. On the 20th, in consequence of a heavy snow fall and storm, one detachment had to return, and was detained till the 22d. On the 3d of March the last detachment left St. John; and with its arrival at Riviere du Loup the operation of moving the army across New Brunswick was finished.

These troops, be it remembered, had come straight from the life of English garrison towns, and of London, into the midst of a Canadian winter. They were moved by a route which for hundreds of miles ran close along the United States frontier; yet there were only five casualties and eight desertions. There is no space here to go into details. The broad results only can be stated. But let any reader think for a moment of the difficulties which had to be met in this case, and then of our landings at Malta, at Gallipoli, and at Eupatoria, in 1854—of the infinite confusion and helplessness, of the want of all proper stores, of doctors having to make themselves personally responsible for the blankets required for the sick, of soldiers obliged to kill the bullocks of the arabas which brought their baggage or to go without food—and I think he will need no further evidence of the value of an efficient military administration.

This is the one lesson of the Crimean war which, it is to be hoped, has been well burnt into the English mind. The French service of administration, probably the best that has ever been seen, comprises distinct branches for pro-

visions, forage, transport, hospital, encampment. All of these, however, are under one chief, the Intendant General, himself an officer of high rank, responsible for the whole military administration, but responsible only to the very highest military authority. We on the other hand have a divided Government in our military affairs, and, while this is so, are never likely to reach the point of thorough efficiency, in which the whole power of the nation could be put out on the shortest notice. But the expedition to Canada in mid-winter has at least proved, that now we have an administration that does not break down and bring us to shame in the face of all Europe. It is to be hoped that we shall never again drop back into the ante-Crimean state of helplessness. It is a mere costly and cruel sham to pretend to keep up an army without an effective commissariat, and hospital and transport staff and machinery. We have no right to send brave men into the field to fight our battles, whom we can neither feed, nor clothe, nor shelter, nor tend in sickness. Ours are not times in which any reduction of the army is possible, or likely to be called for. But, if such times should come, the experience of the last ten years ought at any rate to have taught us that 10,000 men thoroughly well found are equal to four times that number left to shift for themselves. The most earnest financial reformer, if he has any honest patriotism in him, will never, by paring down a branch of the service which is the foundation of all military efficiency, put his country in peril of losing her soldiers in the field at the rate of 60 per cent. per annum, and so renew the bitter national repentance and wild penitential extravagance which followed in England on the winter of 1854-5.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

NOVEMBER weather is not cheerful on the Holy Loch. The dazzling snow on the hills when there is sunshine, the sharp cold blue of the water, the withered ferns and heather on the banks, give it, it is true, a new tone of colour unknown to its placid summer beauty; but, when there is no sunshine, as is more usual, when the mountains are folded in dark mists, and the rain falls cold, and the trees rain down a still heavier and more melancholy shower of perpetually falling leaves, there is little in the landscape to cheer the spirits of the inhabitants, who, fortunately for themselves, take it very calmly, like most people accustomed to such a climate. The farmer's wife of Ramore, however, was not of that equable mind. When she looked out from her homely parlour-window, it oppressed her heart to miss her mountains, and to see the heavy atmosphere closing in over her own little stretch of hill-side. She was busy, to be sure, and had not much time to think of it; but, when she paused for a moment in her many occupations, and looked wistfully for signs of "clearing," the poetic soul in her homely bosom fell subdued into an unconscious harmony with the heavy sky. If the baby looked pale by chance, the mother took gloomy views of the matter on such days, and was subject to little momentary failures of hope and courage, which amazed, and at the same time amused, big Colin, who by this time knew all about it.

"You were blythe enough about us a' yesterday, Jeanie," he would say with a smile, "and nothing's happened to change the prospect but the rain. It's just as weel for the wean that the doctor's a dozen miles off; for it's your

e'en that want physic, and a glint o' sunshine would set a' right." He was standing by her, hovering like a great good-humoured cloud, his eyes dwelling upon her with that tender perception of her sacred weakness, and admiring pride in her more delicate faculties, which are of the highest essence of love.

"I hope you dinna think me a fool altogether," the mistress would answer, with momentary offence; "as if I was thinking of the rain, or as if there was onything but rain to be lookit for! but when I mind that my Colin gangs away the morn—"

And then she took up her basket of mended stockings, and, with a little impatience, to hide a chance drop on her eyelash, carried them away to Colin's room, where his chest stood open and was being packed for the journey. It was not a very long journey, but it was the boy's first outset into independent life; and very independent life was that which awaited the country lad in Glasgow, where he was going to the University. On such a day dark shadows of many a melancholy story floated somehow upon the darkened atmosphere into Mrs. Campbell's mind.

"If we could but have boarded him in a decent family," she said to herself, as she packed her boy's stockings. But it had been "a bad year" at Ramore, and no decent family would have received young Colin for so small a sum as that on which he himself and various more wise advisers considered it possible for him to live, by the help of an occasional hamper of home-produce, in a little lodging of his own. Mrs. Campbell had acceded to this arrangement as the best; but it occurred to her to remember various wrecks she had encountered even in her innocent life;

and her heart failed her a little as she leaned over Colin's big "kist."

Colin himself said very little on the subject, though he thought of nothing else; but he was a taciturn Scotch boy, totally unused to disclose his feelings. He was strolling round and round the place with his hands in his pockets, gradually getting soaked by the persistent rain, and rather liking it than otherwise. As he strayed about—having nothing to do that day in consideration of its being his last day at home—Colin's presence was by no means welcomed by the other people about the farm. Of course, being unoccupied himself, he had the sharpest eyes for every blunder that was going on in the stable or the byre, and announced his little discoveries with a charming candour. But in his heart, even at the moment when he was driving Jess to frenzy by uncalled-for remarks touching the dinner of the pigs, Colin was all a-blaze with anticipation of the new life that was to begin to-morrow. He thought of it as something grand and complete, not made up of petty details like this life he was leaving. It was a mist of learning, daily stimulation and encounter of wits, with glorious prizes and honours hanging in the hazy distance, which Colin saw as he went strolling about the farmyard in the rain, with his hands in his pockets. If he said anything articulate to himself on the subject, it was comprised in one succinct, but seemingly inapplicable, statement. "Eton's no a college," he said once, under his breath, with a dark glow of satisfaction on his face as he stopped opposite the door, and cast a glance upon the loch and the boat, which latter was now drawn up high and dry out of reach of the wintry water; and then a cloud suddenly lowered over Colin's face, as a sudden doubt of his own accuracy seized him—a torturing thought which drove him indoors instantly to resolve his doubt by reference to a wonderful old Gazetteer which was believed in at Ramore. Colin found it recorded there, to his great mental disturbance, that Eton *was* a college; but, on further inquiry, derived

great comfort from knowing that it certainly was not a university, after which he felt himself again at liberty to issue forth and superintend and aggravate all the busy people about the farm.

That night the family supper-table was somewhat dull, notwithstanding the excitement of the boys, for Archie was to accompany his father and brother to Glasgow, and was in great glee over that unusual delight. Mrs. Campbell, for her part, was full of thoughts natural enough to the mother of so many sons. She kept looking at her boys as they sat round the table, absorbed in their supper. "This is the beginning, but wha can tell what may be the end?" she said half to herself; "they'll a' be gane afore we ken what we're doing." Little Johnnie, to be sure, was but six years old; but the mother's imagination leapt over ten years, and saw the house empty, and all the young lives out in the world. "Eh me!" said the reflective woman, "that's what we bring up our bairns for, and rejoice over them as if they were treasure; and then by the time we're auld they're a' gane;" and, as she spoke, not the present shadow only, but legions of vague desolations in the time to come came rolling up like mists upon her tender soul.

"As lang as there's you and me, we'll fend, Jeanie," said the farmer, with a smile; "twa's very good company to my way o' thinking; but there's plenty of time to think about the dispersion which canna take place yet for a year or twa. The boys came into the world to live their ain lives and serve their Maker, and no' just to pleasure you and me. If you've a' done, ye can cry on Jess, and bring out the big Bible, Colin. We, maunna miss our prayers to-night."

To tell the truth, Colin of Ramore was not quite so regular in his discharge of this duty as his next neighbour, Eben Campbell of Barton, thought necessary, and was disapproved of accordingly by that virtuous critic; but the homely little service was perhaps all the more touching on this special occasion, and marked the "night before Colin went

first to the college," as a night to be remembered. When his brothers trooped off to bed, Colin remained behind as a special distinction. His mother was sitting by the fire without even her knitting, with her hands crossed in her lap, and clouds of troubled, tender thought veiling her soft eyes. As for the farmer, he sat looking on with a faint gleam of humour in his face. He knew that his wife was going to speak out her anxious heart to her boy, and big Colin's respect for her judgment was just touched by a man's smile at her womanish solemnity, and the great unlikelihood that her innocent advices would have the effect she imagined upon her son's career. But, notwithstanding the smile, big Colin, too, listened with interest to all that his wife had to say.

"Come here and sit down," said Mrs. Campbell; "you needna think shame of my hand on your head, though you *are* gaun to the college the morn. Eh! Colin, you dinna ken a' the temptations nor the trials. Ye've aye had your ain way at hame—"

Here Colin made a little movement of irrepressible dissent. "I've aye done what I was bidden," said the honest boy. He could not accept that gentle fiction even when his heart was touched by his mother's farewell.

"Weel, weel," said the farmer's wife, with a little sigh; "you've had your ain way as far as it was good for you. But its awfu' different, living among strangers, and living in your father's house. Ye'll have to think for yoursel' and take care of yoursel' now. I'm no one to give many advices," said the mother, putting up her hand furtively to her eyes, and looking into the fire till the tears should be re-absorbed which had gathered there. "But I wouldna like my firstborn to leave Ramore and think a' was as fair in the world as appears to the common e'e. I've been real weel off a' my days," said the mistress, slowly, letting the tears which she had restrained before drop freely at this reminiscence of happiness; "a guid father and mother to bring me up, and then *him* there, that's the kindest

man!—But you and me needna praise your father, Colin; we can leave that to them that dinna ken," she went on, recovering herself; "but I've had ae trouble for a' so weel as I've been, and I mean to tell you what that is afore you set out in the world for yoursel'."

"Nothing about poor George," said the farmer, breaking in—

"Oh, ay, Colin, just about poor George; I maun speak," said the mistress. "He was far the bonniest o' our family, and the best-likit; and he was to be a minister, laddie, like you. He used to come hame with his prizes, and bring the very sunshine to the auld house. Eh! but my mother was proud; and for me, I thought there was nothing in this 'world he mightna' do if he likit. Colin," said Mrs. Campbell, with solemn looks, "are ye listening? The last time I saw my brother was in a puir place at Liverpool, a' in rags and dirt, with an auld coat buttoned to his throat, that it mightna' be seen what was wantin', and a' his wild hair hangin' about his face, and his feet out o' his shoon, and hunger in his eye—"

"Jeanie, Jeanie, nae mair," said big Colin from the other side of the fire.

"But I maun say mair; I maun tell a'," cried his wife, with tears. "Hunger in his bonnie face, that was ance the blythest in the country-side—no hunger for honest meat as nature might crave; but for a' thing that was unlawfu', and evil, and killin' to soul and body. He had to be watched for fear he should spend the hard-won silver that we had a' scraped together to send him away. Him that had been our pride, we couldna trust him, Colin, no ten minutes out o' our sight but he was in some new trouble. It was to Australia we sent him, where a' the unfortunates go. Eh, me! the like o' that ship sailing! If there was a kind o' hope in our breasts it was the hope o' despair. It wasna' my will, for what is there in a new place to make a man reform his ways? And that was how your Uncle George went away."

"And then?" cried the boy, whose interest was raised, and who had heard mysteriously of this Uncle George before.

"We've heard no word from that day to this," said Mrs. Campbell, drying her eyes. "Listen till I tell you a' that his pleasurings brought him to. First, and greatest, to say what was not true, Colin—to deceive them that trusted him. If the day should ever dawn that I couldna trust a bairn o' mine—if it should ever come sickening to my heart that e'e or tongue was false that belonged to me—if I had to watch my laddies, and to stand in doubt at every word, they said—eh! Colin, God send I may be in my grave afore such an awfu' fate should come to me."

Young Colin of Ramore answered not a word; he stared into the fire instead, making horrible faces unawares. He could not have denied, had he been taxed with it, that tears were in his eyes; but rather than shed them he would have endured tortures; and any expression of his feelings in words was more impossible still.

"No as if I was a better woman than my mother, or worthy o' a better fate," said the thoughtful mistress of Ramore; "for she was ane o' the excellent of the earth, as a'boddy kens; and, if ever a woman won to her rest through great tribulations, she was ane; and, if the Lord sent the cross, He would send the strength to bear it. But oh! Colin, my man, it would be kind to drown your mother in the loch, or fell her on the hill, sooner than bring upon her such great anguish and trouble as I have told you of this night."

"Now, wife," said the farmer, interfering, "you've said your part. Nae such thought is in Colin's head. Gang you and look after his kist, and see that a' thing's right; and him and me will have our crack the time you're away. Your mother's an innocent woman," said big Colin, after a pause, when she had gone away; "she kens nae mair of the world than the bairn on her knee. When you're a man you'll ken the benefit of taking your first notions from a woman like that. No an imagination in her mind but what's good and true. It's hard work fechtin' through this world without marks o' the battle," said

big Colin with a little pathos; "but a man wi' the like o' *her* by his side maun be ill indeed if he gangs very far wrang. It mightna' be a' to the purpose," continued the farmer, with a little of his half-conscious common-sense superiority, "as appeals to the feelings seldom are; but, Colin, if you take my advice, you'll mind every word of what your mother says."

Colin said not a syllable in reply. He had got rid of the tears safely, which was a great deal gained: they must have fallen had the mistress remained two seconds longer looking at him with her soft beaming eyes; but he had not quite gulped down yet that climbing sorrow which had him by the throat. Anyhow, even if his voice had been at his own command, he was very unlikely to have made any reply.

"Ye'll find a' strange when ye gang to Glasgow," continued the farmer. "I'm no feared for any great temptation, except idleness, besetting a callant like you; but a man that has his ain bread and his ain way to make in the world has nae time for idleness. You've guid abilities, Colin, and if they dinna come to something you'll have but yoursel' to blame: and I wouldna' put the reproach on my Maker of having framed a useless soul into the world, if I were you," said big Colin. "There's never only failures that I can see among the lower creation, without some guid reason; but it's the privilege o' men to fail without any cause o' failure except want o' will to do weel. When ye see the like of George for instance, ye ask what the Lord took the trouble to make such a ne'er-do-weel for?" said the homely philosopher; "I never could help thinking, for my part, that it was labour lost, though nae doubt Providence kent better; but I wouldna' be like that if I could help it. There's no a silly sheep on the hill, nor horse in the stable, that isna' a credit to Him that made it. I would take good heed no to put mysel' beneath the brute beasts, if I were you."

"I'm no meaning," cried Colin, with ungrammatical abruptness and a little

offence ; for he was pricked in his pride by this address, which was not, according to his father's ideas, any "appeal to his feelings," but a calm and common-sense way of putting an argument before the boy.

"I never said you were," said the farmer. "It'll cost us hard work to keep ye at your studies, and I put it to your honour no to waste your time ; and you'll write regular, and mind what kind o' thoughts your mother's thinking at home in Ramore ; and I may tell you, Colin, I put confidence in you," said the father, laying his big hand with a heavy momentary pressure upon the lad's shoulder. "Now, good-night, and go to your bed, and prepare for the morn."

Such were the parting advices with which the boy was sent out into the world. His mother was in his room, kneeling before his chest, adding the last particulars to its store, when Colin entered the homely little chamber—but what they said to each other before they parted was for nobody's ear ; and the morning was blazing with a wintry brightness, and all the hills standing white against the sky, and the heart of the mistress hopeful as the day, when she wiped off her tears with her apron, and waved her farewell to her boy, as he went off in the little steamer which twice a day thrilled the loch with communications from the world. "He'll come back in the spring," she said to herself, as she went about her homely work, and ordered her household. And so young Colin went forth, all dauntless and courageous, into the great battlefield, to encounter whatsoever conflicts might come to him, and to conquer the big world and all that was therein, in the victorious dreams of his youth.

CHAPTER V.

THE first disappointment encountered by the young hero was the wonderful shock of finding out that it was not an abstract world he had to encounter and fight with, but that life was an affair of days and hours exactly as at Ramore,

which was about his first real mental experience and discovery. It was a strange mortification to Colin, who was, like his mother, a poet in his soul, to find out that there was nothing abstract in his new existence, but that a perpetually recurring round of lessons to learn, and classes to attend, and meals to eat, made up the days, which were noways changed in their character from those days which he had already known for all the fifteen years of his life. After the first shock, however, he went on with undiminished courage—for at fifteen it is so easy to think that those great hours are waiting for us somewhere in the undisclosed orb of existence. Certainly a time would come when every day, of itself a radiant whole and complete unity, would roll forth majestic like the earth in the mystic atmosphere. He had missed it this time, but after a while it must come ; for the future, like the past, works wonders upon the aspect of time ; and still it is true of the commonest hours that they—

—"win
A glory from their being far,
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not when we walked therein."

So thought Colin, looking at them from the other side, and seeing a perfection which nobody ever reached in this world. But of course he did not know that—so he postponed those grand days and barred them up with shining doors, on which was written the name and probable date of the next great change in his existence ; and, contenting himself for the present with the ordinary hours, went light-hearted enough upon his boyish way.

A little adventure which occurred to the neophyte on his first entrance upon this new scene, produced results for him, however, which are too important to be omitted from his history. Everybody who has been in that dingiest of cities knows that the students at the University of Glasgow, small as their influence is otherwise upon the character of the town, are bound to do it one superficial service at least. Custom

has ordained that they should wear red gowns; and the fatigued traveller, weary of the universal leaden grey, can alone appreciate fully the sense of gratitude and relief occasioned by the sudden gleam of scarlet fluttering up the long unlovely street on a November day. But that artistic sense which penetrates but slowly into barbarous regions has certainly not yet reached the students of Glasgow. So far from considering themselves public benefactors through the medium of their red gowns, there is no expedient of boyish ingenuity to which the ignorant youths will not resort to quench the splendid tint, and reduce its glory as nearly as possible to the sombre hue of everything around. Big Colin of Ramore was unacquainted with the tradition which made a new and brilliant specimen of the academic robe of Glasgow as irritating to the students as the colour is supposed to be to other animals of excitable temper; and the good farmer naturally arrayed his son in a new gown, glorious as any new ensign in the first delight of his uniform. As for Colin, he was far from being delighted. The terrible thought of walking through the streets in that blazing costume seriously counterbalanced all the pleasure of independence, and the pride of being "at college." The poor boy slunk along by the least frequented way, and stole into his place the first morning like a criminal. And it was not long before Colin perceived that his new companions were of a similar opinion. There was not another gown so brilliant as his own among them all. The greater part were in the last stage of tatters and dinginess, though among a company, which included a number of lads of Colin's own age, it was evident that there must be many who wore the unvenerated costume for the first time. Dreams of rushing to the loch, which had been his immediate resource all his life hitherto, and soaking the obnoxious wrapper in the salt-water, confused his mind; but he was not prepared for the summary measures which were in contemplation. As soon as Colin emerged

out of the shelter of the class-room, his persecution commenced. He was mobbed, hustled, pelted, until his spirit was roused. The gown was odious enough; but Colin was not the lad to have even the thing he most wanted imposed upon him by force. As soon as he was aware of the meaning of his tormentors, the country boy stood up for his gown. He gathered the glowing folds round him, and struck out fiercely, bringing down one of his adversaries. Colin, however, was alone against a multitude; and what might have happened either to himself or his gown it would have been difficult to predict, had not an unexpected defender come in to the rescue. Next to Colin in the classroom a man of about twice his age had been seated—a man of thirty, whose gaunt shoulders brushed the boy's fair locks, and whose mature and thoughtful head rose strangely over the young heads around. It was he who strode through the ring and dispersed Colin's adversaries.

"For shame o' yourselves," he said in a deep bass voice, which contrasted wonderfully with the young falsettos round him. "Leave the laddie alone; he knows no better. I'll lick ye a' for a set of schoolboys, if you don't let him be. Here, boy, take off the red rag and throw it to me," said Colin's new champion; but the Campbell blood was up.

"I'll no take it off," cried Colin; "it's my ain, and I'll wear it if I like; and I'll fell anybody that meddles with me!"

Upon which, as was natural, a wonderful scuffle ensued. Colin never knew perfectly how he was extricated from this alarming situation; but, when he came to himself, he was in the streets on his way home, with his new friend by his side—very stiff, and aching in every limb, with one sleeve of his gown torn out, and its glory minished by the mud which had been thrown at it, but still held tightly as he had gathered it round him at the first affray. When he recovered so far as to hear some sound besides his own panting breath,

Colin discovered that the gaunt giant by his side was preaching at him in a leisurely reflective way from his eminence of six feet two or three. Big Colin of Ramore was but six feet, and at that altitude two or three inches tell. The stranger looked gigantic in his lean length as the boy looked up, half-wondering, half-defiant, to hear what he was saying. What he said sounded wonderfully like preaching, so high up and so composed was the voice which kept on arguing over Colin's head, with an indifference to whether he listened or not, which, in ordinary conversation, is somewhat rare to see.

"It might be right to stand up for your gown; I'll no commit myself to say," was the first sentence of the discourse which fell on Colin's ear; "for there's no denying it was your own, and a man, or even a callant, according to the case in point, has a right to wear what he likes, if he's no under lawful authority, nor the garment offensive to decency, but it would have been more prudent on the present occasion to have taken off the red rag as I advised. It's a remnant of superstition in itself, and I'm no altogether sure that my conscience, if it was put to the question, would approve of wearing gowns at all, unless, indeed, it had ceased to be customary to wear other garments; but that's an unlikely case, and I would not ask you to take it into consideration," said the calm voice, half a mile over Colin's head. "It's a kind of relic of the monastic system, which is out of accordance with modern ideas; but, as you're no old enough to have any opinions—"

"I have as good a right to have opinions as you," exclaimed Colin, promptly, glad of an opportunity to contradict and defy somebody, and get rid of the fumes of his excitement.

"That's no the subject under discussion," said the stranger. "I never said any man had a right to opinions; I incline to the other side of that question myself. The thing we were arguing was the gown. A new red gown is as aggravating to the students of Glasgow University as if they were so many bulls

—no that I mean to imply that they're anything so forcible. You'll have to yield to the popular superstitions if you would live in peace."

"I'm no heeding about living in peace," interrupted Colin. "I'm no feared. It's naebod's business but my ain. My gown is my gown, and I'll no change it if—"

"Let me speak," said his new friend; "you're terrible talkative for a callant. Where do you live? I'll go home with ye and argue the question. Besides, you've got a knock on the head there that wants looking to, and I suppose you're in Glasgow by yourself? You needna' thank me, it's no necessary," said the stranger, with a bland movement of the hand.

"I wasna' meaning to thank you. I'm living in Donaldson's Land, and I can take care of myself," said Colin. But the boy was no match for his experienced classfellow, who went on calmly preaching as before, arguing all kinds of questions, till the two arrived at the foot of the stairs which led to Colin's humble lodging. The stair was long, narrow, and not very clean. It bore stains of spilt milk on one flight, and long droppings of water on another; and all the miscellaneous smells of half a dozen different households, none of them particularly dainty in their habits, were caught and concentrated in the deep well of a staircase, into which they all opened. Colin's abode was at the very top. His landlady was a poor widow, who had but three rooms, and a host of children. The smallest of the three rooms was let to Colin, and in the other two she put up somehow her own sons and daughters, and did her mantua-making, and accomplished her humble cookery. The rooms had sloping roofs and attic windows; and two chairs and a slip of carpet made Colin's apartment splendid. Colin led the way for his "friend," not without a slight sentiment of pride, which had taken the place of his first annoyance. After all, it was imposing to his imagination to have his society sought by another student, a man so much older than him-

self; and Colin was not unaware of the worship which it would gain for him in the eyes of his hostess, who had looked on him dubiously on the day of his arrival, and designated him "little mair than a bairn." Colin was very gracious in doing the honours of his room to his unsolicited visitor, and spoke loud out that Mrs. Fergus might hear. "You'll have to stoop when you go in at *that* door," said the boy, already learning with natural art to shine in reflected glory. But Colin was less complacent when they had entered the room, half from natural shyness, half from an equally natural defiance and opposition to the grown-up and experienced person who had escorted him home.

"Well," said this strange personage, stooping grimly to contemplate himself in the little square of looking-glass which hung over Colin's table; "you and me are no very like classfellows; but I like a laddie that has some spirit and stands up for his rights. Of course you come from the country; but first come here, my boy, before you answer any questions, and let me see that knock on your head."

"I had nae intention of answering any questions; and I can take care of myself," answered Colin, hanging back and declining the invitation. The stranger, however, only smiled, stretched out his long arm, and drew the boy towards him. And certainly he had received a cut on the head which required to be attended to. Reluctant as he was, the lad was too shy to make any active resistance, even if he had possessed moral courage enough to oppose successfully the will of a man so much older than himself. He submitted to have the cut bathed and plastered up, which his new friend did with the utmost tenderness, delivering a slow and lengthy address all the while over his head. When the operation was over, Colin was more and more perplexed what to do with his visitor; though a little faint after his fight and excitement, he was still well enough to be very hungry, but the idea of asking this

unknown friend to share his dinner did not occur to him. He had never done anything beyond launching the boat, or mounting the horses on his own responsibility before, and he could not tell what Mrs. Fergus would think of his wound or his visitor. Altogether, Colin was highly perplexed and not over civil, and sat down upon the edge of a chair facing the intruder with an expression of countenance very plainly intimating that he thought him much in the way.

But the stranger was much above any consideration of Colin's countenance. He was very tall, as we have said, very gaunt and meagre, with a long, pale face surmounted by black locks, thin and dishevelled. He had a black beard, too—a thing much less common at that time than now—which increased his general aspect of dishevelment. His eyes were large, and looked larger from the great sockets hollowed out by something more than years, from which they looked out as from two pale caverns; and, with all this gauntness of aspect, his smile, when he smiled, which was seldom, threw a wonderful light over his face, and reminded Colin somehow, he could not tell how, of the sudden gleam of the sun over the Holy Loch when the clouds were at the darkest, and melted the boy's heart in spite of himself.

"I was saying we were not very like classfellows," said the stranger; "that's a queer feature in our Scotch colleges; there's you, a great deal too young, and me a great deal too old; and here we meet for the same purpose, to learn two dead languages and some sciences that are only half living; and that's the only way for either you or me to get ourselves made ministers. The English system's an awful deal better, I'm meaning in theory—as for the practice, that's neither here nor there. Nothing's right in practice. It's a great thing to have a right idea at the bottom if you can."

"Are you to be a minister?" said Colin, not well knowing what to say.

"When I was like you I thought so," said his new friend; "it's a long

time since then ; but, when I get a good grip of an idea, it's no' easy to get it out of my head again. This is my second session only, for all that," he said, after a momentary pause ; "many a thing I little thought of has stood in my way. I'm little further on than you, though I suppose I'm twice your age ; but to be sure you're far too young for the college ; that's what the Greek professor in Edinburgh is aye hawering about ; he might turn to the other side of the question if he knew me." And the stranger interrupted his own monologue to give vent to a long-drawn breath, by way of a sigh, which agitated the atmosphere in Colin's little room, as if it had been a sudden breeze.

"Mr. Hardie's son was only thirteen when he went to the college ; and that's two years younger than me," said Colin, with some indignation. The lad heard a sound, as of knives and plates, outside, and pricked up his ears. He was hungry, and his strange visitor seemed rooted upon his hard rush-bottomed chair. But, just as Colin's mind was framing this thought, his companion suddenly gathered himself up, rising in folds, as if there was never to be an end of him.

"You want your dinner?" he said ; "come with me, it will do you good. What you were to have will keep till to-morrow ; tell the decent woman so, and come with me. I'm poor, but you shall have something you can eat, and I'll show you what to do when you are tired of *her* provisions ; so come along."

"I would rather stay at home," said Colin ; "I don't know you, I don't know even your name," he added a minute after, feeling that he was about to yield to the strong influence which was upon him, and doing what he could to save himself.

"My name's Lauderdale ; that's easy settled," said the stranger ; "tell the honest woman ; what's her name ?—I'll do it for you. Mrs. Fergus, my young friend here is going to dinner with me. He'll be back, by-and-by, to his studies ; and, in the meantime," said Colin's self-constituted guardian, putting the lad

before him, and pausing in the passage to speak to the widow, who regarded his great height and strange appearance with a little curiosity, "take you charge of his gown ; put it up the chimney, or give it a good wash out with soap and soda ; it's too grand for Glásgow College ; the sooner it comes to be like this," said the gigantic visitor, holding up his own, which was of a dingy portwine colour, "the better for the boy."

And then Colin found himself again walking along the Glasgow streets, in the murky, early twilight of that November afternoon, with this strange unknown figure which was leading him he knew not whither. Was it a good or a bad angel which had thus taken possession of the fresh life and unoccupied mind ? Colin could not resist the fascination which was half dislike and half admiration. He went along quietly by the side of the tall student, who kept delivering over his head that flood of monotonous talk. The boy grew interested even in the talk before they had gone far, and went on, a little anxious about his dinner, but still more curious concerning the companion with whom Fate had provided him so soon.

CHAPTER VI.

"No that I mean to say I believe in fate," said Lauderdale, when they had finished their meal ; "though there is little doubt in my mind that what happens is ordained. I couldna tell why, for my part, though I believe in the fact—for most things in life come to nothing, and the grandest train of causes produce nae effect whatever ; that's my experience. Indeed, it's often a wonder to me," said the homely philosopher, who was not addressing himself particularly to Colin, "what the Almighty took the trouble to make man for at a'. He's a poor creature at the best, and gives an awfu' deal of trouble for very little good. Considering all things, I'm of opinion that we're little better than an experiment,—and very likely we've been greatly

improved upon in mair recent creations. Are you pleased with your dinner? You're young now, and canna' have much standing against you in the great books. Do you ever think, laddie, of what you mean to be?"

"I mean to be a minister," said Colin, with a furious blush. His thoughts on the subject, if he could but have expressed them, were magnificent enough, but nothing was more impossible to the shy country lad, than to explain the ambition which glowed in his eager, visionary mind. He would have sacrificed a finger at any time, rather than talk of the vague but splendid intentions which were fermenting secretly in absolute silence within his reserved Scotch bosom. His new friend looked with a little curiosity at the subdued brightness of the boy's eyes, which spoke more emphatically than his words.

"They a' mean to be ministers," said Lauderdale, in his reflective way; "half of them would do far better to be cobblers; but nae fool could ever be persuaded. As for you, I think there's something in you, or I wouldna have fashed my head about you and your gown. You've got a fair start, and nae drawbacks. I would like to see you go straight forward, and be good for something in your generation. You needna look glum at me; I'll never be good for much myself'. You see I've learnt to be fond of talking," he said, philosophically; "and a man that takes up that line early in life seldom comes to much good; though I grant you there's exceptions, like Macaulay, for example. I was just entered at college, when my father died," he continued, falling into a historical strain. "I was only a laddie like yoursel', but I had to give up that thought, and work to help the rest. Now they are all scattered, and my mother dead, and I'm my own master. No that I'm much the better for that; but, you see, after I got this situation"——

"What situation?" said Colin, quickly.

"Oh, an honourable occupation," said his tall friend, with a gradually

brightening smile. "There's ane of the same trade mentioned with commendation in the Acts of the Apostles. Him and St. Paul were great friends. But you see I'm free for the most part of the day; and, it being a fixed idea in my mind that I was to go to the college some time or other, it was but natural that I should enter myself as soon as I was able. I may go forward, and I may not; it depends on the world more than on me. So your name's Colin Campbell?—the same as Sir Colin; but, if you're to be a minister, you can never be anything mair than a minister. In any other line of life a lad can rise if he likes, but there's nae promotion possible to a minister. If I were you, and fifteen, I would choose another trade."

To this Colin answered nothing; the suggestion staggered him considerably, and he was not prepared with anything to say. He looked round the shabby room, and watched the shabby tavern-waiter carrying his dinner to some other customer; and Colin's new unaccustomed eyes saw something imposing even in the aspect of this poor place. He thought of the great world which seemed to surge outside in a ceaseless roar, coming and going—the world in which all sorts of honours and powers seemed to go begging, seeking owners worthy to possess them: and he was pursuing this splendid chain of possibilities, when Lauderdale resumed his monologue:—

"The Kirk's in a queer kind of condition a'thegither," said the tall student, "so are most Kirks. Whenever you hit upon a man that kens what he wants, all's well; but that happens seldom. It's no my case for one. And as for you, you're no at the age to trouble your head about doctrine. You're a young prince at your years—you don't know your privileges; you believe everything you've been brought up to believe, and are far more sure in your own mind what's false and what's true than a college of doctors. I would rather be you than a' the philosophers in the world."

"I'm no a fool to believe every-thing," said Colin, angrily rousing himself up from his dreams.

"No," said his companion, "far from a fool ; it's true wisdom, if you could but keep it. But the present temper of the world," said the philosopher calmly, "is to conclude that there's nothing a'thegither false, and few things particularly true. When you're tired of the dinners in Donaldson's Land," he continued, without any change of tone, "and from the looks of the honest woman I would not say much for the cookery, you can come and get your dinner here. In the meantime, I'll take ye up to Buchanan Street, if you like. It's five o'clock, and the shop-windows are lighted by this time. I'm very fond of the lights in the shop-windows mysel'. When I've been a poor laddie about the streets, the lights aye looked friendly, which is more than the folk within do when you've no siller. Come along ; it's no trouble to me, and I like to have somebody to talk to," said Lauderdale.

Colin got up very reluctantly, feeling himself unable to resist the strange personal fascination thus exercised over him. The idea of being only somebody to talk to mortified the boy's pride, but he could not shake himself free from the influence which had taken possession of him. He was only fifteen, and his companion was thirty ; and the shy country lad had no power to enfranchise himself. He went after the tall figure into the street with very mingled feelings. The stream of talk, which kept flowing on above him, stimulated Colin's mind into the most vigorous action. Such talk was not incomprehensible to a boy who had been trained at Ramore ; but the philosophers of the Holy Loch were orthodox, and this specimen of impartial thoughtfulness roused all the fire of youthful polemics in Colin's bosom. He set down his companion unhesitatingly, of course, as a "sceptic," perhaps an infidel ; and was almost longing to rush in upon him, with arbitrary boyish zeal and disdain, to make an end on the spot of his mistaken

opinions. As for Colin himself, he was very sure of everything, as was natural to his years, and had never entertained any doubts that the Shorter Catechism was as infallible a standard of truth, as it was a terrible infliction upon the youthful memory. Colin went along the murky streets, by his companion's side, thinking within himself that, perhaps, his own better arguments and higher reason might convert this mistaken man, and so listened to him eagerly as they proceeded together along the long line of the Trongate, much excited by his own intentions, and feeling somehow, in his boyish heart, that this universal stimulation of everything, within and without, was a real beginning of life. For everything was new to the country boy, who had never in his life before been out of doors at night anywhere, save in the silent country roads, through darkness lighted by the moon, or, when there was no moon, by the pale glimmer of the loch. Now his eyes were dazzled by the lights, and all his senses kept in exercise by the necessity of holding his own way, and resisting the pressure of the human current which flowed past him ; while Lauderdale kept talking of a hundred things which were opposed to the belief of the lad, and which, amid all this unaccustomed hubbub, he had to listen to with all his might lest he should lose the thread of the argument—a loose thread enough, certainly, but still with some coherence and connexion. All this made Colin's heart thrill with a warmer consciousness of life. He was only in Glasgow, among floods of dusky craftsmen going home from their work ; but it appeared to his young eyes that he had suddenly fallen upon the most frequented ways of life and into the heart of the vast world.

"I'm fond of a walk in the Trongate mysel', especially when the lamps are lighted," said Lauderdale ; "I never heard of a philosopher but was. No that I am a philosopher, but—. It's here ye see the real aspect of human affairs. Here, take the shopwindows, or take the passengers, there's little to be seen but

what's necessary to life ; but yonder," said the reflective student, pointing over Colin's head to the street they were approaching, "there's nothing but luxury. We spend a great deal of siller in Glasgow—we're terrible rich, some of us, and like the best of everything—but there's no so much difference as you would think. I have no pleasure in this side of wealth for my part; there's an awful suggestion of eating and drinking in everything about here. Even the grand furniture and the pictures have a kind of haze about them, as if ye could only see them through a dinner. I don't pretend to have any knowledge for my own part of rich men's feasts; but it's no pleasant to think that Genius and Art, no to speak of a great deal of skilful workmanship, should be all subservient to a man's pleasure in his dinner, and that *that's* what they're here for. Hallo, laddie, I thought you had no friends in Glasgow? there's somebody yonder waving their hands to you. What do you hang back for? it's a lady in a carriage. Have you no respect for yourself that you're so slow to answer?" cried Colin's monitor, indignantly. Colin would gladly have sunk through the pavement, or darted up a friendly dark alley which presented itself close by, but such an escape was not possible. It was Lady Frankland who was making signals to him out of the carriage-window; and in all his awkwardness, he was obliged to obey them.

As for Lauderdale, whose curiosity was considerably excited, he betook himself to the window of a printshop to await his *protégé*, not without some surprise in his mind. He knew pretty nearly as much about Colin by this time as the boy himself did, though Colin was quite unaware of having opened up his personal history to his new friend; but he had heard nothing about young Frankland, that being an episode in his life of which the country lad was not proud. Lauderdale stood at the printshop-window with a curious kind of half-pathetic egotism mingling with his kindly observation. No fair vision of

women ever gleamed across his firmament. He was just about shaking hands with youth, and no lady's face had ever bent over him like a star out of the firmament, as the gracious countenance of the English lady was just then bending over the farmer's son from Ramore. "It's maybe the Duchess," said Lauderdale to himself, thinking of the natural feudal princess of the lochs; and he looked with greater interest still, withdrawn out of hearing, but near enough to see all that passed. Colin for his part did not know in the least what to say or to do. He stood before the carriage looking sulky in the excess of his embarrassment, and did not even take off his cap to salute the lady, as country politeness and his anxious mother had taught him. And, to aggravate the matter, there was a bewildering little girl in the carriage with Lady Frankland—a creature with glorious curls over her shoulders, and a wonderful perfection of juvenile toilette, which somehow dazzled Colin's unused and ignorant eyes. In the midst of his awkwardness it occurred to the boy to note this little lady's dress, which was a strange thing enough for him, who did not know one article of feminine attire from another. It was not her beauty so much as the delicacy of all her little equipments which amazed Colin, and prevented him from hearing what Lady Frankland had to say.

"So you have gone to the University?" said that gracious lady. "You are ever so much further advanced than Harry, who is only a schoolboy as yet; but the Scotch are so clever. You will be glad to hear that dear Harry is quite well, and enjoying himself very much at Eton," continued Harry's mother, who meant to be very kind to the boy who had saved her son's life. Now the very name of Harry Frankland had, he could not have told how, a certain exasperating effect upon Colin. He said nothing in answer to the gracious intelligence, but unconsciously gave a little frown of natural opposition, which Lady Frankland's eyes were not sufficiently interested to see.

"He doesn't care for Harry, aunt," said the miniature woman by Lady Frankland's side, darting out of the dusky twilight a sudden flash of perception, under which Colin stood convicted. She was several years younger than he, but a world in advance of him in every other respect. A little amusement and a little offence were in the voice, which seemed to Colin, with its high-bred accent and wonderful "English," like the voice of another kind of creature from any he had encountered before. Was she a little witch, to know what he was thinking? And then a little laugh of triumph rounded off the sentence, and the unfortunate boy stood more speechless, more awkward, more incapable than before.

"Nonsense, Matty; when you know we owe Harry's life to him," said bland Lady Frankland. "You must come and dine with us to-morrow; indeed you must. Sir Thomas and I are both so anxious to know more of you. Sir Thomas would be so pleased to forward your views in any way; but the Scotch are so independent," she said, with her most flattering smile. "Was that your tutor who was walking with you, that very tall man? I am sure we should be delighted to see him too. I suppose he is something in the University. Oh! here comes my husband. Sir Thomas, this is—Oh! I am sure I beg your pardon; I forget your name—the dear, brave, excellent boy who saved Harry's life."

Upon which Sir Thomas, coming out of one of the shops, in that radiance of cleanness and neatness, perfectly brushed whiskers, and fresh face, which distinguishes his class, shook hands heartily with the reluctant Colin.

"To be sure, he must dine with us to-morrow," said the good-humoured baronet, "and bring his tutor if he likes; but I thought you had no tutors at the Scotch Universities. I want to know what you're about, and what your ideas are on a great many subjects, my fine fellow. Your father is tremendously proud, and so are you, I suppose; but he's a capital specimen of a man, and I hope you allow that I have a right to re-

collect such an obligation. Good-bye, my boy," said Sir Thomas. "Seven to-morrow—but I'll probably be at your college and see you in the morning. And mind you bring the tutor," he cried, as the carriage drove off. Lady Frankland shed a perfect blaze of smiles upon Colin, as she waved her hand to him, and the creature with the curls on the other side gave the boy a little nod in a friendly condescending way. He made a spring back into the shade the minute after, wonderfully glad to escape, but dazzled and excited in spite of himself; and, as he retired rapidly from the scene of this unexpected encounter, he came sharp up against Lauderdale, who was coming to meet him, with his curiosity largely excited.

"It was me he took for the tutor, I suppose?" said the strange Mentor who had thus taken possession of Colin; and the tall student laughed with a kind of quaint gratification. "And so I might have been if I had been bred up at Oxford or Cambridge," he added, after a moment; "that is to say, if it had been my lot to be bred up anywhere; but they've a grand system in these English universities. *That* was not the Duke," he said interrogatively, looking at Colin, whose blood of clansman boiled at the idea.

"*That* the Duke!" exclaimed the boy with great disdain; "no more than I am. It's one of the English that are aye coming and making their jokes about the rain; as if anybody wanted them to come," said Colin, with an outbreak of scorn; and then the boy remembered that Archie Candlish had just bought a house in expectation of such visitors, and stopped abruptly in full career. "I suppose the English are awfu' fond of grouse, or they wouldn't come so far for two or three birds," he continued, in a tone of milder sarcasm. But his companion was not to be so easily diverted from his questions.

"Grouse is a grand institution, and helps in the good government of this country," said Lauderdale, "and, through this country, of the world—which is a fine thought for a bit winged creature,

if it had the sense to ken. Yon's another world," he said, after a little pause, "no Paradise to be sure, but something as far removed from this as Heaven itself; farther, you might say, for there's many a poor man down below here that's hovering on the edge of heaven. And how came you to have such grand friends?" asked the self-constituted guardian, stooping from his lofty height to look straight into Colin's eyes. After a time, he extracted the baldest narrative that ever was uttered by a hero ashamed of his prowess from the half-indignant boy, and managed to guess as clearly as the wonderful little lady in the carriage the nature of Colin's sentiments towards the young antagonist and rival whom he had saved.

"I wouldna have let a dog drown," said the aggrieved Colin; "there was nothing to make a work about. But you would have laughed to see that fellow, with his boots like a lassie's and feared to wet his feet. He could swim, though," added the boy, candidly; "and I would like to beat him," he said, after a moment; "I'd like to run races with him for something, and win the prize over his head."

This was all Colin permitted himself to say; but the vehement sentiment thus recalled to his mind made him, for the moment, less attentive to Lauderdale, who, for his part, was considerably moved by his young companion's excitement. "I'm not going to see your fine friends," he said, as he parted from the boy at the "stairfoot" which led to Colin's lodging; "but there's many a true word spoken in jest, and, my boy, you shall not want a tutor, though there's no such thing in our Scotch colleges."

When he had said so much, hastily, as a man does who is conscious of having shown a little emotion in his words, Colin's new friend went away, disappearing through the misty night, gaunt and lean as another Quixote. "I should like to have something to do with the making of a new life," he said to himself, muttering high up in the air over the ordinary passengers' heads, as he mused on upon his way. And Colin and his story had struck the rock in the heart of the lonely man, and drawn forth fresh streams in that wilderness. He was more moved in his imaginative, reflective soul, than he could have told any one, with, half-consciously to himself, a sense of contrast, which was natural enough, considering all things, and which coloured all his thoughts, more or less, for that night.

As for Colin—naturally, too—he thought no more of Lauderdale, nor of his parting words, and found himself in no need of any tutor or guide, but fell asleep in the midst of his Greek, as was to be expected, and dreamt of that creature with the curls nodding at him out of gorgeous Lord Mayor's coaches, in endless procession. And it was with this wonderful little vision dancing about his fancy that the Scotch boy ended his first day at the University, knowing no more what was to come of it all than the saucy sparrow which woke him next morning by loud chirping in the Glasgow dialect at his quaint little attic window. The sparrow had his crumbs, and Colin had another exciting day before him, and went out quite calmly to lay his innocent hands upon the edge-tools which were to carve out his life.

To be continued.

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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOR," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

ERNE MAKES HIS ESCAPE FROM THE BRAZEN TOWER.

AFTER his wife's death, Sir George Hillyar transferred all the love of his heart from the dead mother to the living child. He was just to his eldest son; but George Hillyar could not but see that he was as naught compared to his younger half-brother—nay more, could not but see that there was something more than mere indifference in his father's feeling towards him; there was dislike. Carefully as Sir George concealed it, as he thought, the child discovered it, and the boy resented it. And so it fell out that George Hillyar never knew what it was to be loved until he met Gertrude Neville. By his father's mistaken policy, with regard to his education, he was thrown among vicious people, and became terribly vicious himself. He went utterly to the dogs. He grew quite abandoned at one time; and was within reach of the law. But, perhaps, the only wise thing his father ever did for him, was to stop his rambles on the Continent, and, partly by persuasion, partly by threats, induce him to go to Australia. He got a cadetship in the police, partly for the pay, partly for the uniform, partly for the sake of the *entrée*—the recognised position it would give him in certain quarters. So he raised himself somewhat. He found, at first, that it paid

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to be respectable. Then he found that it was pleasant to be in society; and his old life appeared, at times, to be horrible to him. And, at last, he fell in love with Gerty Neville; and, what is stranger still, she fell in love with him. At this time there is a chance for him. As we leave him with good Mr. Oton, looking after his wounded comrade, his fate hangs in the balance.

After his terrible *fiasco*, Sir George would have no more of schools or young servants. He had been careful enough with his firstborn (as he thought then); he would lock Erne up in a brazen tower. He filled his house with grey-headed servants; he got for the boy, at a vast expense, a gentle, kind old college don as tutor—a man who had never taken orders, with a taste for natural history, who wished to live peaceably, and mix with good society. The boy Erne was splendidly educated and cared for. He was made a little prince, but they never spoiled him. (He must have friends of his own age, of course; Lord Edward Bellamy and the little Marquis of Tullygoram were selected, and induced to come and stay with him, after close inquiries, and some dexterous manœuvring on the part of Sir George. But Erne did not take to them. They were nice, clever lads, but neither of them had been to school, Erne objected. He wanted to know fellows who had been to school; nay, rebelliously wanted to go to school himself—which was not to be thought of.

X

In short, at fifteen, Erne was a very noble, sensitive, well-educated and clever lad, without a single friend of his own age ; and, becoming rebellious, he began to cast about to find friends for himself. It was through Providence, and not Sir George's good management, that he did not do worse in that way, than he did, poor lad.

Sir George Hillyar and Mr. Compton met in the dining-room at the second gong. Sir George rang the bell and asked if Mr. Erne was come in. He was not.

"We will have dinner, though. If the boy likes his soup cold, let him have it so." And so they went to dinner.

But no Erne. Claret and abuse of Lord John ; then coffee and abuse of Sir Robert ; but no Erne. They began to get uneasy.

"He has never gone out like this before," said Sir George. "I must really make inquiries."

But no one could answer them. Erne was not in his bedroom. His horse was in the stable. Even Mr. Compton got anxious.

Obstinate men are pretty sure to adopt the counsels they have scornfully declined, as soon as they can do so without being observed. Old Compton knew obstinate men well ; and knew, therefore, that what he had said about Erne's being kept in solitude, would, after a decent lapse of time, lead to Erne's being treated in a more rational way. He knew well that no people are more easily managed than obstinate people, (by those whom they thoroughly respect), if a sharp attack is made on them, and then silence preserved on the subject ever after. He knew that the slightest renewal of the subject would postpone the adoption of his advice indefinitely, for he knew that obstinacy was only generated by conceit and want of determination. Therefore he was very anxious.

"Erne has bolted," he thought, "and ruined all. There is no chance of knocking sense into his father's head this next ten years."

But Sir George walked uneasily up

and down, thinking of far other things. His terror took a material form. Something must have happened to Erne. He had gone out alone, and something had befallen him ; what, he could not conceive, but he vowed that, if he ever got him back again, he should choose what companion he would, but should never go out alone any more. By daylight he was half crazy with anxiety, and just afterwards frantic. The head keeper came in, and reported that one of the boats was loose on the lake.

They dragged it madly, from end to end. The country people heard that young Erne Hillyar was drowned in Stanlake pool, and were kind enough to come in by hundreds. It was the best thing since the fair. The gypsies moved up in a body, and told fortunes. The country folks came and sat in rows on the wire fences, like woodpigeons on ash trees in autumn. The young men and boys "chivied" one another through the flower-garden, turned on the fountains, and pushed one another into the marble basins ; and the draggers dragged in the lake, and produced nothing but waterlily roots ; which, being mistaken for rare esculents by the half-cockney population, were stolen by the thousand, and, after abortive attempts to eat them, were (politically speaking) thrown in the teeth of Sir George Hillyar, at the next election, by a radical cobbler who compared him to Foulon.

At five o'clock, the body not having been found, Sir George Hillyar, having pre-determined that his son was drowned, gave orders for the cutting of the big dam, not without slight misgivings that he was making a fool of himself. Then the fun grew fast and furious. This was better than the fair by a great deal. They brought up beer in large stone bottles from the public-house, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. By a quarter to six the lake was nearly dry, and nearly everybody was drunk. At this time the first fish was caught ; a young man ducked into the mud, and brought out a ten-pound carp by his gills, exclaiming, "Here's the body, Bill !" which expression passed into the

joke of the evening. Every time a fresh carp, tench, or pike, was thrown out kicking into the gravel, the young men would roar out, "Here's the body, Bill," once more. At last the whole affair approached very nearly to a riot. Women, who had come after their husbands, were heard here and there scolding or shrieking. There were two or three fights. There had been more beer ordered than was paid for. A policeman had been pushed into the mud. But no body.

The butler, coming into the library at ten o'clock to see the windows shut against the loose characters who were hanging about, discovered the body of Erne Hillyar, Esquire, in an easy chair, reading *Blackwood's Magazine* by a bedroom candlestick. And the body said, "I say, Simpson, what the deuce is all that row about down by the lake?"

"They have cut the dam, and let off the water to find your body, sir," replied Simpson, who prided himself on not being taken by surprise.

"What fools," said Erne. "Is the Governor in a great *vax*?"

"I fancy not sir, *at present*," replied Simpson.

"Tell him I wish to speak to him, will you," said Erne, turning over a page. "Say I should be glad of a word with him, if he will be good enough to step this way." And so he went on unconcernedly reading; and Simpson, who had a profound belief in Erne, went to Sir George, and delivered the message exactly as Erne had given it.

Sir George came raging into the room in a very few minutes. Erne half-closed his book, keeping his finger in the place, and, quietly looking up at his father, said,

"I am afraid you expected me home last night, my dear father."

Sir George was too much astounded by Erne's coolness, to do more than gasp.

"I hope I have not caused you any anxiety. But the fact is this; I went into town by the five o'clock train, to see the Parkers at Brompton; and they offered me a bed (it being late), which I accepted. I went for a ramble this

morning, which ended in my walking all the way home here; and that is what makes me so late."

"You seem to have a good notion of disposing of your own time, without notice, sir," said Sir George, who had been so astounded by his reception, that he had not yet had time to lay his hand upon his wrath bottle.

"Yes, I like having an impromptu ramble of this kind. It is quite a new experience do you know, dad," said Erne, speaking with a little more animation, and laying aside his book for the first time. "I would have given a hundred pounds for you to have been with me to-day. New scenes and new people all the way home. As new to me—nay, newer and fresher—than the Sandwich Islands would be. I wish you had been there."

"Doesn't it strike you, sir, that you are taking this matter somewhat coolly?" said Sir George, aghast.

"No! am I?" said Erne. "That is a compliment, coming from you, dad. How often have you told me, that you hated a man without self-possession. See how I have profited by your teaching."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Sir George, finding his wrath bottle, and drawing the cork. "Are you aware, sir, that the dam has been cut to find your body? Are you aware of that, sir? Do you know, sir, that the populace have, in the excitement consequent on your supposed death, overrun my pleasure-grounds, trampled on my flower-beds, broken my statues, and made faces at my lawyer through my drawing-room window?"

If ever you try a torrent of invective, for heaven's sake steer clear of details; lest in the heat of your speech you come suddenly across a ridiculous or homely image, and, rhetorically speaking, ruin yourself at once, as did Sir George Hillyar on this occasion. As he thundered out this last terrible consequence of Erne's absence, Erne burst out laughing, and Sir George, intensely delighted at getting him back again on any terms, and also dying for a reconciliation, burst

out laughing too, and held out his arms. After which the conversation took another tone ; as thus—

“Why did you go away, and never give me notice, my boy?”

“I won’t do it again. I will tell you next time.” And all that sort of thing.

* * * *

“What on earth has come over the boy?” said Sir George Hillyar to himself as soon as he was in bed, lying on his back, with his knees up, which is the best attitude for thinking in bed. “He will make a debater, that boy, sir, mark my words. I tell you, sir,” continued he, angrily, and somewhat rudely contradicting himself, “that you have been a fool about that boy. The cool way in which he turned on you to-day, sir, and, partly by calculating on your affection for him, and partly by native tact and self-possession, silenced you, sir—got his own way, established a precedent for going out when he chose, and left you strongly disinclined to risk another battle—was, I say, sir, masterly.”

After a time, having sufficiently contradicted and bullied himself, he turned over on his side, and said, as he was falling to sleep—

“The boy is wonderfully changed in one day. He shall go again if he chooses. I never saw such a change in my life. He never showed fight like this before. What can be the matter with him?”

The old complaint, Sir George. The boy has fallen in love. Nothing else.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECRETARY SEES NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO SUBMIT.

THE talk of the colony, for a week or so, turned upon nothing else but the gallant exploit of Lieutenant Hillyar with the bushrangers. He became the hero of the day. His orderly persuaded him to have his hair cut; and the locks went off like smoke at half-a-crown apiece; so fast, indeed, that the supply fell short of the demand, and had to be supplied from the head of a young Danish trooper, who, after this, happening to get drunk

in Palmerston, while in plain clothes, and not being recognised, was found to be so closely cropped, that it was necessary to remand him for inquiries, as it was obvious to the meanest capacity that he hadn’t been out of jail more than a couple of days.

The papers had leading articles upon it. The *Palmerston Sentinel* (Squatter¹ interest, conservative, aristocratic), said that this was your old English blood, and that there was nothing like it. The *Mohawk* (progress of the species and small farm interest), said, on the other hand, that this Lieutenant Hillyar was one of those men who had been unjustly hunted out of his native land, by the jealousy of an accursed and corrupt aristocracy, in consequence of his liberal tendencies, and his fellow-feeling for the (so-called) lower orders. And this abominable *Mohawk*, evidently possessed of special knowledge, in trying to prove the habitual condescension of George Hillyar towards his inferiors, did so rake up all his old blackguardisms that Mr. Secretary Oxton was as near mad as need be.

It is hardly necessary to say that, when poor little Gerty Neville heard the news, George Hillyar was, to her, transformed from a persecuted, ill-used, misunderstood man, into a triumphant hero. She threw herself sobbing into her sister’s arms, and said—

“Now, Aggy! Now, who was right? Was not I wiser than you, my sister? My noble hero! Two to one, Agnes, and he is so calm and modest about it. Why, James and you were blind. Did not I see what he was; am I a fool?”

Mrs. Oxton was very much inclined to think she was. She was puzzled by this undoubted act of valour on George Hillyar’s part. She had very good sense of her own, and the most profound

¹ The “squatters” of Australia are the great pastoral aristocrats, who lease immense tracts from government for pasturage. Some of them are immensely wealthy. I speak from recollection, when I say that one of Dr. Kerr’s stations, on the Darling downs, when sold in 1854, contained 102,000 sheep, whose value at that time was about 25s. a piece. An improvement on Saville Row, decidedly.

belief in one of the cleverest men in the world—her husband. Her husband's distrust of the man had reacted on her; so, in the midst of Gerty's wild enthusiasm, she could only hope that things would go right, though she tried to be enthusiastic for Gerty's sake.

Things were very near going right just now. The Secretary and his wife knew too little of their man. The man's antecedents were terribly bad, but the man had fallen in love, and become a hero within a very few months. The Secretary knew men well enough, and knew how seldom they reformed after they had gone as far as (he feared) Lieutenant Hillyar had gone. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oxtan were inclined to distrust and oppose him still, in spite of his act of heroism.

But the man himself meant well. There was just enough goodness and manhood left in him to fall in love with Gerty Neville: and a kind of reckless, careless pluck which had been a characteristic of him in his boyhood, had still remained to him. It had been latent, exhibiting itself only in causeless quarrels and headlong gaming, until it had been turned into a proper channel by his new passion, the only serious one of his life. The one cause combined with the other; golden opportunity came in his way: and suddenly he, who had been a distrusted and despised man all his life, found himself a hero, beloved by the beauty of the community, with every cloud cleared away from the future; a man whose name was mentioned by every mouth with enthusiastic praise. It was a glimpse of heaven. His eye grew brighter, his bearing more majestic, his heart softer towards his fellow-creatures. He was happy for the first time in his life. As the poor godless fellow put it to himself, his luck had turned at last.

But we must go a little way back in our story. While he and Mr. Oxtan were still trying to make the wounded cadet comfortable, assistance arrived, and it was announced that the other bush-rangers were captured. (The cadet recovered, my dear madam, and is now

the worthy and highly respected chief commissioner of police for Cooksland.) So the Secretary and the lieutenant rode away together.

"I'll tell you what I would do, Hillyar," said the Secretary; "I should ride down to Palmerston as quick as I could, and report this matter at head quarters; you will probably get your inspectorship—I shall certainly see that you do. And I tell you what, I shall go with you myself. I must talk over this with the Governor at once. We can get on to my house to-night, and I shall be pleased to see you as my guest."

"That is very kind of you," said Hillyar.

"I cannot conceal from you," said the Secretary, with emphasis, "that I am aware of your having proposed yourself for my brother-in-law."

"I supposed you would know it by this time. I have laid my fortune and my title at Miss Neville's feet, and have been accepted."

"Oh Lord!" said the secretary, as if he had a sudden twinge of toothache, "I know all about it. It is not your fortune nor your title I want to talk about. What sort of a name can you give her? Can you give her an unsullied name? I ask you as a man of the world, can you do that?"

"As a man of the world, hey?" said the lieutenant; "then, as a man of the world, I should say that Miss Gertrude Neville had made a far better catch than any of her sisters; even a better catch, saving your presence, than her sister Agnes. Such is the idiotic state of English society, that a baronet of old creation with ten thousand a year, and a handsome lady-like wife, will be more *répandu* in London than a mere colonial official, whose rank is so little known in that benighted city, that on his last visit, the mayor of Palmerston was sent down to dinner before him at Lady Noahs-ark's. If you choose to put it as a man of the world, there you are."

"The fellow don't want for wit," thought the Secretary. "I have got the dor this time." But he answered promptly—

"That is all very fine, Hillyar ; but you are under a cloud, you know."

"I must request you, once and for ever, sir, not to repeat that assertion. I am under no cloud. I was fast and reckless in England, and I have been fast and reckless here. I shall be so no longer. I have neglected my police duties somewhat, though not so far as to receive anything more than an admonition. What man, finding himself an heir-expectant to a baronetcy and a fortune, would not neglect this miserable drudgery. What young fellow, receiving an allowance of three hundred a year, would have submitted to the drudgery of a cadetship for fourteen months ? Answer me that, sir !"

The Secretary couldn't answer that, but he thought—"I wonder why he did it ? I never thought of that before." He said aloud, "Your case certainly looks better than it did, Hillyar."

"Now hear me out," said George Hillyar. "My history is soon told. When I was seven years old my mother— Well, sir, look the other way—she bolted."

"Oh, dear, dear me," said the Secretary. "Oh, pray don't go on, sir. I am so very sorry, Hillyar."

"Bolted, sir," repeated George with an angry snarl, "and left me to be hated worse than poison by my father in consequence. How do you like that !"

There was a mist in the good Secretary's eyes ; and in that mist he saw the dear, happy old manor-house in Worcestershire ; a dark, mysterious, solemn house, beneath the shadowing elms ; the abode of gentle, graceful, domestic love for centuries. And he saw a bent figure with a widow's cap upon her grey hair, which wandered still among the old flower-beds, and thought for many an hour in the autumn day, whether her brave son would return from his honour and wealth, in far off Australia, and give her one sweet kiss, before she lay down to sleep beside his father, in the quiet churchyard in the park.

"No more, sir !" said the Secretary. "Not another word. I ask your pardon. Be silent."

George would not.

"That is my history. The reason I stayed in the police at all, was that I might stand well with my father ; that he might not think I had gone so utterly to the devil as he wished : for he married again—married a milkmaid, or worse—to spite me. And the son he had by her is, according to all accounts, idolized, while I am left here to fight my way alone. I hate that boy, and I will make him feel it."

His case would have stood better without this last outbreak of temper, which jarred sharply on the Secretary's sentimental mood. But he had made his case good. The fight was over. That night he was received at the Secretary's station as an accepted suitor. The next he dined at Government House, and sat all the evening in a corner with Lady Rumbolt (the Governor's wife), and talked of great people in England, about whom he knew just enough to give her Ladyship an excuse for talking about them, which she liked better than anything in the world, after gardening and driving. So nothing could be more charming ; and the Secretary, seeing that it was no use to struggle, gave it up, and determined to offer no opposition to the marriage of his sister-in-law to a man who would be a wealthy baronet in England.

And this is what made him so excessively mad about those abominable, indiscreet leaders in the *Mohawk*, in praise of the gallant lieutenant. He had used strong language about the *Mohawk* continually, ever since the first number appeared, in the early days of the colony, printed on whitey-brown sugar-paper, with a gross libel upon himself in the first six lines of its leader. But it was nothing to the language he used now. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald Emmet, the editor of the *Mohawk*, found out that he was annoying the Secretary, and continued his allusions in a more offensive form. Until, so

says report, Miss Lesbia Burke let him know that, if he continued to annoy James Oxtou, she would horsewhip him. Whereupon the *Mohawk* was dumb.

CHAPTER XII.

DISPOSES OF SAMUEL BURTON FOR A TIME.

THE evening after the fight with the bushrangers, the affair was getting noisily discussed in the principal men's hut at the Barker's. The large room, earth-floored, with walls and roof of wood, coloured by the smoke to a deep mahogany, was lit up by the mighty blaze of a wood fire in the great chimney at one end, for the south wind had come up, and the night was chilly. Five or six men were seated on logs and stools round the chimney, eating their supper, and one, who had finished his, had got into bed, and was comfortably smoking and joining in the conversation. They were an honest, good-looking set of fellows enough, for in Cooksland and South Australia, the convict element is very small; and the appearance of rude plenty and honest comfort which was over the whole scene, was pleasant enough to witness by a belated and wearied traveller.

Such a one came to the door that evening, and brought his evil face among them. It was the convict that the Secretary had passed on the sands; it was Samuel Burton.

The cattle and sheep dogs, which lay about in the yard, bayed him furiously, but he passed through them unheeding, and, opening the door, stood in the entry, saying:

"Can I stay here to-night, mates?"

"Surely," said the old hut-keeper, shading his face with his hand. "You must be a stranger to Barker's, to ask such a question. Come in, lad."

The young man who was sitting in the best place by the fire, got up to give it to him. Each one of the men murmured a welcome to him as he came towards the fire; and then, as the fire-light fell upon his face, they saw that he was a convict.

Now and then you will find a jail-bird who will, in appearance, pass muster among honest men; but in this case the word "Old hand" was too plainly written on the face to be mistaken. They insensibly altered their demeanour towards him at once. To their kind hospitality, which had been offered to him before they saw what he was, was now added respectful deference, and a scarcely concealed desire to propitiate. Seven honest good fellows, were respectfully afraid of one rogue; and the rogue was perfectly aware of the fact, and treated them accordingly; much as a hawk would treat a cote-full of pigeons, if he found it convenient to pass the night among them. The penniless, tattered felon was a sort of lord among them.

Attribute it to what you will, it is so. A better set of fellows than the honest emigrants, generally, don't exist; but their superstitious respect for an old convict is almost pitiable. I fancy, if the Devil were to take it into his head to make thirteenth at a dinner-party, that we should be studiously polite to him, till we had got rid of him; and be careful not to wound his feelings by any allusion to the past.

They put food and tea before him, and he ate and drank voraciously. The hut-keeper did not wait to ask him if he had tobacco: to extort from him what is the last, most humiliating confession of destitution in the bush; but, seeing him look round, put a fig and a pipe in his hand. After he had lit it, he began to talk for the first time.

"I suppose," he said, "none of you chaps know the names of the fellows who got bailed up by young Hillyar this morning?"

The hut-keeper answered,—a quiet, gentle old man, whom the others called Daddy—

"I know two on 'em. There was Mike Tiernay. He was assigned to Carstairs on the North Esk one time, I mind."

"Hallo!" said Burton. "Are you, Stringy bark?"

"I am from Van Diemen's Land,"

said the old man, quietly. "But an emigrant."

The convict gave a grunt of disappointment.

"The other one I knew," continued the old man, "was Wallaby Thompson."

It is curious that the old man had, before the arrival of Burton, been entertaining the young men with the lives and crimes of these abominable blackguards. Now, before the representative of their class, he spoke as though it were a liberty to mention the gentlemen's names.

"Wallaby Thompson, eh?" said the convict. "He was an honest, good fellow, and I am sorry for him. I never knew that fellow do a bad action in my life. He was as true as steel. Old Carboys sent his mate for trial, and old Carboys was found in the bush with his throat cut. That's what I call a man."

Burton was showing off before these emigrants for purposes of his own. Cutting throats was not his special temptation; and he, probably, never saw Wallaby Thompson, Esq. in his life; in fact, his claiming acquaintance with that gentleman was strong evidence that he knew nothing about him; he being a mere liar and rogue, not dangerous unless desperate. But he took these simple emigrants in by a clever imitation of a bushranger's ferocity, and they believed in him.

"Is young Hillyar at the station here, or at the barracks, to-night?" he asked.

"The Lieutenant is gone down to Palmerston, this morning, with the secretary," was the answer.

Burton was evidently staggered by this intelligence. He kept his countenance, however, and asked, as coolly as he could, when he was expected back.

"Back?" said the old man; "Lord love you, he'll never come back *here* no more. At any rate, he'll be made inspector for this job; and so you won't see him *here* again."

"How far is it to Palmerston?" asked Burton.

"Two hundred and thirty miles."

He said nothing in answer to this. He sat and thought as he smoked.

Two hundred and thirty miles! He penniless and shoeless, not in the best of health, having the dread of a return of dysentery! It could not be done—it could not be done. He *must* take service, and then it could not be done for six months; he could not sign for less time than that. He could have cursed his ill luck, but he was not giving to cursing on occasions where thought was required. He made his determination at once, and acted on it; in spite of that curious pinched-up lower jaw of his; with quite as much decision as would his old master and enemy, Sir George Hillyar, with his broad bulldog jawl.

"Are there any of—my sort—here about?" he asked, with an affectedly surly growl.

There is no euphemism invented yet for the word "convict," which is available among the labouring class of Australia, when a convict is present. Those who think they know something of them, might fancy that "old hand," "Vandemonian," or even "Sydney Sider," were not particularly offensive. Those who know them better know that the use of either three expressions, in the presence of one of these sensitive gentlemen, means instant assault and battery. None of the hands in hut would have ventured on anything of the kind for worlds, but now Burton had put it in his own form, and must be answered.

It appeared that there was a hoary old miscreant of a shepherd, who was, if the expression might be allowed, "Stringy Bark," and who had quarrelled with his hut-keeper. Burton said he would see about it, and did so, the next day. Barker père, a fine old fellow, was of opinion that, if you were unfortunate enough to have one convict on the place, it was better that you should catch another to bear him company. He therefore was not sorry to avail himself of Samuel Burton's services, in the capacity of hut-keeper to the old convict shepherd, he had on the run already.

"Confound 'em," said old Barker; "shut 'em up together, and let 'em cor

rupt one another. I am glad this scoundrel has come to ask for work. I should have had to send old Tom about his business if he hadn't, and old Tom is the best shepherd I've got; but I never could have asked an honest man to cook for old Tom. No. The appearance of this fellow is a special providence. I should have had to send old Tom to the right-about."

So Samuel Burton, by reason of the badness of his shoes, and a general seediness of character, had to take service with Mr. Barker. He had met with a disappointment in not meeting with George Hillyar, but on the whole he was not sorry to get a chance of lying by for a little. The fact was that he had, six weeks before this, lost his character, and travelling was not safe for a time. He had been transported and reconvicted in the colony, but his character had been good until, as I say, six weeks before this, when he turned Queen's evidence on the great bank-forgery case. That act not only ruined his character (among the convicts I mean, of course), but rendered travelling in lonely places, for a time, before men had had time to forget, a dangerous business. Therefore he accepted Mr. Barker's service with alacrity, and so George Hillyar heard nothing of him for six peaceful months.

CHAPTER XIII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE GOLDEN THREAD BEGINS TO RUN OFF THE REEL.

COULD one ever have been happy in such a squalid unromantic place? Among such sounds, such smells, such absence of fresh air and sunshine, with poverty and vulgarity in its grossest forms on every side of one—shrill Doll Tearsheet, distinctly and painfully audible round the corner, telling the nuthook that he had lied, and that sort of thing, all day long; and Pistol, the cutpurse, ruffling and bullying it under the gas-lamp by the corner, from cockahoot to curfew, at which latter time we used to be rid of him for an hour or so? Could any one have had a happy home amidst all this squalor and blackguard-

ism? And could any one, having gained wealth and honour, ever feel a longing kindness for the old, for the cramped horizon, and the close atmosphere, of the place one once called home?

Yes. I often feel it now. The other day the summer wind was still, and the summer clouds slept far aloft, above the highest boughs of the silent forest; and peace and silence were over everything as I rode slowly on among the clustering flowers. And then and there the old Chelsea life came back into my soul and pervaded it completely, and the past drove out the present so utterly and entirely that, although my mortal body—which, when no longer useful, must perish and rot, like one of the fallen logs around me—was passing through the glorious Australian forest, yet the immortal part of me had travelled back into the squalid old street, and *I* was there once again.

Dear old place! I can love it still. I were but an ingrate if I could not love it better than all other places. After we had been out here ten years, Joe went back on business, and went to see it. A certain change, which we shall hear of, had taken place; the old neighbours were gone, and Chelsea, so far as we cared about it, was desolate. But, as Joe leant lonely against the railings in the new Paulton Square, he heard a cry coming from towards the river, which thrilled to his heart as he came nearer and nearer. What was it, think you? It was old Alsop, the fishmonger, bawling out, as of old, the audacious falsehood that his soles were alive. It was nothing more than that, but it was the last of the old familiar Chelsea sounds which was left. When Joe told us this story we were all (simple souls) very much moved. My father said, huskily, that "there were worse chaps than Bill Alsop, mind you, though he did not uphold him in all things," which I was glad to hear. As for my mother, she dissolved into such a flood of tears that the recently-invented pocket-handkerchief was abandoned as useless, and the old familiar apron was adopted instead. Such is the force of habit, that my mother cannot cry comfortably without an apron. The

day I was married, Emma had a deal of trouble with her on this account. It was evident that she wanted to wipe her eyes on her horribly expensive mauve satin gown, and at last compromised the matter by crying into her black lace shawl, which was of about as much use as a fishing net, God bless her.

I have, as I have said, an affection for the old place still; and, when I think of it at its brightest, when I love it best of all, it comes back to me on a fine September evening, on the evening after Joe and I met with our wonderful adventures at Stanlake.

I think I have mentioned before that my father used to relieve me in the shop when he had done his tea; and so I used to have my tea after all the others had done—at which times my sister and I used to have a pleasant talk, while she waited on me.

Laterly I had always had a companion. It was an unfortunate business, but my brother Harry had acquired a sort of habit of getting kept in at school, nearly every day. My mother contrived a meeting with the schoolmaster, and asked him why. The answer was, that he was a good little fellow, but that he *would* draw on his slate. The evening next after she had gained this intelligence, we, all sitting round the fire and expecting to hear the story of how my father came home tipsy the night the Reform Bill was passed, were astonished to find that my mother had composed, and was prepared with, an entirely new story, in the awful-example style of fiction, which she there and then told us. It appeared that she knew a little girl (mark how she wrapped it up) as drew on her slate, and was took with the chalkstone gout in the joints of her fingers. And, while that child was a droring, the chalkstones kep' dropping from her knuckles, and the children kep' picking 'em up and drawing devils on the desks. Harry was at the time both alarmed and distressed at this story. But it had no effect. The next day he drew a devil so offensive that he was not only kept in, but caned.

So Harry, being late from school,

was my companion at tea, and sat beside me. Frank, who adored Harry because Harry used to morphise Frank's dreams for him on slates and bits of paper, stayed with him. Fred, the big-headed, who was brought into the world apparently to tumble down stairs, and to love and cuddle everybody he met, sat on my knee and pulled my hair in a contemplative way; while Emma sat beside me sewing, and softly murmured out the news of the day, carefully avoiding any mention of the Avery catastrophe.

Mr. Pistol and Mr. Bardolph had been took by the police for a robbery in the Fulham Road, and Mrs. Quickly was ready to swear, on her Bible oath, that they were both in bed and asleep at the time. Polly Ager had been kep in at school for pinching Sally Holmes. Tom Cole was going to row for Dogget's coat and badge. &c. &c.

Frank told us, that the evening before last he had walked on to Battersea Bridge with Jerry Chittle, and to the westward he had seen in the sky, just at sunset, an army of giants, dressed in purple and gold, pursuing another army of giants dressed in grey, who, as the sun went down, seemed to turn on their pursuers. He said that the thunderstorm which happened that night was no thunderstorm at all, but the battle of these two armies of giants over our heads. He requested Harry to draw this scene for him on his slate, which Harry found a difficulty in doing.

I was thinking whether or no I could think of anything to say concerning this giant story, and was coming to the conclusion that I couldn't, when I looked up and saw Erne Hillyar and Joe in the doorway.

I saw Erne's noble face light up as he saw me. "Here he is" was all he said; but, from the way he said it, I knew that he had come after me.

I stood up, I remember, and touched my forehead, but he came quickly towards me and took my hand. "I want to be friends with you, Jim," he said; "I know you and I shall suit one another. Let me come and see you sometimes."

I did not know what to say, at least not in words; but, as he took my hand, my eyes must have bid him welcome, for he laughed and said, "That is right. I knew you would like me, I saw it yesterday."

And then he turned on Emma, who was standing, respectful and still, beside me, with her hands closed before her, holding her work. And their eyes met; and Erne loved her, and has never loved any other woman since.

"This must be your sister," said Erne. "There is no doubt about that. Jim's sister, will you shake hands with me?"

She shook hands with him, and smiled her gentlest, kindest smile in his face.

"I am so glad," she said, "that you want to make friends with Jim. You cannot have a better friend than he, sir."

Here Joe came back, and whispered to me that he had been to father, and told him that a young gentleman had come to see me, and that father had said I was to stay where I was. So there we children sat all together; Erne on one side of me, and Emma on the other, talking about such things as children (for we were but little more) will talk about—Erne sometimes leaning over me to speak to Emma, and waiting eagerly for her answer. Fred got on his knee, and twined his little fingers into his curling hair, and laid his big head upon Erne's shoulder. Frank and Harry drew their stools to his feet, and listened. We were a happy group. Since the wild, petulant earl, had built that great house, nigh three hundred years before, and had paced, and fumed, and fretted up and down that self-same floor, there never had been gathered, I dare swear, a happier group of children under the time-stained rafters of that room, than were we that night in the deepening twilight.

Joe and Erne talked most. Joe spoke of the wonderful old church hard by, a city of the mighty dead, and their monuments, where there were innumerable dark, dim recesses, crowded by tombs and effigies. Here lay the head-

less trunk of Sir Thomas More—not under the noble monument erected by himself in the chancel before his death, but "neare the middle of the south wall,"—indebted to a stranger for a simple slab over his remains. In this chapel, too, knelt the Duchess of Northumberland, with her five daughters, all with clasped hands, praying for the soul of their unhappy father. One of them, Joe could not tell which, must have married Arthur Pole. Here lay Lord and Lady Dacre, with their dogs watching at their feet, under their many-coloured canopy; and last, not least, here knelt John Hillyar, Esq., father of the first baronet, with his three simple-looking sons in ruffs, opposite his wife Eleanor, with her six daughters, and her two dead babies on the cushion before her.

"Four hundred years of memory," continued Joe, "are crowded into that dark old church, and the great flood of change beats round the walls, and shakes the door in vain, but never enters. The dead stand thick together there, as if to make a brave resistance to the moving world outside, which jars upon their slumber. It is a church of the dead. I cannot fancy any one being married in that church—its air would chill the boldest bride that ever walked to the altar. No; it is a place for old people to creep into, and pray, until their prayer is answered, and they sleep with the rest."

"*Hallo!*" I said to myself, "*Hal-lo!* this is the same young gentleman who said of Jerry Chittle yesterday, 'That it won't be no business of his'n,' and would probably do so again to-morrow if necessary." Both Emma and I had noticed lately that Joe had two distinct ways of speaking; this last was the best example of his later style that we had yet heard. The young eagle was beginning to try his wings.

Then Erne began to talk. "Did you know, Jim and Joe, that this Church Place belonged to us before the Sloane Stanleys bought it?"

Joe had been told so by Mr. Faulkner.

"It seems so very strange to find you living *here*, Jim. So very strange. Do

you know that my father never will mention the name of the house."

"Why not, sir?" I asked wondering.

"Why, my gentle Hammersmith, it has been such a singularly unlucky house to all who have lived in it. Do you know why?"

I could not guess.

"Church property, my boy. Built on the site of a cell of Westminster, granted by Henry to Essex in 1535. Tom Cromwell got it first and lost it; and then Walter Devereux bought it back for name's sake, because it had belonged to an Essex once before, I suppose; and then Robert built the house in one of his fantastic moods. Pretty luck *they* had with it—Devereux the younger will tell you about that. Then *we* got it, and a nice mess *we* made of it—there was never a generation without a tragedy. It is a cursed place to the Hillyars. My father would be out of his mind if he knew I were here. The last tragedy was the most fearful."

Frank immediately got up on Emma's lap. Erne did not want to be asked to tell us all about it.

"In 1686," he said, "it was the dower house of Jane, Dowager Lady Hillyar. Her son, Sir Cheyne Hillyar, was a bigoted papist, and, thinking over the misfortunes which had happened to the family lately, attributed them to the possession of this church property, and determined that it should be restored forthwith to the Church, even though it were to that pestilent heretic Adam Littleton, D.D., the then rector of Chelsea; hoping, however, says my father, to see the same reverend doctor shortly replaced, by an orthodox gentleman from the new Jesuit school in the Savoy. But there was a hitch in the proceedings, my dear Jim. There was a party in the bargain who had not been sufficiently considered or consulted. Jane, Lady Hillyar, was, though a strong Catholic, a very obstinate old lady indeed. She refused, in spite of all the spiritual artillery that her son could bring to bear upon her, to have the transfer made during her lifetime; and, while the dispute was hot between them her son, Sir Cheyne died,

"Then the old lady's conscience began to torment her. She believed that the house ought to be restored to the Church; but her avarice was opposed to this step, and between her avarice and superstition she went mad.

"All her children had deserted her, save one, a hunchbacked grand-daughter, who came here and lived with her for three months, and who died here. After this poor girl's death, the old woman kept no servants in the house at night, but used to sleep in a room at the top of the house, with her money under her bed. Is there such a room?"

"Yes," I said, "and her ghost walks there now."

"It should," said Erne, "by all reasons, for she was murdered there. They found her dead in the morning, on the threshold between two rooms. She had not been to bed, for she was dressed—dressed in her old grey silk gown, and even had her black mittens on."

Nothing could shake my faith in the ghost after this. The fact of Erne and ourselves, having both heard the same silly story, from apparently different, but really from the same sources, confirmed it beyond suspicion in my mind. The dread I had always had of that room at the top of the house, in which Reuben lived, now deepened into horror—into a horror which was only intensified by what happened there afterwards. Even now, though the room has ceased to exist, the horror most certainly has not.

"But come," said Erne, "let me see this house, which has been so fatal to my family. The weird cannot extend to me, for we own it no longer. What do you say, Emma; has the luck turned?"

"I fear I must keep you ten years, or perhaps fifty, waiting for an answer," she said. "But even then, I could only tell you what I can now, that your fate is to a very great extent in your own hands."

"You don't believe in destiny, or anything of that sort, then?" said Erne.

"Not the least in the world," she said.

"Then you are no true mussul-woman," said Erne. "Let us come up

stairs, and see the haunted mansion. Come on, Emma."

So we went into the empty room upstairs, and Emma showed him the view westward. While they stood together at the window, the sun smote upon their faces with his last ray of glory, and then went down behind the trees; so that, when Erne, Joe, and I started together up stairs to see Reuben's room, it grew darker and darker each step we went.

"A weird, dull place," said Erne, looking around. "There is another room inside this, and the old lady was murdered on the threshold. Does your cousin live here all alone?"

"All alone."

"He must be rather dull."

"The merriest fellow alive."

When we came downstairs, we found my father and mother awaiting us. My mother seemed very much delighted at my having picked up such a fine acquaintance; and my father said,

"Sir, you are welcome. I am glad to see, sir, that my boy Jim is appreciated by gentlemen as well able to judge as yourself." And then my father proceeded to define the principal excellences of my character. I am sure I hope he was right. My crowning virtue, it appeared—the one that contained the others, and surpassed them—was that I was "all there." My father assured Erne that he would find that to be the case. That no one had ever ventured to say that it was not the case. That, if any one *did* say so, and was in any ways prepared to maintain his opinion, he would be glad to hear his reasons, and so on; turning the original proposition, about my being "all there," over and over, and inside out, a dozen times. Erne had no idea what he meant, but he knew it was something highly complimentary to me, and so he said he perfectly agreed with my father, and, that he had taken notice of that particular point in my character the very moment he saw me, which was carrying a polite fiction somewhat dangerously far. At last he said he must go, and, turning to my father, asked if he might come again. My father begged he would

honour him whenever he pleased, and then he went away, and I walked with him.

"I've run away, Jim," he said, as soon as we were in the street. "I ran away to see you."

I ventured to express a wish that, at some future time, he might be induced to go back again.

"Yes," he said, "I shall go back to-morrow. I sleep at a friend's house here in Chelsea, and I shall go back to-morrow, but I shall come again. Often, I hope."

When I got home my father was sitting up alone smoking. I sat down opposite to him, and in a few minutes he said—

"A fine young chap that, old man!"

"Very, indeed," I said, slightly anxious about the results of the interview.

"Yes! A fine, handsome, manly lad," continued he. "What's his name, by-the-bye?"

I saw the truth must come out.

"His name is Hillyar," I said.

"Christian name?"

"Erne."

"Then you went to Stanlake yesterday?"

"Yes," I said. "We wanted to see it after what you said, and so we went."

My father looked very serious, and sat smoking a long time; at last he said—

"Jim, you mind the night you was bound?"

"Yes."

"And what I told you about Samuel Burton and his young master, that carried on so hard?"

I remembered every word.

"This young Erne Hillyar is his brother. That's why your mother cried when Stanlake was spoke of; and all this has come out of those dratted waterlilies."

And so we went to bed; but I could not sleep at first. I lay awake, thinking of my disobedience, and wondering what complication of results would follow from it. But at last I fell asleep, saying to myself, "Will he come again to-morrow? when will he come again?"

To be continued.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS ON RENAN'S VIE DE JÉSUS.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

Few persons who have ever read Jean Paul Richter's "Rede des todten Christus von Weltgebäude herab, dass kein Gott sei," or any version of it, will entirely forget it. In a corner of the memory it will lie hidden, till some experience in their own lives, or some event in the history of the times, bring it to light. Many years have passed since I first felt the force of it. I thought it had perished amidst the crowd of present interests and recent utterances. M. Renan's book has given it the power, not of a dream only, but of a prophecy. I shall make no apology for recalling it to the readers of *Macmillan's Magazine*. The author made a distinct protest against the polished Parisian form in which Mde. de Staël presented his barbarous German.¹ An English scholar, who sympathised with him in that complaint, and who had very strict notions of the obligations of any one professing to make his countrymen acquainted with the thoughts of a great man,—who entered into them, and let them enter into him, before he clothed them in words,—made a translation of this Vision of a Godless World, more than twenty-five years ago.

It appeared in a journal, which has become popular since, but which was obscure then. Other versions may have been put forth. I am not aware this has ever been republished. I propose to give some extracts from it:²—

"I was lying once on a summer evening, in the sun, upon a hill, and fell asleep. Then I dreamt I awoke in a churchyard. The rolling wheels of the

"clock in the tower, that was striking eleven, had awakened me. I searched through the dark empty sky for the sun, for I imagined that an eclipse had drawn the veil of the moon over it. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swung to and fro by invisible hands; along the walls shadows were flitting, which no one cast, and other shadows were walking upright through the naked air. In the open coffins, nothing continued to sleep, save the children. In the sky, there was nought but a grey sultry cloud hanging in massy folds, and a huge shadow kept drawing it in like a net, nearer, and closer, and hotter. Above me, I heard the distant falls of avalanches; below me, the first tread of an illimitable earthquake. The church heaved up and down, shaken by two ceaseless discords, which were warring against each other within, and vainly striving to blend into a concord. At times, a grey gleam leapt up on the windows, and at its touch the lead and iron melted and ran down. The net of cloud, and the reeling of the earth, drove me toward the porch, before which two fiery basilisks were hatching their venomous broods. I passed along amid unknown shadows that bore the marks of every century since the beginning of things. All the shadows were standing around the altar, and in each there was a quivering and throbbing of the breast instead of the heart. One dead man alone who had been newly buried in the church was still lying on his couch, without any quivering of his breast, and his face was smiling beneath the light of a happy dream. But when one of the living entered, he awoke and smiled no more; toil-

¹ See the review of *L'Allemagne* in the collection of Richter's Reviews. Fourth volume of his works, p. 652.

² The original will be found in "Blumen-Frucht- und Dornenstücke (Siebenknie)," Werke, 2a. Band, p. 143. Paris Edition.

"somely he drew up his heavy eyelid,
"but no eye was within, and his beating
"breast, instead of a heart, contained a
"wound. He lifted up his hands, and
"clasped them for prayer, but the arms
"lengthened, and lowered themselves
"from his body, and the clasped hands
"dropt off. Over head, in the vault of
"the church, stood the dial-plate of
"Eternity, on which no number was to
"be read, nor any characters except its
"own name; only there was a black
"hand pointing thereat, on which the
"dead said they saw *Time*.

"At this moment, a tall majestic
"form with a countenance of imperish-
"able anguish sank down from on high
"upon the altar, and all the dead cried,
" 'Christ, is there no God?'

"He answered, 'There is none.'

"The shadow of every dead man
"trembled all over, not his breast
"merely; and, one after another, their
"trembling dispersed them.

"Christ spake on: 'I have gone
"through the midst of the worlds, I
"mounted into the suns, and flew with
"the milky way across the wilderness
"of heaven; but there is no God. I
"plunged down as far as being flings
"its shadow, and pried into the abyss,
"and cried, 'Father, where art Thou?'
"but I heard only the everlasting tem-
"pest which no one sways; and the
"glittering rainbow of beings was hang-
"ing, without a sun that had formed
"it, over the abyss, and trickling down
"into it. And, when I looked up towards
"the limitless world for the eye of God,
"the world stared at me with an empty
"bottomless eye-socket, and eternity
"was lying upon chaos, and gnawing it
"to pieces, and chewing the cud of
"what it had devoured. Scream on, ye
"discord! Scatter these shades with
"your screaming; for He is not!'

"The shades grew pale and dissolved,
"as white vapour that the frost has
"given birth to is melted by a breath
"of warmth; and the whole church be-
"came empty. Then—Oh, it was ter-
"rible to the heart! The dead children
"who had awaked in the churchyard, ran
"into the church, and threw themselves

"before the lofty Form upon the altar,
"and said, 'Jesus, have we no Father?'
"and He answered, with tears streaming
"down, 'We are all orphans, I and you;
"we are without a Father.'

* * *

"And when Christ saw the crushing
"throng of worlds, the torch dance
"of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the
"coral banks of beating hearts; and
"when He saw how one globe after
"another poured out its glimmering
"souls upon the dead sea, as a water
"balloon strews its floating lights upon
"the waves, then, with a grandeur which
"betokened the highest of finite beings,
"He lifted up his eye toward the no-
"thingness, and toward the infinite void
"above him and said, 'Moveless and
"voiceless Nothing! Cold eternal Necessity!
"Can ye, or any of ye, tell me?
"when do you dash to pieces the build-
"ing and me? Dost thou know it, O,
"Chance! even thou, when thou stridest
"with thy hurricanes athwart the snow-
"dust of the stars, and puffest out one
"sun after another, while the sparkling
"dew of the constellations is parched
"up as thou passest along. How deso-
"late is every one in the vast catacomb
"of the universe! There is none beside
"me save myself! Oh, Father, Father,
"where is thy world-sustaining breast
"that I may rest on it? Alas! if every
"being is its own father and creator,
"why may it not become its own destroy-
"ing angel?'

* * *

I may seem to have quoted too
largely, but I have left out much which
would explain, perhaps, more clearly
what I mean by saying that M. Renan
has converted a dream into a prophecy.
The cry to the moveless nothing, to
eternal necessity, to frantic chance—this
has been often heard. It has ascended
from voices scientific and unscientific
through many generations. But that
Jesus should utter the words, "Children,
you have no Father," this gave the horror
to the vision of the German, and this,
I think, is the simple outcome, the
faithful summary, of the Frenchman's
biography.

There are, indeed, enormous differences. There was an imperishable anguish in the face of Him whom Richter saw descending upon the altar. His eyes streamed with tears as He gave out the fearful tidings. There is an awful determination to utter the truth, whatever it is: *that has not deserted "the highest of finite beings."* All these signs are entirely wanting in him whom M. Renan has introduced to us. There is in him the most perfect gaiety of heart. Sadness seems foreign to his "charming" and "delicious" nature. His gaiety, indeed, depends much upon circumstances—upon the beauty of the Galilean scenery—upon the support of its friendly peasants. When he comes into Judæa he loses the command of himself. He is so discontented with the success of his mission, that he becomes violent and passionate. But still the word Paradise, which he never used—as we have supposed—except in a moment of unutterable agony, expressed the object which he was always contemplating and setting before his disciples. It represented *un jardin délicieux où l'on continuait à jamais la vie charmante que l'on menait ici bas* (p. 193, 9th edition). In the act of commending a man as an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile, this delightful dreamer practised an innocent artifice; what we, in England, should call a deliberate falsehood. Why not? Was not his whole life a falsehood? Did not he assume a connexion with the Supernatural as the very ground of his life, when there was no such connexion, and could be none? Did he not "create a religion" (p. 446) by his wonderful genius, when he pretended to be revealing that which actually is? Did he not call God his Father, and say that he had come to claim men as his brothers, when in no real sense God was his Father—when he had no right to tell men that they were the children of God in him? And seeing, according to M. Renan (p. 18), "this incomparable man caused religion to take a step to which no other can be compared, and to which no future one, perhaps, will be worthy to be compared," what did

he accomplish, but the mighty task of proving that heaven and earth are hopelessly separated? Did he not say, in effect, without a tear, rather with the most contemptuous levity, to the sons of men, "Children, you have no Father!"

If these remarks were made for the purpose of fixing a charge upon M. Renan, they would be unnecessary, they would be even unjust. I do not believe that he means to encourage falsehood, to rob mankind of any treasure which it has possessed, to diminish the honour which it has bestowed on the "noble initiateur." I am satisfied that he feels himself to be a champion of truth, of humanity, of the honour of Jesus. I do not see the least reason to doubt that his visit to Palestine had all the effect which he attributes to it. I can conceive that in that visit he, for the first time, came to a clear conviction that there ever was such a person as the one who had been presented to him in images and pictures, whose name he had associated with a multitude of deceptions. That which he had thought of only as the creation of painters, rose up before him clothed with actual flesh. That which had pursued him as a dark shadow, which he was called upon to love, and in which he could see nothing distinct enough to love; which, when it did become definite, often assumed a look of terror—smiled upon him through the beautiful Galilean scenes which he describes not seldom with the affectation of a Chateaubriand, sometimes with genuine freshness and sympathy. It is most satisfactory to think that all these associations were deepened and hallowed by that event in his domestic history, to which no reviewer could dare to allude if his dedication had not given it to us as a human tie, which his book certainly does not strengthen but cannot break. Let us thankfully assure ourselves, and frankly acknowledge, that M. Renan's conception may be to him an ascent out of utter confusion, not a descent into it. The image of a living Christ may be coming forth out of the grave-clothes of

one who for him had been utterly dead. If the dialect of the boudoir seems to us a dreadful substitute for the dialect of the Evangelists, it may be his first step to the apprehension of a language which is meant for human beings, and not for doctors. If as yet he can only translate a "Son of God," into "one who takes a great step in religion," he may be advancing to the conviction that human relations are the true images of the divine—are the means by which we are raised from the adoption of a religion to faith in a God.

I could not have used the strong language in which I have expressed my convictions of the meaning and nature of the book, without also using this language respecting its author. One does not, in my judgment, qualify the other; each strengthens the other. The voice which says, "Children, you have no Father," rises to me out of every page in the "*Vie de Jésus*." If I believed it to be the *Vie de Jésus*, I should be sure those words were coming from *Him*. But He may be speaking other words through this very book. Have the numerous readers of M. Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*" in France or Italy ever thoroughly believed that the Paternoster means what it says? Have they not thought that the only person really entitled to the name of Father over them all, dwells in the City of Rome; a vicar of Christ perhaps, certainly not one from whom He came? I do not presume to say what influences are most likely to act upon them, how they may be best fitted to bear the shock which has come upon so many of them when they have been obliged to contemplate the earthly father as the *incubus* upon their moral, their political, their spiritual life, and the shock which will come upon them if all reverence for that father should depart, if they should be left to feel that, so far as he is concerned, they are orphans. But I must confess a strong doubt, whether Protestant preaching or Protestant examples, however edifying, will avail them the least in that great crisis. I fear there is very little in our divided societies which

can suggest to those who have dreamt of a universal family and a universal father, the thought that we acknowledge either. I am afraid there is much in our theological language which may lead them to suppose that we regard Christ as a veil between us and such a Father, not as One who has undrawn the veil and shown Him to man as He is. I do not think we have any right to say through what instruments the necessity of such a revelation may be made known to the people of the South, by what strange methods they may be brought actually to confess a true sense in the words which they have uttered daily with their lips. If we believe that those words are true—that the children have a father—His ways of making that relation known to them may not be at all like our ways. M. Renan may awaken the inquiry which he cannot satisfy. His Jesus, who died 1800 years ago in Jerusalem and never rose again, can tell them of no Father, can lead them to none. They may be driven to ask heaven and earth if there is One who can.

But the more we cherish this hope, the more have we a right to demand of M. Renan, What is that phrase *Fils de Dieu* which we meet with so continually in your pages? Sometimes it appears to be profoundly important. You call out, "Then he was a *Fils de Dieu* indeed." When he spoke of a God who was not worshipped in Jerusalem or Gerizim to the Samaritan woman, He had a right to the name. Sometimes it seems to be the merest delusion. He fancies himself to be that which he is not; the name indicates his enthusiasm; he is the victim of an idea. Now, M. Renan has told us (p. 252), "Pour nous, races profondément sérieuses, la conviction signifie la sincérité avec soi-même. Mais la sincérité avec soi-même, n'a pas beaucoup de sens chez les peuples orientaux peu habitués aux délicatesses de l'esprit critique. Bonne foi et imposture sont des mots qui dans notre conscience rigide, s'opposent comme deux termes inconciliables. En Orient, il y a de

"l'un à l'autre mille finies et mille détours." I take this statement as I find it. Belonging, like M. Renan, to one of those western races which produced Jesuitism—having been taught to hate all which we represent to ourselves under the name of Jesuitism by an oriental—one who is a special object of M. Renan's dislike—one who said "that no lie is of the truth;" who said "that there is no greater joy than to hear of those who walk in the truth;" whose Master told Pontius Pilate that "for this end He was born, and for this cause He came into the world, that He might bear witness of the Truth"—I cannot with a very clear conscience accept the compliment for my people or for myself. But, since M. Renan feels that he has a right to it, he must understand that he lays himself under a very strict obligation. He represents "the profoundly serious races." He embodies in himself "the delicacies of the critical spirit," in which the unhappy Orientals are so deficient. However, then, they may palter with words in a double sense, he must do no such thing. Let them idealise, or materialise, as they please, this expression, Son of God, to him it must import the divinest truth or the most dreadful lie. Mists may belong to the eastern atmosphere. M. Renan assures us that the bright sun of western criticism scatters them all. I call upon him to exhibit conviction in its clear occidental sense. I beseech him to instruct me by an example of perfect *sincérité avec soi-même*. I am sure that we all need it. I am thankful that he is putting us all to tests and trials which make such sincerity absolutely indispensable. I do not, indeed, think that we should advance the interests of sincerity by trying to provide a definition of the phrase which he employs so loosely and variously. I do not know that relations can be defined. If they exist they must be lived in. The child must know its father, not find terms to describe what his name imparts. But we must not be more careless, less rigorous, when we speak of that which

concerns the whole of humanity, than when we speak of that which concerns our own separate households. This language is the language of the God of Truth, or it is hateful to Him. It sustains human relations, or it mocks them, and proclaims them to be unreal.

I have hinted at the effects which this book may produce in the southern countries of Europe, where it has already found such acceptance. I am much more interested in the inquiry—"What influence is it likely to have in England?" Now that it comes forth in an authorized translation, that question may reasonably engage some of our thoughts.

To one class of our countrymen and countrywomen this last circumstance will make no difference. The book will have found its way in its original costume to drawing-room tables; it will lie on them beside sensation novels; it will supply a topic for agreeable conversation where they fail to supply one. How will it be received in this circle? I have too little acquaintance with the class to be capable of judging, even perhaps of guessing. There is one suggestion upon the subject which will occur to some of my readers. It will be said "A biography which so summarily disposes of the supernatural as incredible, as impossible, will encounter much resistance from the spiritualistic and table-turning tendencies of refined people. They are flying to strange and unwonted methods of obtaining communications from the unseen world; they will hardly be prepared to say that the communication which Christendom assumes as the ground of its existence has no reality." The statement is plausible; nevertheless I entirely distrust it. A temper or state of mind cannot be tried by rules of logic: you may argue, "if this is so, then that at all events may be so," but such arguments will have no weight, they will breed no conviction. The anxious longing for the touch of an infant's finger, or an ugly scrawl, to assure us that we are not absolutely cut off from all who once dwelt on earth, may issue at last no doubt in the confession of a substantial bond of union

between us and them. The sense of the vanity of charms and Babylonian numbers did drive men of old to seek for One who is the same yesterday and to-day, and for ever. Weariness of table-turning may be a way back to that conviction; no one can tell. But to say that the frivolous temper, the restless longing for signs (and such signs!) can of itself dispose any one to believe in the Christ of the New Testament, or to disbelieve in the charming rose-water substitute for him which M. Renan has provided, is not reasonable.

Will our scientific men accept M. Renan as their apostle? Not, surely, if science means what I take it to mean, a reverence for that which is; for the permanent; for laws which live on through a multitude of changes, and direct these changes. All the dislike which they have expressed for what they have called the thaumaturgy of priests and religious men, must be directed in full force against the object of M. Renan's admiration. He affected to change laws. When he spoke of the permanent and the eternal he did not in the least understand himself. His highest praise is that he was an idealist. Facts were nothing to him. Yet I dare not say that the scientific man, so far as he feels himself merely the member of a caste which has an interest opposed to that of the priestly caste, may not welcome a man who he supposes will give that caste some trouble, who will throw discredit on some of its theories. I cannot say that the compliments which M. Renan bestows upon the wisdom and truthfulness of our age, and the patronage with which he looks back upon the innocent ignorance of former ages, may not have an attraction for men who have dwelt more upon our progress in discovery than upon the thought that the highest discovery only shows us what is not of to-day or of yesterday. There is a superficial phraseology which belongs to every class of men as a class, which becomes a portion of its social dialect, even though its members are engaged in the deepest inquiries. In this current conventional dialect of science M. Renan is an adept; he

speaks it easily and gracefully. He exchanges tokens of freemasonry with scientific men as a member of one of their lodges. It is quite possible that these signs may be recognised and returned by some who belong to the English lodge.

What will our men of letters say to the book? I must think that those of them who are real artists, who are able to conceive a character or to exhibit one, will discover in M. Renan's hero a most incoherent jumble of qualities which never could co-exist, which never could form a real man at all, to say nothing of an "incomparable" man. If, for instance, I might venture to speak of one remarkable artist, from whom I have learnt the deepest lessons, the authoress of "Silas Marner" and "Romola," I think she must recognise in this portrait the strangest combination of strength and feebleness, of reality and unreality; such a combination as might be produced if her own Adam Bede and Tito were thrown into the same cauldron, and a monstrous *tertium quid* arose out of the mixture. But remembering how skilfully M. Renan has played with the words "idealist," "realist," "democrat," with those forms of speech which most commend themselves to the tastes and habits of literary men in our day; still more, when I think—oh, with what shame and humiliation—of the unreal form, neither divine nor human, but with a certain dream of divinity to make the human unapproachable, with a certain dream of humanity to make the divine fictitious, not awful, which we have continually set before the minds of our countrymen, and invested with the sacred name of the Son of Man and the Son of God—I cannot determine how much acceptance may be given by the class which he understands, and which we have alienated, to a caricature, perhaps not more distorted than many of those which we have drawn.

Once more, I would fain hope that there is in our English people, as such, that which will not be pleased or flattered with the kind of patronage which

M. Renan bestows upon a Galilean peasant, and with the kind of sympathy which he expresses for the religion of the poor. I trust that the sense of truth and reality, which is the result of actual endurance, will reject the dream of one who pretended to establish a kingdom of God, who cheated men into the belief of it by exhibitions of imaginary power. Can men of hard heads and stout hearts suppose that such a one was capable of inaugurating a great moral or political revolution in which they have an interest? But on this point also I am afraid to express a confident opinion. Our clerical notions of the kingdom of God have been so confused, we have so little made our people understand whether they are under such a kingdom or not—whether it has anything to do with either heaven or earth—whether it is not merely some cloud-land floating between them—that it is quite possible M. Renan's picture of this kingdom, vague and indistinct as it is, may come before them as a welcome refuge from one that holds out more definite promises to the heart of all human beings, and often seems to belie them more.

Indeed, it is the part of M. Renan's book that concerns the kingdom of heaven in which I have discovered most causes of reproach to us—I will add most excuses for sympathy with him. His contradictions on the subject are more numerous than on any other, but they are instructive contradictions; they are far more valuable than the passages which look symmetrical and satisfactory. He believes that the kingdom of heaven must have been a kingdom over the spirit of man; therefore the young Galilean fell into one of his usual delusions when he spoke of it as about to be established on the earth. Yet he intimates that the *ideal* kingdom must have a place on the earth; that it must be for actual men, for poor men; that it must affect all their relations to their fellows, all their relations to their superiors. Whilst he regards it as the greatest sign of enthusiasm and self-deception, that Jesus declared the kingdom of heaven

would be manifested before that generation passed away—whilst, with what I cannot call a *délicatesse de l'esprit critique*, he adopts the false translation of "world" for "age," in the passages wherein Christ and the Apostles speak of that which was departing, and that which was to come; whilst he assumes, on the strength of this false translation, that they expected the earth to be destroyed in their day, though the changes of which they speak (and none more than the writer of the Apocalypse) must be changes affecting the earth;—whilst he does all this, he yet intimates, very clearly, that a mighty revolution *has* been produced in the condition of the earth and its inhabitants, by the coming of Christ—a change which did begin to operate when He said it would begin to operate. And he utters a just protest against those writers on New Testament prophecy who have refused to take words in their exact and literal sense; who have assumed that our Lord and his Apostles played tricks with their hearers, or were ignorant themselves; who have, therefore, transferred to an indefinitely distant period what they affirmed was close at hand. These, I repeat it, are inconsistencies of incomparable value, not for the confutation of M. Renan, far more for the confutation of ourselves. He is right that the kingdom of heaven does, according to the New Testament, contain all those elements of past, present, future, of divine and human, of transcendent and most common and earthly, which he sets in apposition to each other. He is right, that if Christmas-day does not import the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth, it is not what our fathers took it to be; it has been an imposition upon the universe. He is right in complaining of the members of the Church, in one age or another, for not proclaiming the great message to humanity which that day proclaims: He is right in calling us to account for these misdeeds, in reminding us that another than he will call us to account for them. I will not part from him without thanking him in my own name, and in the name

of all who have taken upon them the vows which I have taken upon me, for giving us these warnings; for calling us to the repentance which must be demanded of us, as it was of the Jews of old, if the kingdom of heaven is so near as they were told it was, as we profess to think that it is. To whatever other class the "*Vie de Jésus*" may not be of service, to us it may be of the greatest. It may teach us how unspeakable has been the benefit to us of those Jewish teachers of the old world, from whom M. Renan seeks to separate us, with whom he says Christianity has nothing to do. If the message of the I AM was not a real message—if the Jews only held a dry dogma about Monotheism—the Jesus of the New Testament was the vague dreamer about *something* divine, which might be only an apotheosis of the human, of something human, which was after all as much an imagination as the other—that M. Renan supposes him to have been. If the message was true, He either was the perfect image of Him, whom He called His Father, or He deserved the name which the Scribes and Pharisees bestowed on Him.¹ In

¹ In reference to this point I may be permitted, perhaps, to set myself right with Mr. Arnold, who has imputed to me in the last number of this magazine a very "fanciful" opinion about the influence of Spinoza on Lessing and Goethe. It would have been worthy of that, or a more contemptuous name, if I have, as Mr. Arnold supposes, attributed any weight to the "Hebrew nature" of Spinoza. The "Hebrew nature" was (I derive my judgment from the only books which I know about it, those which might be most likely to exalt the Hebrew above other people) just as idolatrous as the nature of any Greek, or any Dutchman, or any Englishman. If the Hebrew ever believed in an I AM, it was by a struggle with his nature, by a victory over it. Through all the metaphysics of Spinoza I perceive the impression which this awful Name made upon him. It is this which led him to *Being* as the ground of all his thoughts. It is this which made his Pantheism not only unlike the Greek Pantheism, but the very reverse of it. Pantheism it was—a Pantheism which

that case, then, He was the great deceiver of mankind—the greatest of all atheists.

But most of all, the clergy, the English clergy, have *this* lesson to learn from M. Renan. He considers the most wonderful step in human progress is to convince us that Jesus was born 1800 years ago, that He had no life before, or has had since. It has been our tendency to fall into this same habit of mind not from a desire of progress, but because we have thought we were only safe in going back. Every pious fraud, every denial of a common humanity, which ecclesiastical history or common history records, has, I think it will be found, sprung from the disposition to glorify the past, or the present, or the future, at the expense of the other; to deny the Eternal in which they meet. Every great reformation, every assertion of the true glory of our race, every overthrow of imposture and fraud, has had its root in the conviction that there is a direct relation between the God of Heaven and His creatures on earth. If we would cast down the thrones of the oppressor, civil or spiritual—if we would really believe the progress of our species—being content to part entirely with the fame and honour of believing it; if we would be in the true sense humanists, being willing to be denounced as bigots by those who usurp the title, we shall speak of a Living Christ—of One who is, and was, and is to come; we should declare that from the highest throne of all, whether it sound from any altar on earth or not, a voice is saying, "Children, you have a Father. I am the way to Him."

swallowed up all Humanity and all Nature in God. It did not swallow up God in Nature or in Humanity. God was the first confession in Spinoza's mind; amidst all his theories of the Hebrew Scriptures, amidst all his strange ethical conceptions, it remained so to the last. This I said a year ago, this I hold more strongly now, to have been the secret of his power over the Hellenized Germans.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER VIII.—ABOUT THE HINDOO CHARACTER; WITH DIGRESSIONS HOME.

CALCUTTA, April 17, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—One morning, at the beginning of this month, as I lay between sleeping and waking, near the open window, I began to be aware of a hideous din in an adjacent street. At first the sound of discordant music, and a confused multitude of voices, impressed me with a vague idea that a battalion of volunteers were passing by in marching order, headed by their band. This notion, however, was dispelled by the appearance of my bearer with the teatray, who informed me that this was the festival of Cali, the goddess of destruction, and that all the Hindoo people had turned out to make holiday. I immediately sallied forth in the direction of the noise, and soon found myself amidst a dense crowd in the principal thoroughfare leading to the shrine of the deity. During a few minutes I could not believe my eyes; for I seemed to have been transported in a moment over more than twenty centuries, to the Athens of Cratinus and Aristophanes. If it had not been for the colour of the faces around, I should have believed myself to be on the main road to Eleusis in the full tide of one of the Dionysiac festivals. The spirit of the scene was the same, and at each step some well-known feature reminded one irresistibly that the Bacchic orgies sprung from the mysterious fanaticism of the far East. It was no unfounded tradition that pictured Dionysus returning from conquered India, leopards and tigers chained to his triumphal car, escorted from the Hyphasis to the Asopus by bands of votaries dancing in fantastic measure to the clang of cymbals. It was no chance resemblance this, between an Hindoo rite, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and those wild revels that stream along many a Grecian bas-relief, and wind round many an

ancient Italian vase; for every detail portrayed in those marvellous works of art was faithfully represented here. If one of the life-like black figures in the Etruscan chamber of the British Museum could have walked down off the back-ground of red pottery into the midst of the road conducting to Cali Ghaut, he would not have attracted the notice of the closest observer. Every half-minute poured by a troop of worshippers. First, came boys stark naked, and painted from head to foot in imitation of leopards and tigers, while others guided them with reins of thin cord. Then followed three or four strange classic figures, wearing the head-dress which is familiar to us from the existing representations of bacchanalian processions, dancing in an attitude which recalled, spontaneously and instantly, the associations of Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities." The only circumstance which was not in common between Tolly's "Nullah" and the Cephissus, was the censor of live charcoal which these men carried before them, supported by wires passed through the flesh under their armpits. Into this, from time to time, they throw a powder, which produced a sudden flash and a most infernal smell. Behind them, his brows crowned profusely with foliage, was led in mimic bonds, the chief personage of the company, who was supposed to be under the direct influence of the god. All around him, musicians were beating tomtoms and clashing tambourines, like the satellites of Evius, on the day when he leapt from his car into the arms of the forsaken Ariadne: as he still leaps on the glowing canvas of Titian. All was headlong licence and drunken frenzy. After struggling through the throng for a mile and a half of dusty street, I came to a narrow slum which descended to the Ghaut, or

landing-place, of Cali, which lies on the nullah of the mythical hero Tolly, who, perhaps, was the Atys of this Oriental Cybele. From this lane, a passage a yard or two in breadth opened on to a dirty court in which stood the sanctuary, whence Calcutta derives its name ; which was an object of awe and reverence to the surrounding population for ages before the first ship, laden with Feringhee wares, was warped up the neighbouring river. It seemed impossible to pierce the mob of devotees, and penetrate to the holy place ; but not even religious madness, not even the inspiration of bang and toddy, could overcome the habitual respect paid to a white face and a pith helmet. A couple of policemen cleared a passage for me to within a few feet of the sacred image. It appeared to be a rude block, ornamented with huge glass beads ; but I dare say the Palladium, which fell from heaven, was not a very elaborate device ; and yet it saved the reputation of a young Roman lady, and gave a synonym to an English jury. I wonder what Mr. Edwin James conceived to be the origin of the expression, on the numerous occasions when he appealed to that institution, as the "Playdium of British Liberty." He probably supposed it to be the Latin for "bulwark," or "effective guarantee." Before I reached home, what with the jostling, and hubbub, and stench, I was very glad to get back to the society of clean, fragrant Christians. As I grew every moment more tired and hot, the exhibition seemed to savour less of the classical, and more of the diabolical. At last, I came to the ill-natured conclusion, that Satan was at the bottom of the whole business, and not the golden-haired Dionysus. The remarkably unpleasant Moslems around me suggested the idea of perspiration rather than inspiration, and I felt inclined to exclaim,—

Dea, magna domina Tolly, Caliē dea domina,
Procul a meo sit omnis tuns ore, precor, odor !
Alios age hinc oleres. Alios age putridos.

This singular system of idolatry, so perfect in organization, so venerable in

its extreme antiquity, already shows evident marks of decay. The study of the history of creeds teaches us, that the laws which govern the religious opinions of mankind may be ascertained as surely as the laws which govern their political and social opinions. A rude nation is content with an absurd, irrational superstition ; while a highly civilized community requires a logical and consistent faith. You might as soon expect, in the England of the nineteenth century, to find Ptolemy the great astronomical authority, and Galen the great medical authority, as to meet with tenets such as those of the Church of Rome in the dark ages. Men who are accustomed to examine with care the principles of constitutional government, of commercial policy, of international law, of personal rights ; men who will not admit the existence of the most insignificant fact in geology or physiology, without a rigorous investigation, are not likely to be indifferent concerning truth or error in matters to which the interests of this world are as nothing in the balance. The same causes that set John Stuart Mill at work upon the questions of small holdings and limited liability, which led MacLure in quest of the North-west Passage, and Sir Charles Lyell in search of flint-knives and pre-historic men—these very causes incite adventurers of another class to seek a reason for the faith that is in them, amidst perils, to which polar bears and icebergs are a trifle. Yet, incredible as it may seem, instead of bidding them God-speed, we prosecute them, and sequester them and backbite them, and take away their good name and their fellowships. When a *scientist*, after a faithful and diligent inquiry, arrives at a conclusion with which we disagree, we are none the less pleased that the subject has been sifted, and we buy his book, and tack some mystical letters to the end of his name. When a theological writer follows this example, we say that his number is six hundred threescore and six, and trounce him of about as many pounds a year. It is very easy for us to tell him to

believe and not to doubt; but it is not so easy to answer the plaintive question, "How shall I know what I am to believe?" If we bid him continue in the faith in which he was brought up, without doubt or cavi, he naturally suggests that on this principle the children of Papists will be Papists, the children of Buddhists, Buddhists, the children of Mormons, polygamists, the children of Mr. Prince, love-birds, and the children of Mr. Home, media, till the end of time.

There was some sense and consistency in the intolerance of Philip the Second and his spouse, who, as you observed in a prize declamation, attached the epithet of "bloody" to the loveliest of English names. They held that the Church which traced back an unbroken descent to the day when Peter received the keys from the hand of her Master and Founder, was infallible and omniscient. Whatever the Church ordained to be essential for salvation—prayer, penance, or indulgence—she must be obeyed, or the consequence would be eternal death. Men who acted under this impression really meant well by you when they screwed you up, and flayed you alive, and roasted you, and confiscated your property. But for Protestants, whose creed is founded upon freedom of thought—who, if thought be not free, are, one and all, in a state of reprobation—for Protestants, on account of honest difference of opinion, to ban, and browbeat, and mulct, and indite each other, and gratuitously forbid each other to preach in their respective dioceses, is an idea to the last degree monstrous and incongruous. Will any one pretend to say, that there exists no fault or blemish in our Church? If the institution is not perfect, if—like everything else in the construction of which man has borne a part—reformation is needed, from what quarter is the reforming movement to begin? When laymen take up the matter, the cry is, "Hands off! the Church of England is not a public office, or a government dock-yard. In the name of Heaven, do not allow our liturgy to get amidst the

"godless House of Commons!" If clergymen step into the breach, the cry rises to a shriek: "How dare you, who eat the bread of the Church, revile her service and impugn her belief? Traitors! impostors! perjured swindlers! ill birds! pack up and begone from the nest you have fouled!"

But I have wandered far enough from Calicut. You may well imagine that such a scene of idolatrous barbarism as I have described must seem shocking and absurd to natives educated in European literature, and versed in European habits of thought and business. The schoolmaster has long been abroad, and the rationalist generally treads on the heels of that functionary. The introduction of Western learning and science has produced upon the Hindoo religion the same effect that was produced upon the ancient classical creeds by the progress of civilization. As Cicero said of the augurs of his day, it is hard to conceive how one Brahman can look another in the face without a smile. There are some who admire the great men of Greece and Rome, because they united philosophy to the conduct of public affairs. How beautiful to behold Pericles learning from Anaxagoras that the universe in general, and Aspasia in particular, was composed of homogeneous atoms! Cato, on the eve of death, assuring Plato that he reasoned well! Cicero, in the intervals of self-glorification, writing academic treatises, and receiving consolatory letters from people who had sailed from Ægina and Megara. There would be just as much sense in praising Bright for being a Protestant as well as a demagogue, or Pelissier for being a Roman Catholic as well as a Marshal. A man must have a belief, or disbelief, of some sort or kind; and when, as in the case of Jupiter and Vishnu, the national religion is too absurd for an enlightened man to swallow, he must profess himself something, if it were only an atheist. The earliest and most natural heresy is an attempt to rationalise the irrational, and extract from the follies of the old faith a consistent system of morality and divinity.

Towards the beginning of the present century, Ram Mohun Roy (no relation to Lord Stanhope), struck with the idea of divine unity, which he had learnt from the Bible and the Koran, with much audacity and ingenuity undertook to trace out an underlying current of Monotheism in the four books of the Vedas, the most sacred of the Hindoo Scriptures. During a residence in England, he regularly attended a Unitarian place of worship. His sect went by the name of "Vedantists;" in fact, the "Evangelicals" of the East. The orthodox Pundits took alarm, and declared him a heretic, but not before they had most clearly shown that he had entirely failed to explain away the polytheist character of the Hindoo theology. It never occurred to them to assert that this pretended new idea had been exploded as far back as the reign of Shah Jehan.

When, however, European principles of criticism were applied to the Vedas, grave doubts began to spring up concerning their divine origin. One book was evidently the primary basis of the other three, which were little more than a confused liturgy. The Vedantists now began to talk about "natural religion." They refused any longer to acknowledge the high authority of the writings from which their sect received its first name, and professed to believe only in the pure and eternal God, or Brahma. By a strange inconsistency, they still use the old Vedic ritual,¹ the hymns of which they sing to the best music that can be procured in Calcutta, which is not saying very much for it.

With such an element of discord as the proud and bigoted Mahommedan population scattered throughout the country, it is greatly to the credit of our Government that religious disturbances are of such rare occurrence. If you can conceive the Catholics and Orangemen of Ireland, each multiplied by

twenty, and planted under a zone where the passions are at blood-heat, you will have an idea what the state of things out here would be if it were not for the heavy hand of English authority. In all sectarian squabbles, our magistrates behave with the same cold justice and magnificent indifference that was displayed by the provincial officers of old Rome in the days of Paul and Barnabas, and I have no doubt but what they get the same hard measure from the enthusiasts whom they prevent from tearing each other in pieces. In all probability, the records and traditions of the respective creeds preserve the name of more than one judge or collector, who was rewarded for having saved the life of some bold preacher, by being handed down to posterity as the impersonification of "carelessness." There are few personages in history who have been so unjustly used as these Roman deputies and chief captains. They seem to have borne themselves with rare courage and judgment, to have stood on every occasion between the persecutors and their prey, and to have given way only when nothing short of concession could avert a general uprising of a fierce and determined nation of fanatics. The conduct of Lycias and Festus seems to have been eminently just and prudent; and, after all, poor Gallio's fault simply consisted in this, that when he found no mention in the revised code, of the crime charged against Paul, he bundled both parties out of his cutcherry. And during the most awful and melancholy scene that the world has ever witnessed, —when the earth trembled with horror, and the kindly sun veiled his face before the cruelty of man—after the Divine victim, and those women whose perfect love cast out their fear, the character who most deserves our pity is the timid, feminine, compassionate ruler, who pleaded hard for that sacred life against the murderous and turbulent mob of Jerusalem; who yielded at last in an agony of remorse and shame; and who restored to His disciples the body of their Master in the teeth of those implacable bigots, who desired to pursue their revenge beyond

¹ These speculative philosophers who stick to their old ritual, resemble Alcibiades, who, according to Mr. Grote, was "celebrated alike for his theories and his liturgy."—(Note by Mr. Simkins.)

the limits of the grave. His cowardice seems far more venial than the dastardly desertion of those men who, after living in daily intercourse with our Saviour for the space of three years, hanging on His words, eating with Him at the same table, sleeping at His side, sharing His every toil and privation (made light, indeed, by so blessed a presence, and so deep an affection), at the first sight of sword or staff, "forsook Him and fled." The conduct of Judas, of Caiaphas, of Herod, of Pilate, may be explained by (alas!) ordinary human motives. But who can account for the conduct of Peter and James, Andrew and Philip? In the most stormy tumult, with outrage and massacre staring them in the face, a faithful band of followers and admirers always stuck by Paul to the last. On the day when "the best of men who knew not God" was mobbed by deadly enemies before a prejudiced tribunal, Plato and Crito, Apollodorus and Critobulus stood around their companion and teacher, pressed him with loving importunity to accept their money and their services, and, at the risk of their lives, schemed his escape from prison, loth to acquiesce in his fixed determination to submit to the laws of his country, however unjustly they might have been wrested by his adversaries to ensure his destruction. And yet Paul and Socrates, great and noble as they were, were nothing more than men. How then could those who had been permitted to call themselves the friends of a Divine and perfect being stoop to a baseness from which ordinary men of the world would be preserved by sentiments of honour and self-respect? It indeed required a life as long as that of John, and a fate as painful as the fate of James and Peter, to wipe out such a stain from their own conscience and from the memory of mankind.

You urge me, in all your letters, to tell you something about the aborigines of India. You write as if you were making inquiries about a set of savages, their bread-fruit, their canoes, their clubs, and the paws from which they carry on a desultory Mars. I have not

hitherto gratified your wish, because I am one of those who think that the people of India deserve more than cursory observation, inasmuch as they are the most important class in India, for whose benefit we hold the country, and to whom we shall have one day to account for the manner in which we govern it. Extraordinary as this opinion may seem to some people, it is backed by the high authority of Sir Charles Wood and Lord Stanley, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir John Peter Grant, and the vast majority of the Civil Service. I hate the "damned nigger" style. One requires more than a few months to form a correct set of opinions and impressions concerning an ancient and wealthy society, with a singular and complicated organization; whose habits, instincts, and ways of thought, to a European eye, form "a mighty maze," which, nevertheless, if it be closely examined, will be found to be "not without a plan."

In order to lay a foundation for a conception of the native character, it is essential first to clear away all our preconceived notions of what that character ought to be. It is impossible to judge a Hindoo by any other known standard. He is not, like the North American Indian, a barbarian with a few sound ideas about the bearings of the stars and the habits of deer, and a few crude ideas about the Great Spirit and the future condition of his faithful dog. He is not, like the European of the middle ages, the member of a community, rude indeed as yet, and undeveloped, but replete with the germs of a vigorous civilization. The institutions of his country, though grotesque enough in our point of view, are elaborate and mature as any recorded in history. He belongs to a social order, which dates far back into the depths of time, with innumerable well-defined grades and classes, with titles which were borne by his forefathers, when the ancestors of English dukes still paddled about in wicker canoes, when wild in woods the marquis ran, when the Williams of the period sported a suit of blue paint, on

the principle that wiscounts, "when unadorned," are "adorned the most." He professes a religion compared with which all other creeds are mere parvenus; which looks down on the venerable faith of Buddhism as a vulgar modern heresy, and watches the varying fortunes of Mahommedanism with the same contemptuous curiosity as that with which the Church of England regards the progress of the Revival movement. He still may recognise at every turn the traces of a system of government, justice, and finance, as comprehensive and minute, though not so philosophical, as that which we have founded in its place. His countrymen were bankers, and merchants, and shopkeepers, long before the renaissance era of European commerce; ere Venice had yet supplanted Amphitrite in the affections of Neptune; ere Britain was aware of the charter which had been drawn up for her benefit on the occasion of her rising from the azure main amidst a flattering but somewhat monotonous chorus of guardian angels. Broking, and discounting, and forestalling, and retailing were going on briskly along either bank of the Ganges while Gurney and Overend were squabbling over the skin of a badger which they had trapped on the ground where the Exchange now stands; while Fortnum and Mason were driving a bouncing trade in acorns, and Swan and Edgar were doing a good thing in woad; while Rothschild was compounding for his last grinder with some fierce chieftain in Franconia. Who can wonder that the member of such a society should differ radically from a Frenchman or a German; not as a savage differs from a civilized man, but as one man differs from another who has been brought up amidst an entirely dissimilar set of ideas, scenes, associations, and influences? The day has long passed when the Bengalee could be disposed of by being termed a "mild Hindoo," and I trust that it will not be long before he will cease to be disposed of by being called a "damned nigger."

In the constitution of the native mind, the fundamental characteristic is want of

stamina, and this defect is the favourite text of the abuse levelled against the Hindoo by his enemies. The secret of our rapid conquest and secure tenure of the country is the absence of energy among the inhabitants. In every action of his life, the Bengalee makes it manifest that he is entirely without the earnestness of purpose which a Briton carries into his business, his pleasures, even his vices. Your native is perfectly contented to glisten and bask in the sun for days and weeks together, dozing, waking to scratch his arms, and turn over, and dozing again. Conceive a Scotchman, not under the influence of whisky and unprovided with tobacco, lying on his back for two hours of daylight! He would never be able to recover his lost ground and catch up his brother Scotchmen in the race of life. John Stuart Mill has shown that "the standard of comfort indispensable in the opinion of the labouring classes" is the ruling principle of social progress. Now, in India that standard is lamentably low. A penny or twopence a day will provide a man with rice enough to produce a pleasing sense of plethora; a single coarse cotton garment, a mat, and a brass lotah require no large outlay. He digs a great hole in the ground, and makes a dirt-pie, which he calls a house. He grinds his curry on a stone prigged from an English graveyard, cooks his rice in an extempore oven on a fire of dried cow-dung, and eats till he "swells visibly before your very eyes." One good fit of dyspepsia, tempered by a pipe and a siesta, suffices for his sustenance. The great mass of the population will do just as much work as will earn them their simple but flatulent dinner, and not a stroke more. The distinctive traits of the Oriental and the Frank are strongly marked in their respective methods of limiting their exertions to their wants. An English navvy will work like a horse for four days out of the seven, and spend the other three in an Elysium of beer, bird's-eye, pugilism and bull-terriers. A ryot lounges and snoozes over his business every day and all day long, except on

some high festival, when he splashes his turban with pink paint, and sets off to drink the water of the holy river in an exalted state of piety and bang, in the company of twenty or thirty of his neighbours, a tomtom, and two females of bad reputation.

The ordinary Hindoo has no feeling about the sacredness of toil. Honest, faithful performance you will expect from him in vain. A drunken, debauched mechanic in our own country will turn out what work he does, in first-rate style. A knavish, dissipated groom will bring your horse to the door in perfect condition, with not a hair out of place, as fresh as he himself was the evening before. A native, on the contrary, must be watched from morning till night. He has no sense of shame in the matter of laziness, and considers himself horribly ill-used if he is kept to his duty. I learnt this fact during my first night on these shores. After half an hour's sleep, I began to dream that I was Dante, and that I was paying a visit to the Infernal realms under the guidance of Martin Tupper. Protected by his divine presence, I traversed the regions of torment, escaping with difficulty from the clutches of minor demons, who bore a strong resemblance to the Lascars in the service of the P. and O., until we arrived at the sanctum of the Father of Lies, who received us very cordially. The atmosphere was hot, very hot; so hot that I had begun to think of negotiating a retreat, when an imp came up to his majesty, touched his horns respectfully, and said, "More coals, please sir, for General Butler." At this moment I awoke in a fearful state of perspiration to see the punkah hanging motionless overhead. I sallied forth, and there was the bearer rolled up in his blanket, fast asleep; and this fellow had absolutely nothing else to do besides pulling a string for three hours and a half every night: the rest of the twenty-four he had at his own disposal. If you go to sleep on a journey, nothing is more usual than to find your palanquin on the ground at the side of the road, while half the men are gone to a village a mile off for a

drink of water, and the other half are smoking in a circle and listening to a disquisition of the torch-carrier, who has just pronounced to the satisfaction of his audience that you are of a lower caste than the Sahib at the last dawkh bungalow, because he wore a collar and waistcoat, while you travel without those badges of rank. It is difficult to imagine how any business was done before we came into the country—how any one ever made a road, or a boat, or a journey. The other day I was on a visit at the house of a Maharaja. We were to set off at three in the morning, in palanquins, to catch a train at a distant station. Most minute arrangements had been made over night. Our servants were to start on an elephant at one A.M., our baggage on the heads of coolies an hour after that, while we were to find breakfast ready at a quarter before three. At five minutes before three I awoke by chance, and, out of a household of a hundred and more, not a soul was stirring. They had all gone to bed, not with a determination to oversleep themselves, but absolutely indifferent whether they overslept themselves or not. This utter want of conscience in everything that concerns industry is very trying to men who employ natives in large numbers; and a natural indignation is too apt to render such men oblivious of the fact that the most idle, worthless, servile, timid rascal is the equal of the Viceroy himself in his rights of man and citizen.

Unfortunately, this want of truthfulness leavens the whole being of the Bengalee. And here, though I use the language of the most cruel foes of the native, I entreat you to believe that the same language may be employed with very different ends. Facts are facts. The deduction to be drawn from them is the vital point. Is a firm friend of the Hindoo, a devout believer in the destinies of the race, to blink his eyes to grand faults of the Hindoo character, because those faults form a pretext for those who desire to lower the peasant-proprietor to the condition of a serf? Let us boldly take the native as he is, compare him with what he was, and we shall

find no reason for despair as to what he will be. It is not too much to assert that the mass of Bengalees have no notion of truth and falsehood. During the earliest weeks of Indian life one is amused or irritated, as the case may be, by the transparency or ingenuity of the lies which meet one at every turn. The first Mofussil town at which I spent any time was Patna. When my servant heard that we were going thither, he appeared to be in high glee, and said that he had a papa and mamma at Patna. Pleased at his filial piety, I gave him some hours' leave in the course of every day, little dreaming that his parents were represented by a hideous venal sweetheart of eight-and-thirty. At Mofussilpore his papa and mamma were succeeded by his brother and sister, at Chupra by his uncle and aunt. As we went from station to station he had reason to regret that he had been so extravagant with his relations at first setting out. By the time we came to Gya he had exhausted the whole connexion, and was reduced to the clumsy expedient of transporting the author and authoress of his being from Patna in search of employment. You are obliged to engage a servant with your eyes shut. It is a hundred to one that the testimonials which he brings for your inspection refer to some other man. A lady told me that three ayahs applied to her consecutively, one dirtier than another, with precisely the same set of testimonials. But, however deeply engrained in the Hindoo nature are habits of mendacity, there is good ground for believing that those habits may be corrected or modified in time. Under favourable circumstances a native can refrain from saying the thing that is not. Powerful Rajahs and high-born Zemindars are too proud and independent to lie and cozen. There are abundance of signs which must convince those who do not in their heart of hearts wish their dark brethren to continue "always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies," that the Hindoo is capable of speaking the truth, just as he is capable of reading Gibbon, wearing peg-top trousers, and

drinking bottled ale. Bengalees who have received an English education, and who mix much with Englishmen, have learnt to appreciate the English feeling about veracity. The Jemmadar, or headman of a factory, who is high in the confidence and much in the company of his master, is often every whit as trustworthy as a Norfolk or Yorkshire bailiff. Who can doubt, then, that among the many blessings which England will have conferred upon India truth will not be wanting? At present she is certainly lying with Hope at the bottom of the tank in Short's bazaar.

The love of gain is strong in the Hindoo, but not so strong as to counteract his aversion for what an Englishman would call work. His covetousness displays itself in a penchant for saving money that almost amounts to a mania, and in the popularity of all occupations which afford an opportunity for turning two-thirds of an anna without any great exertion of mind or body. Your Bengalee dearly loves a contract. He is the ideal contractor, as far as his own interests are concerned. He will spare no trouble or time to buy the article at an absurdly low price, and of the worst quality that can by any possibility pass muster. If there is any quiet little knavery practicable, he marks it with the glance of a vulture. The universal "dustoorie" is a singular monument of the petty peculation which has been going on throughout Bengal for thousands of years. Every agent employed to make a purchase, great or small, pockets a commission unknown to his principal. This commission is called "dustoorie," or "the customary sum;" the amount being regulated by the impudence of the buyer, and the anxiety of the seller to dispose of his goods. A native prince, who agreed to take the house and furniture of a gentleman about to leave the country, claimed to make a deduction from the price, on the ground that he was his own agent. The rascality and acuteness of the servants in European families are something stupendous. A bad servant cheats you right and left. A good servant takes

less and less every year that he lives with you, but he will always take something. He could not reconcile it with his conscience to impugn the institution of the dustooria. If you give your man a rupee to pay a cab, he puts the coin in his pouch, and arranges the matter when your back is turned. If you bid him throw a few pice into a beggar's lap, he takes his percentage after a bargain made at great length and with much heat. But it never occurs to the cabman or the beggar to dispute his right to a commission. The other day, a treasury messenger was sent to buy some stamps. Not being aware that this commodity is supplied by the Government, which is more apt to take dustoories than to give them, he demanded his discount, which was summarily disallowed by the clerk. Shocked and scandalised by a refusal which appeared to him monstrous and unreasonable, he jumped over the counter, knocked the functionary on the head with his own official ruler, and carried off the ledger in triumph as a hostage back to the treasury. A lady, who lately set up house here, paid the wages of twelve bearers into the hands of the Sirdar or headman during the first month. At the end of that time, she held a review of all the establishment, a step which disconcerted the policy of the Sirdar, who was able to produce only nine bearers, of whom two were evidently coolies, got in for the occasion from a neighbouring bazaar. The same man offered the steward ten shillings a month for the privilege of supplying the lamps with oil. Yet there is every reason to believe that he is honest, as Sirdar-bearers go. The following communication to the *Englishman* will give you a notion of the universality of "dustoorie," and is likewise a fair specimen of a native letter. You must know that Messrs. Thacker and Spink publish a Post-office Directory, prefaced by an almanac. "Chota," as you will probably discover by your unassisted genius, signifies "little."

"THAKKUR AND SPINK'S EKKLIPS.

"To the Edditur of the Englishman."

"SIR,—I beg to trubble on your honnor's beneficense for shameless neglekt of Messrs. Thakkur and Sphinx not keep there words about Ekklips of mune. I buy Thakkur and Spink's Post office dirrektions which say ekklips of mune 1st Joone at 8-45 with diskount and kommishun for redy rupees. What for my rupees all gone and no Ekklips? Not my rupees, but master's. I very good man, get edukating in Mission Skul, while Mission Sahib smoke cheroots, and Mission Sahib buy Thakker and Spink's for Society, which give me commishun and diskount very small pice. I very fond of Ekklipees, and I sit up to see Ekklips with Mem Sahib's ayah, and she say I know nothing, and she not turn Kristian, and very angry, and I give her chota drop out of master's bottle, make her very glad, and turn anything. Then master he come out, and look at mune, and say 'dam Thakkur and Sphinx,' and throw him in tank, and send me to fish out Post office Direkshions to curl chota Mem Sahib's hair. But I think master all rong. Thakker and Sphinx very good gentlemen, and give dishkount, and its the Post office and Elekrik Telegremps what made Ekklips come rong day; and if you will put it in your paper Post office peoples very mad, and tare wigs, and kick punka-wallah, but ekklips come all right yesterday after rumpus.

"I pour native boy rite butiful English, and rite good Sirkulars for Mate land Sahib and Chamber of Kommerce very cheap, and gives one rupee eight annas per diem, but new man say he make betterer English, and put it all rong, and only give one rupee; so I leave the gentlemen's and come to you if you will give two eight per diem. I can make potery and country korrus-pondance.

"Yours trully,

"MOFUSIL."

Of all avenues to wealth, that most peculiar to this country is the tortuous path of litigation. The native regards a court of law, not as the bulwark of the innocent, and the refuge of the wronged, but as a prize-ring, which affords a fair field and no favour; a stock-exchange, where fortunes are to be made by cleverness and industry, and lost by carelessness and stupidity; where all men have an equal chance, and no one must rely on the justice of his cause, or the blamelessness of his life, or any such natural advantage which he may possess over his fellows. The wealthiest and most respected man in a district will often be one who dates his prosperity from a suit which, as everybody is well aware, was brought to a successful termination by unlimited perjury, and a document discovered at the bottom of a chest in the Zenana, just in time to be produced in court. His neighbours speak of him as the society of an English provincial town speaks of a man who began life under a counter and ends it in the parlour of the county bank, whither he has pushed his way by dint of prudence and frugality. Great families carry on their feuds in the cutcherries and the Zillah courts instead of in the tented field. Accusations and counter accusations of murder, violence, fraud, writs of ejectment and trespass, appeals, summonses, false wills, false witnesses, false dates—such are the weapons which are familiar to the Percies and Douglasses, the Capulets and Montagues of Bengal and Bahar. A planter confessed to a friend of mine, that he had been reduced to the verge of ruin by a rajah, who trumped up three actions in succession, and gained them all. The Englishman, however, eventually won back the ground which he had lost in a suit, the facts of which had been invented and arranged by his agent and zaminadar. Amidst such an entangled mass of chicane, falsehood, and inaccuracy, a judge requires a local experience of many years, and considerable natural discernment, to arrive with any certainty at a conclusion, and even with these advantages he is often misled. A Hindoo never sticks at a

lie, but in the witness-box he surpasses himself. Even if there is no intention to deceive, the native has not yet been found who can stand the cross-examination of an English barrister. A bold big lawyer will make a ryot contradict himself ten times in as many sentences. The testimony of a single one of our countrymen has more weight with the court than that of any number of Hindoos, a circumstance which puts a terrible instrument of power into the hands of an unscrupulous and grasping Englishman. It is no uncommon thing for a rich native to purchase an estate in the name of a dependant, who farms it for his master's profit, partly from an innate dislike of open dealing, partly from an ancient prejudice against presenting to the world an appearance of wealth—the relic of a lawless age, when none but the poor were safe. On one occasion, a zaminadar bought some valuable indigo works, without taking the precaution of binding by a document the agent to whom the factory was nominally to belong. An Englishman in the neighbourhood got the ear of the agent, and bribed and bullied him into making over the whole concern to himself, knowing well that, in the absence of written evidence, the word of a European would carry the day. And small wonder, when every week a dozen cases come into court in which a plain fact, asserted on oath by a score of men, is denied on oath by another score.

India is the country for those conscientious barristers who have doubts about the morality of advocating a cause which they believe to be unfounded. If Felix Graham came out here he would lead the bar within five years, and his pretty wife would be a charming addition to Calcutta society. He would be utterly unable to make out whether his client was the wronged or the wronger, guilty or not guilty. He might say to himself, "We employ perjury, it is true, but the other side employ both perjury and forgery. We bring forward fifteen witnesses, who would not speak truth if they could, but the other side brings forward as many

"who could not speak truth if they would." Last month, at Mofussilpore, I witnessed a case which came before Benson, and which he referred to Tom. A shopkeeper complained that, as he was walking across the street, one of his neighbours fell on him, knocked him down with a cudgel, and, as he lay insensible on the ground, robbed him of thirteen rupees. He produced seven witnesses, who confirmed circumstantially his whole statement. It eventually turned out that the prisoner struck the prosecutor on the back with a light switch, and that the rupees and the insensibility were an episode which had no foundation in fact. The proceedings in a case where natives are concerned always remind me of the scene at a public school, when a disputed point occurs during an interesting match. Last winter, I witnessed a game of football at Harrow between two boarding-houses, in which twelve boys of known probity (that is to say, the eleven players and their umpire), swore that the ball had blown midway through the base; while twelve other boys, of equally known probity, swore that it had touched one of the poles. What would Paley say to this? Which of these two pre-judications would he find himself unable to resist?

Mildred, my Mofussil friend, who has lived for twenty years in constant communication with the people of the country, at times seeing none but black faces for six months on end, has a very low opinion of native evidence. He is a credible authority on this point, inasmuch as he is a real friend of the Hindoo, and is adored by the population of the neighbourhood. Ryots, who have a suit in court, are very importunate to have him called as a witness in their favour. A man lately entreated the magistrate to summon my friend to testify to his character. On being asked whether he had ground for believing that Mildred knew anything about him, he replied that the Sahib had once fined him ten rupees for cattle stealing! When Mildred was a very young man, he bought a village from a zemindar,

who sold it cheap, because the inhabitants had for some years past refused to pay a pice of rent. As the new proprietor was well aware that his tenants enjoyed a very evil reputation for theft, dacoity, and manslaughter, he called his friends and neighbours together, and rode over with some force to collect the arrears. It happened that cholera was rife in the village; so the party encamped for the night on a spot about a mile distant. Late in the evening, the head man, accompanied by six or seven others, came to Mildred, and told him that, unless he cleared off in the course of the morrow, they would bring the corpse of a ryot who had died of the epidemic, cut the throat, throw it into the camp, and go in a body to the magistrate, to accuse the Sahibs of a murder!

On another occasion, Mildred, in company with two planters of his acquaintance, drove over to visit a friend, who lived at a considerable distance from the station. They had given him no previous intimation to expect them, but people in India can be hospitable on very short notice, and he soon set before them curry, and fowls, and beer, and cheroots. As they were chatting over their tobacco, after a jolly tiffin, they heard the howl of a jackal in the vicinity of the bungalow, and it was proposed to sally forth and have a shot at him. The firearms in a planter's house are always in condition for immediate use; so the host loaded a rifle, and went out with one of his guests, while Mildred and the other remained among the soda-water bottles. After some time a shot was heard, and soon after the pair returned, pale and agitated. The master of the house said, "Mildred, I believe I have shot a man, but we did not dare to go and look." It appears they could not find the jackal; so, in the wantonness of men who were full of meat, and drink, and smoke, they took a shot at a sheep which was feeding about a furlong off. As the gun was fired, a man sprang up out of the grass behind the animal, and dropped again before he was well on his feet. Mildred

went to the spot, and found a peasant stone dead, with a ball through the heart. Now for the sequel. The relations of the poor fellow prosecuted the planter for murder, and more—that he had tied the deceased to a tree, beaten him cruelly, outraged him in the most foul manner, and finally put him out of his misery by deliberately firing at him from the distance of a few yards. This vindictive wicked lie was supported in every particular by a number of the villagers. The presence of his three countrymen, a happy chance, and nothing more, alone saved the prisoner from condemnation. “From that day forward” (such was the conclusion which Mildred drew from the circumstance) “I resolved, if ever I was on a jury, never to convict a European of a capital crime, on native testimony.” I endeavoured to show him that his resolution was illogical, and that the consequences of it would be most disastrous; that, if we rejected the evidence of Hindoos when the life of an Englishman was in question, we must refuse to admit it on any other occasion whatsoever; the result of which would be that, instead of providing the people of India with justice of superior quality to that dealt out by their own countrymen, we should banish law and order from the land, until an insulted Providence sent us about our business. He was not convinced.

By the most scrupulous care our officers cannot prevent their names being used for purposes of the grossest corruption. For instance, a native gentleman calls on the magistrate, and then goes straight to the house of some one who has a suit pending, and says: “I sit down in the presence of the Sahib. He has a greater respect for me than for the sub-inspector of police, and loves me better than he loves a lieutenant and two ensigns in the cantonments, and he will soon love me better than one of the captains. Give me five hundred rupees.” And, though the poor fool must know that if he gave away his whole fortune in presents he would not alter a tittle of

the magistrate’s verdict, he pays the money under a hazy conviction that some benefit will ensue. Rich baboos will vie with each other for the post of deputy-treasurer, which is worth fifty or sixty rupees per mensem, and will gladly deposit eighty or a hundred thousand rupees as security for the faithful discharge of the functions. They are attracted, not so much by the honour of being in the service of Government, as by the knowledge that an official position will enable them to drive harder bargains, to obtain higher interest, to oppress their poorer neighbours, and intimidate their equals. And yet every dealer in the town knows that if he was to come to the English authorities, and say: “Baboo Chunder Boss, the deputy-treasurer, told me yesterday that if I refused to let him have my saltpetre at his own price I should repent it,” Baboo Chunder Boss would not be deputy-treasurer another twenty-four hours. They know this; but they cannot act upon it. Habit is too strong for reason. Besides, your native positively likes to see Jack-in-office. During the progress of a Governor through his province, all the rajahs and zemindars who come to pay their respects to the great man are never content unless they pay their rupees to his servants. They would not enjoy their interview thoroughly if they got it gratis. The sirdar-bearer or the head messenger of a member of council makes a wonderfully good thing of his place. Out of his pay of a pound a month he manages to dress well, feed of the best, and maintain a sufficiency of wives and parasites. If he hears of a good investment on a small scale he can generally come down with a fat bag of rupees. Surely the fellow’s clients and patrons can hardly imagine that he has the ear of his master. Their munificence is dictated by “dustoor,” or custom, the most powerful of all the motives which actuate the conduct of a native.

Dustoor is the breath of a Hindoo’s nostrils, the mainspring of his actions, the staple of his conversation. A ryot

is never so happy as when he is squatted amidst a circle of neighbours, smoking a mixture in which powdered dung is the most fragrant ingredient, and talking about dustoor. The spirit of conservatism, powerful everywhere except among the conservative leaders in the English House of Commons, is rabid in the East. In European countries men keep up old practices and habits which reason cannot approve because familiarity has rendered them attractive. In India men do things which they know to be absurd, and which they excessively dislike, because custom so enjoins. An English family, an hour after their usual bedtime, perform an elaborate toilette, and start off to dance and flirt themselves into a state of unnatural wakefulness. The son is routed out from a quiet corner, where he has been employed over a surreptitious cigar, and hounded up to his dressing-room with threats and execrations. A daughter, who is on ordinary occasions a model of piety, rudely tears the kerchief from the face of her sleeping father, and rouses him from sweet visions of middling fair Pernambuco and ditto transfer stock, to the fearful reality of a four hours' lounge in a back drawing-room, sweetened by fine supper-sherry at twenty-eight and six. And yet they go forth to the sacrifice a troop of willing victims, proud of the fillet, and in fond expectation that they will enjoy the rite. A shopkeeper or clerk, when club-night comes round, duly pays half-crowns which he can ill afford, and swallows four times as much liquor as he can well digest. But, while he is seated at midnight in the midst of a noisy, boozy company, with an incipient headache and the prospect of a crampulous colic, smoking his fourteenth pipe and sipping his ninth—no, tenth—no, eleventh—brar-r-ry war-r-rer, he is all the time under the impression that he is doing something uncommonly jolly and Bacchanalian. Now this is not the case with the Hindoo. Groaning and repenting, he follows whithersoever dustoor may lead him. This thrifty, temperate race, who deny themselves every pleasure

and comfort without a sigh, at the command of fashion fling away sums which would keep them and theirs in luxury for a lifetime. To procure these sums they are forced to have recourse to money-lenders, who are the bugbears of Indian social life. A sepoy, whose pay is seven rupees a month, has often been known to sell himself, body, soul, and pension, to a baboo, in order to spend three hundred rupees on a marriage feast. The other day, an ayah, whose wages are those of a London servant-of-all-work, invited a European lady's-maid to a dinner where covers were laid for thirty guests, with champagne and beer *à discretion*. Mildred told me that native gentlemen frequently came to him to borrow some thousands of pounds on the security of a great slice of their estate. He would say: "My good fellow, I am well aware what you want this loan for; and you are well aware that you will never be able to pay it, and that you will have ruined yourself and your descendants in order, once in a way, to cut a figure in the district. You will gain much more respect by being known to be able to spend all your rents." The zemindar would own the truth of everything my friend stated, shrug his shoulders, and go off muttering something about "dustoor." A few days after, the land would be in the clutches of some harpy from Patna.

A curious instance of the pernicious effect of "dustoor" is afforded by the fortunes of the family of my friend the Maharaja. His ancestors were enormously wealthy, and were, besides, the purest of pure Brahmans, and at the head of the religious community for a hundred miles round. If Lord Fitzwilliam were likewise Archbishop of York, his position in the country would be much that of the old Maharajas of Kishenagur, in the tract which lies along the left bank of the Hooghly. The grandfather of the present man brought himself to the brink of ruin by the most reckless and aimless extravagance. On one occasion he sold the battle-ground of Plassey for two lacs (20,000*l.*), and expended the pro-

ceeds on gold and silver cups, which he scattered broad cast among the mob from the summit of his sacred car during the procession on a solemn feast-day. The father received the estate much involved and reduced to very small dimensions. Nevertheless he spent thirty thousand rupees on the marriage of his son. Happily that son had received an English education, and had acquired a taste for English habits and society. He lives freely, keeps open house from year's end to year's end, and is very popular with the residents at the station; and meanwhile he has paid off debts to the tune of seventeen thousand pounds, has cleared the property, and intends to indulge himself in a visit to England next March, as a reward for his sense and forethought. He has much more fun for his money than ever his grandfather had, and yet he manages to eat his chupatty, and have it too. When he had once emancipated himself from the toils of "dustoor," prosperity followed as a natural consequence. Being so very exalted a Brahmin, he may eat and drink in the company of Europeans

without blame or stain. Nay, hundreds and hundreds of natives come to him in the course of the year to have their caste restored for a price. It is the old story. I fancy Pio Nono gets his indulgences uncommon cheap. There are some who say that, if we left India to-morrow, the only traces of our occupation would be the empty beer bottles;¹ just as there are some who say that it is all over with the army since the amalgamation, and who make other affirmations of about equal value with the statement that Balbus is building a wall. Let no one assert that we have ruled, and fought, and panted, and perspired, and permanently settled in vain, as long as we have taught one Maharaja the absurdity of "dustoor."

Yours ever,

H. BROUGHTON.

¹ It would be a good thing if empty beer bottles were all. Patriotic and intelligent natives bitterly complain that we have deluged the country with full gin bottles. I fear that some day we may have reason to wish for a millstone and a plunge into the depths of the Bay of Bengal.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, VOLS. VII. & VIII.

Those who watch, not without anxiety, the national taste, should be comforted by the great success of this book, and rejoice to hear that a whole edition has been sold off before the public had even seen it, simply on the authority of Mr. Froude's name, and of a very able ante-natal review in the *Quarterly*.

It appears that the English literary appetite is not permanently injured by periodic literature, nor even by sensation novels; that, however it may have disported itself (not over-wholesomely) with tiny French kickshaws, wherein unclean beasts are cunningly disguised by sauce piquante, it has still stomach enough left for the good old English *pièce de résistance* when it appears; and can devour (and we will trust digest)

two very ponderous tomes, with an honest belief that it will feel the better after it.

The truth is, that there is as great a demand as ever in Britain, and, we doubt not, in France, Germany, and America, for honest literary work, faithfully done, founded on fact, and worked out in a truly human and humane spirit.

Founded on fact: whatever may be the faults of this generation, there never was one in the world's history which was so greedy after facts, and especially the facts of the past. It is not quite satisfied with the old answers to the three great human questions, by virtue of asking which a man is a man, and not a hairless gorilla—Whence did we come? Where are we? Whither are

we going? It suspects that, for the last fifty years at least, attention has been too exclusively directed to the last of these three questions, to the exclusion of the two former, which surely must be answered, more or less, ere the third can be solved. It is asking, therefore, more and more earnestly, Whence did we come? It asks of Darwinian speculators, of discoverers of flint arrow-heads and kitchen-middens, of antiquaries, of monk-chroniclers, of historic romancers. Even Eugene Sue and his "Fils de Joel" are welcome, if he can tell anything of the great question, How came we hither? This generation is getting a wholesome philosophical instinct, that only by knowing the past can one guess at the future; that the future is contained in the past, and the child father to the man; that one generation reaps what its forefathers have sown; that Nature in nations, as in all other things, non agit per saltum; that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." It has learnt from antiquaries that we are the same people that we were 1,500 years ago; that we brought the germs of our language, our laws, our liberty, with us off the Holstein moors. It has learnt from the High-Church party (and all true Englishmen should gratefully acknowledge that debt) that there was an England before the Reformation; that we had our patriots and our lawyers, our sages and our saints, in the Middle Ages, as well as in the times of Tudors or of Stuarts; and it desires more and more to know what manner of men they were, these ancestors of ours—so unlike us in garb and thought; so like us, it now appears, in heart and spirit. Moreover, men feel—and Heaven grant that they may feel more and more—the awfulness of Britain's greatness—a greatness not so much won as thrust upon her—fortuitous, incoherent, and without plan or concentration; spread and dotted dangerously, if not weakly, over the whole world. They themselves are so small: and yet their country is so great—they know not how—and she, as a collective whole, seems not to know either; nor how to wield her greatness, save from hand to mouth—

"Oppressed
With the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born."

It is a wholesome frame of mind, that, and a safe one, just because it is a humble one: and we will thank every one, from Mr. Bright at home to French and Prussian journalists abroad, who will keep that mind alive in us, and abuse us, and rate us, and tell us that we may be a monstrous incoherence while we fancy ourselves a compact organism; that we may be going on the utterly wrong path, while we think ourselves on the utterly right one; and toppling to ruin, while we fancy ourselves omnipotent. Let them exaggerate our faults and our weaknesses as they will; the public will be only too likely to exaggerate on the opposite and less safe side.

But for this very cause, the public now welcome anything like good English History.

Only, it demands that the history shall be human. The many are no believers in the theories of Mr. Buckle. They do not put themselves in the same category with wheat and potatoes, sparrows and tadpoles, or any other things whose fate is determined by soil, climate, supply of food, and competition of species. They have a strong and wholesome belief that mankind is not an abstraction, but signifies the men and women who have lived or do live, and that the history of England is the history of the men and women of England, not of its soil, plants, and animals. And therefore they crave for a history of the hearts and characters of those same men and women, and not a mere history of statistics, events, principles. They do not deny the value of those latter; but they rationally and fairly ask for them as they occurred in fact. The statistics must be set forth in the weal or woe of the human beings who were the better or the worse for them; the events in the deeds of the men who acted them; the principles in the lives of those who worked them out, fought for them, died for them. The things did not do themselves; men of old did them: and therefore the men

now of to-day must see the men doing them. That only will they call history. If history is to be written on Mr. Buckle's plan, they simply will not read it. It is to them no history at all. They ask for historic truth, holding that (and rightly) to be identical with dramatic truth. Therefore they will read their Bible (though every number in it were demonstrated to be wrong) and get history therefrom, because it is infinitely dramatic and human. They will get their English history from Shakspeare, and understand and remember it, because he is dramatic and human. They will not read, understand, or remember the modern Constitutional Histories, Philosophies of History, and such like (excellent and instructive to the scholar as they are), because they are not dramatic and human. They will not read M. Guizot, they will not read Sismondi (to take no example nearer home), because they are not dramatic and human. Men wish to know about men of like passions with themselves, and to hear of them from a writer who has human sympathies and dramatic power.

That last is a necessary qualification. To write of men, the writer must be himself a man. When Johnson parodied poor Henry Brooke's line in "*Gustavus Vasa*"—

"Who rules o'er freemen must himself be free,"

by

"Who drives fat bullocks must himself be fat,"

he spake, as wise men are wont, more truth than he thought for. For is it not true? From whence come mad bulls, and all the terrors of Smithfield, save from this—that drovers, like too many historians, are notably and visibly a lean race; and, having no sympathy with the pangs of obesity, do over-drive, hurry, and altogether misunderstand and abuse their quadruped charges, as historians their biped ones, sinning perpetually against the time-honoured law—"Hurry no man's cattle, specially your own."

As it would be good, therefore, for

the public safety, if no man were allowed to exercise the craft and mystery of a drover, unless he weighed by scale full sixteen stone, so would it be good for the public knowledge that no one should exercise the craft and mystery of a historian, unless he had had his fair share of the sorrows and joys—nay also, perhaps, of the weaknesses of humanity. One might go further, and say that the model historian ought to have been in at least one conspiracy; to have commanded an army in battle; to have run away therefrom; to have committed a murder; to have had the appointing of half a dozen bishops; to have divorced a wife or two; to have spent the best years of his life in prison strong; and finally, to have been hanged, or, still better, burnt alive. But perfection is impossible in this life.

Certainly, it is not enough to eschew principles and theories, and write exclusively of human beings and their deeds, without a large and deep human sympathy. One has seen examples of that kind of history, which have degenerated into mere inventories of old clothes, or bills of indigestible fare; and it is not important to the human race to know the exact day on which Queen Adeliza Johanna Maud wore a green boddice over a blue kirtle, or on which Abbot Helluo de Voragine cooked five porpoises whole for a single feast. But the most notable instance of a historic failure, from mere want of humanity, is perhaps, Machiavelli's *History of Florence*. No book can be more free from theory, principle, or moral of any kind—not even a sensation novel. It is not even, like such a novel, inhuman—i.e. drawing humanity in monstrous and impossible forms; it is simply extra-human, drawing it not at all. Nevertheless, it is entirely occupied with men and their deeds; it is written as fluently, gracefully, vividly as book need be; it is crammed with incident—with stratagems, and treasons dire, with battle, murder, sudden death, plague, pestilence, and famine; and yet the effect of the whole is utter weariness, confusion, and disgust. There is no delineation of

character; there is no feeling for, or with, any actor. As might be expected from the cynic author of the "Principia," his men are not men, but stronger and cunninger beasts of prey. And therefore the effect of the book is confusion, weariness, disgust. It is no better sport than to look at the insects devouring each other in a drop of water: not even as good; for Machiavelli's insects are all of the same kind, shape, and colour, and one cannot even learn from them a lesson on the competition of species.

If all this be true (and true surely it is in the main), it is easy to understand the steadily increasing success of Mr. Froude's History of the Tudors.

When his first volumes appeared, his capabilities for writing history were altogether unknown save to a few who had read in the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine* his admirable essays on "Mary Tudor," "England's Forgotten Worthies," "The Morals of Queen Elizabeth," &c.

They could not tell that he possessed what Mr. Carlyle makes the very definition of genius—"the infinite capacity of taking trouble." That he has that, his subsequent volumes have well proved. But one thing the public knew of him, that genius he had, of a kind which interests the many far more than the genius of taking trouble—the genius of human sympathy. Whatever they thought, or were told to think, about his earlier books, they knew from them this—that he had the power of seeing things in men and women which the mass could not see; of saying things of them which the mass dared not say; and of finding words for his thought which the mass could not find. The public calls that genius—geniality—the gift of sympathy and insight; and on the strength of that one gift they expected eagerly, and accepted gladly, an account of any part of English history which came from a man who could tell them about the heart of man.

They did wisely, and were not disappointed. They expected that he would solve for them puzzles concerning

persons' rather than concerning things, and they found him at once attempting to explain a personage perhaps the most Titanic, perhaps the most important, certainly the most unintelligible, in the long list of English sovereigns. Henry the Eighth, to the many, had as yet been comprehensible under no law save that popular one of Goldsmith's (by which, indeed, most historical problems are to this day solved)—

"The dog, to serve his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man."

But what the dog's private ends for such a suicidal course might be, they had in vain as yet surmised. Mr. Froude had his theory, discarding for the most part the said private ends, and substituting for them public ones. The critics recalcitrated. If it had been so, would they not have said it themselves long ago? Is it not their business to know all about everything? The instructors of youth recalcitrated. It would unsettle the minds of the rising generation. It would require too many schoolbooks to be written over again. Beside, might it not injure the tender conscience of youth to be informed that one unworthy personage less than they had previously supposed had sat on the throne of England, and helped to build up her wealth and greatness?

The public, obedient to its leaders, recalcitrated likewise as bidden, but read the book nevertheless; not without a secret suspicion, by plain John Bull common sense, that if the once pious, wise, and virtuous Henry the Eighth did suddenly, in his later years transform himself from the likeness of a Christian man into that of a horned satyr of the woods, he might have compassed his wicked pleasures most safely and easily by the same method as his porcine friend, Francis the First, and most carnal man since his time, instead of endangering his crown, his country, and (as he held) his immortal soul, by marrying wife after wife. Moreover, the public, as they read, found wake up in them something of the old English respect

and love for the man who, amid whatever confusions, and even crimes, of thought, feeling, and actions, first dared to face and fight like a man the giant lie of a thousand years, and throw off, once and for all, the incubus which had weighed on England ever since Offa, in a fatal day, sent the first Peter's penny of Rome-scot to "the old Italian man" who called himself a God, upon the "strength of his wonder-working hoard" of rags and bones."

For the public, intensely Protestant—as all who are not such have discovered, and will discover to the end—saw this at least, that Mr. Froude was intensely Protestant likewise: and yet, that he justified their Protestantism to them not by one-sided and unjust fanaticism, but by fairly seeing and setting forth, from a human point of view, the faith, the struggles of conscience, the martyrdoms of the heroes of the old faith—of More, of Fisher, of the poor monks of the Charterhouse.

They found the darkest puzzles on their own side of the question explained by Mr. Froude's knowledge of the other side; and learnt from him—probably for the first time—to understand the deep discontent of Edward the Sixth's reign, and the subsequent revulsion to Popery under Mary, on some human and natural explanation, beside the old one of the rage and malice of the devil and his imps.

These volumes, even more than the earlier ones, showed the advantage of having our history written by students of human nature. The delineations of Somerset and Seymour, in Vol. V., were as masterly in themselves as they were pregnant with causes for the course which affairs took during that confused reign. The delineation of Mary Tudor was, as it ought to be, even more carefully worked out, and with the most complete success. For the first time, people in general could see in that hapless Queen, not a monstrous fury, but a woman, whose deepest sorrows and blackest crimes sprang out of her own warped and maddened womanhood. If Mr. Froude had done no more for English history than

the figure of Mary Tudor alone, he would have deserved the thanks of all who love truth.

It was no wonder, then, that Mr. Froude's seventh and eighth volumes were anxiously expected, and greedily bought up. What would he, so subtle an analyst of character, and especially of the character of women, make of the great Elizabeth! Perhaps the first feeling of the many was one of disappointment. There seems to be a feeling abroad that Mr. Froude ought to have introduced the English heroic age and its heroine with some set flourish of trumpets (in the old Elizabethan sense of that phrase, which involved no ridiculous notion); that he should have begun with a poem, indicating both from what point England was starting, and at what goal she would arrive.

But Mr. Froude has not done this. He has confined himself strictly to his method of drawing the time by drawing its personages, their conversations, their letters; by letting the action explain itself, without any explanatory comment from a chorus. It is wisest, perhaps, to believe that Mr. Froude knows best how to tell his own story. He has spent years of thought and labour on these volumes; and he ought, in fairness, to have the benefit of Goethe's paradoxical but true rule, that our first impression of a work of high art is one of disappointment, almost of dislike. It is so different from what we should have made ourselves. Not till we have looked at it again and again do we become reconciled to its unexpected form and proportions. And though it would be too much to claim for this history the honour of a perfect work of art, it is not too much to ask that we should not judge of its value till we have read it more than once—perhaps till we have read the volumes which will follow, and have seen Mr. Froude's picture of Elizabeth and her times as a whole.

Certainly, we must not till then judge of his portrait of Elizabeth herself. Mr. Froude, in these volumes, treats of a period which has been too much slurred over by her biographers, and which is

painful enough to those who (as Englishmen did once, and should once more) admire and love her in spite of all her faults. She came to the throne, as he shows, crippled on every side ; crippled by debts incurred by her sister, which she was trying honourably to pay, thereby bringing on herself the odium of stinginess ; crippled by her inability to trust the statesmen who had brought England to the brink of ruin during her sister's and her brother's reign ; crippled by her reasonable dissatisfaction with extreme negative Protestantism, and the revolutionary and fanatical forms which it was assuming on the Continent ; crippled by the knowledge that at least half her subjects were still Romanists, ready to dethrone her—some of them to murder her—and put Mary Stuart in her place ; [crippled by the intrigues of France and Spain, which she had no power to resist by force of arms, and which she was compelled—or rather fancied herself compelled—to meet, after the fashion of all princes in those days, by paltry and disingenuous counter-intrigues ; crippled, last of all, as Mr. Froude freely allows, by an affection for Lord Robert Dudley, which all but alienated from her the hearts of her people, and brought her at one time to the brink of ruin.

Mr. Froude has seen all these excuses for her ; but it is a question whether he has brought them before his readers with sufficient prominence. He reiterates contemptuously charges of avarice against her, which may be permissible in a republican author, like Mr. Motley, but do not come so consistently from Mr. Froude, who has confessed that she was trying to pay honestly her sister's debts. Surely, there were great excuses for her shrinking from throwing good money after bad, whether into Scotland or into the Netherlands. There were great excuses for her shrinking from armed assistance to foreign powers, while she had no certainty but that her armaments and her honour would not be fooled away by incapable commanders, as they had been in the preceding reigns. There were great excuses for her vacil-

lating in her assistance both to Scots and to Netherlands, while neither Scots nor Netherlands clearly knew what they wanted, and while she, of course, knew still less. She had a vast and unexampled part to play, in an age in which all that was old was rocking to its ruin, all that was new was unformed and untried. Can we wonder that she took years in learning that part—that she made more than one ugly mistake in her lesson ? Let it suffice that she did learn it ; that from the first, with that fine instinct for choosing great and good servants which was her safeguard in after life, she chose the noble Cecil, and not merely used, but, on the whole, obeyed him ; and that, at last, she conquered, leaving England as strong and glorious as she found it weak and disgraced.

As for her falsehoods ; they brought their own punishment, so swiftly and so often, that they cured themselves. She began on the wrong path, after the fashion of the then world, when every one seems to have lied over public matters. It is enough that she left that path in time to save England and herself.

Moreover, we must remember the morality of the time was low. If it had not been low, there would have been no Reformation, because none would have been needed. All true reformations, which lay hold of the hearts of the people, as this one did of the heart of England, are moral, not doctrinal, reformations. As long as the old Creed is the salt of the earth, and makes men consciously better men, they will cling to it, be it never so ragged and shaky ; for, say they, and truly, the grace of God is still present in it. But when the grace of God is found to be gone out of it, so that it no longer makes men better, but rather worse, then the Creed is but too likely to go the way of "the salt which has lost its savour."

And the Roman religion had, for some time past, been making men not better men, but worse. We must face, we must conceive honestly for ourselves, the deep demoralization which

had been brought on in Europe by the dogma that the Pope of Rome had the power of creating right and wrong ; that not only truth and falsehood, but morality and immorality, depended on his setting his seal to a bit of parchment. From the time that indulgences were hawked about in his name, which would insure pardon for any man, "*etsi matrem Deo violavisset*," the world in general began to be of that opinion. But the mischief was older and deeper than those indulgences. It lay in the very notion of the dispensing power. A deed might be a crime, or no crime at all—like Henry the Eighth's marriage of his brother's widow—according to the will of the Pope. If it suited the interest or caprice of the old man of Rome *not* to say the word, the doer of a certain deed would be burned alive in hell for ever. If it suited him, on the other hand, to say it, the doer of the same deed would go, *sacramentis munitus*, to endless bliss. What rule of morality, what eternal law of right and wrong, could remain in the hearts of men born and bred under the shadow of so hideous a deception ?

And the shadow did not pass at once when the Pope's authority was thrown off. Henry VIII. evidently thought that if the Pope could make right and wrong, perhaps he could do so likewise. Elizabeth seems to have fancied, at one weak moment, that the Pope had the power of making her marriage with Leicester right, instead of wrong.

Moreover when the moral canon of the Pope's will was gone, there was for a while no canon of morality left. The average morality of Elizabeth's reign was not so much low as capricious, self-willed, fortuitous ; magnificent one day in virtue, terrible the next in vice. It was not till more than one generation had grown up and died with the Bible in their hands, that Englishmen and Germans began to understand (what Frenchmen and Italians did not understand) that they were to be judged by the everlasting laws of a God who was no respecter of persons.

So, again, of the virtue of truth. Truth, for its own sake, had never been

a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be ; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.

Ever since Pope Stephen forged an Epistle from St. Peter to Pepin, king of the Franks, and sent it with some filings of the saint's holy chains, that he might bribe him to invade Italy, destroy the Lombards, and confirm to him the "Patrimony of St. Peter," ever since the first monk forged the first charter of his monastery, or dug the first heathen Anglo-Saxon out of his barrow, to make him a martyr and a worker of miracles, because his own minster did not "draw" as well as the rival minster ten miles off ;—ever since this had the heap of lies been accumulating, spawning, breeding fresh lies, till men began to ask themselves whether truth was a thing worth troubling a practical man's head about, and to suspect that tongues were given to men, as claws to cats and horns to bulls, simply for purposes of offence and defence.

The court of Rome had been for centuries, by the confession not merely of laymen and heretics, but of monks, bishops, canonized saints, beatified prophetesses, the falsest spot on earth, as well as the foulest. "*Omnia Romæ venalia*" had been a taunt, not of the Reformation-time, but of five centuries' standing. The court policy of Rome had been that of Machiavel's Principe, "*Divide et impera*." Its example had debauched its vassal kings throughout Christendom. The courts of Europe were Italianized. The old Teutonic "*Biederkeit und Tapferkeit*," the once-honoured motto, "*Treu und fest*," had withered beneath the upas-shade of ultramontane falsehood and chicane ; the Teuton, whether English, Spanish, or German, tried to make up for the loss of honesty, by clumsy efforts to out-lie Italian legates and bishops, in which

rivalry the Franks alone, the Luegen-elder, liars from the beginning, had any tolerable success.

We must remember these things, ere we judge Elizabeth and her heroes. They were born in a demoralized time, with the vices of that time clinging thick upon them; having lost the old popish rule of right and wrong, wretched as it was, and having as yet no new Gospel rules to guide them: but they were growing more and more conscious of that new rule, of the Bible, of free thought, of the sanctity of national life; and by the lights thereof they were working their way out of the slough wherein they were born, to a higher, purer, nobler, more useful type of humanity than the world had seen for many a hundred years. Giants half awakened out of sleep, soiled with many an ugly fall, wearied and crippled in many a fearful fight, and yet victorious after all—we are not the men to judge them harshly, we who stand safe on the firm ground which their struggles won.

Of Elizabeth's attachment to Dudley, Mr. Froude has no doubt. Neither has he of the purity (in act at least) of that attachment. She asserted it at a moment when she believed herself dying; and there is not a jot of evidence in the opposite direction, save in the foul imaginations of Jesuits like Parsons, who could conceive of no love which was not after the model of Paris, Venice, and Rome. What Mr. Froude says on the miserable and scandalous Amy Robsart tragedy is worthy of most careful reading: but let the reader always keep in mind, that if Elizabeth and Dudley had been only willing (as they—at least he—seem to have been for awhile) to submit themselves to the Holy Father at Rome, that Holy Father would have been both able and willing to grant Dudley a divorce from Amy Robsart, and permission to marry the Queen.

Mr. Froude writes angrily and contemptuously of this affection toward Dudley; and there is cause enough for his so doing. He likes Elizabeth too well to allow her a licence which he can allow to Mary Stuart. But he should

have remembered, that while Mary took that licence, Elizabeth did not. Meanwhile, after Elizabeth has been so long represented as utterly cold, heartless, the slave of vanity and ambition, it ought rather to raise her, than lower her, in our eyes to find her from her youth a true woman, capable—as her after life showed abundantly to those who have eyes to see—of deep and true affection.

The key to Elizabeth's strange conduct during these early years seems to be, over and above her debt and poverty, and her pardonable ignorance that her true safety lay in putting herself at the head of the Reformed party, this very simple and human fact—that she was honestly and deeply in love with a man who had been the friend of her youth, and the companion of her dangers; that she felt she must not marry him, while woman-like she could not give up the hope. That she amused others, and perhaps herself, with plans of marrying this person and that instead; and in order to put off the evil day, and escape as long as possible the loathed necessity, vacillated and lied, till she herself, and England likewise, was half-mad with suspense. That after all, she nobly resigned herself to the stern logic of facts; and confessed—a truly noble confession for that proud spirit—"that she would have married my Lord Robert, but "her subjects would not permit her."

As for her love having been misplaced: what it is which produces in any pair of human beings, raised above the mere appetites of the animal, that mysterious attraction, is altogether so unknown and miraculous, that it is impossible for a student of human nature to say what bizarre and unexpected matches may not be made any day, among people whose characters he fancies he knows most thoroughly. Have we never seen noble women throw themselves away on knaves and fools? Have we never seen them, too, after they have found out their own mistake, justify and sanctify it to themselves by devotion the more intense as the object thereof is more unworthy? Unfathom-

able is the heart of woman. It is not for man, at least, to speak rudely of its weakness, when that weakness so often brings to them undeserved blessings. It is not for women, either, to speak rudely of that weakness, when—as in Queen Elizabeth's case—it has been conquered; conquered, as usual, not without fearful struggles, which scar and cripple the whole character for the rest of life: but conquered still, by the simple sense of duty.

It may fairly be questioned, whether Mr. Froude has not indulged too much that subtle power with which he can unweave the tangled skein of human motives—a power which would have made him, had he chosen so to waste it, one of our very best novelists. Certainly page after page of the first of these two volumes leave on us a sense of confusion and bewilderment. We have got not into one spider's web, but into four or five at once, spun, or rather in the act of being spun, through and across each other, all competing for the possession of the one fly—while, to make confusion worse confounded, the fly fancies itself a spider likewise, and begins trying to spin its web in self-defence, with results so painful and ludicrous that Mr. Froude loses his temper a little, and has no pity for the poor fly, forgetting how hard the times were, and how great the temptation to a lone woman like Elizabeth, to try if she could not meet cunning with cunning. The complication of affairs is well likened by the Quarterly Reviewer to the famous "Niece-nephew and Beef-eater dead-lock" in the *Critic*. But Mr. Froude is not content with simply showing us the dead-lock. He takes the puzzle to pieces, bit by bit, puts it together again, suggests possible methods of rearrangement thereof, and ultimately confuses somewhat, not himself—for he seems as much at home in plots as De Quadra or Philip—but his readers.

In that strange intrigue, for instance, which ended in Mary Queen of Scots selling herself, body but not soul, to the miserable Darnley, half out of cool-

blooded policy, half out of bravado against Queen Elizabeth (who seems, in these early years, to have borne with her kindly, and advised her wisely), we find Elizabeth entreating Mary to marry Lord Robert Dudley (Leicester); on which Mr. Froude well says, p. 72:—

"Even in the person whom in her heart she desired Mary to marry, Elizabeth was giving an evidence of the sincerity of her intentions. Lord Robert Dudley was perhaps the most worthless of her subjects; but in the loving eyes of his mistress he was the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*: and she took a melancholy pride in offering her sister her choicest jewel, and in raising Dudley, though she could not marry him herself, to the reversion of the English throne."

Well said of Mr. Froude; and nobly done of Queen Elizabeth: but if so, why do we find, fifteen pages afterwards, this very shrewd, but rather unsatisfactory, passage?

"It is possible that the communications from Lord Robert to the Spanish ambassador were part of a deliberate plot, to lead Philip astray after a will-o'-the-wisp, to amuse him with hopes of recovering Elizabeth to the Church, while she was laughing in her sleeve at his credulity. If Lord Robert was too poor a creature to play such a part successfully, it is possible that he too was Elizabeth's dupe. Or again, it may have been that Elizabeth was sincere in her offer of Lord Robert to the Queen of Scots, while she was sincere in desiring the recognition of Mary Stuart's title—because she hoped that, to escape the succession of a Scottish princess, one party or other would be found in England to tolerate her marriage with the only person whom she would accept. If the Queen was playing a false game, it is hard to say which hypothesis is the more probable; yet on the one hand it will be seen that Cecil, Randolph—every one who has left an opinion on record—believed that she was in earnest in desiring Mary Stuart to accept Lord Robert; whilst, on the other hand,

"the readiness with which the Spanish Court listened to Lord Robert's overtures, proves that they at least believed that he had a real hold on Elizabeth's affections; and it is unlikely, with the clue to English State secrets which the Spanish Ministers undoubtedly possessed, that they would have been deceived a second time by a mere artifice. The least subtle explanations of human things are usually the most true. Elizabeth was most likely acting in good faith when she proposed to sacrifice Dudley to the Queen of Scots. Lord Robert as probably clung to his old hopes, and was sincere—so far as he could be sincere at all—in attempting to bribe Philip to support him in obtaining his object."

No doubt, "the least subtle explanations of human things are usually the most true." And Mr. Froude had given such an explanation in page 72. But if so, *cui bono* this whole passage? It only adds—unnecessarily, surely—to that sense of bewilderment which certainly seizes the reader during the perusal of much of the first volume.

But in as far as he omits surmises, and confines himself to the facts, however complicated, has not Mr. Froude a right to say to us critics, who earn our money by telling the world how things ought to have been done, instead of doing them ourselves, "How otherwise would you have had me draw the period, so as to give you a just notion of it? Take care that your very blame be not praise, proving that I have drawn from the life, and to the life. Call this part of my book the worst names you will; say that it is tedious—so was the time. Confused, mean, irritating—so was the time. I have tried to draw it as it was; and let it produce in the reader the same effect which it produced on the whole English people. Had I made the period interesting, I should have made it just what it was not. Had I compressed it, I should have given you the false notion that it was a short and unimportant episode in Elizabeth's reign, instead of what it was—a long suspense and con-

fusion, which tormented people and statesmen alike into all but despair and rebellion, which endangered Elizabeth's throne, which permanently damaged her reputation, and gave a handle for Father Parsons, and the rest of the Jesuit slanderers and plotters, to pour out their foul 'Leicesters, Commonwealths,' and other vomissements du diable. I have been tedious and irritating? If you had lived in those days, you would have found them infinitely more tedious and irritating than I have been."

The fact is, Mr. Froude has been in the case of one who has to represent on the stage a peat-bog—a foul, quaking, bottomless morass, stretching for weary miles. And how should he have done it, save by representing it as it was? He might have made it, for scenic purposes, look very pretty—deck it over with roses and gilly-flowers, and stuck a maypole in the midst, with swains and nymphs dancing round it, on soil of questionable security. But, on the whole, the impossible is not likely to be the correct.

Or he might have, for dramatic purposes likewise, only indicated his peat-bog, after the method of Bully Bottom and Snug the joiner, and cause one to enter with a spade over his shoulder and a turf in his hand, and say—

"This turf of peat, which in my hand I hold,
Doth bog present, both naked, deep, and
cold,
Where snipe and duck do breed;"

and so forth.

After which he must say, of course, "But sweet ladies, or fair ladies, if you think I am truly and indeed a bog, you be too hard on me. I am no bog, but honest John Heathcropper, at your service. So you must not be afraid of falling into me; no, nor of filing the soles of your feet through and of my bog:" &c. &c.—a method not unknown to various writers of history, who have taken on themselves to tell the story of Mary Queen of Scots, Francis the First, and other model sovereigns, with all the naughtiness left out for special reasons.

Mr. Froude has taken the simpler

(and on the whole juster) plan of sending John Heathcropper on the stage to confess that the bog is a very dangerous bog, a naughty bog, and must be crossed nevertheless ; but that he has crossed it himself, and come back with a lanthorn ; and that any lady or gentleman who chooses to step from this tummock to that tuffet, and so on, may in time get across ; but that if they do slip in, he will find them a lanthorn, but cannot find them legs.

In drawing the character of Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Froude has been more successful than he has as yet been in drawing Elizabeth. The task, indeed, is easier. The incidents of her life are so brilliant and dramatic, that, honestly told, they are enough to reveal the woman herself throughout : besides, the character is a shallower one than Elizabeth's—shallow from want of principle, though not from want of intellect or passion ; a true panther nature—beautiful and swift, crafty and cruel, with the panther's stealthy crouch, the panther's sudden spring. Mr. Froude's admirable description of her ought to abolish, once and for all, the sentimental notion of her injured innocence, which prompts even Mr. Charles Knight to talk of her trial for her life, in 1586, as “an unequal encounter.” between “the most adroit statesmen of her age” and “an inexperienced woman.” Inexperienced ? Burleigh and his compeers knew too well that, since she had landed in Scotland, she had had six-and-twenty years of perpetual experience in state craft and intrigue. They knew, too, that she had come into Scotland—as John Knox saw at his first glance—hardly needing that additional experience, so trained had she been in the ways of the craftiest court of Europe, and also—alas for her—in the morals and language of a society which—if we are to believe Brantôme, who adored her—can hardly find a parallel now in the lowest purlieus of St. Giles'. Be merciful to her faults, considering the simply infernal atmosphere which she breathed in her girlhood ; but talk no more of her inexperience, lest you pro-

voke the laughter of all who know anything of the facts.

One famous personage at least—Rizzio—comes before us in these volumes in a light quite new to the man. We must abolish henceforth (at least for our children's sake) those sentimental pictures in which the harmless minstrel lies thrumming melodiously at the feet of his mistress, who, in her turn, looks languishing into the infinite serene, as she dreams of *La Belle France* ; and substitute for them a dark and able Machiavel, crouched serpent-like at the ear of an *Evo* whose lowering brow, curling lip, and flashing eye show that she can not only listen to, but sympathise with, the dark hints of the tempter. Rizzio, doubtless, was a fiddler, thrummer on the lute, or other maker of pleasant noises ; but he was, over and above, a true sixteenth century Italian ; wily, unscrupulous, taking to intrigue as to his natural element. And—what is not generally known—he was at his death the most powerful man in Scotland. Within two or three years of the time when he slept, for want of better bed, on the very chest in the lodge at Holyrood, on which his corpse was flung, he had become Mary's confidant, secretary, practical prime minister. He had entered into, and fomented, all her plots. He had caused her deadly and insane hatred toward her brother, and only wise and good counsellor, Murray. He was about to be invested with the Chancellorship of which Murray had been deprived, and of the lands which were to be taken from him. He was already ruling the nobles of Scotland ; he—an unknown foreigner. He was just about to be exalted above them all. The nobles, after the time-honoured custom of the ancient Scots, got rid summarily of the intruder. Why not ? It had been the fashion ever since the day when Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn ; indeed, since Macbeth did the same by Duncan ; or even earlier. When there is no law in a country, every man must needs be a law, if not to himself, at least to his enemies. So Rizzio was abolished ; only the stupid and brutal boy Darnley

would have him torn out of the very chamber of the Queen, instead of seizing him at his own lodgings. But Darnley believed—or at least made all Scotland believe—that Rizzio was Mary's paramour. Mr. Froude believes that he was not, on the sound ground that no one can credit a word which Darnley said on any matter. But the slander, if slander it was, did its work. It justified Rizzio's death in the eyes of the Scotch, who, years after, shouted to poor James, "Come out, thou son of Signor Davie!" and gave occasion to at least one bitter jest—that the said James was the Solomon of England in this at least, that he was the son of David.

One cannot pity Rizzio. He played for all or nothing, and lost. One might have pitied him, if he had turned to bay valiantly at last. Fox as he was, he might at least have died like the fox—dumb and game, biting as long as two limbs are left together. But he did not. The upstart who, five minutes before, had been sitting at supper with the Queen, while noble Scotchmen stood in waiting behind his chair, screamed with pain like a girl, clung to his mistress, then to her bed, and was dragged out, howling for mercy, to die like the false cur that he was.

"Here is his destiny," moralized an old porter, as he stood by, and saw his corpse flung on the chest in the lodge; "for on this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and there now he lieth, a very niggard and mis-known knave."

It is, in fact, the belief in Rizzio's guilt with Mary which explains the extreme brutality of the conspirators to Mary herself. Mere political jealousy of her favourite would not have vented itself in gratuitous insults to her. They believed Darnley's story, and were, in so far, his dupes. It was this, perhaps, which enabled Mary so far to thrust aside her own feelings as to pardon them, that she might the more securely wreak her vengeance on him.

Of her guilt with Bothwell, and her complicity in Darnley's murder, Mr. Froude's pages leave simply no doubt.

He has made use of the famous "Casket letters." But it is clear, from his own account, that they are no more needed to enable us to judge of her guilt than they were needed at the time. Scotland, England, and France, made up their minds at once, years before these letters were found, and we may, if needful, do the same.

As to the letters themselves, their authenticity, as is well known, has been again and again denied of late years; so, indeed, has Mary's guilt of any kind. It has been considered right, perhaps because it was necessary, to ignore even the one broad fact, worth any dozen others, that within a few days of Darnley's death, Mary was honouring, caressing, playing garden games with the man who had indubitably murdered her husband, and, as the public were informed, abducted and dishonoured her.

"But," says Mr. Froude, "the so-called certainties of history are but varying probabilities; and when witnesses no longer survive to be cross-questioned, those readers and writers who judge of the truth by their emotions can believe what they please. To assert that documents were forged, or that witnesses were tampered with, costs them no effort; they are spared the trouble of reflection by the ready-made assurance of their feelings."

"The story in the text," Mr. Froude says, in a note, "is taken from the depositions of Anderson and Pitcairn; from the deposition of Crawford in the Rolls' House; and from the celebrated Casket-letters of Mary Stuart to Bothwell." Out of these materials, Mr. Froude has constructed a story, which for clearness, pathos, and grace of style, will remain a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰ,* as one of the most perfect specimens of writing in the whole range of our literature. Of the letters, he says:—"Their authenticity will be discussed in a future volume, in connexion with their discovery, and with the examination of them which then took place. Meantime, I shall assume the genuineness of documents which, without turning history into a

"mere creation of imaginative sympathies, I do not feel at liberty to doubt. They come to us, after having passed the keenest scrutiny both in England and Scotland. The handwriting was found to resemble so exactly that of the Queen, that the most accomplished expert could detect no difference. One of these letters could have been invented only by a genius equal to that of Shakspeare; and that one, once accomplished, would have been so overpoweringly sufficient for its purpose, that no forger would have multiplied the chances of detection by adding the rest. The inquiry at the time appears, to me, to supersede authoritatively all later conjectures. The English Council, among whom were many friends of Mary Stuart, had the French originals before them, while we have only translations, or translations of translations."

But even those, it seems to me, are enough. Read that one letter, of which Mr. Froude well says, "that it could have been invented only by the genius of a Shakspeare;" and judge whether it could have been written by any human being save by a woman, "at that strange point where her criminal passion becomes almost virtue by its self-abandonment." :—

"I must go forward with my odious purpose. You make me dissemble so far that I abhor it. If it were not to obey you, I had rather die than do it."

* * * *

"Have no evil opinion of me for this, for you yourself are the cause of it. For my own private revenge, I would not do it to him. Seeing, then, that to obey you, my dear love, I spare neither honour, conscience, hazard, nor greatness, I pray you take it in good part."

"Have no evil opinion of me for this."

What man, villain enough to have forged letters in Mary's name, would have had also human sympathy, insight, genius, enough to have forged that one sentence; to have thrown in that exquisite touch of mingled tenderness and

shame; to have made Mary's highest object, not the gratification of her own pleasure, but Bothwell's good opinion; to have represented her, and not him, as the suppliant and the slave? One can imagine—because one knows the drama of those days—what sort of stuff a forger would have put into Mary's mouth—stuff worthy of a stage Semiramis or Messalina: but instead, we find words such as no man—perhaps not even Shakspeare—could invent or imagine; words which prove their own authenticity, by their most fantastic and unexpected, yet most simple and pathetic, adherence to human nature. Those who doubt the terrible fact of Mary's having written that letter, must know as little of the laws of internal evidence as of the tricks of the human heart.

It can be no pleasure to go into such matters; no pleasure to believe any woman an adulteress and a murderess. But as often as the relation of Elizabeth and Mary is brought before us, so often, at least for some years to come, will it be necessary to recollect clearly what it was. The whole matter, ever since Mr. Hume wrote his history—has been overlaid with misstatements, caused, probably, by mere sentimentality, but just as dangerous as if they had been spread about by Father Parsons and the Jesuits themselves, for the express purpose of putting into the minds of men an entirely false view of the case. The sixteenth century Jesuits, however (with some show of sense, as from their point of view), spoke of Mary as a martyr, dying in defence of the Holy Roman faith: it was reserved for modern Protestants to broach the monstrous theory that she was sacrificed to the jealousy of Elizabeth. That notion might, indeed, have something tragic and terrible about it, false as it is, if it could only be proved that the two great Queens were in love with the same man at the same moment, and fought Titanically for the prize. But as the favoured personage required by that hypothesis has not yet been discovered in history, it remains that Elizabeth could have been jealous merely of Mary's superior beauty

—and, indeed, one has seen the case actually so put, by some wisacre who had probably never taken the trouble to consider what a deliberate and diabolical wickedness, extending over many years, he was imputing to the English Queen.

Certainly, if such people had wished to further the influence of the Romish Church over the public mind, they could have devised no method of treating history better calculated to do so, than to represent this long and internecine battle between Protestantism and Popery as merely the private quarrel of two handsome and ambitious women. And, therefore, it is necessary to repeat again and again, that Mary Queen of Scots was not merely heir to the throne of England, but that she considered and declared herself the rightful queen thereof during the lifetime of Elizabeth. That she was the hope and mainstay of the Popish party, both in England and in Scotland, and the wily and unscrupulous foe of that Protestant cause which has been the strength and the glory of both countries alike. That for that very reason Elizabeth shrank from acknowledging her as her heir, because she knew (as Mr. Froude well shows) that to do so was to sign her own death-warrant; that she would have been shortly murdered by some of those fanatics, who were told by the Pope and the Jesuits that her assassination was a sacred duty. That Mary, by her crimes, alienated from her not her own subjects—they had had too much reason to hate her already—but her Catholic friends in France, Spain, and England; and thus enabled Elizabeth to detain her in captivity as the only security against one who was an open conspirator, and pretender to the throne during her life; and finally, on the discovery of fresh plots against her crown, and the liberties and religion of England, which had by then become identified with the Protestant cause, to bring her to the scaffold. The justice or injustice of that sentence will, no doubt, be discussed by Mr. Froude in a future volume, as ably and fairly as he has in these volumes discussed Mary's original guilt; and if he shall give his verdict against

Queen Elizabeth—and therefore against the Lords and Commons of England, who concurred with her in the sentence—we are bound to listen patiently to his decision. No one can come clean-handed out of such a long and fearful struggle; and the party which are in the right are but too certain, ere their work is done, to have likened themselves more than once to the party which is in the wrong.

But that Elizabeth and her party were in the right, and Mary and her party in the wrong, is to be remembered by every man who calls himself a Protestant; and any one who has observed the deep denationalization of mind now prevalent—not in the loyal, hereditary Catholics of these realms—but in those who have lately joined, or are inclined to join, the Church of Rome; their dissatisfaction with the whole course of English history since the Conquest, and of Scotch history since the days of great John Knox, for what, thank Heaven, it is—a perpetual rebellion against ultramontane tyranny; their outspoken contempt for all feelings and institutions which are most honoured by English or by Scotch: those, I say, who have observed this, will never lose an opportunity of reminding their fellow-countrymen, and especially the young, that they must, in justice to their native land, keep unstained and clear their broad sense of right and wrong; and remember that the cause which Elizabeth (with whatever inconsistencies and weaknesses) espoused, was the cause of freedom and of truth, which has led these realms to glory; the cause which Mary (with whatever excuses of early education) espoused, was the cause of tyranny and of lies, which would have led these realms to ruin; and that after all—

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, et victa puellis.

What Mr. Froude will have to say on this subject, we shall wait patiently and hopefully to hear. But that he will take, in the main, the same view as has been taken in this last page, no one can doubt, who has read his already published volumes.

C. K.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE ABERDEEN GRAMMAR-SCHOOL—DR. JAMES MELVIN.

THE Schoolhill in Aberdeen, a street of oldish houses, derived its name from its containing the public Grammar School of the town. There had been a Grammar School in the burgh, on or near this same site, for centuries; and in the records of the town frequent mention is made of this School, and of the names of its masters. Its most noted benefactor, in later days, had been Dr. Patrick Dun, Principal of Marischal College, in the first half of the seventeenth century. How many successive buildings of older make had served for the school before Dr. Dun's time, or what sort of building it was lodged in when he took interest in it, I can only vaguely guess through fancy, and through such occasional entries in the burgh accounts as that of a sum of 38*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*, in or about the year 1597, for "theking the Grammar School with hedder." The School in my time was a plain, dingy building, which had been erected, I believe, in 1757, and which, if it was superior to some of its predecessors in not being thatched with heather, but slated and quite weather-tight, was certainly nothing to look at architecturally. Within a gateway and iron-railed wall, separating the School from the street, and forming a very limited playground in front, you saw a low main building of a single storey parallel with the street, and having a door with stone steps in the middle, and windows at the sides; and from this main building there projected towards the street two equally low wings, forming the two junior class-rooms. Two similar wings, which you could not well see from the street, projected from the main building behind, and accommodated the senior classes. The only entrance to

the two back class-rooms was through the public school; the two front class-rooms might also be entered through the public school, but had separate doors from the front playground. The arrangements inside were simple enough. Each of the four oblong class-rooms had a raised desk for the master in one angle and two rows of "factions" as they were called—*i. e.* wooden seats, with narrow sloping writing benches in front of them—along the two sides of the oblong, so as to leave a free passage of some width in the middle for the master, when he chose to walk from end to end. Each "faction" was constructed to hold four boys, so that the look of a full class-room was that of a company of boys seated in two parallel subdivisions of fours along the walls. In the public school, where meetings of all the classes together took place for general purposes, the main desk, a wooden structure of several tiers, was in the middle of the long side of the oblong, immediately opposite the main door, and there were four sets of somewhat larger "factions," where the several classes sat on such occasions, all looking inwards. The entire accommodation internally, as well as the look externally, was of the dingiest; nor was it, perhaps, very creditable to the town that, even in the middle of the eighteenth century, they should not have risen to a somewhat loftier idea of the sort of building suitable for a School that was already historical among them, and was still likely to be of importance. But boys think little of these things; and the low dingy building had for them many snug, and some venerable, associations. In these rows of "factions," which they thumped energetically with sticks and

fists at every meeting, making an uproar till the masters appeared, and over which at other times they leaped in a thousand fashions of chase and mutual fight, roaring out such tags of traditional school-doggrel as—

“Qui loupavit ower the factions
Solvat down a saxpence,”

they could not but have a dim idea that generations of young Aberdonians, either long defunct and in their graves, or scattered abroad in mature living manhood, had sat and made uproar before them. The very tags of doggrel they shouted had come down to them from these predecessors ; and in the appearance of the “factions” themselves, all slashed and notched and carved over with names and initials of various dates deeply incised into the hard wood, there was a provocation to some degree of interest in the legends of the school. It was not in the nature of boyish antiquarianism to go back to the times of those older heather-thatched school-buildings, ancestors of the present, in which the Cargills and Wedderburns, and other early Scottish Latinists of note, had walked as masters ; but some of the traditions of the existing fabric in the days of recent masters, whose names and characters were still proverbial, were within the reach of the least inquisitive. Among these traditions by far the most fascinating was that of Lord Byron's connexion with the school. When, in 1792, Byron's mother had separated from her husband, the profligate Captain Byron of the Guards, she, being by birth a Miss Gordon of Gicht in Aberdeenshire, had retired to Aberdeen with her little lame London-born boy, then not quite five years old, and with about 130*l.* a year saved from her fortune which her husband had squandered. The little fellow, living with his mother in the Broad-gate, and catching up the Aberdeen dialect, which he never quite forgot, learnt his first lessons from two or three private tutors in succession, the last of whom he mentions as “a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Patterson,” the son of his shoemaker,

but a good scholar. “With him,” he says, “I began Latin in Ruddiman's Grammar, and continued till I went to the Grammar School (*Scotice* ‘Schule,’ *Aberdonice* ‘Squeel’), where I threaded all the classes to the fourth, when I was recalled to England, where I had been hatched, by the demise of my uncle.” The fact thus lightly mentioned by Byron was, as may be supposed, no small splendour in the annals of Aberdeen. There were many alive in the town who remembered the lame boy well, and some who had been his schoolfellows. We used to fancy the “faction” in which he had oftenest sat ; and there was no small search for his name or initials, reported to be still visible, cut by his own hand, on one of the “factions”—always, I believe, without success. One school-legend about him greatly impressed us. It was said that, on his coming to school the first morning after his accession to the peerage was known, and on the calling out of his name in the catalogue no longer as “*Georgi Gordon Byron*” but as “*Georgi, Baro de Byron*,” he did not reply with the usual and expected “*Adsum*,” but, feeling the gaze of all his schoolfellows, burst into tears and ran out. But there are half a hundred Aberdeen myths about Byron, and this may be one of them.

The School was a grammar-school in the old sense of the term as understood in England as well as in Scotland. It was exclusively a day-school for classical education in preparation for the University. In fact, down to my time, it was all but entirely a Latin school. The rudiments of Greek had recently been introduced as part of the business of the higher classes ; but, with this exception, and with the farther exception that, in teaching Latin, the masters might regale their classes with whatever little bits of history or of general lore they could blend with their Latin lessons, the business of the School was Latin, Latin, Latin. Since that time there have been changes in the constitution of the seminary to suit it to the requirements of more modern

tastes in education. There is now more of Greek, and express instruction in Geography, History, and I know not what all; but in those days it was Latin, nothing but a four or five years' perseverance in Latin, within those dingy old walls. Although the usual age at which boys entered the School was from eight to twelve, it was assumed that the necessary preliminary learning in matters of English, and in writing and arithmetic, had been gone through beforehand; and, though there were public schools for writing, drawing, and mathematics, equally under the charge of the city-authorities with the Grammar School, and which the pupils of the Grammar School might attend at distinct hours for parallel instruction in those branches, these schools were not attached to the Grammar School, and attendance at them was quite optional. So, on the whole, if you were an Aberdeen boy, getting the very best education known in the place, you were committed, at the age of from nine to eleven, to a four or five years' course of drilling in Latin, five hours every day, save in the single vacation-month of July—tipped only with a final touch of Greek; and, this course over, you were expected, at the age of from thirteen to sixteen, either to walk forward into the University, or, if that prospect did not then suit, to slip aside, a scholar so far, into the world of business. A four or five years' course, I have said; for, though the full curriculum was five years, it was quite customary for readier or more impatient lads to leap to the University from the fourth class.

This exclusive, or all but exclusive, dedication of the School to Latin was partly a matter of fidelity to tradition; but there was a special cause for it in the circumstances of the intellectual system of the town, and, indeed, of that whole region of the North of Scotland of which the town was the natural capital. The School was the main feeder of the adjacent Marischal College and University of the City of Aberdeen, and it also sent pupils annually, though not in such great numbers, to the other

neighbouring University of King's College, Old Aberdeen. These two Universities, now united into one, were the Universities to which, for geographical reasons, all the scholarly youths of that northern or north-eastern region of Scotland which lay beyond the ranges of attraction of the other three Scottish Universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and St. Andrew's, were naturally drawn. Whatever young man looked forward to a University education in this extensive region—of which Aberdeenshire itself and the adjacent county of Kincardine formed the heart, but which had Forfarshire, Banffshire, Morayshire, Invernesshire, Rosshire, and even more distant northerly parts for its fringes—thought of Aberdeen, and of one or other of its two Universities, as his destination while that education should be going on. The tendency from the Highland, and generally from the more northerly districts, was rather to King's College, while from Aberdeen itself, the eastern and lowland parts of Aberdeenshire, and from Kincardineshire and Forfarshire, the tendency was rather to Marischal College. But, to whichever of the two Universities the predisposition might be, the possibility of giving effect to it was, for many who cherished it, a matter of long preliminary anxiety. There were in that region of North Britain many well-to-do families, perfectly able to send their sons to either of the two Aberdonian Colleges, or even, if they so preferred, to Edinburgh or either of the English Universities; but in that region, more perhaps than in any other even of North Britain, there has always been a numerous class of whom it may be said, in Sydney's Smith's sense, *Musam tenui meditantur avenâ*, "They cultivate the "Musa, or the best rough Muse they "find accessible, on a little oatmeal." In other words, the ambition after a University education existed among a wider and poorer class in that region than is found to cherish a similar ambition elsewhere. The town of Aberdeen is included in this statement. The notion of a University education as possible descended very far down indeed among

the ranks of that community—far below the level of those families who could sustain by their own means the very moderate expense that was necessary with the University actually at their doors. To what is this to be attributed ? Partly, if you so choose, to the breed of the folk ; but considerably, at least, to a more palpable social cause. This desire for a University education exists there so widely, penetrates there so deep down in society, because in that region, more than in any other part of Great Britain, the means have existed from time immemorial for gratifying the desire. That part of Scotland has long had a peculiarity, of which I have often thought that the whole British world ought to hear, despite its natural antipathy to overabundant information respecting uncouth Scottish matters. That peculiarity is its Bursary System. I say *is*, for I hope it still exists. But what is a bursary, and what is or was the Bursary System of that Aberdonian region of Scotland ? A bursary, in Scottish academic phraseology, is what a scholarship or exhibition is in English—a small annual stipend granted to a young man going to college out of funds bequeathed for the purpose, and tenable by him while he is at college. All the Scottish Universities have such bursaries at their disposal, founded by lovers of learning in past centuries ; but the two Aberdeen Universities were peculiar in this (St. Andrew's alone, I think, coming near them in the practice) that the greater number of the bursaries were put up annually for open competition to all comers. There were more private bursaries in the gift of certain families, or of the professors, and bestowable by favour, or on the bearers of certain names ; but each of the two colleges—King's and Marischal—had about twenty public bursaries to be disposed of every October by open competition. The bursaries were of small amounts, ranging from 5*l.* a year to 20*l.* a year ; but invariably, by the terms of the foundation, each bursary more than covered all the expenses of the college classes. Now, it was this

Bursary System—as familiarly known over the whole region concerned as the Aurora Borealis in its nightly sky—it was this Bursary System that had generated and that sustained there a habit of looking forward to a University education among classes in which otherwise such a habit could have hardly been possible. Though the well-to-do youths in the town or in the country around might not care for a bursary, save for the honour—and it *was* reputed an honour, and, when obtained, was kept as such by many to whom it could have been of no substantial consideration—yet for a scholarly boy of poor family in one of the third-rate streets of Aberdeen, or for a poor farmer's son on Donside, following his father's plough and dreaming of a college life as the furrow came to the field's edge, the thought that would murmur to his lips would still be "A bursary : O for a bursary !" With many their going or not going to college depended on their winning or not winning, at the proper time, this coveted prize. One can see what influence such an agency might have been made to exercise over the schooling and intellectual activity of the region within which it operated—how, just as the India and Civil Service Competitions have affected the education of the whole country in these days, and swayed it in particular directions according to the subjects set for the competitions, so, on a smaller scale, even the frugal Bursary System of the North-east of Scotland might have been managed so as to stimulate, within its range of action, not one but many kinds of study. After the time of which I now speak, there *was* a change to this effect in the administration of the bursaries, and they were conferred after an examination testing proficiency of different kinds. But down to the time with which I have here to do, the competition for bursaries at both colleges was solely in Latin, and even mainly in one peculiar practice of Latin scholarship—that of turning a piece of English into Latin. The competition took place with great ceremony

every October in the halls of the two colleges. All who chose might come, and no questions were asked. A lad from Cornwall or from Kent, who had never been in Aberdeen before, might have entered the hall on competition-day, taken his place with the rest, and fought for a bursary with whatever force of Cornwall Latin or of Kent Latin was in him. The temptation was not such, however, as to attract many such outsiders; and it was generally some forty Aberdeenshire, Kincardineshire, Forfarshire, Banffshire, or Highland lads, out of about 160 who had assembled in Aberdeen for the competition, that were made happy by obtaining the bursaries of the year. But, as it was by skill in Latin that the feat was to be done, one can see what a powerful premium was thus put on Latinity all over the territory interested. Even the common parish-schools of the region gave some attention to Latin, and any parish-school that had within twelve years or so sent two or three lads to Aberdeen who had been successful in obtaining bursaries had celebrity on that account. Naturally, however, even if a country lad began his Latin with his own parish schoolmaster, he would, if possible, finish with a year or two at the grammar-school of the nearest town. There were several such grammar schools of some distinction in that far-north region; and old Aberdeen had a grammar-school of its own, acting more expressly as a feeder to King's College. But Aberdeen Grammar School proper, the grammar-school of the main city, was the school of greatest note. And so, on the whole, if the School had been aboriginally a Latin school, this influence of the Bursary System, in the centre of which it was situated, had helped to make it more and more tenacious of its original character. It was a case, I doubt not, partly of cause and partly of effect.

How far back in time the influence of the Bursary System had been in operation in the territory I do not know; but I should not wonder if

it were to turn out, on investigation, that some form of the influence had to do with what is, at all events, the fact—that for more than two centuries Aberdeen and the region around had had a special reputation in Scotland for eminence in Latinity. The greatest Scottish Latinist, or at least Latin poet, after Buchanan, had been Arthur Johnston, born near Aberdeen in 1587, and educated at Marischal College; his *Parerga*, *Epigrammata*, and other Latin poems were first given to the world, between 1628 and 1632, from the Aberdeen printing-press; and among his fellow-contributors to the famous *Delitice Poetarum Scotorum*, or collection of Latin poems by living or recently-deceased Scottish authors, printed at Amsterdam in 1637, several of the best, after himself, were also Aberdonians and Marischal College men. From that time Aberdeen had kept up the tradition of Latin scholarship.

My readers may like to know what was the expense of education at this Aberdeen Grammar School about which and its connexions with a paltry bit of the land of oatmeal I have been making so absurd a fuss. Ten shillings and sixpence a quarter for each boy—that was the expense. Even that was grumbled at by some as too dear, and it was a rise from what had formerly been the rate. Ten shillings and sixpence a quarter for the very best classical school-education that was to be had, for love or money, in all that area of Scotland! The wealthiest and most aristocratic parent, if he kept his son on the spot, could not, by any device, do better for him in the way of schooling than send him to precisely this school—the historical school of the place. The sons of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, were there mixed—all on the equal platform of ten and sixpence a quarter; save that, if a boy was lucky enough to be called Dun, he paid nothing. Add six and sixpence a quarter for attendance at Mr. Craigmyle's writing-school, and six and sixpence a quarter for attendance at Mr. James Gordon's mathematical school—at which two

public schools it was usual for the Grammar School boys to take instruction at separate hours—and you have the almost total school-expense for each boy as under five-and-twenty shillings a quarter. Extras, such as French, German, Fencing, Music, and other kickshaws, were then very rare indeed in Aberdeen ; they were to be had, I know, but it was as turtle and champagne were to be had. As for Dancing, Heaven only knows how Aberdeen boys, whom I have since seen reel-dancing magnificently as full-grown men in Hanover Square Rooms, came by the rudiments of that accomplishment. I believe it was done by many at dead of night, on creaky floors in out-of-the-way places in the Gallowgate, with scouts on the look-out for the clergy. The only difference, in the matter of expense, between the wealthier and the poorer boys attending the Grammar School was that the former generally had private tutors, who went to their houses in the evening to assist them in preparing their lessons. Such supplementary private tuition was cheap enough. A guinea a quarter for each evening hour so spent was what many a Divinity student was glad to get ; and two guineas a quarter was the maximum. It is a curious illustration what differences of tariff there might be in those pre-railway days between portions of the country not far distant from each other, that the rate of payment for exactly the same kind of private tuition in Edinburgh was then two guineas a month, or three times the Aberdeen rate. By a migration from Aberdeen to Edinburgh, if it could be managed and pupils bespoken, an Aberdonian dependent on teaching might at once triple his income. This attraction did operate, among other things, in luring Aberdonians southwards—an unfortunate thing for England ; for, once in Edinburgh, the Pict might not stop there.

But my hero is waiting. A word or two more from Byron shall introduce him. "The Grammar School," says Byron in his reminiscences of his Aberdeen boyhood, "might consist of a hundred and fifty of all ages under age.

It was divided into five classes, taught by four masters, the chief teaching the fourth and fifth himself." Save that the total number of pupils had increased to two hundred, or even latterly to between two hundred and three hundred, this succinct description of the Aberdeen Grammar School in Byron's time holds true of it at the time over which my recollection extends. The three undermasters then were Mr. Watt, Mr. Forbes, and Mr. John Dun. Watt and Forbes, or, as they were called irreverently, "Wattie" and "Chuckle," were two old men—the one white-haired and feeble, the other tougher, leaner, and with a brown wig—whose days of efficiency, which may have begun with the century, were now over. As each of the under-masters carried his class on for three years continuously, and then handed it over as the fourth class to the care of the chief master or Rector, himself going back to receive the new entrants, it was not uncommon for careful parents to keep back their boys till it was Mr. Dun's turn to assume the first class. He was a much younger man than the other two, kept splendid order, and was, indeed, a most excellent teacher. His class was usually twice or three times as large as that of Forbes or Watt—commencing at eighty or ninety strong in the first year, and always debouching at the end of the third year into the Rector's charge not only well kept up in numbers, but so well-trained that each third year's wave of "Dun's scholars," as they were called, was welcomed by the Rector as his most hopeful material.

The name of this Rector of the Aberdeen Grammar School, was Dr. James Melvin. For some years of his connexion with the school he had been but James Melvin, A.M. ; but the degree of LL.D. had been conferred on him by Marischal College. He was also a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and on rare occasions would occupy the pulpit for one of his friends ; but he did not usually figure as a clergyman or place the designation "The Rev." before his name. Living in Belmont Street,

close by the Grammar School, with his good old mother and his devoted sister presiding over his bachelor household—a very conspicuous member of which was a splendid and sagacious Newfoundland dog called Cæsar—he stepped over to the school every morning, Cæsar bounding before him as far as the school-gate; there he spent three hours every forenoon and again two hours every afternoon in teaching the two senior classes in the right-hand back class-room; and, during each winter-session at Marischal College, he did additional duty as Lecturer in Latin (“Lecturer in Humanity” was the official title, according to that strange hyperbole of our forefathers which viewed Latin as “*Literæ Humaniorum*,” the literature of the more civilised folks)—a post to which he had been appointed in consequence of there being at that time no regular or endowed Latin chair among the College professorships. In this simple but not unlaborious round of duties—from his house in Belmont Street to the School, from the School to the College, from the College or School back to his house in Belmont Street, where he would generally have the evenings all to himself in his library—was Melvin’s life passed. And yet it is in this man, thus plainly-circumstanced in his native place, and whose name can hardly have reached England, though some fame of him since his death has spread into the south of Scotland, that I would seek to interest the reader. My best reason is that he is still of unique interest to me. I have known many other men since I knew him—men of far greater celebrity in the world, and of intellectual claims of far more rousing character than belong to Latin scholarship; but I have known no one and I expect to know no one so perfect in his type as Melvin. Every man whose memory is tolerably faithful can reckon up those to whom he is himself indebted; and, trying to estimate at this moment the relative proportions of influences, from this man and from that man encountered by me, which I can still feel running

in my veins, it so happens that I can trace none more distinct, however it may have been marred and muddled, than that stream which, as Melvin gave it, was truly “honey-wine.” It is long, at all events, since I vowed that some time or other I would say something publicly about Melvin. For I know no other notion of historical, or any literature, worth a farthing, than that which rules that the matter of which it consists shall always be matter interesting to the writer, and *previously unknown* to the reader.

Melvin, it is now the deliberate conviction of many besides myself, was at the head of the Scottish Latinity of his day. How he had attained to his consummate mastery in the Latin tongue and literature—how, indeed, amid the rough and hasty conditions of Scottish intellectual life, there could be bred a Latin scholar of his supreme type at all—is somewhat of a mystery. In England, with her longer classical school-drilling, protracted to a later age than in Scotland, and then with her system of University Residence, and her apparatus of College Fellowships to bring scholarship to its rarest flower, the development and maintenance of a style of profound and exact scholarship which Scotland cannot rival, save in a few exceptional instances, is to be expected. And the fact, more especially in Greek learning, corresponds with the expectation. But there *are* exceptional instances—instances of Scotchmen, and not Scotchmen only that have been at the English Universities, who, by private labour aiding a natural bent of genius, have, in Latinity at least, carved themselves up to even the English standard of exquisiteness, albeit something of a national type may still be discerned in the cast of their Latinity, and it may be recognised as the Latinity of the countrymen of Buchanan, Johnston, and Ruddiman. In later times the bent of natural genius that could in any case lead to such a result must have been very decided, and the labour great and secret. In the case of Melvin I can suppose nothing else than that the tra-

ditional muse of Aberdonian Latinity, still hovering about the region and loth to quit it, became incarnate in him at his birth, by way of securing a new lease of residence. The ascertainable incidents of his life, at least, are no sufficient explanation. Born in Aberdeen, of poor parents, in 1794, he had passed through the Grammar School a few years after Byron had left it—his teachers there being a Mr. Nicoll and the then rector, Mr. Cromar; he had gone thence to Marischal College as the first bursar of his year; and, after leaving College, he had been usher at a private academy at Udney, near Aberdeen, and then under-master in Old Aberdeen Grammar School, where the chief master was a Mr. McLauchlan, of some note as a Celtic and classical scholar. In 1822 he had been invited by his old master, Nicoll, then in declining health, to be his assistant in the Aberdeen Grammar School; and, on Nicoll's death, he had been appointed to succeed him, after a public competition in which he distanced the other candidates and won extraordinary applause from the judges. The Rector, Cromar, dying in 1826, Melvin, though the youngest under-master, had again, in public competition, won the unanimous appointment; and on the 24th of April in that year—in one of those assemblies of the city-magistrates, city-clergy, college-professors, and other dignitaries, not forgetting the red-coated town's officers, which took place in the main school-room, to the great delight of the boys, on gala-days, and always at the annual Visitation and distribution of prizes—he was installed, at the age of thirty-two, into the post which was to be his till death. The office may have been worth 250*l.* a year. His appointment to the Latin lectureship in Marischal College, which may have been worth 80*l.* a year more, came soon afterwards.

Whatever start he may have had in the lessons of Nicoll and Cromar, and whatever firmer grasp of rudimentary Latin he may have got in teaching it at Udney and under McLauchlan in Old Aberdeen, Melvin's

scholarship must have been the result of an amount of reading for himself utterly unusual in his neighbourhood. The proof of this exists in the superb library, one of the wonders of Aberdeen, which, even with his moderate means, he had managed to collect around him. There was nowhere in that part of Scotland, probably nowhere in all Scotland, such another private library of the classic writers and of all commentaries, lexicons, scholiasts and what not, appertaining to them. To see him in his large room in Belmont Street, every foot of the wall-space of which, from the floor to the ceiling, and even over the door and between the windows, was occupied with books filling the exactly-fitted book-shelves, was at once a treat and a revelation to a native of those parts. And the collection of this library must have been begun early in his life. His surviving sister, who was considerably his junior, says that her first recollections are "not so much recollections of him as of books and him." From the first he had catalogues of books sent to him from all quarters, and he was always purchasing. He had complete sets of the fine old editions of the Latin classics, Dutch and English, with some of the later German; and his collection of Mediæval Latin literature was probably the completest in Scotland. The most obscure and out-of-the-way names were all represented. In Greek literature his collection was nothing like so full; there were even extraordinary gaps in it. Among the Latins, he abounded most in editions of Horace—having, as he once told a friend,¹ a copy of Horace for every day in the year. And so, among these Latin classics, and the commentators and grammarians of all ages illustrating them, he had read and read, till, at the time of his appointment to the Grammar School Rectorship, his knowledge of Latinity was

¹ Professor Geddes, now of the University of Aberdeen, and formerly Melvin's successor in the Rectorship of the Grammar School; to whom I am indebted for various particulars in the present paper, supplied either privately or through a copy of a notice of Melvin which he wrote at the time of his death.

probably already more extensive, original, deep, subtle, and delicate than that of any other scholar within the limits of North Britain.

A slight monument of the style of Melvin's Latin scholarship and especially, as a competent critic has said, of the *curiosa diligentia* in minute matters for which he was remarkable, remains in a Latin Grammar which he compiled for the School soon after his appointment to it, and which was used in the School incessantly, from the lowest classes upwards, as supplementary to the Rudiments. This Grammar, which went through three editions, consists, in the first place, of a series of rules in Etymology and Prosody, all in Latin Hexameters, partly made by Melvin, partly mended and borrowed by him from preceding grammars of the kind—the whole of which had to be got by heart gradually by the boys. The Latin rules, however, are bedded in an explanatory English text elucidating obscure points and giving additional information. Then—at least in the edition now before me—there are occasional critical footnotes, correcting or questioning the views of former grammarians as to the genders, declensions, quantities, &c. of particular words. From these footnotes I will cull a few morsels that seem especially Melvinian:—

Gender of Homo.—"The authority of Plautus has been alleged to prove that *Homo* may be used with a feminine adjective; *Hominis miseris misereri*, Cist. IV. 2. 21. But the passage thus quoted is corrupt. Correct editions have, *Homines misere miseri*. I should not have mentioned this mistake, which has long ago been exposed by Vossius, had it not found its way into Ainsworth's Dictionary, and been suffered to remain in the latest editions. It is much to be regretted that a book in such general use should abound, as it does, with such inaccuracies. But even the best Dictionaries—those of Gesner, Forcellini, Scheller, &c.—though certainly they do not deceive the unwary consulter by such citations, are not in every instance correct in marking the genders of nouns. In justice to Ainsworth, it must be added, that the original edition of his Dictionary, in 1736, the only one that he superintended, is not disgraced by the erroneous quotation here noticed, and is also free from several of the other blunders which subsequent editions, though otherwise improved, are found to contain."

The word Pollen.—"After the most diligent research, I have not been able to determine with certainty either the termination or the gender of *pollen*. Ruddiman quotes *pollen* as used by Celsus (V. 19. § 4); and so indeed some editions have it; but in others, and those the most correct, there is no such word. Priscian says that Probus and Cæsar declined it *pollen,-inis*, neut. Charisius, according to the same Priscian, makes it *pollis,-inis*, fem.; but Phocas says it is *pollis,-inis*, masc., like *sanguis*. In Isidorus (XX. 2.), we find *polles*, which seems to be a mistake, but whether for *pollen*, or *pollis*, is uncertain. Some of the ancient Glossaries have it *pollinis,-is*, masc. Cato, Pliny, and Mela, use *pollinem* as the accusative, but in what gender, or from what nominative, cannot be known. Serenus, a poet of little authority, has *madida polline*."

Abiative singular of Par.—"Vossius, Messieurs de Port Royal, Ruddiman, and many others, say that the masc. or fem. substantive *par* has in the abl. *pare* only; in proof of which, two poetical authorities are produced. Some also confound *par*, com. gen. (an equal, a mate, &c.) with *par*, neut. (a pair). But they are two distinct words; and, in prose, have both *pari*. Thus; *Cum illo tuo pari*, Cic. Pis. 8. § 18. *Sine pari*, Plin. VIII. 21. § 33. *In ejusmodi pari*, Cic. Pis. 12. § 27. &c. But the com.-gen. word has sometimes *re*; as, *Cum pare contendere*, Sen. de Ira, II. 34. § 1."

Spondaic Alcmanian Tetrameters in Horace.—"This [*"Mensorem cohibent archyta"*] is the only instance in Horace of a Spondee for the third foot of the Alcmanian Tetrameter; though unskilful Prosodians find another in the following line of the same poet, (Od. I. 28. 24.)

Ombus et capiti inhumato.

But it is to be observed that the first two syllables of *inhumato* are short, and that the verse is to be scanned without eliding the *i* of *capiti*; thus,

Ōmibŭs | ēt cāpt- | -is inhū- | -mātŭs."

Scanning of Latin Sapphics.—"As the division of a *simple* word often occurs between the third Sapphic and the Adonic, Dr. Carey conceives that the stanza was intended to consist only of *three* lines, the Adonic being added to the third Sapphic, with the fifth foot of the long verse either a spondee or a trochee. To this union, however, there exists this objection, that final vowels, and even final *m* with its accompanying vowel, will thus be frequently preserved from elision; in Horace's Sapphic Odes, for example, *four* several times.—(Od. I. 2. 47.—I. 12. 7.—ibid. 31.—I. 22. 15.)—Now, there is no instance of neglected elision in any other part of Horace's Sapphics; and but *three* unquestionable examples of such neglect in *all* his other Odes, and *no* example where *m* is concerned, the anapaestic verse (No. 32) in Epode XI. not being taken into account."

During our three years in the under-classes we saw Melvin only incidentally and on the weekly gatherings of the whole school in the public schoolroom, when the fact that he wore a gown and kept his hat on, while the other three masters were without gowns and had their hats off, greatly impressed the young ones. His authority over the other masters was never made in the least apparent, but it was felt to exist; and there was always an awful sense of what might be the consequences of an appeal to him in a case of discipline. No such appeal, in my day, from Watt or Forbes (Mr. Dun required to make none) ever ended in anything more serious than a public verbal rebuke; but that was terrible enough. For the aspect of the man—then in the prime of manhood, lean, but rather tall and well-shouldered, and with a face of the pale-dark kind, naturally austere, and made more stern by the marks of the small-pox—was unusually awe-compelling. The name “Grim,” or, more fully, “Grim Pluto,” had been bestowed upon him, after a phrase in one of the lessons, by one of his early classes; and this name was known to all the School. When he entered the school-gate, the whisper in the public-school would be “Here’s Grim”; and, as he walked through the School into his own class-room, looking neither right nor left, with his gold watch-chain and seals dangling audibly as he went, all would be hushed. And yet, with all this fear of him, there was affection, and a longing to be in his classes, to partake of that richer and finer instruction of which we heard such reports.

When one did pass into the Rector’s immediate charge, one came to know him better. The great awe of him still remained. Stricter or more perfect order than that which Melvin kept in the two classes which he taught simultaneously it is impossible to conceive. But it was all done by sheer moral impressiveness, and a power of rebuke, either by mere glance or by glance and word together, in which he was mas-

terly. As a born ruler of boys, Arnold himself cannot have surpassed Melvin. And, though there were wanting in Melvin’s case many of those incidents that must have contributed to the complete veneration with which the Rugby boys looked at Arnold—the known reputation of the man, for example, in the wide world of thought and letters beyond the walls of the school—yet, so far as personal influence within the school was concerned, there was in Melvin some form of almost all those things that we read of in Arnold as tending to blend love more and more, on closer intimacy, with the first feeling of reverence. Integrity and truthfulness, conjoined with a wonderful considerateness, were characteristic of all he said and did. His influence was so high-toned and strict that, even had he taught nothing expressly, it would have been a moral benefit for a boy to have been within it. It did one good even to look at him day after day as he sat and presided over us. As he sat now, in his own class-room, always with his hat off, one came to admire more and more, despite his grim and somewhat scarred face, the beauty of his finely-formed head, the short black hair of which, crisping close round it, defined its shape exactly, and made it more like an ideal Roman head than would have been found on any other shoulders in a whole Campus Martius of the Aberdonians. One un-Roman habit he had—that of snuff-taking. But, though he took snuff in extraordinary quantities, it was, if I may so say, as a Roman gentleman would have taken it—with all the dignity of the toga, and every pinch emphatic.

In that teaching of Latin which Melvin perseveringly kept to as his particular business, a large portion of the work of his classes consisted, of course, of readings in the Latin authors in continuation of what had been read in the junior classes. Here, unless perchance he began with a survey of the Grammar, to see how we were grounded, and to rivet us afresh to the rock, we first came to perceive his essential peculiarities. Ac-

curacy to the last and minutest word read, and to the nicest shade of distinction between two apparent synonyms, was what he studied and insisted on, and this always with a view to the cultivation of a taste for pure and classic, as distinct from Brummagem Latinity. The authors chosen were few and select—chiefly Cæsar and Livy among the prose writers, and Virgil, Horace, and Buchanan's Psalms among the poets. The quantity read was not large—seldom more than a page a day. But every sentence was gone over at least five times—first read aloud by the boy that might be called on; then translated, word for word, with the utmost literality, each Latin word being named as the English equivalent was fitted to it; then rendered as a whole somewhat more freely and elegantly, but still with no permission of that slovenly and soul-ruining practice of translation which is called “giving the spirit of the original;” then analysed etymologically, each important verb or noun becoming the text for an exercise up and down, backwards and forwards, in all appertaining to it; and lastly construed, or analysed in respect of its syntax and idiom, the reasons of its moods, cases, and what not. In the case of a poetical reading there was, of course, the farther process of the scanning, in which Melvin was, above all, exacting. To the common reproach against Scottish scholarship, that Scotchmen have no grounding in quantities, and say *vectigal* or *rectigal*, just as Providence may direct them at the moment—the Aberdeen Grammar School, at least, was not liable. A false quantity was even more shameful in Melvin's code than a false construction, and it was not his fault if we did not turn out good Prosodians. Of course, in the readings, whether from the prose writers or the poets, occasion was taken by Melvin to convey all sorts of minute pieces of elucidative historical and biographical information, in addition to what the boys were expected to have procured for themselves in the act of preparation; and in this way a considerable amount of curious lore—about the Roman calendar, the Roman wines

and the ways of drinking them, &c.—was gradually and accurately acquired. Never, either, did Melvin leave a passage of peculiar beauty of thought, expression, or sound, without rousing us to a sense of this peculiarity, and impressing it upon us by reading the passage himself, eloquently and lovingly, so as to give effect to it. Over a line like Virgil's description of the Cyclopes working at the anvil,

“*Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt,*”

he would linger with real ecstasy, repeating it again and again with something of a tremble of excitement in his grave voice. Perhaps, however, it was in expounding his favourite Horace that he rose oftenest to what may be called the higher criticism. It was really beautiful to hear him dissect a passage in Horace, and then put it together again thrillingly complete. Once or twice he would delight us by the unexpected familiarity of an illustration of a passage in Horace by a parallel passage from Burns. The unexpected familiarity I have called it; for, though his private friends knew how passionately fond he was of Burns, how he had his poems by heart, and often on his lips, and was moreover learned in Scottish poetry and the old Scottish language generally, this was hardly known in the School, and it gave us a start to hear our Rector suddenly quoting Scotch. It gave him a pleasure, I believe, which he could not have resisted at the moment, though the glee of the class had become uproar, to link his darling Horace with his darling Burns, and to remind us that, if Horace, in his “*O Fons Bandusiae,*” had said

“*Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tue,*”

the Scottish Bard, without consulting Horace, had had the same thought:

“The Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
And cock your crest;
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.”

On the whole, however, Melvin's teaching of Latin was strictly philological. He did not lead us over a great deal of ground in our readings, and he kept carefully to the track of what we did read. He did not belabour us with vast masses of lax information about the Romans, nor branch out into speculative disquisitions on the philosophy of literature and things in general. His aim was, by the intense accuracy of our reading in a well-arranged course of progressive difficulty, both to drill us to accuracy in all intellectual matters whatever, and to put us in perfect possession of the instrument of Latin, should we care afterwards to use it for ourselves.

To test the degree in which we possessed the instrument, there was in the Aberdeen Grammar School an amount of practice in Latin composition such as, I believe, was known at that time in no other school in North Britain. Almost from the first class we were practised in making Latin sentences, and even in constructing sentences to be turned into Latin, with which publicly to puzzle each other. And very soon, in addition to the printed Exercise-Books of this kind which we used, there came into play the agency of what were called "Versions"—i.e. pieces of English expressly prepared by the Master to be dictated to us in the class-room and there turned into Latin. But it was in Melvin's classes that this practice of Version-making—having reference, no doubt, to the peculiar arrangements of that competition for the Bursaries of the two Universities of which I have spoken—attained its fullest development. He did not tax us much in the way of Latin versification—which was reserved rather for his Marischal College classes ; but our practice in Latin prose-composition was incessant. Two entire days in every week were regularly devoted to "the Versions ;" and these were the days of keenest emulation. In anticipation of them, it was our habit to jot down in note-books of our own, divided alphabetically, and with index-margins for the leading words, any specialities of phrase or idiom—any niceties about *Ut*,

Quum, *Quod* and *Quia*, *Ille* and *Idē*, *Uter* and *Quis*, *Suus* and *Ejus*, *Plerique* and *Plurimi*, and the like—upon which Melvin dwelt in the course of our readings. With these manuscript "phrase-books" or "idiom-books" (containing, doubtless, much that might have been found in print, but precious as compiled by ourselves), and with Ainsworth's Dictionary for our authorised guide under certain rather numerous cautions and restrictions, we assembled on the morning of every Version-Day ; and, sure enough, in the piece of English which Melvin then dictated to us—which was always a model of correct style and punctuation, and generally not uninteresting in matter—there were some of the traps laid for us against which he had been recently warning us. We sat and wrote the versions—those who were done first (generally the first-faction boys) going up to Melvin's desk to have them examined ; after which, they became his assistants in examining the other versions, so as to clear them all off within the day. In these versions into Latin, as in the translations from the Latin, closeness to the original was imperative—no fraudulent "giving of the spirit of the original," so as to elude the difficulty presented by the letter, was tolerated for a moment. The system of marking was peculiar. You were classed, not by your positive merits of ingenuity, elegance, or such like, but, as in the world itself, by your freedom from faults or illegalities. There were three grades of error—the *minus*, or as we called it, the *minie*, which counted as 1, and which included misspellings, wrong choices of words, &c. ; the *medius* or *medie*, which counted as two, and included false tenses and other such slips ; and the *maximus* or *maxie*, which counted as 4, and included wrong genders, a glaring indicative for a subjunctive, &c. There might, in a single word, be even (horrible event !) a double *maxie*, or a combination of *maxie* and *medie*, or *maxie* and *minie*. On a *maxie* in the version of a good scholar Melvin was always cuttingly severe. "*Ut . . . dixit*" he would say, underscoring the two

words, in a sentence where the latter should have been *diceret*—" *Ut . . . dixit*," he would repeat, refreshing his frown with a pinch of snuff—" *Ut . . . dixit*," he would say a third time, with a look in the culprit's face as if he had murdered his father, "Oh, William, William, you have been very giddy of late;" and William would descend crest-fallen, and be miserable for half a day. So thoroughly was this gradation of *maxie*, *medie*, and *minie* worked into us, that I believe it became identified permanently with our notions of the nature of things, and I question whether there is a Melvinian abroad in the world now that does not classify sins and social crimes as *minies*, *medies*, and *maxies*. On our versions, at all events, the sum-total of the errors, so graduated, was marked at the top; and we took our places accordingly. Only between two versions coequal in respect of freedom from fault was any positive merit of elegance allowed to decide the superiority; and if, among two or three versions of the first-faction boys that were passed as *sine errore*, one was declared *sine errore*, *elegantissime*, you may fancy whether the top-boy that owned it did not feel like a peacock. But, when Melvin dictated his own Latin next day, to be written in our version-books after the English, then the difference between *our* best and his ordinary would be at once apparent.

In preparing the "Versions" for his classes Melvin was most conscientious. Nothing vexed him more than, through some rare press of engagements, to be obliged to dictate an old version a second time. They used to sea, at home, by his face, when this was the case. Every year he prepared about a hundred versions, so that altogether he must have left in manuscript between two and three thousand. The fame of them had gone abroad through Scotland in his lifetime, and some, taken from stray Version-Books of his old pupils, were unscrupulously appropriated and printed without acknowledgment in his later years.¹

¹ Specimens of Melvin's Versions to the number of 231 in all, honestly compiled and

From what has been said, it will be seen how it was that the sole objection ever made to Melvin's method of teaching by those who were acquainted with it, took the form of a question whether it was not too narrow, too pertinaciously old-fashioned, too little according to the newest lights. For myself, though I can conceive another method or other methods of teaching Latin than Melvin's, which should be also good, I am persuaded that not only was his method admirably perfect for its end, but also that no method that did not aim as resolutely at the same end by a considerable use of the same means would be worth much in the long run. At all events, Melvin's method was deliberately adopted by him, and, though in accordance with his nature, yet not, perhaps, without some cost of self-repression. The Melvin that we came afterwards to know in his own house and library, for example, had many tastes and interests of an intellectual kind that one could hardly have surmised in the Melvin of the Grammar School. I have already mentioned his fondness for old Scottish poetry, and his expertness in the Scottish dialect; and I find that, as early as 1825, when he was still only under-master in the School, he had rendered such services to Jamieson, in connexion with the two-volume Supplement to his Dictionary of the Scottish Language published in that year, as to obtain rather distinguished notice among the acknowledgments of help in the Preface to that work. But as he kept to himself to the last, as one of his private recreations, this knowledge of Scottish philology, so even of his Latin philology it was but a sifting of the purest wheat that he gave to his pupils.

acknowledged, may be found in a volume entitled "Latin Exercises as Dictated by the late James Melvin, LL.D." (Edinburgh, MacLachlan and Stewart: London, Simpkin and Marshall); put forth by the Rev. Peter Calder, A.M. Rector of the Grammar School, Grantown, N.B. This volume, the second edition of which bears date 1862, is worth looking after by teachers of Latin. There is a supplementary volume, by way of Key.

Though, in instructing them, he drew Latin only from what he considered the wells of Latin undefiled, his own erudition was vast in the Latin literature of all styles and epochs. He had in his library, as I have said, an extraordinary collection of the Mediæval Latinists ; and though, in the class-room, we had come to regard Plautus, poor fellow, as little better than an abomination, on account of his perpetually misleading us in the matter of deponent verbs, I have no doubt that, by himself, Melvin enjoyed Plautus as much as any one. Then his excursions among the Grammarians and in the History of modern Latinity were, on the whole, unknown to us. We had the results, but of the masses of material we heard but little. Of his admiration for Buchanan we were made fully aware, because Buchanan's Psalms chanced to be amongst the books read, and the beauty of his Latinity became a subject of comment ; but of Arthur Johnston, the Aberdonian, whom he also admired, we heard only incidentally ; and I do not think we could have guessed in the class-room, what was nevertheless the fact, that the modern scholar of whom his admiration was most profound was the English Bentley. In all this there must have been self-repression, and a resolute recollection of the maxim that it is biscuit, rather than strong meat, that suits a beginner.

That so much of Melvin's scholarship died with him, uncommemorated either by any work from his pen in addition to his grammar, or by any sufficient tradition among his pupils, is a matter for regret. Towards a Latin Dictionary, on which he was reported to be engaged, and which was certainly thought of by him as a worthy labour of his life, I know not whether he left any materials. The passion for acquisition, I fancy, had conquered in him the desire for production. A living scholar who knew him well has expressed his regret that he did not, at least, give to the world an edition of some classic author which might have preserved some of "those fruits of ripe scholarship and those exquisite morsels of keen and delicate criticism which

"he had gathered in his long experience ;" and the same scholar suggests that Statius, "who is in want of such a service," might have suited the purpose.

There was, however, a third way in which more of Melvin might have been brought out than could be educed by the work of a Grammar School. As he had been Lecturer in Humanity in Marischal College for some ten years before the institution and endowment in that University of a regular Humanity Professorship, and as in that post he *had* given effect to some of the higher developments of Latinity, it was expected, in 1839, when the Professorship was actually established and endowed, that his promotion to that post, relieving him from the drudgery of his School-Rectorship, would begin a new era in his life. But the Whigs, then in office, knew nothing of Melvin ; and so there was appointed to the new post, instead of Melvin, one of his old pupils, then an Edinburgh barrister—a man to whom the only objection even then was that he had obtained what had been popularly destined for Melvin, and of whom it has to be said since that he has stirred Scotland in many ways by his eccentricities and his genius. And thus, for another spell of years, Melvin, his connexion with Marischal College at an end, went between his house in Belmont Street and the School, faithfully doing the duties of his Rectorship. But, again, when he was far on in his fifties, the Professorship became vacant by the transference of its first holder to the University of Edinburgh. This time Melvin's friends made sure that he would be appointed. Many of his pupils were now grown-up and men of local influence, and every exertion was made in his behalf. But again he was set aside. I think it was the Conservatives—Melvin's own party, so far as he belonged to one—that were then in power. He said little and went on as before ; but it was a cruel blow, and they say he never recovered it. Testimonials from old pupils and other public demonstrations, attested the sympathy felt for him and the desire to

compensate, as far as possible, for his disappointment. The last testimonial, being a sum of 300*l.* in a silver snuff-box, was presented to him on the 18th of June, 1853, by a deputation, headed by the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, who waited on him in his own house. He thanked them feelingly, but was in too feeble health to say much. He had persevered in teaching his classes as usual, but was hardly able to move to and from the school; and his friends were looking forward to the approaching holiday-month of July, during which, as in previous years, he might go into the country to recruit. The 'boys, respecting his weakness, were less noisy than usual as the holiday-time drew near, and, if they were preparing for the usual decorations of the "factions" and school-walls with green branches of trees and crowns and festoons of flowers, made their preparations in quiet. He spoke of this careful kindness of the boys with much pleasure and gratitude. On Monday, the 28th of June, he was in his place in the school; but on that day he fainted from exhaustion, and had to be carried home. The next day, Tuesday the 29th, he died in his house in Belmont Street, aged fifty-nine years.

There is a poem of Browning's which I read often because it reminds me of Melvin. It is entitled "A Grammarian's Funeral," and is supposed to be the song sung by the disciples of a great scholar, shortly after the Revival of Learning in Europe, as they are carrying the dead body of their master up from the plain to the high mountain-pinnacle where they mean to bury him. First they tell why they select this lofty eminence for his burying-place—why his honoured body should not repose in the valley; then, marching slowly on to the mountain-side, they chaunt—

"Step to a tune, square chests, erect the head,
 'Ware the beholders!
 This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
 Borne on our shoulders.
 Sleep, crop and herd! sleep darkling thorpe
 and croft,
 Safe from the weather!
 He whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
 Singing together,
 He was a man born with thy face and
 throat,
 Lyric Apollo!
 Long he lived nameless: how should spring
 take note
 Winter would follow?"

And so, toiling on and up, carrying their burden, they wend at last to the peak which is their destination, still chaunting their master's praises, and telling how to the last, in illness and paralysis, he had never ceased learning and labouring.

"So, with the throttling hands of Death at
 strife
 Ground he at grammar;
 Still, through the rattle, parts of speech
 were rife:
 While he could stammer
 He settled *Hot's* business—let it be!—
 Properly based *Own*,
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.
 Well, here's the platform, here's the proper
 place.
 Hail to your purlieus,
 All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
 Swallows and curlews!
 Here's the top-peak! the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there.
 This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man there?
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot,
 clouds form,
 Lightnings are loosened,
 Stars come and go! let joy break with the
 storm,
 Peace let the dew send
 Lofty designs must close with like effects:
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world
 suspects,
 Living and dying."

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART III.

CHAPTER VII.

WONDERS come natural at fifteen ; the farmer's son of Ramore, though a little dazzled at the moment, was by no means thrown off his balance by the flattering attentions of Lady Frankland, who said everything that was agreeable and forgot that she had said it, and went over the same ground again half a dozen times, somewhat to the contempt of Colin, who knew nothing about fine ladies, but had all a boy's disdain for a silly woman. Thanks to his faculty of silence, and his intense pride, Colin conducted himself with great external propriety when he dined with his new friends. Nobody knew the fright he was in, nor the strain of determination not to commit himself, which was worthy of something more important than a dinner. But after all, though it shed a reflected glory over his path for a short time, Sir Thomas Frankland's dinner and all its bewildering accessories was but an affair of a day, and the only real result it left behind was a conviction in the mind of Lauderdale that his young *protégé* was born to better fortune. From that day the tall student hovered, benignly reflective, like a tall genie over Colin's boyish career. He was the boy's tutor so far as that was possible where the teacher was himself but one step in advance of the pupil ; and as to matters speculative and philosophical, Lauderdale's monologue, delivered high up in the air over his head, became the accompaniment and perpetual stimulation of all Colin's thoughts. The training was strange, but by no means unnatural, nor out of harmony with the habits of the boy's previous life, for much homely philosophy was current at Ramore, and Colin had been used to receive all kinds of comments upon human affairs with his daily bread. Naturally enough, however, the senti-

ments of thirty and those of fifteen were not always harmonious, and the impartial and tolerant thoughtfulness of his tall friend much exasperated Colin in the absolutism of his youth.

"I'm a man of the age," Lauderdale would say as they traversed the crowded streets together ; "by which I am claiming no superiority over you, caliant, but far the contrary, if you were but wise enough to ken. I've fallen into the groove like the rest of mankind, and think in limits as belongs to my century—which is but a poor half-and-half kind of century, to say the best of it—but you are of all the ages, and know nothing about limits or possibilities. Don't interrupt me," said the placid giant ; "you are far too talkative for a laddie, as I have said before. I tell you I'm a man of the age : I've no very particular faith in anything. In a kind of a way, everything's true ; but you needna tell me that a man that believes like *that* will never make much mark in this world or any other world I ever heard tell of. I know that a great deal better than you do. The best thing you can do is to contradict me ; it's good for you, and it does me no harm."

Colin acted upon this permission to the full extent of all his youthful prowess and prejudices, and went on learning his Latin and Greek, and discussing all manner of questions in heaven and earth, with the fervour of a boy and a Scotsman. They kept together, this strange pair, for the greater part of the short winter days, taking long walks, when they left the University, through the noisy dirty streets, upon which Lauderdale moralized ; and sometimes through the duller squares and crescents of respectability which formed the frame of the picture. Sometimes their peregrinations concluded in Colin's little room, when they

renewed their arguments over the oat-cakes and cheese which came in periodical hampers from Ramore ; and sometimes Lauderdale gave his *protégé* a cheap and homely dinner at the tavern where they had first broken bread together. But not even Colin, much less any of his less familiar acquaintances, knew where the tall Mentor lived, or how he managed to maintain himself at college. He said he had his lodging provided for him, when any inquiry was made, and added, with an odd humorous look, that his was an honourable occupation ; but Lauderdale afforded no further clue to his own means or dwelling-place. He smiled, but he was secret and gave no sign. As for his studies, he made but such moderate progress in them as was natural to his age and his character. No particular spur of ambition seemed to stimulate the man whose habits were formed by this time, and who found enjoyment enough, it appeared, in universal speculation. When he failed, his reflections as to the effect of failure upon the mind of man, and the secondary importance after all of mere material success, "which always turns out more disappointing to a reflective spirit than an actual breakdown," the philosopher would say, "being aye another evidence how far reality falls short of the idea," became more piquant than usual ; and when he succeeded, the same sentiments moderated his satisfaction. "Oh ay, I've got the prize," he said, holding it on a level with Colin's head, and regarding its resplendent binding with a smile ; "which is to say, I've found out that it's only a book with the college arms stamped upon it, and no a palpable satisfaction to the soul as I might have imagined it to be, had it been yours, boy, instead of mine."

But with all this composure of feeling as respected his own success, Lauderdale was as eager as a boy about the progress of his pupil. When the prize lay in Colin's way, his friend spared no pains to stimulate and encourage and help him on ; and as the years passed, and the personal pride of the elder

became involved in the success of the younger, Lauderdale's anxieties awoke a certain impatience in the bosom of his *protégé*. Colin was ambitious enough in his own person, but he turned naturally with sensitive boyish pride against the arguments and inducements which had so little influence upon the speaker himself.

"You urge *me* on," said the country lad, "but you think it does not matter for yourself." And though it was Colin's third session, and he reckoned himself a man, he was jealous to think that Lauderdale urged upon him what he did not think it worth his while to practise in his own person.

"When a thing's spoilt in the making, it matters less what use ye put it to," said the philosopher. It was a bright day in March, and they were seated on the grass together in a corner of the green, looking at the pretty groups about, of women and children — children and women, perhaps not over tidy, if you looked closely into the matter, but picturesque to look at—some watching the patches of white linen bleaching on the grass, some busily engaged over their needlework, and all of them occupied :—it was comfortable to think they could escape from the dingy "closes" and unsavoury "lands" of the neighbourhood. The tall student stretched his long limbs on the grass, and watched the people about with reflective eyes. "There's nothing in this world so important to a man as a right beginning," he went on. "As for me, I'm all astray, and can never win to any certain end—no that I'm complaining, or taking a gloomy view of things in general ; I'm just as happy in my way as other folk are in theirs—but that's no the question under discussion. When a man reaches my years without coming to anything he'll never come to much all his days ; but you're only a callant, and have all the world before you," said Lauderdale. He did not look at Colin as he spoke, but went on in his usual monotone, looking into the blue air, in which he saw much that was not visible to the eager young eyes which kept.

gazing at him. "When I was like you," he continued, with a half-pathetic, half-humorous smile, "it looked like misery and despair to feel that I was not to get my own way in this world—I'm terrible indifferent now-a-days—one kind of life is just as good as another as long as a man has something to do that he can think to be his duty; but such feelings are no for you," said Colin's tutor, waking up suddenly. "For you, laddie, there's nothing grand in the world that should not be possible. The lot that's accomplished is aye more or less a failure; but there's always something splendid in the life that is to come."

"You talk to me as if I were a child," said Colin, with a little indignation; "you see things in their true light yourself, but you treat me like a baby. What can there be that is splendid in my life?—a farmer's son, with perhaps the chance of a country church for my highest hope—after all kinds of signings, and confessions, and calls, and presbyteries. It would be splendid, indeed," said the lad, with boyish contempt, "to be plucked by a country presbytery that don't know six words of Greek, or objected to by a congregation of ploughmen—that's all a man has to look for in the Church of Scotland, and you know it, Lauderdale, as well as I do."

Colin broke off suddenly, with a great deal of heat and impatience. He was eighteen, and he was of the advanced party, the Young Scotland of his time. The dogmatic Old Scotland, which loved to bind, and limit, and make confessions, and sign the same, belonged to the past centuries. As for Colin's set, they were "viewy" as the young men at Oxford used to be in the days of Froude and Newman. Colin's own "views" were of a vague description enough, but of the most revolutionary tendency. He did not believe in Presbytery, nor in that rule of Church government which in Scotland is known as Lord Aberdeen's Act; and his ideas respecting extempore worship and common prayers were much unsettled. But as neither

Colin nor his set had any distinct model to fall back upon, nor any clear perception of what they wanted, the present result of their enlightenment was simply the unpleasant one of general discontent with existing things, and a restless contempt for the necessary accessories of their lot.

"Plucked is no a word in use in Scotland," said Lauderdale; "it smacks of the English universities, which are altogether a different matter. As for the Westminster Confession, I'm no clear that I could put my name to that myself as my act and deed—but you are but a callant, and don't know your own mind as yet. Meaning no offence to you," he continued, waving his hand to Colin, who showed signs of impatience, "I was once a laddie myself. Between eighteen and eight-and-twenty you'll change your ways of thinking, and neither you nor me can prophesy what they'll end in. As for the congregation of ploughmen, I would be very easy about you if that was the worst danger. Men that are about day and night in the fields when all's still, cannot but have thoughts in their minds now and then. But it's no what you are going to be, I'm thinking of," said Colin's counsellor, raising himself from the grass with a spark of unusual light in his eyes, "but what you *might* be, laddie. It's no a great preacher, far less what they call a popular minister, that would please me. What I'm thinking of is, the Man that is aye to be looked for, but never comes. I'm speaking like a woman, and thinking like a woman," he said, with a smile; "they have a kind of privilege to keep their ideal. For my part, I ought to have more sense, if experience counted for anything; but I've no faith in experience. And, speaking of that," said the philosopher, dropping back again softly on the greensward, "what a grand outlet for what I'm calling the ideal was that old promise of the Messias who was to come! It may still be so for anything I can tell, though I cannot say that I put much trust in the Jews. But aye to be able to hope that the next.

new soul might be the one that was above failure must have been a wonderful solace to those that had failed and lost heart. To be sure, they missed Him when He came," continued Lauderdale; "that was natural. Human nature is aye defective in action; but a grand idea like that makes all the difference between us and the beasts, and would do, if there were a hundred theories of development, which I would not have you put faith in, laddie," continued the volunteer tutor. "Steam and iron make awful progress, but no man—"

"That is one of your favourite theories," said Colin, who was ready for any amount of argument; "though iron and steam are dead and stationary, but for the Mind which is always developing. What you say is a kind of paradox; but you like paradoxes, Lauderdale."

"Everything's a paradox," said the reflective giant, getting up slowly from the turf; "the grass is damp, and the wind's cold, and I don't mean to sit here and haver nonsense any longer. Come along, and I'll see you home. What I like woman for is, that they're seldom subject to the real, or convinced by what you callants call reason. Reason and reality are terrible fictions at the bottom. I more believe in facts, for my part. The worst of it is, that a woman's ideal is apt to look a terrible idiot when she sets it up before the world," continued Lauderdale, his face brightening gradually with one of his slow smiles. "The ladies' novels are instructive on that point. But there's few things in this world so pleasant as to have a woman at hand that believes in you," he said, suddenly breaking off in his discourse at an utterly unexpected moment. Colin was startled by the unlooked-for silence, and by the sound of something like a sigh which disturbed the air over his head, and being still but a boy, and not superior to mischief, looked up, with a little laughter.

"You must have once had a woman who believed in you, or you would not speak so feelingly," said the lad, in his youthful amusement; and then Colin,

too, stopped short, having encountered quite an unaccustomed look in his companion's face.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, and then there was a pause. "If it were not that life is aye a failure, there would be some cases harder than could be borne," he continued, after a moment; "no that I'm complaining; but if I were you, laddie, I would set my face dead against fortune, and make up my mind to win! And speaking of winning, when did you hear of your grand English friends, and the callant you picked out of the loch? Have they ever been here in Glasgow again?"

At which question Colin drew himself to his full height, as he always did at Harry Frankland's name; he was ashamed now to express his natural antagonism to the English lad in frank speech as he had been used to do, but he insensibly elevated his head, which, when he did not stoop, as he had a habit of doing, began to approach much more nearly than of old to the altitude of his friend's.

"I know nothing about their movements," he said, shortly. "As for winning, I don't see what connexion there can be between the Franklands and any victory of mine. You don't suppose Miss Matilda believes in me, do you?" said Colin, with an uneasy laugh; "for that would be a mistake," he continued, a moment after. "She believes in her cousin."

"Maybe," said Lauderdale, in his oracular way, "it's an uncanny kind of relationship upon the whole; but I would not be the one to answer for it, especially if it's him she's expected to believe in. But there were no Miss Matildas in my mind," he added, with a smile. "I'll no ask what she had to do in yours, for you're but a callant, as I have to remind you twenty times in a day. But such lodgers are no to be encouraged," said Colin's adviser, with seriousness; "when they get into a young head it's hard to get them out again; and the worst of them is, that they take more room than their fair share. Have you got your essay well

in hand for the Principal? That's more to the purpose than Miss Matilda; and now the end of the session's drawing near, and I'm a thought anxious about the philosophy class. Yon Highland colt with the red hair will run you close, if you don't take heed. It's no prizes I'm thinking upon," said Lauderdale; "it's the whole plan of the campaign. I'll come up and talk it all over again, if you want advice; but I've great confidence in your own genius." As he said this, he laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder and looked down into his eyes. "Summer's the time to dream," said the tall student, with a smile and a sigh. Perhaps he had given undue importance to the name of Miss Matilda. He looked into the fresh young face with that mixture of affection and pathos—ambition for the lad, mingled with a generous, tender envy of him—which all along had moved the elder man in his intercourse with Colin. The look for once penetrated through the mists of custom and touched the boy's heart.

"You are very good to me, Lauderdale," he said, with a little effusion; at the sound of which words his friend grasped his shoulder affectionately and went off, without saying anything more, into the dingy Glasgow streets. Colin himself paused a minute to watch the tall, retreating figure before he climbed his own tedious stair. "Summer's the time to dream," he repeated to himself, with a certain brightness in his face, and went up the darkling staircase three steps at a time, stimulated most probably by some thoughts more exciting than anything connected with college prizes or essays. It was the end of March, and already now and then a chance breeze whispered to Colin that the primroses had begun to peep out about the roots of the trees in all the soft glens of the Holy Loch. It had only been in the previous spring that primroses became anything more to Colin than they were to Peter Bell; but now the youth's eyes were anointed, he had begun to write poetry, and to taste the delights of life. Though he

had already learned to turn his verses with the conscious deception of a Moore, it did not occur to Colin as possible that the life which was so sweet one year might not be equally delightful the next, or that anything could occur to deprive him of the companionship he was looking forward to. He had never received any shock yet in his youthful certainty of pleasure, and did not stop to think that the chance which brought Sir Thomas Frankland's nursery, and with it his pretty miss, to the Castle, for all the long spring and summer, might never recur again. So he went upstairs three steps at a time, in the dingy twilight, and sat down to his essay, raising now and then triumphant, youthful eyes, which surveyed the mean walls and poor little room without seeing anything of the poverty, and making all his young, arrogant, absolute philosophy sweet with thoughts of the primroses, and the awaking waters, and the other human creature, the child-Eve of the boy's Paradise. This was how Colin managed to compose the essay, which drew tears of mingled laughter and emotion from Lauderdale's eyes, and dazzled the professor himself with its promise of eloquence, and secured the prize in the philosophy class. The Highland colt with the red hair, who was Colin's rival, was very much sounder in his views, and had twenty times more logic in his composition; but the professor was dazzled, and the class itself could scarcely forbear its applause. Colin went home accordingly covered with glory. He was nearly nineteen; he was one of the most promising students of the year; he had already distinguished himself sufficiently to attract the attention of people interested in college successes; and he had all the long summer before him, and no one could tell how many rambles about the glens, how many voyages across the loch, how many researches into the wonders of the hills. He bade farewell to Lauderdale with a momentary seriousness, but forgot before the smoke of Glasgow was out of sight that he had ever parted from anybody, or that all

his friends were not awaiting him in this summer of delight.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Come away into the fire; it's bonnie weather, but it's sharp on the hillside," said the mistress of Ramore. "I never wearied for you, Colin, so much as I've done this year. No that there was ony particular occasion, for we've a' been real weel, and a good season, and baith bairns and beasts keeping their health; but the heart's awfu' capricious, and canna hear reason. Come in bye to the fire."

"There's been three days of east wind," said the farmer, who had gone across the loch to meet his son, and bring him home in triumph, "which accounts for your mother's anxiety, Colin. When there's plenty of blue sky, and the sun shining, there's naething she hasna courage for. What's doing in Glasgow? or rather what's doing at the college? or maybe, if you insist upon it, what are *you* doing? for that's the most important to us."

To which Colin, who was almost as shy of talking of his own achievements as of old, gave for answer some bald account of the winding up of the session and of his own honours. "I told you all about it in my last letter," he said, hurrying over the narrative; "there was nothing out of the common. Tell me rather all the news of the parish. Who is at home and who is away, and if any of the visitors have come yet?" said the lad, with a conscious tremor in his voice. Most likely his mother understood what he meant.

"It's ower early for visitors yet," she said, "though I think for my part there's nothing like the spring, with the days lengthening, and the light aye eking and eking itself out. To be sure, there's the east winds, which is a sore drawback, but it has nae great effect on the west coast. The castle woods are wonderful bonnie, Colin; near as bonnie as they were last year, when a' those bright English bairnies made the place look cheerful. I wonder the Earl bides there so seldom himself. He's no rich, to be

sure, but it's a moderate kind of a place. If I had enough money I would rather live there than in the Queen's parlour, and so the minister says. You'll have to go down to the manse the morn, and tell him a' about your prizes, Colin," said his proud mother, looking at him with beaming eyes. She put her head upon her boy's shoulder, and patted him softly as he stood beside her. "He takes a great interest in what you're doing at the college," she continued; "he says you're a credit to the parish, and so I hope you'll aye be," said Mrs. Campbell. She had not any doubt on the subject so far as her own convictions went.

"He does not know me," said the impatient Colin; "but I'll go to the manse to-morrow if you like. It's half-way to the castle," he said, under his breath, and then felt himself colour, much to his annoyance, under his mother's eyes.

"There's plenty folk to visit," said the farmer. "As for the castle, it's out of our way, no to say it looked awfu' doleful the last time I was by. The pastor would get it but for the name of the thing. We've had a wonderful year, take it a' thegither, and the weather is promising for this season. If you're no over-grand with all your honours, I would be glad of your advice, as soon as you've rested, about the Easter fields. I'm thinking of some changes, and there's nae time to lose."

"If you would but let the laddie take breath!" said the farmer's wife. "New out of all his toils and his troubles, and you canna refrain from the Easter fields. It's my belief," said the mistress, with a little solemnity, "that prosperity is awfu' trying to the soul. I dinna think you ever cared for siller, Colin, till now; but instead of rejoicing in your heart over the Almighty's blessing, I hear nothing, from morning to night, but about mair profit. It's no what I've been used to," said Colin's mother, "and there's mony a thing mair important that I want to hear about. Eh! Colin, it's my hope you'll no get to be over-fond of this world!"

"If this world meant no more than a fifty pound or so in the bank," said big Colin, with a smile; "but there's no denying it's a wonderful comfort to have a bit margin, and no be aye from hand to mouth. As soon as your mother's satisfied with looking at you, you can come out to me, Colin, and have a look at the beasts. It's a pleasure to see them. Apart from profit, Jeanie," said the farmer, with his humorous look, "if you object to that, it's grand to see such an improvement in a breed of living creatures that you and me spend so much of our time among. Next to bonnie hairns, bonnie cattle's a reasonable pride for a farmer, no to say but that making siller in any honest way is as laudable an occupation as I ken of for a man with a family like me."

"If it doesna take up your heart," said the mistress. "But it's awfu' to hear folk how they crave siller for siller's sake; especially in a place like this, where there's aye strangers coming and going, and a' body's aye trying how much is to be got for everything. I promised the laddies a holiday the morn to hear a' Colin's news, and you're no to take him off to byres and ploughed land the very first day, though I dianna say but I would like him to see Gowan's calf," said the farmer's wife, yielding a little in her superior virtue. As for Colin, he sat very impatiently through this conversation, vainly attempting to bring in the question which he longed, yet did not like, to ask.

"I suppose the visitors will come early, as the weather is so fine?" he ventured to say as soon as there was a pause.

"Oh, ay, the Glasgow folks," said Mrs. Campbell; and she gave a curious inquiring glance at her son, who was looking out of the window with every appearance of abstraction. "Do you know anybody that's coming, Colin?" said the anxious mother; "some of your new friends?" And Colin was so sensible of her look, though his eyes were turned in exactly the opposite direction, that his face grew crimson up to the great waves of brown hair which

were always tumbling about his forehead. He thrust his heavy love-locks off his temples with an impatient hand, and got up and went to the window that his confusion might not be visible. Big Colin of Ramore was at the window too, darkening the apartment with his great bulk, and the farmer laid his hand on his son's shoulder with a homely roughness, partly assumed to conceal his real feeling.

"How tall are you, laddie? no much short of me now," he said. "Look here, Jeanie, at your son." The mistress put down her work, and came up to them, defeating all Colin's attempts to escape her look; but in the meantime she, too, forgot the blushes of her boy in the pleasant sight before her. She was but a little woman herself, considered in the countryside rather too soft and delicate for a farmer's wife; and with all the delicious confidence of love and weakness, the tender woman looked up at her husband and her son.

"Young Mr. Frankland's no half so tall as Colin," said the proud mother; "no that height is anything to brag about unless a' things else is conformable. He's weel enough, and a strong-built callant, but there's a great difference, though, to be sure; his mother is just as proud," said the mistress, bearing her conscious superiority with meekness; "it's a grand thing that we're a' best pleased with our ain."

"When did you see young Frankland?" said Colin, hastily. The two boys had scarcely met since the encounter which had made a link between the families without awaking very friendly sentiments in the bosoms of the two persons principally concerned.

"That's a thing to be discussed hereafter," said the farmer of Ramore. "I didna mean to say anything about it till I saw what your inclinations were, but women-folk are aye hasty. Sir Thomas has made me a proposition, Colin. He would like to send you to Oxford with his own son if you and me were to consent. We're to gie him an answer when we've made up our minds. Nae doubt he has heard that you were like enough

to be a creditable protegee," said Big Colin, with natural complacency. "A lad of genius gies distinction to his patron, if ye can put up with a patron, Colin."

"Can you?" cried his son. The lad was greatly agitated by the question. Ambitious Scotch youths of Colin's type, in the state of discontent which was common to the race, had come to look upon the English universities as the goal of all possible hopes. Not that Colin would have confessed as much had his fate depended on it, but such was the fact notwithstanding. Oxford, to his mind, meant any or every possibility under heaven, without any limit to the splendour of the hopes involved. A different kind of flush, the glow of eagerness and ambition, came to his face. But joined with this came a tumult of vague but burning offence and contradiction. While he recognised the glorious chance thus opened to him, pride started up to bolt and bar those gates of hope. He turned upon his father with something like anger in his voice, with a tantalizing sense of all the advantages thus flourished wantonly, as he thought, before his eyes. "Could you put up with a patron?" he repeated, looking almost fiercely in the farmer's face; "and if not, why do you ask me such a question?" Colin felt injured by the suggestion. To be offered the thing of all others he most desired in the world by means which made it impossible to accept the offer would have been galling enough under any circumstances, but just now, at this crisis of his youthful ambition and excitement, such a tantalizing glimpse of the possible and the impossible was beyond bearing. "Are we his dependents that he makes such an offer to me?" said the exasperated youth; and Big Colin himself looked on with a little surprise at his son's excitement, comprehending only partially what it meant.

"I'll no say I'm fond of patronage," said the farmer, slowly; "neither in the kirk nor out of the kirk. It's my opinion a man does aye best that fights his own way, but there's aye exceptions, Colin.

I wouldna have you make up your mind in any arbitrary way. As for Sir Thomas, he has aye been real civil and friendly—no one of your condescending fine gentlemen—and the son—"

"What right have I to any favour from Sir Thomas?" said the impatient Colin. "He is nothing to me. I did no more for young Frankland than I would have done for any dog on the hillside," he continued, with a contemptuous tone; and then his conscience reproved him. "I don't mean to say anything against him. He behaved like a man, and saved himself," said Colin, with haughty candour. "As for all this pretence of rewarding me, it feels like an insult. I want nothing at their hands."

"There's no occasion to be violent," said the farmer. "I dinna expect that he'll use force to make you accept his offer, which is weel meant and kind, whatever else it may be. I canna say I understand a' this fury on your part; and there's no good that I can see in deciding this very moment and no other. I would like you to sleep upon it and turn it over in your mind. Such an offer doesna come every day to the Holy Loch. I'm no the man to seek help," said Big Colin, "but there's times when it's more generous to receive than to give."

The mistress had followed her son wistfully with her eyes through all his changes of countenance and gesture. She was not simply surprised like her husband, but looked at him with unconscious insight, discovering by intuition what was in his breast—something, at least, of what was in his heart—for the anxious mother was mistaken, and rushed at conclusions which Colin himself was far from having reached.

"There's plenty of time to decide," said the farmer's wife; "and I've that confidence in my laddie that I ken he'll do nothing from a poor motive, nor out of a jealous heart. There never were ony sulky ways, that ever I saw, in ony bairn of mine," said Mrs. Campbell; "and if there was one in the world that was mair fortunate than me, I

wouldna show a poor spirit towards him, because he had won, whiles it's mair generous to receive than to give, as the maister says ; and whiles it's mair noble to lose than to win," said the mistress, with a momentary faltering of emotion in her voice. She thought the bitterness of hopeless love was in her boy's heart, and that he was tempted to turn fiercely from the friendship of his successful rival. And she lifted her soft eyes, which were beaming with all the magnanimous impulses of nature, to Colin's face, who did not comprehend the tenderness of pity with which his mother regarded him. But, at least, he perceived that something much higher and profounder than anything he was thinking of was in the mistress's thoughts ; and he turned away somewhat abashed from her anxious look.

"I am not jealous that I am aware of," said Colin ; "but I have never done anything to deserve this, and I should prefer not to accept any favours from—any man," he concluded abruptly. That was how they left the discussion for that time at least. When the farmer went out to look after his necessary business, his wife remained with Colin, looking at him often, as she glanced up from her knitting, with eyes of wistful wonder. Had she been right in her guess, or was it merely a vague sentiment of repulsion which kept him apart from young Frankland ? But all the mother's anxiety could not break through the veil which separates one mysterious individuality from another. She read his looks with eager attention, half right and half wrong, as people make out an unfamiliar language. He had drifted off somehow from the plain vernacular of his boyish thoughts, and she had not the key to the new complications. So it was with a mixed and doubtful joy that the mistress of Ramore, on the first night of his return, regarded her son.

"And I suppose," said Colin, with a smile dancing about his lips, "that I am to answer this proposal when they come to the castle ? And they are coming soon as they expected last year ? or, perhaps, they are there now ?" he

said, getting up from his chair again and walking away towards the door that his mother might not see the gleams of expectation in his face.

"But, Colin, my' man," said the mistress, who did not perceive the blow she was about to administer, "they're no coming to the castle this year. The young lady that was delicate has got well, and they're a' in London and in an awfu' whirl o' gaiety like the rest of their kind ; and Lady Mary, the earl's sister, is to have the castle with her bairns ; and that's the way Sir Thomas wants our answer in a letter, for there's none of the family to be here this year."

It did not strike the mistress as strange that Colin made no answer. He was standing at the door looking out, and she could not see his face. And when he went out of doors presently, she was not surprised—it was natural he should want to see everything about the familiar place ; and she called after him to say that, if he would wait a moment, she would go herself and show him Gowan's calf. But he either did not hear her, or, at least, did not wait the necessary moment ; and when she had glanced out in her turn, and had perceived with delight that the wind had changed, and that the sun was going down in glorious crimson and gold behind the hills, the mistress returned with a relieved heart to prepare the family tea. "It'll be a fine day to-morrow," she said to herself, rejoicing over it for Colin's sake ; and so went in to her domestic duties with a lightened heart.

At that moment Colin had just pushed forth into the loch, flinging himself into the boat anyhow, disgusted with the world and himself and everything that surrounded him. In a moment, in the drawing of a breath, an utter blank and darkness had replaced all the lovely summer landscape that was glowing by anticipation in his heart. In the sudden pang of disappointment, the lad's first impulse was to fling himself forth into the solitude, and escape the voices and looks which were hateful

to him at that moment. Nor was it simple disappointment that moved him; his feelings were complicated by many additional shades of aggravation. It had seemed so natural that everything should happen this year as last year, and now it seemed such blind folly to imagine that it could have been possible. Not only were his dreams all frustrated and turned to nothing, but he fell ever so many degrees in his own esteem, and felt so foolish and vain and unkind, as he turned upon himself with the acute mortification and sudden disgust of youth. What an idiot he had been! To think she would again leave all the brilliant world for the loch and the primroses, and those other childish delights on which he had been dwelling like a fool! Very bitter were Colin's thoughts, as he dashed out into the middle of the loch, and there laid up his oars and abandoned himself to the buffetings of excited fancy. What right had he to imagine that she had ever thought of him again, or to hope that such a thread of gold could be woven into his rustic and homely web of fate? He scoffed at himself, as he remembered, with acute pangs of self-contempt, the joyous rose-coloured dreams that had occupied him only a few hours ago. What a fool he was to entertain such vain, complacent fancies! He, a farmer's son, whose highest hope must be, after countless aggravations and exasperations, to get "placed" in a country church in some rural corner of Scotland. And then Colin recalled Sir Thomas Frankland's proposal, and took to his oars again in a kind of fury, feeling it impossible to keep still. The baronet's kind offer looked like an intentional insult to the excited lad. He thought to himself that they wanted to reward him somehow by rude, tangible means, as if he were a servant, for what Colin proudly and indignantly declared to himself was no service—certainly no intentional service. On the whole, he had never been so wretched, so downcast, so fierce and angry and miserable,

in all his life. If he could but, by any means, by any toil, or self-denial, or sacrifice, get to Oxford, on his own account, and show the rich man and his son how little the Campbells of Ramore stood in need of patronage! All the glory had faded off the hills before Colin bethought himself of the necessity of returning to the homely house which he had greeted with so much natural pleasure a few hours before. His mother was standing at the door looking out for him as he drew towards the beach, looking at him with eyes full of startled and anxious half-comprehension. She knew he was disturbed somehow, and made guesses, right in the main, but all wrong in the particulars, which were, though he tried hard to repress all signs of it, another exasperation to Colin. This was how the first evening of his return closed upon the student of Ramore. He could not take any pleasure just then in the fact of being at home, nor in the homely love and respect and admiration that surrounded him. Like all the rest of the world, he neglected the true gold lying close at hand for the longing he had after the false diamonds that glittered at a distance. It was hard work for him to preserve an ordinary appearance of affection and interest in all that was going on, as he sat, absent and preoccupied, at his father's table. "Colin's no like you idle laddies; he has ower much to think of to laugh and make a noise, like you," the mistress said with dignity, as she consoled the younger brothers, who were disappointed in Colin. And she half believed what she said, though she spoke with the base intention of excluding "the laddies," who knew no better. The house, on the whole, was rather disturbed than brightened by the return of the firstborn, who had thus become a foreign element in the household life. Such was the inauspicious beginning of the holidays, which had been to Colin, for months back, the subject of so many dreams.

CHAPTER IX.

It was some time before Colin recovered his composure, or found it possible to console himself for the failure of his hopes. He wrote a great deal of poetry in the meantime—or rather of verses which looked wonderfully like poetry, such as young men of genius are apt to produce under such circumstances. The chances are, that if he had confided them to any critic of a sympathetic mind, attempts would have been made to persuade Colin that he was a poet. But luckily Lauderdale was not at hand, and there was no one else to whom the shy young dreamer would have disclosed himself. He sent some of his musings to the magazines, and so added a little excitement and anxiety to his life. But nobody knew Colin in that little world where, as in other worlds, most things go by favour, and impartial appreciation is comparatively unknown. The editors most probably would have treated their unknown correspondent in exactly the same manner had he been a young Tennyson. As it was, Colin did not quite know what to think about his repeated failures in this respect. When he was despondent he became disgusted with his own productions, and said to himself that of course such maudlin verse could be procured by the bushel, and was not worthy of paper and print. But in other moods the lad imagined he must have some enemy who prejudiced the editorial world, and shut against him the gates of literary fame. In books all the heroes, who could do nothing else, found so ready a subsistence by means of magazines, that the poor boy was naturally puzzled to find that all his efforts could not gain him a hearing. And it began to be rather important to him to find something to do. During the previous summers Colin had not disdained the farm and its labours, but had worked with his father and brothers without any sense of incongruity. But now matters were changed. Miss Matilda, with her curls and her smiles, had bewitched the boy out of his simple innocent life. It did not seem natural

that the hand which she consented to touch with her delicate fingers should hold the plough or the reaping hook, or that her companion in so many celestial rambles should plod through the furrows at other times, or go into the rough drolleries of the harvest field. Colin began to think that the life of a farmer's son at Ramore was inconsistent with his future hopes, and there was nothing else for it but teaching, since so little was to be made of the magazines. When he had come to himself and began to see the surrounding circumstances with clearer eyes, Colin, who had no mind to be dependent, but meant to make his own way as was natural to a Scotch lad of his class, bethought himself of the most natural expedient. He had distinguished himself at college, and it was not difficult to find the occupation he wanted. Perhaps he was glad to escape from the primitive home, from the mother's penetrating looks, and all the homely ways of which the ambitious boy began to be a little impatient. He had come to the age of discontent. He had begun to look forward no longer to the vague splendours of boyish imagination, but to elevation in the social scale, and what he heard people call success in life. A year or two before it had not occurred to Colin to consider the circumstances of his own lot—his ambition pointed only to ideal grandeur, unembarrassed by particulars—and it was very possible for the boy to be happy, thinking of some incoherent greatness to come, while engaged in the humblest work, and living in the homeliest fashion. But the time had arrived when the pure ideal had to take to itself some human garments, and when the farmer's son became aware that a scholar and a gentleman required a greater degree of external refinement in his surroundings. His young heart was wounded by this new sense, and his visionary pride offended by the thought that these external matters could count for anything in the dignity of a man. But Colin had to yield like every other. He loved his family no less, but he was less

at home among them. The inevitable disruption was commencing, and already, with the quick insight of her susceptible nature, the mistress of Ramore had discovered that the new current was setting in, that the individual stream of Colin's life was about to disengage itself, and that her proud hopes for her boy were to be sealed by his separation from her. The tender-hearted woman said nothing of it, except by an occasional pathetic reflection upon things in general, which went to Colin's heart, and which he understood perfectly; but perhaps, though no one would have confessed as much, it was a relief to all when the scholar-son, of whom everybody at Ramore was so proud, went off across the loch, rowed by two of his brothers, with his portmanteau and the first evening coat he had ever possessed, to Ard-martin, the fine house on the opposite bank, where he was to be tutor to Mr. Jordan's boys, and eat among strangers the bread of his own toil.

The mistress stood at her door shading her eyes with her hand, and looking after the boat as it shot across the bright water. Never at its height of beauty had the Holy Loch looked more fair. The sun was expanding and exulting over all the hills, searching into every hollow, throwing up unthought-of tints, heaps of moss, and masses of rock, that no one knew of till that moment; and with the sunshine went flying shadows that rose and fell like the lifting of an eyelid. The gleam of the sun before she put up her hand to shade her face fell upon the tear in the mistress's eye, and hung a rainbow upon the long lash, which was wet with that tender dew. She looked at her boys gliding over the loch through this veil of fairy colours, all made out of a tear, and the heart in her tender bosom beat with a corresponding conjunction of pain and happiness. "He'll never more come back to bide at home like his father's son," she said to herself, softly, with a pang of natural mortification; "but, eh, I'm a thankless woman to complain, and him so weel and so good, and naething in fault but nature," added the mother, with all the

compunction of true love; and so stood gazing till the boat had gone out of hearing, and was just touching upon that sweet shadow of the opposite bank, projected far into the loch, which plunged the whole landscape into a dazzling uncertainty, and made it a doubtful matter which was land and which was water. Colin himself, touched by the loveliness of the scene, had paused just then to look down the shining line to where this beatified paradise of water opened out into the heaven of Clyde. And to his mother's eyes gazing after him, the boat seemed to hang suspended among the sweet spring foliage of the Lady's Glen, which lay reflected, every leaf and twig, in the sweeter loch. When somebody called her indoors she went away with a sigh. Was it earth, or a vision of Paradise, or "some unsubstantial fairy place"? The sense of all this loveliness struck intense, with almost a feeling of pain, upon the gentle woman's poetic heart.

And it was in such a scene that Colin wrote the verses which borrowed from the sun and the rain prismatic colours like those of his mother's tears, and were as near poetry as they could possibly be to miss that glory. Luckily for him, he had no favourite confidant now to persuade him that he was a poet, so the verse-making did him nothing but good, providing a safety-valve for that somewhat stormy period of his existence.

Mr. Jordan was very rich and very liberal, and, indeed, lavish of the money which had elevated him above all his early friends and associations. He had travelled, he bought pictures, he prided himself upon his library, and he was very good to his young tutor, who, he told everybody, was "a lad of genius;" but naturally, with all this, Colin's existence was not one of unmingled bliss. As soon as he had left Ramore he began to look back to it with longing, as was natural to his years. The sense that he had that home behind him, with everybody ready to stand by him whatever trouble he might fall into, and every heart open to hear and sympathise in all the particulars of his life, restored the young man all at once to content and

satisfaction with the homely household that loved him. When he was there life looked gray and sombre in all its sober-coloured garments; but when he looked across the loch at the white house on the hillside, that little habitation had regained its ideal character. He had some things to endure, as was natural, that galled his high spirit, but, on the whole, he was happier than if he had still been at Ramore.

And so the summer passed on. He had sent his answer to Sir Thomas without any delay—an answer in which, on the whole, his father concurred—written in a strain of lofty politeness which would not have misbecome a young prince. “He was destined for the Church of Scotland,” Colin wrote, “and such being the case, it was best that he should content himself with the training of a Scotch university.” “Less perfect, no doubt,” the boy had said, with a kind of haughty humility; “but, perhaps, better adapted to the future occupations of a Scotch clergyman.” And then he went on to offer thanks in a magnificent way, calculated to overwhelm utterly the good-natured baronet, who had never once imagined that the pride of the farmer’s son would be wounded by his proposal. The answer had been sent, and no notice had been taken of it. It was months since then, and not a word of Sir Thomas Frankland or his family had been heard about the Holy Loch. They seemed to have disappeared altogether back again into their native firmament, never more to dazzle the eyes of beholders in the west country. It was hard upon Colin thus to lose, at a stroke, not only the hope on which he had built so securely, but at the same time a great part of the general stimulation of his life. Not only the visionary budding love which had filled him with so many sweet thoughts, but even the secret rivalry and opposition which no one knew of, had given strength and animation to his life, and both seemed to have departed together. He mused over it often with wonder, asking himself if Lauderdale was right; if it was true that most things come to

nothing; and whether meetings and partings, which looked as if they must tell upon life for ever and ever, were, after all, of not half so much account as the steady routine of existence! The youth perplexed himself daily with such questions, and wrote to Lauderdale many a long mysterious epistle which puzzled still more his anxious friend, who could not make out what had set Colin’s brains astray out of all the confident philosophies of his years. When the young man, in his hours of leisure, climbed up the woody ravine close by, to where the burn took long leaps over the rocks, flinging itself down in diamonds and showers of spray into the heart of the deep summer foliage in the Lady’s Glen, and from that height looked down upon the castle on the other side, seated among its leaves and trees on the soft promontory which narrowed the entrance of the loch, Colin could not but feel this unexpected void which was suddenly made in his life. The Frankland family had been prominent objects on his horizon for a number of years. In disliking or liking, they had been always before him; and even at his most belligerent period, there was something not disagreeable to the lad’s fancy, at least, in this link of connexion with a world so different from his own—a world in which, however commonplace might be the majority of the actors, such great persons as were to be had in the age might still be found. And now they had gone altogether away out of Colin’s reach or ken; and he was left in his natural position nowise affected by his connexion with them. It was a strange feeling, and notwithstanding the scorn with which he rejected the baronet’s kindness and declined his patronage, much disappointment and mortification mingled with the sense of surprise in Colin’s mind. “It was all as it ought to be,” he said to himself many times as he pondered over it; but, perhaps, if it had been quite as he expected, he would not have needed to impress that sentiment on his mind by so many repetitions. These reflections still recurred

to him all the summer through whenever he had any time to himself. But Colin's time was not much at his own disposal. Nature had given to the country lad a countenance which propitiated the world. Not that it was handsome in the abstract, or could bear examination feature by feature, but there were few people who could resist the mingled shyness and frankness of the eyes with which Colin looked out upon the miraculous universe, perceiving perpetual wonders. The surprise of existence was still in his face, indignant though he would have been had anybody told him so; and tired people of the world, who knew better than they practised, took comfort in talking to the youth, who, whatever he might choose to say, was still looking as might be seen, with fresh eyes at the dewy earth, and saw everything through the atmosphere of the morning. This unconscious charm of his told greatly upon women, and most of all upon women who were older than himself. The young ladies were not so sure of him, for his fancy was preoccupied; but he gained many friends among the matrons whom he encountered, and such friendships are apt to make large inroads upon a young man's time. And their hospitality reigns paramount on those sweet shores of the Holy Loch. Mr. Jordan filled his handsome house with a continual succession of guests from all quarters; and as neither the host nor hostess was in the least degree amusing, Colin's services were in constant requisition. Sometimes the company was good, often indifferent; but, at all events, it occupied the youth, and kept him from too much inquisition into the early troubles of his own career.

His life went on in this fashion until September brought sportsmen in flocks to the heathery braes of the loch. Colin, whose engagement was but a temporary one, was beginning to look forward once again to his old life in Glasgow—to the close little room in Donaldson's Land, and the long walks and longer talks with Lauderdale, which were almost his only recreation. Perhaps the idea was

not so agreeable to him as in former years. Somehow, he was going back with a duller prospect of existence; with his radiance of variable light upon his horizon; and in the absence of this fairy illumination the natural circumstances became more palpable, and struck him with a sense of their poverty and meanness such as he had never felt before. He had to gulp down a little disgust as he thought of his attic, and even, in the involuntary fickleness of his years, was not quite so sure of enjoying Lauderdale's philosophy as he had once been.

He was in this state of mind when he heard of a new party of visitors who were to arrive the day after at Ardmartin—a distinguished party of visitors, fine people, whom Mr. Jordan had met somewhere in the world, and who had deigned to forget his lack of rank, and even of interest, in his wealth, and his grouse, and the convenient situation of his house; for Colin's employer was not moderately rich—a condition which does a man no good in society—but had heaps upon heaps of money, or was supposed to have such, which comes to about the same, and was respected accordingly. Colin listened but languidly to the scraps of talk he heard about these fine people. There was a dowager countess among them, whose name abstracted the lady of the house from all her important considerations. As for Colin, he was still too young to care for dowagers; he heard without hearing of all the preparations that were to be made, and the exertions that were thought necessary in order to make Ardmartin agreeable to so illustrious a party, and paid very little attention to anything that was going on, hoping within himself to make his escape from the fuss of the reception, and have a little time to himself. On the afternoon on which they were expected he betook himself to the hills, as soon as his work with his pupils was over. It had been raining as usual, and everything shone and glistened in the sun, which blazed all over the braes with a brightness which did not neu-

tralize the chill of the wind. The air was so still that Colin heard the crack of the sportsman's gun from different points around him, miles apart from each other, and could, even on the height where he stood, discriminate the throb of the little steamer which was progressing through the lock at his feet, reflecting to the minutest touch, from its pennon of white steam at the funnel to the patches of colour among its passengers on the deck, in the clear water on which it glided. The young man pursued his walk till the shadows began to gather, and the big bell of Ardmartin pealed out its summons to dress into all the echoes as he reached the gate. The house looked crowded to the very door, where it had overflowed in a margin of servants, some of whom were still importing the last carriage as Colin entered. He pursued his way to his own room languidly enough, for he was tired, and he was not interested either. As he went up the grand staircase, however, he passed a door which was ajar, and from which came the sound of an animated conversation. Colin started as if he had received a blow, as one of these voices fell on his ear. He came to a dead pause in the gallery upon which this room opened, and stood listening, unconscious of the surprised looks of somebody's maid, who passed him with her lady's dress in her arms, and looked very curiously at the tutor. Colin stopped short and listened, suddenly roused up into a degree of interest which brought the colour to his cheek and the light to his eye. He thought all the ladies of the party must be there, so varied was the pleasant din and so many the voices; but he had been standing breathless, in the most eager pose of listening, for nearly half the time allowed for dressing, before he heard again the voice which had arrested him. Then, when he began to imagine that it must have been a dream, the sound struck his ear once more—a few brief syllables, a sweet, sudden laugh, and again silence. Was it *her* voice? or was it only a mock of fancy? While he stood lingering, wondering, straining

his ear for a repetition of the sound; the door opened softly, and various white figures in dressing-gowns flitted off upstairs and downstairs, some of them uttering little exclamations of fright at sight of the alarming apparition of a man. It was pretty to see them dispersing, like so many white doves, from that momentary confabulation; but *she* was not among them. Colin went up to his room and dressed with lightning speed, chafing within himself at the humble place which he was expected to take at the table. When he went into the dining-room, as usual, all the rest of the party were taking their places. The only womankind distinctly within Colin's sight was one of fifty, large enough to make six Matildas. He could not see *her* though he strained his eyes up and down through the long alley of fruits and flowers. Though he was not twenty, and had walked about ten miles that afternoon over the wholesome heather, the poor young fellow could not eat any dinner. He had been placed beside a hoary old man to amuse him, whom his employer thought might be useful to the young student; but Colin had not half a dozen words to spend upon any one. Was *she* here? or was it mere imagination which brought down to him now and then, through the pauses of the conversation, a momentary tone that was like hers? When the ladies left the room the young man rushed, though it was not his office, to open the door for them. Another moment and Colin was in paradise—the paradise of fools. How was it possible that he could have been deceived? The little start with which she recognised him, the moment of surprise which made her drop her handkerchief and brought the colour to her cheek, rapt the lad into a feeling more exquisite than any he had known all his life. She smiled; she gave him a rapid, sweet look of recognition, which was made complete by that start of surprise. Matilda was here, under the same roof—she whom he had never hoped to see again. Colin fell headlong into the unintended swoon. He sat pondering over her look and her

startled movements all the tedious time, while the other men drank their wine, without being at all aware what divine elixir was in *his* cup. Her look of sweet wonder kept shining ever brighter and brighter before his imagination. Was it wonder only, or some dawning of another sentiment? If she had spoken,

the spell might have been less powerful. A crowd of fairy voices kept whispering all manner of delicious follies in Colin's ear, as he sat waiting for the moment when he could follow her. Imagination did everything for him in that moment of expectation and unlooked-for delight,

"MY BEAUTIFUL LADY."

THIS is the quaint title—and there is much in a title—of a volume of poetry, nay, we may conscientiously say a poem, which, even if less note-worthy in itself, would have been remarkable for the circumstances of its production. It is not one of the innumerable "lays," "verses," "lyrics"—the weak, crude efforts of some young scribbler thirsting for reputation, but the one work, the concentrated, deliberate labour of love, given, as the fruit of many years, by a man whose life-labour in another art has earned for him a reputation high enough to make poetical renown of very secondary value. Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, has no need of the fame of a poet. And though when he leaves the chisel for the pen, he must necessarily be judged among pen-labourers, just as severely and accurately as if his marble-poems had never existed,—still it is curious to trace in this additional instance a confirmation of the fact, that genius has but one common root, and that its development into one of the three branches of the sister arts is often a mere accident. We could name many living men of mark, or whom chance alone appears to have decided whether they should be poets, artists, or musicians. And we need not go so far back as Da Vinci or Michael Angelo to find some who have excelled in all the various subdivisions into which branches that strange gift which we call the creative faculty; who have been at once painters, sculptors, engravers, architects, musicians, poets. Though, except in rarest instances, this is a fatal excellence. A

man is far safer in having one single settled purpose in his life, unto which all his study, observation, and experience ought to tend. It is highly to Mr. Woolner's credit—and doubtless to the great benefit of his fame as a sculptor—that, with all this facility of versification, and the intense delight which all who read his book must be convinced the author took therein, he has allowed himself to be, Rumour says, from ten to fifteen years, in perfecting, unpublished, "My Beautiful Lady."

And he has his reward. Seldom does a critic rest with such complete satisfaction on a book, which, whatever level of literary merit it may attain, cannot but be regarded as being, of its kind, a pure work of art, careful, conscientious, complete: in which nothing is done slovenly, or erratically, or hastily. Earnest, too—and though strictly impersonal in its character—yet retaining the vivid impression of the author's individuality, that is, his individuality transfused through his imagination, so as to be able to generalize, concentrate, and elevate accidental fact into universal, poetic truth. In plain words, no one would ever suspect Mr. Woolner of being the hero of his own poem, yet by the power which genius alone possesses, he has been able so thoroughly to identify himself with his conception, that every one who reads his pathetic story of "love which never found its earthly close," will feel at once that it is in one sense absolutely true; that sublimation of literal fact, out of which the poet creates a universal verity.

This fervid and touching realism lifts the book in some degree out of the level of ordinary criticism. Reviewers, trained and eager to dart with "flaw-seeking eyes, like needle-points," upon faulty expressions, fancied plagiarisms, tumid common-places, might no doubt discover such in this volume; but the mere reader, who reads for his own delight, will be carried along, heart-warm, by the mere impetus of that delight, nor pause to criticise till he has ceased to feel.

Strongly emotional—yet with both passion and fancy made subordinate to its ethical purpose, the book stands out distinctly among all poems of late years, as the deification of Love. Love, regarded neither as the "Venus Victrix" of the ancients, nor treated with the sentimental chivalry of mediæval times—or the fantastic, frivolous homage of a later age, under which lay often concealed the lowest form of the passion which can degrade manhood or insult womanhood; but love, the consoler, the refiner, the purifier, the stimulator to all that is high and lovely and of good report Love, not spread abroad among many objects—the "episode in man's life," as Byron terms it—(alas! he spoke but as he knew)—or the dream of mere fancy, like Shelley's:—

"In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of this idol of my thought;"

but love, strong, human, undivided, and from its very singleness the more passionately pure;—the devotion of the individual man to the individual woman, who is to him the essence of all womanhood, the satisfaction of all his being's need; from whom he learns everything, and to whom he teaches everything of that secret which is the life-blood of the universe, since it flows from the heart of God Himself—the Love Divine.

This doctrine, the Christian doctrine of love, is, even in our Christian times, so dimly known and believed in, that we hail thankfully one more poet, one more man, who has the strength to believe in it, and the courage to declare it.

For, God knows, it is the only human gospel which in this fast corrupting age will have power to save men and elevate women. Coventry Patmore preached it in his "Angel in the House," which, with all its quaintnesses and peculiarities, stands alone as the song of songs, wherein is glorified the pure passion, which, if it is to be found anywhere in the world, is to be found at our English firesides—conjugal love. And though "My Beautiful Lady," attains not that height—fate forbidding that the love of betrothal should ever become the perfect love of marriage—still it breathes throughout the same spirit. Such books as these are the best barrier against that flood of foulness which seems creeping in upon us, borne in, wave after wave, up to our English doors by the tide of foreign literature; French novels, with their tinsel cleverness, overspreading a mass of inner corruption; and German romances, confusing the two plain lines of right or wrong with their sophistical intellectualities and sentimental affinities; or, worse than either, being a cowardly compromise between the two, that large and daily increasing section of our own popular writing, which is called by the mild term, "sensational."

"My Beautiful Lady" is, of course, a love poem; divided into sections—call them cantos—of varied style and rhythm, after the manner of "Maud." Nay, there are many critics who will aver that had "Maud" never been written neither would Mr. Woolner's poem. But besides the fact, that the latter was planned and partly executed before the former appeared—the differences are great enough to prevent all suspicion of plagiarism beyond a certain occasional Tennysonian ring, which pervades most of our modern verses, marking the involuntary influence of the master-poet on all the poetry of our age. It is the history of a holy, happy, mutual love—crowned, not by fruition, but loss: yet still complete. For death, at first the ruthless divider, afterwards only perfects, into the perfectness of a noble, resigned, useful and not unhappy

ite this passion of the soul—which had it been a merely human passion,

"Would at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn — and expire."

The story is simplicity itself: there being no characters except the two—hero and heroine: no incidents save those of love and death. Few descriptions;—even the portrait of "My Lady" is projected, or rather reflected, less by her own corporeal identity than by the mental influence which she exercises over the imagination of her lover. Not many poets, who, while they pretend to

" . . . despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes,"

yet prate of them incessantly as the best realities of love, have drawn with such purely spiritual and yet vivid touches a more life-like portrait than this:

"I love my lady, she is very fair,
Her brow is wan, and bound by simple hair;
Her spirit sits aloof and high,
But glances from her tender eye
In sweetness droopingly.

"As a young forest while the wind drives
through,
My life is stirred when she breaks on my
view;
Her beauty grants my will no choice
But silent awe, till she rejoice
My longing with her voice.

"Her warbling voice, though ever low and
mild,
Oft makes me feel as strong wine would a
child;
And though her hand be very light
Of touch, it moves me with its might,
As would a sudden fright.

"A hawk, high poised in air, whose nerved
wing-tips
Tremble with might suppressed, before he
dips,
In vigilance, scarce more intense
Than I, when her voice holds my sense
Contented in suspense.

"Her mention of a thing, august or poor,
Makes it far nobler than it was before:
As where the sun strikes life will gush,
And what is pale receives a flush,
Rich hues, a richer blush."

Such a woman, we feel, was worthy
of the following poem, or rather psalm,
of lover-like rapture over the love won:

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DAWN.

"O lily, with the sun of heaven's
Prime splendour on thy breast,
My scattered passions toward thee run,
Poising to awful rest.

"The darkness of our universe
Smothered my soul in night:
Thy glory shone; whereat the curse
Passed molten into light.

"Raised over envy, freed from pain,
Beyond the storms of chance,
Blest king of my own world I reign,
Controlling circumstance."

"Noon" and, "Night"—two other carols
—rich and rosy with the atmosphere of
full delight and contented love, carry
forward the story through its brief sun-
shine into the shadow of the fate which
is to come. "Her Garden" gives the
first sign:

"In walking forth, I felt with vague alarm
Heavier than wont her pressure on my arm,
As through morn's fragrant air we sought
what harm
That eastern wind's despite had done the
garden's growth,
Where much lay dead or languished low
for drouth.

"Her own parterre was bounded by a red
Old buttressed wall of brick, moss-broidered,
Where grew, mid pink and azure plots, a
bed
Of shining lilies, intermixed in wondrous
light—
She called them "Radiant spirits robed in
white."

"My Lady dove-like to the lily went,
Took in curved palms a cup, and forward
leant;
Deep draining to the gold its dreamy scent.
(I see her now, pale beauty, as she bending
stands,
The wind-worn blossom resting in her
hands.)

"Then slowly rising, she in gazing trance
Affrayed, long pored on vacancy. A glance
Of chilly splendor tinged her countenance,
And told the saddened truth that stress of
blighting weather
Had made her lilies and My Lady droop
together."

"Tolling Bell" is beautiful, despite
some jarring faults, an exaggeration of
diction, and a didactic lengthiness. Both
matter and style should have been per-
fectly simple, with that solemn severity

of art which Tennyson indicates when he says :

"In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these unfold
Is felt in outline and no more."

The lover has come to see his mistress, who has recovered from temporary illness, but is still under the warning shadow which foretells her slow-advancing doom :

"I watched in awkward wonder for a time
While there she listless lay and sang my rhyme,
Wrapped up in fabrics of an Indian clime,
And looked a bird of Paradise
Languid from the traversed skies.

"A dawn-bright snowy peak her smile.—
Strange I
Should dawdle near her grace admiringly
When love alarmed and challenged sympathy :
Unnerved in chills of creeping fear,
Danger surely threatening near.

"I shrank from searching the abyss I felt
Yawned by : whose verge voluptuous blossoms belt
With dazzling hues. She speaks ! I fall and melt,
One sacred moment drawn to rest,
Deeply weeping on her breast.

"Our visions met, when pityingly she flung
Her passionate arms about me, kissing clung,
Close kisses, stifling kisses, till each wrung
With welded mouths, the other's bliss
Out in one long sighing kiss.

"Love-flower that burst in kisses and sweet tears,
Scattering its roscate dream-flakes, disappears
In cold truth : for loud, with brazen jeers,
That bell's toll, clanging in my brain
Beat me, loath, to earth again."

Finely painted, with a pencil of awful reality, is the man's agony of despair, stung by the woman's resignation into impious outcries against Providence, and even bitter reproaches against herself, until he is calmed by the angelic calm of the loving spirit already bound for the

"desolation, dark, unknown,
Whose limits, stretched from mortal sight
Touch the happy hills of light."

The description of his yet unconquerable anguish, of her soothing, of their

peaceful reading together, of the temporary parting ; after which, crushed by the sense of what is coming upon him, he rushes out in the wild night, wandering wearily, he "knew not where," till morning ;—all this it is nearly impossible to criticise. One's cool appraisement of the literary value of the poetry sinks dumb before the pathetic human-ness of the subject. We follow the story through three more portions—"Will-o'-the-Wisp," "Given Over," "Storm," to "My Lady in Death"; of which it is the highest tribute that can be paid to the author to say that its intense reality almost makes us feel, in reading, as if we had no right to read—or he to write of such things. It commences thus.

"All is but coloured show. I look
Up through the green hues shed
By leaves above my head,
And feel its inmost worth forsook
My being when she died.
This heart, now hot and dried,
Halts, as the parched course where a brook
Mid flowers was wont to flow,
Because her life is now
No more than stories in a printed book. :

"Grass thickens proudly o'er that breast,
Clay cold, and sadly still
My happy face felt thrill.
How much her dear, dear mouth expressed !
And now are closed and set
Lips that my own have met :
Her eye-lids by the damp earth pressed,
Damp earth weighs on her eyes,
Damp earth shuts out the skies.
My Lady rests her heavy, heavy rest.

"To see her high perfection sweep
The favoured earth, as she
With welcoming palms met me !
How can I but recall and weep ?
Her hands' light charm was such
Care vanished at their touch.
Her feet spared little things that creep ;
"For stars are not," she'd say,
"More wonderful than they."
And now she sleeps her heavy, heavy sleep.

His fancy then recalls two scenes : one, than which few poets have written a sweeter, of the lovers sitting together, in the hush of a summer wood, fondly anticipating their near-at-hand marriage-day ;—the other, the day of death, while "My Lady's" soul departs—

"Oblivion struck me like a mace,
And as a tree that's hewn
I dropped in a dead swoon,
And lay a long time cold upon my face.

"Earth had one quarter turned before
My miserable fate,
Pressed down with its whole weight.
My sense came back, and, shivering o'er,
I felt a pain to bear
The sun's keen, cruel glare—
Which shone not warm as heretofore—
And never more its rays
Will satisfy my gaze.
No more, no more; oh, never any more."

After this comes to the lover the death-in-life, the mortal torpor of loss, followed by that desperate craving for some token of love beyond the grave, out of whose awful silence proceeds no answer, until at last the voice of Divine Mercy, speaking through a vision, conjured up in the night-time beside "My Lady's" moonlit grave, convinces the bereaved heart through the strength of its own love, of the immortality of that for which it mourns and craves. The lover is thereby taught the lesson of reproof and submission, that, softened by the chastisement of pain, he may stretch out in the higher life where Love is sublimed into Duty, and Hope loses itself in Faith—"the evidences of things not seen."

A subject so noble would raise even the plainest prose to a certain level of poetry—while the highest poetry would scarcely be commensurate with the grandeur of the theme. When we say that in "My Lady's Voice from Heaven," Mr. Woolner has failed in making his execution equal to his conception, it is only saying that he has failed where almost any poet, save a Dante or a Milton, would have failed. Nevertheless, the moral beauty of the whole, and the artistic beauty of the fragments, compensate for a degree of disappointment which the reader feels in what should have been the climax of the poem. Something of this may be owing to the stiff, short lift of the rhythm, and to a certain aroma, so to speak, which reminds one of the "Poet's Vow" of Mrs. Browning. Yet it has exquisite passages. Witness this, when the lover is sitting by the midnight tomb:—

"— A wind came, blown o'er distant sheaves,
That hissing, tore and lashed the leaves,
And lashed the undergrowth.

"It roared and howled, it raged about
With some determined aim;
And storming up the night, brought out
The moon, that, like a happy shout,
Called forth My Lady's name,

"In sudden splendour on the stone;
Then, for an instant, I
Snatched and heaped up my past, bestrown
With hopes and kisses, struggling moan,
And pangs: as suddenly,

"Oppressed with overwhelming weight
Down fell the edifice;
When touched as by the hand of Fate
My gloom was gone. I felt my state
So light, I sobbed for bliss."

Part III. of "My Beautiful Lady" consists of two blank-verse poems, "Years After," and "Work." The first, supposed to be written ten years subsequent to "My Lady's" death, contains tender memory-pictures of her home, her parents, her own childhood and maidenhood, her sweet household words and ways. It seems as if grief—as grief often will do—had gone backward with a desperate leap over the chasm of despair into the pleasant fields of fond remembrance, where love in fancy could still walk hand in hand with the lost beloved, and feel no more anything of the past, except love. And in the last poem, "Work," shines out the final sanctification of all this anguish—the wisdom won out of sorrow, the large patience and universal loving-kindness taught by the bitterness of personal pain. Duty, endurance, faith—all these hidden seeds of eternal life which never spring up in the human heart till the rough ploughshare of affliction has passed over it—arise in the heart of this man, to make green and lovely the existence that was once so black and bare.

Amidst much to the same purport towards the close, he speaks as follows:

"I, craving gracious aid of heaven, straightway
Began the work which shall be mine till death.
And if 'tis granted that I may disroot
Some evil deeds, or plant a seed which time
Shall nourish to a tree of pleasant shade,

To wearied limbs a boon, and fair to view—
I then shall know the Hand that struck me
down,

Has been my guide unto the paths of truth.
And she, my lost adored one, where is she?
Where has she been throughout these
dragging years
Of labour?

She has been my light of life!
The lustrous dawn and radiance of the day
At noon—and she has burned the colors in
To richer depths across the sun at setting:
And my tired lips she closes; then, in dreams
Descends a shaft of glory barred with stairs,
And leads my spirit up where I behold
My dear ones lost. And thus through sleep,
not death,

Remote from earthly cares and vexing jars,
I taste the stillness of the life to come.¹

Thus, in that peaceful completeness—
which should be the aim and crown of
all true poetry, of all imaginative writing
of every sort—closes "My Beautiful
Lady." It is its highest praise. No
poet—no author of any kind—has a
right to torture the world with his own
distempered fancies, useless griefs, un-
satisfied doubts, and unrepented sins.
We all suffer alike, we that sing and we

that are dumb; let none of us add the
weight of his own, wantonly, to his
brother's burthen. The genius which,
so far from striving with the clear-eyed
power which genius especially possesses,

"To justify the ways of God to men,"

—by its own wilfulness seeks to involve
them in double darkness—has been false
to the highest gift which God can be-
stow. Therefore, above many greater and
more perfect poets, do we rate this poet,
because in this sense, he has been true
to his Divine calling. Being—as all real
authors are—a creator, he has created
not a monster, but a man; a human
shape, complete, pure, noble, and
life-like, as one of his own marble
images. Whether he ever writes an-
other book or not—perhaps, genius itself
having its limits of power, and art being
long and life short, he had better not—
it may henceforward be truthfully said
of Thomas Woolner, "that he can do
two things—he can make a statue, and
he can make a poem."

ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY IN THE AMERICAN CONTEST REGARDED FROM THE FEDERAL POINT OF VIEW.

THIS series of essays¹ on the neutral
relations of England and the United
States originated, as we learn from the
prefatory note, in a private corre-
spondence. It had been stated to Mr.
Loring that, among a considerable sec-
tion of the English people, a disposition
prevailed to regard the American civil
struggle in a purely legal light, and,
apart from the merits of the contest,
looking simply to the honour of England,
to discharge impartially and faithfully
the duties of a strict neutrality; and
this appears to have suggested to him
the idea of treating the subject of neu-
tral relations with a view to meet this
mode of looking at the case. The pre-
sent *brochure*, therefore, though pub-

lished in America, is to be regarded as
addressed to Englishmen, and more par-
ticularly to those Englishmen in whom
anxiety for their country's honour, as a
neutral in the present contest, prevails
over their sympathies, whether with
aristocracy or democracy, with slavery
or freedom. It is, in short, an appeal
by an American to English respect for
law and sense of justice. We will add
that it claims our attention not less on
grounds of interest, than on those of
honour. The position which Federal
America now occupies as a belligerent,
is that which England must occupy in
any future war in which she may be
engaged. At present we are neutrals,
and are, therefore, liable to look too
exclusively at the neutral side of inter-
national questions: not only this—an
influential section of our population

¹ "The Neutral Relations of England and
the United States," by Charles G. Loring.
Wm. V. Spencer, Boston.

entertains feelings strongly and avowedly hostile to that combatant whose place in the contest and whose interest in belligerent rights correspond with what our own will be when war again overtakes us, and it shall be once more our turn to assert those rights. Under such circumstances, there is no small danger that we may give our sanction to principles which may prove inconvenient or even disastrous in our day of trial; and it is, therefore, of no slight advantage that we should have this subject of neutral rights discussed for us by those who occupy what will one day be our own position. For reasons of national self-interest, then, no less than of national honour, we cordially welcome this able and timely production.

It is rather overstating the scope of these essays to describe them as a discussion of neutral rights: in truth, the author confines himself to the examination of a single topic—a topic, however, to which all others in connexion with this subject have, for the time, become subordinate—the question of building ships of war by a neutral for a belligerent power. Mr. Loring contends for two points: 1. That such transactions—taking the actual cases of this kind which have occurred—are illegal; and 2. That, in permitting them, the English Government has been guilty of a dereliction of neutral duty—a dereliction such as renders the country responsible—to what extent is not here considered—for the consequences which have followed from the illegal acts, and as would justify the United States in demanding indemnification.

As regards the legal question, we are disposed to think that Mr. Loring has, in a certain sense, made out his case: he has, at all events, shown that his view of the law is *favoured* by the decisions of American courts, and by the practice alike of English and American Governments. Whether our Foreign Enlistment Act, properly construed, will bear out the interpretation which Mr. Loring has placed upon it, is a question on which, with the expressed opinion of the Lord Chief Baron to the contrary, and with an appeal from this judgment

pending in the Court of Error, we do not of course presume to offer an opinion. On the other question—the degree of blame which, looking at the subject in its political aspects, attaches to our Government in consequence of what has occurred, and what must be commensurate with this¹—the extent of our responsibility to the injured nation—on this portion of the case we think that sufficient allowance has not been made by Mr. Loring for the extreme difficulty, theoretical as well as practical, of the problem with which our Government was called upon to deal.

It is too much the habit with writers on international law to discuss its problems as if the key to their solution were necessarily, in all cases, to be found in that collection of treaties, decisions, and maxims of various nations, which form what may be called the corpus of the international code. It was an old hypothesis that the law, when non-existent everywhere else, remained in *gremio magistratus*: this notion has been elided from our municipal jurisprudence, but something like it seems still to hold its ground in the domain of international law. Whatever may be the novelty or complexity of the incident which may arise for adjudication, it rarely seems to occur to international lawyers that the case may be one entirely outside the purview of any principle which international usage has established: it is almost invariably assumed that a rule exists somewhere adequate to a satisfactory solution, could it only be found. It will scarcely, however, be denied by any one conversant with the juridical controversies of the last few years, that in many of its most important branches international jurisprudence is still in

¹ On the principle laid down by Jefferson (in his correspondence with the French Ambassador in 1793, on the occasion of complaints from the Government of Great Britain similar in character to those which are now urged by the Federal Government against ourselves), that restitution should be made "if it can be effected by any means in our power," and where all the means in our power for giving restitution have not been employed, then in such cases "compensation."

a state very far from maturity. Its present condition, in truth, is one of rapid growth—growth, however, mainly through a process which to other inconveniences adds this one, that it has the effect of concealing the development of law in the promotion of which it aids. We shall render our meaning plain by saying that every fresh decision which takes place in a prize court, though purporting merely to give effect to pre-existing law, in reality becomes itself a constituent element of the law, furnishing a new datum which, in a greater or less degree is destined to influence all future decisions to which the principle involved in the case may be applicable. International law has thus, as is well known, been largely created by Lord Stowell; although in each particular case with which he was required to deal, that learned judge was supposed, and perhaps supposed himself, to be merely giving effect to a law existing already. International law is thus being constantly built up in the prize courts of civilized nations, by what has been well called by our ablest living writer on jurisprudence, the method of “Fiction”—a method which is not the less real or effective because it for the most part eludes observation. We are not, therefore, to take it for granted that in every question which arises for settlement between nations, a solution is to be found in the actual international code, such as the expediency, the justice, or the necessity of the case, after full consideration, would prescribe; more particularly we are not to take this for granted when the question at issue is connected with rapidly growing interests or with new modes of warfare. Now, the question at present pending between England and the United States is one in which both these conditions are conspicuous, and we think it will not be difficult to show that what the recent exigency required of the English Government was not to give effect to the law, but to make the law—not to administer legal rules, but to legislate—a consideration which it is very necessary to bear in mind in awarding praise or blame to its conduct, and in estimating the ex-

tent of responsibility which it has entailed on the nation.

It appears to us that two positions bearing upon the building of armed vessels in neutral ports may be regarded as now established. It is held, in the first place, that neutral trade in contraband of war with either belligerent by private persons of the neutral state is no violation of neutrality, and is therefore not an act which the neutral government is in any way bound directly to restrain. The proper remedy for a belligerent aggrieved by such acts is capture *in transitu* of the contraband goods; and the neutral sufficiently discharges his duty when he simply abstains from interfering with this process. And, secondly, it seems equally decided that the position of neutrality imposes upon the neutral state the obligation of either freely admitting both belligerents to his territory for warlike purposes, or else of rigidly excluding both: the territory of the neutral must not be placed at the disposal of either belligerent to be used as a “vantage ground” against his foe. It may easily be shown that these doctrines are founded in the primary necessities of international relations. To control the commerce of its subjects so as to prevent trading in contraband of war would be a task beyond the power of any government: “it would be hard in principle, and impossible in practice.” This task is, therefore, of necessity remitted to those who are interested in its performance, *i.e.* the belligerents. On the other hand, for a neutral to place his territory at the disposal of one of the contending parties for the purpose of organizing expeditions against his enemy, is a proceeding which no nation injured by it, and in a position to resent it, would for a moment tolerate. It would be better for the nation so attacked at once to declare war against the conniving neutral: it would thus, at least, compel him to declare himself, and at worst substitute an open for a secret foe. The rule, therefore, which prohibits the using of neutral territory as a position from which to attack an enemy is simply indispensable to the existence of neutrality. Without it a war between any two states

must rapidly draw into its vortex the whole world.

These principles, then, may be regarded as beyond dispute; nor, so long as actual cases admit of being brought under the exclusive domain of either, does it seem that much difficulty can arise in their practical application. But the facts do not always square with this proviso. A transaction may assume such a form that it may be doubtful to which principle it belongs, or that it may be governed at once by both. It may be a strictly commercial transaction, in the sense that it is undertaken by those who have charge of it from simple motives of gain; while it may at the same time be a hostile enterprise issuing from a neutral shore. Now, where this occurs, the question arises which of the two doctrines above stated is the subordinate, and which the paramount, one. Looking to the ultimate ground of international law—the welfare and harmonious intercourse of independent nations—the question is one which there may not perhaps be much difficulty in answering; but what we maintain is, that the answer to it is not to be found in any doctrines of international law as yet authoritatively declared. Both doctrines in all their breadth have been frequently laid down by the highest authorities; but no authority that we know of has yet told us which, when they come in conflict, is to give way.¹

Now, it is just here, as it seems to us—in this conflict of two principles the relative importance of which has not yet been ascertained—that the real difficulty lies of dealing with the transactions which have occasioned this controversy. The essential facts involved in those transactions may, we think, without much hesitation, be taken to be these:—Certain English shipbuilders have entered into contracts with the agents of the Confederate Government to build ships adapted for war. These

¹ There are no doubt decided cases in which the two characters of commerce and hostility seem to concur, in which, therefore, it might appear that the relative force of the two principles had been ascertained; but it will be found that in such cases the concurrence is seeming only.

ships sail from England partially armed; it being arranged that the completion of their armament shall take place at some neutral port previously decided on, outside the jurisdiction of England; and the materials for the purpose are sent thither in other ships also despatched from England. The ships, when their equipment is completed, are handed over to a Confederate officer with a commission from the Confederate Government, who forthwith proceeds to employ them in making depredations on the marine of the United States. Now, taking this as a correct statement of what has occurred, and assuming it to be all capable of proof, we think it is apparent that the transaction partakes of the double character we have described, that it is at once a commercial adventure and a hostile enterprise. It is a commercial adventure; for we have no reason to suppose that those who organized that portion of the expedition which was prepared on English ground were actuated by other motives than those of gain: they received a lucrative order from a foreign government; they executed it; and were paid for their trouble. The case, therefore, under this aspect of it, comes within the law as laid down by Judge Story in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*:—

“There is nothing in our laws or in the law of nations that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation.”

Equally clear is it, nevertheless, that the transaction bears the impress of a hostile enterprise. It is true the elements of the expedition were combined beyond the pale of English jurisdiction, and Mr. Canning, in a passage quoted, and apparently adopted by “Historicus,” has laid down the doctrine that “it is only when the elements of armaments are combined that they come within the provisions of the law, and if that combination does not take place till they have left the country, we have no right to interfere with them.” But a higher authority has distinctly negatived this view. In the

case of the *Bolivar* (U.S. v. Quincey, quoted by Mr. Loring), it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States that it was *not* necessary that the jury should find that the *Bolivar*, when she left Baltimore and when she arrived at St. Thomas, and during the voyage, was armed, or in a condition to commit hostilities: it was sufficient if a fixed intention to employ her in a hostile manner could be shown to be entertained before she left the United States.

The cases just referred to are those which seem to furnish the best clue for guiding us through our recent complications. The misfortune is that, while both cases seem about equally analogous to those under discussion, they each enjoin an opposite course of action. Take the case of the *Alabama*: as between the case of that vessel and that of the *Santissima Trinidad* there are these points of difference: 1. That the *Alabama* was built, as it is believed, under a positive contract with a power engaged in hostilities with a nation with which we were at peace; while the *Santissima Trinidad*, though built for belligerent purposes and for sale, was yet, at least originally, not destined for the services of any particular State; and 2. That the latter was transferred to the belligerent purchaser in his own port; while in the former case the transference took place in the port of the neutral, the vessel having never been brought within belligerent territory. These points of difference unquestionably place the building and sale of the *Alabama* more distinctly within the category of hostile actions than if the case corresponded in all its parts with that with which it has been compared; but it must at least be admitted that the dividing line is a narrow one. Moreover, the incidents in question, however they may establish the character of hostility, do not yet deprive the transaction of its commercial character. If the doctrine laid down by Chief Justice Story be taken, as it is expressed, without qualification, that "a commercial adventure" is one which "no nation is bound to prohibit," we think

it must be admitted that there is some point in the question of the Lord Chief Baron:—"If a man may build a vessel "for the purpose of offering it for sale "to either of the belligerent parties, "may he not execute an order for it?" On the other hand, the comparison of the *Alabama* with the *Bolivar* case brings out a correspondence not less close, though here, too, there is a difference at least as important as that in the comparison which has just been made. In the *Bolivar* case the defendant, who had fitted out the vessel and taken it out of port, was also the commander who had fought it; whereas in the case of the *Alabama* these functions were kept distinct: the warlike element was introduced into the enterprise by one set of men outside English jurisdiction; the commercial part of it was performed within English jurisdiction by another.

If this be, as we believe it to be, a fair statement of the position of the question, so far as it admits of solution on the rules deducible from the records of decided cases, then it seems to follow that the materials for a decision on the grounds of existing law really do not exist. While no rule precisely meeting the actual case is adducible, those which do exist, and which come nearest to the case in hand, bear with about equal weight in opposite directions. The actual case, in short, to repeat our former statement, embodies two opposite principles, and no authority has yet told us, when this happens, which principle must give way.

Yet it is absolutely necessary that a decision should be made, and further, the moment we extend our view beyond the bounds of the strictly legal horizon, there can scarcely be a doubt as to what that decision should be. Is it to be supposed that a belligerent, undisputed master of the sea, his enemy's fleet swept from the ocean, his enemy's ports blockaded, will endure to see that enemy deliberately contrive a scheme to convert the ports of a neutral power into dockyards for his use, appropriate funds for the purpose, appoint agents in the neutral territory, and, after his proper fleet has been annihilated, quietly

proceed, under the protection of a neutral flag, to build a new one, destined to issue from the neutral ports fully armed to depredate and to destroy? This is a question which, it seems to us, admits of but one answer; and, when matters have reached this pass, whatever may be the doctrine of lawyers, for statesmen the real problem is—if, indeed, neutrality is what they desire—simply by what means such practices may best be put down. The interest of non-combatant States and the freedom of trade must of course be kept in view; but, even with a view to these very ends, effectual prevention is the primary need.

The mode hitherto adopted for this purpose—for reconciling the interests of neutral trade with the preservation of neutrality—we have just seen; it sought its end by distinguishing commercial adventure from hostile enterprise. Experience has proved that this distinction, clear enough in abstract statement, fails to meet the exigencies of actual events: in practice the commercial and hostile characters frequently concur in the same act. It is thus necessary to seek a more stringent formula. This has been attempted in the recent discussion: it has been suggested that the question of legality should be made to turn, not simply on the commercial nature of the transaction, but upon this in connexion with a further condition—the transport, namely, of the contraband article to a belligerent port before being employed in belligerent operations. A park of artillery, so the case is put, may without any violation of neutrality be sold to a belligerent by the subjects of a neutral nation, because a park of artillery cannot be employed against the enemy of that belligerent till it is first transferred to belligerent territory. The belligerent against whom the contraband is intended to be used has here his proper remedy—he may, if he can, intercept it by capture *in transitu*. On the same principle the building, and even complete equipment, of a vessel of war for a belligerent ought not to be regarded as a violation of neutrality, provided it conforms to the same rule—provided it is placed in bel-

ligerent territory before it is employed in belligerent operations. But, when a vessel built in neutral territory proceeds at once to operate against its enemy from the basis of a neutral shore, the ordinary belligerent remedy against trade in contraband no longer applies: in this case the neutral territory becomes a “vantage ground” for one of the belligerents, and here accordingly neutrality is violated.

The distinction is in theory sufficiently clear, and may, we believe, be defended on general grounds; our objection to it is that it could never be a working principle. The legality of the transaction is made to depend upon the destination of the vessel after she has left neutral jurisdiction. Now this is a point which, it seems to us, could rarely, if ever, be established by evidence until evidence was forestalled by the accomplished fact. It may be possible to infer, in a general way, commercial motives from overt acts; but from such data to pronounce upon the destination, in a geographical sense, of a vessel still in neutral territory—to decide whether a fully armed vessel of war was about to sail for a belligerent port or to engage in immediate operations—would be a feat of interpretative skill, which nothing would render possible but such gross and stupid blundering on the part of the violators of the law as certainly nothing in our recent experience gives us the least reason for calculating on. After the illegal end had been definitively accomplished, after the mischief had been done, the violation of neutrality would be sufficiently plain; but where then would be the remedy? And what can be conceived more calculated to keep alive a chronic irritation between belligerent and neutral nations—to promote that state of feeling which if long continued almost inevitably leads to war—than a rule which would indeed be effective if carried out, but which in practice never could be carried out, which would permit a real injury to be inflicted, while it always provided for this injury a technical justification?

To render neutrality real, it seems to us plain that it will be necessary to go a

step further than any scheme we have yet considered, and to place the distinction neither in the quality of the transaction, nor in the destination of the enterprise, but in the kind of the commodity. The line, in short, must be drawn between ships and other contraband goods;¹ and for this we think it can be shown that there is solid ground in the nature of the case. We repudiate, indeed, the doctrine which we have lately seen advanced, that a ship is a portion of the territory of the country to which it belongs—a doctrine, in our judgment, at once artificial, questionable, and inadequate. We place the distinction for which we contend upon the plain fact, that an armed ship, or ship prepared for armour, is a form of contraband, and the only form, which admits of being used directly from a neutral shore. That a ship admits of being so used affords a sufficient presumption that, when the temptation offers, it will be so used; and since, as we have shown, it is impossible in practice to distinguish a legitimate from an

illegitimate destination, the one effectual remedy which remains is simply to proscribe this form of contraband trading altogether. The nature of the manufacture would render the enforcement of the prohibition easy; and we do not believe that it would interfere with any important interest. It would still be open to the shipbuilder, where the destination of the vessel was a legal one, to satisfy the Government of this, on which he might obtain a license to proceed with his work.

To the principle, however, of distinguishing between ships and other contraband it is objected (no longer, indeed, by the *Times*, whose patriotism, let us do it justice, has proved stronger than its hatred of a kindred nation) that the rule would in practice operate unequally, that it is unfair, for example, to permit the Federals free access to our manufactories of guns and ammunition, while we shut out the Confederates from our dockyards which provide that species of contraband of which *they* stand in need. Those who employ this argument apparently suppose that it is the artisans of the Southern States who have manufactured all the guns and gunpowder which have been expended by the Confederates in the present contest; and yet they are not ignorant—on the contrary, they are never tired reminding us of the number of vessels which, despite of the “mock blockade,” are constantly entering the Southern ports. With what, let us ask, do they suppose the blockade-runners to be freighted? The truth is the gain to the South from the neutral trade in contraband, keeping in view the relative abilities of the two parties to provide themselves from native resources, is immeasurably greater than any which has been reaped by the North. The actual exports of contraband to Northern ports may, for aught we know, be larger than those which have passed through the blockade; but have they been of the same importance to the receivers? Which belligerent could with least detriment have dispensed altogether with a foreign market? It is obvious that, while for the North, with its great mechanical

¹ A writer, to whom the country is not a little indebted for an admirable and timely exposition of the branch of international law bearing upon neutral rights, has in terms repudiated this distinction. In the preface to his latest publication he asks:—“Why are ships to be prohibited rather than cannon, or rifles, or gunpowder, with which the illegal recruit is equally to be armed? Such a distinction is obviously illogical and unsustainable.” . . . “It cannot be denied, however,” he adds, “that the present state of the Foreign Enlistment Act is unsatisfactory. The statute goes either too far or not far enough.” (*Additional Letters of Horatius*, p. xlii.) In a later letter, however, in the *Times*, in reply to the same question which had been put to him by Mr. Lindsay, he replies:—“An English merchant may manufacture cannon and all other munitions of war for a belligerent because there is no law to prevent it. An English shipbuilder may not equip a vessel of war or a transport for a belligerent, because there happens to be an English Act of Parliament which expressly prohibits his doing so.” We understand from this that the writer's view is, that the Foreign Enlistment Act draws the line between ships of the kind described and other contraband goods; and as his most recent writing has tended towards this result on general grounds, we conclude that his present view of the policy of the question would not differ from that stated in the text.

and manufacturing resources, the neutral trade in contraband has never been more than a convenience, it has for the South been nothing short of a vital necessity.

So far as the present war is concerned, there is thus a plain answer to the objection in the facts of the case. But we think that it admits also of a more general answer on the ground of principle. Grant that the rule may in certain cases fall with more severity on one of the combatants than on the other, does it follow that this result is properly chargeable on the rule? We think not. Where it can be shown, as in the present case it may be shown, that a rule is adopted on general grounds, without reference to the conditions of any particular contest, and that it is called for by the necessities of the case, it seems to us that the requirements of international impartiality have been fulfilled: any inequality which may afterwards result is properly attributable to the circumstances which have given to the operation of the rule this one-sided effect—for example to the superiority at sea of one of the combatants—a superiority which it is no part of the neutral's business to annul.

We have argued this question on the assumption that what the neutral has a right to require from one belligerent in relation to the other, he is under an obligation to require; that there are neutral duties as well as neutral rights. If not the reverse of this position, at least something in terms extremely like it has, however, lately been maintained by learned writers. It has been contended "that the right which is injured by the act of the offending belligerent [in such violations of neutrality as we have been considering] is the right of the neutral government, and not that of the other belligerent": from which the "important consequence" is deduced "that it is the neutral, and not the belligerent, who is strictly entitled to claim and to enforce the remedy".... Statutes, like the Foreign Enlistment Act, are [thus] purely municipal enactments for the protection and benefit of the neutral state, and not laws in further-

"ance of any international obligation."¹ Having regard, however, to the qualifying admissions which those who have maintained this position have made, we are disposed to agree with Mr. Loring that, "notwithstanding all the learning and ability employed in maintaining these theses, they are, for the most part, mere abstractions [and, we will add, misleading abstractions] in the practical applications of the rules of duty to the faithful observance of neutral obligations."

It is not denied by those who take this ground that the neutral is bound by the law of "impartiality" as between the contending parties. On the contrary the doctrine of Kent is quoted and adopted, "that the neutral is to carry himself with perfect equality between both belligerents, giving neither the one nor the other any advantage." If this be so, it would seem to follow that we, as neutrals, are bound toward each belligerent to enforce as against the other our neutral rights, unless indeed we are prepared to adopt the other alternative of neutrality—to set free our people to take, as each feels inclined, a side in the quarrel, to place our ports without reservation at the disposal of both belligerents alike, and, in a word, to inaugurate civil war at home. "Permission or sufferance [on any other terms than these] is," to adopt the words of Mr. Loring, "virtual connivance with the enemy, and converts the professing neutral into an ally whom the offended belligerent may justly treat as such."

And all this is admitted, but a distinction is taken. The doctrine "that it is not only the right but the duty of neutral states to insist on the immunity to which they are entitled, and to punish and redress all invasions of their territory or their laws," is only "sound" when "properly limited and explained." "The duty [in question] is not a duty on the part of the neutral corresponding to any right vested in the belligerent, and is consequently at most what jurists call a *duty of imperfect obli-*

¹ *Letters of Historicus*, pp. 152-155.

"gation."¹ The neutral on general grounds of morality is bound to be impartial; but this obligation is like the obligation of charity: it does not correspond with any "right" residing in the belligerent who is injured by its infraction; and, if the neutral choose to disregard the obligation, the suffering belligerent has no more "right" to call him to account, than has the pauper to exact alms from the uncharitable rich.

With extreme deference for the able writer who has advanced this argument, we must take leave to say that the distinction for which he contends appears to us, in the case with which we are concerned, to be a distinction without a difference. The distinction between duties of perfect and those of imperfect obligation can only have place where "law" in the proper sense of the term is contrasted with morality. Now, international law is not law in the proper sense: it is "law" only analogically. International law is not promulgated by any determinate superior—it is not enforced by any regular system of sanctions—it is, in short, a law of public opinion, or, to adopt the accurate language of the late Mr. Austin, "positive morality." It is true that certain portions of this international "positive morality" have been submitted to the manipulation of courts of justice, and have been brought into the form of definite formulas; that they thus offer externally a closer resemblance to positive law than other portions of the same moral code which have not been reduced into formal shape. But the difference here is a difference in form merely: in principle the two classes of international duties are essentially the same, springing from the same source in the moral sense of the civilized world, and upheld by the same sanctions—the force which civilized opinion or the indignation of particular nations wield. An incident in the blockade will enable us at once to test and illustrate this position. When the *Peterhoff* was seized by the Federal cruisers, and her owners in England

made application to the Government to procure her restoration, Lord Russell refused to interfere. International law required that the neutral country should submit its suspected vessels to the adjudication of a belligerent prize court. Had we refused to comply with this rule, it would have been a *casus belli* for the Federal States. But supposing the decision of the Federal courts proved to be in our opinion a manifestly unjust one, should we be bound to submit (as an individual in the analogous case under municipal law would be bound to submit) because it had been obtained through the recognised international tribunals in the formally legal way? Lord Russell distinctly intimated the contrary. It would still be open to us to demur to this decision on the score of a miscarriage of justice, and, in the event of our failing to obtain satisfaction, to have recourse to the *ultima ratio* of nations. In other words, for the violation of a perfectly vague and undefined duty—the duty of administering justice according to the evidence—the recognised remedy in international law is the same as where the obligation infringed is the strictly defined one of submitting suspected vessels to the adjudication of a prize court. It seems, then, that in the sphere of international relations, however obligations may differ in the greater or less degree of precision with which they are capable of being determined, in the essential points—the source from which they emanate and the sanctions by which they are enforced—all stand alike upon the same footing. The difference, however, to which we have adverted may, for the purpose of the immediate argument, be disregarded. The duty of the neutral to insist on the immunity to which he is entitled is an obligation no less definite than that of the belligerent to concede to him that immunity; the subject-matter of the two obligations is the same. Neither on the ground of form then, nor on that of its essential character, can the distinction which is contended for be made out. We have entered with some fulness into this question, because, though in appearance

¹ Letters of Historicus, p. 15d.

a purely theoretical one, we conceive it might easily become one of practical importance. Factitious distinctions are generally productive of factitious confusion; and confusion of ideas as to the cogency of our international obligations might readily, in the present state of the public mind, be productive of serious results.¹

The foregoing observations have been directed towards two points:—the legality of the proceedings in the case of the *Alabama* and her companions, and the nature of our duties as neutrals in enforcing the immunity from belligerent operations to which we are entitled. There remains the further question as to what our conduct should be with reference to the vessels which have escaped. It is very important that Englishmen should understand the light in which this matter is viewed by the Northern people—not, be it observed, by the “mob,” or by party politicians, but by the whole people of the Northern States, including the most thoughtful, moderate, and cultivated men whom the country contains. It is, beyond question, that the universal feeling on this subject is one of profound indignation and resentment—

¹ In his last letter to the *Times* (Nov. 7, 1863) “Historicus” has thus expressed himself:—“That it is the right, and, in some sense, the duty of a neutral State, to prevent its soil from being made the base of hostile operations against either belligerent is admitted on all hands, and a culpable slackness or indifference in the Executive as to such transactions would be justly regarded by the injured belligerent as evidence of a fraudulent neutrality which he would be entitled to construe as a connivance at and participation in the schemes of his enemy. Such conduct would amount to an alliance or complicity with the enemy, equivalent to hostility, and justly treated as such.” Substantially, therefore, we have no difference with this writer. If it be admitted that neglect to enforce our neutral rights where this neglect is prejudicial to one of the belligerents may justly be treated as hostility, and bring down on us a declaration of war, then there is no real question in dispute. An international duty thus sanctioned may be a “duty of imperfect obligation,” but we are unable to see by what stronger sanction those international duties can be enforced of which it is alleged that the obligation is perfect.

indignation and resentment such as only spring from a galling sense of wrong. Such a feeling pervading a great people, however exaggerated or mistaken it may be deemed, is not one which a wise nation will treat with levity or disdain. It may be well, therefore, to present to ourselves this matter as it is viewed by those who conceive themselves wronged by us. We avail ourselves for this purpose of Mr. Loring's powerful statement.

“The recognition [of the Southern States] must have been upon the implied condition that the rebels as an acknowledged belligerent would conform to the law of nations as generally understood, and as avowed and acted upon by England and by the United States. By one of those laws, now almost universally insisted upon by all nations, and entirely settled by statute and judicial decision in England and in the United States, neutral goods on board an enemy's vessel are exempt from confiscation, and, although the vessel may be condemned, the cargo is to be restored to the neutral owner, and conversely, although an enemy's goods on board of a neutral vessel may be condemned as good prize, the vessel is not liable to confiscation, but must be restored. . . . —(P. 66.)

“Another of the laws of nations, believed to be now generally recognized and acted upon, and certainly established as between England and the United States (as appears by their statutes and judicial decisions), is, that the ownership of enemy's property captured at sea is not changed, and does not vest in the captor, by the mere seizure, but remains in abeyance until sentence of condemnation, as lawful prize, by a court of competent jurisdiction; which court, with a few occasional exceptions, under treaties or arrangements with allies, can only be lawfully held in the country of the captors. . . . —(P. 67.)

“Until the capture,” says Kent, “becomes invested with the character of prize by a sentence of condemnation, the right of property is in abeyance, or in a state of legal sequestration. It cannot be alienated or disposed of; but the possession of it by the Government of the captor is a trust for the benefit of those who may be ultimately entitled. This salutary rule, and one so necessary to check irregular conduct and individual outrage, has been long established in the English Admiralty; and it is now everywhere recognized as the law and practice of nations. . . . I. *Kent's Com.* pp. 100–102.—(Pp. 67–68.)

“Now it is notorious to the whole world that the rebels are carrying on this parricidal war in utter and avowed defiance of this law; that, having no ports into which they can take vessels captured by them for adjudication, they, after plundering from their cargoes all

that can be taken on board of their own ships, immediately burn or sink the captured vessels with the remainder; that this is done by the orders, and under an arrangement, of the Rebel Government, by which it has agreed to pay to the captors one half part of the value of all vessels and cargoes belonging to the citizens of the United States thus destroyed; and that such destruction has, in repeated instances, involved that of neutral property.

"It does, indeed, seem marvellous that this gross and public defiance of one of the most sacred laws of war has been suffered to pass unchallenged, and without protestation, or attempt at suppression by the self-styled Mistress of the Sea, whose assumption of that position might reasonably seem to demand of her some watch and ward over the observance of its laws, and especially of one of which she was the principal author. And this while she knows that from her own ports and by her own citizens were furnished all the means and opportunities for these outrages, and that they are perpetrated principally by her own subjects, and often under her own flag; perpetrated, too, not in behalf of honest men struggling to free themselves from tyranny or oppression, but by rebels seeking the subversion of the freest government the sun ever shone upon (of which they had themselves almost entire political control) in order to substitute a despotism founded on chattel-slavery. Above all, it is marvellous that, when a word from her of revocation or threatened revocation, of her recognition of them as a lawful belligerent, would instantly suppress these atrocities, or render their future perpetration impossible—instead of uttering that word she receives the perpetrators with open arms into her ports, with national salutes and official feasts, and with all the manifestations of sympathy with their cause and their brigandism which could be bestowed upon the Bayards and Sidneys in a noble warfare for the dearest of human rights. . . .—(Pp. 68-69.)

We do not quote these passages as adopting every assumption of law, expressed and latent, which they contain. Our object is to place before our readers the case of the Northern people as it is regarded by the best minds amongst them; and we think no candid reader of the above extracts will deny that they have at least a strong *prima facie* grievance to present.

There is one doctrine, however, advanced by Mr. Loring in the passage just quoted, on which, as it has been somewhat violently, and we think too unreservedly, denounced by a learned writer here, we will venture a few words. Mr. Loring lays it down on the authority of Kent that, "until the capture becomes

"invested with the character of prize
"by a sentence of condemnation, the
"right of property is in abeyance, or
"in a state of legal sequestration. It
"cannot be alienated or disposed of; but
"the possession of it by the government
"of the captor is a trust for the benefit
"of those who may be ultimately entitled. This salutary rule, and one so
"necessary to check irregular conduct
"and individual outrage, has been long
"established in the English Admiralty;
"and it is now everywhere recognized
"as the law and practice of nations."
(1 Kent's Com. 100, 102);—a doctrine which he reinforces by the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Jecker v. Montgomery* (13 Howard's Rep. 516):—"This act [of capture] merely enforces the performance of a duty imposed upon the captor by the law of nations, which in all civilized countries secures to the captured a trial in a court of competent jurisdiction before he can finally be deprived of his property." Against this, however, it has been contended, that "the rule of bringing a captured vessel before a prize court is introduced in favour of neutrals and not of belligerents." . . . "If the vessel were brought before a prize court, the enemy could have no *locus standi*, and he cannot allege any grievance upon the loss of an adjudication upon which he could not possibly have been heard."¹ Now, without stopping to inquire how far the latter assumption is true in the case of the escaped war-ships—respecting which it is admitted by the same writer in another passage of the same letter that, should they, having been determined to have been equipped in violation of our laws, come within our ports with a prize, "their prizes should be taken from them and restored to the original owner"—without stopping to inquire how far this obligation on the part of the neutral to make restitution of prizes to the belligerent owner is consistent with the doctrine in the absolute form in which it has been laid down, that the enemy would in no case have

¹ "Historicus" in the *Times*.

a *locus standi* in a prize court in an adjudication consequent upon such captures—it at least cannot be denied that where *neutral* property is the subject of these irregular proceedings, the *neutral* is on impregnable ground in demanding an adjudication. Now it is, we believe, a matter of fact that British property has in several instances been disposed of, in the manner described, by these Confederate vessels. Mr. Loring mentions one “notable instance within the immediate knowledge of the people of this city [Boston]; being the case of the ship *Nera*, belonging to Messrs. George B. Upton and Son, eminent merchants of Boston, which was burned at sea by the rebel commander and crew of the *Alabama*, with a valuable cargo belonging exclusively to British subjects, and regularly documented as such, and about the ownership of which there could be no reasonable pretence of doubt.”

This being so, what is the position of Great Britain in overlooking such proceedings? Assuming it to be the fact, that the Confederate Government has compensated the owners of these cargoes (and if this has not been done, the case is simply without palliation), is there not some point in Mr. Loring's inquiry—whether “this is all England's duty in the matter? Is the recovery of money all she owes to her dignity and self-respect, and all she owes to the world? Is she to condone piracy committed on her citizens, in gross violation of a sacred law of nations, which if observed, would have prevented it.” Nor does it diminish the force of these home thrusts, that the mere assertion of her unquestionable rights in this matter, would of itself go far to remedy the injury which has been done—done—can we deny it? in some degree through our own remissness. Let us endeavour to represent to ourselves this episode in our history, as it will be regarded by an impartial posterity. During a great civil strife between two branches of a kindred nation—into the merits of the cause at issue we, for the moment, forbear to enter—in which strife we pro-

fess to observe a strict neutrality, three formidable vessels, in defiance of our authority, and in disregard at all events of the spirit of international law, have issued from our ports. These vessels, built in English dockyards, equipped and armed by English artisans, paid for by a loan raised in the English money-market, in part manned by English sailors—“an English navy in all but the name and the flag”—now roam the ocean, plundering and burning the property of their adversaries, and, in some instances, our own. The English Government, by simply asserting an unquestionable right, has it in its power, if not at once to arrest their career, at all events greatly to curtail their capacity for mischief; but this assertion of its right it omits to make. When with this omission are coupled the facts, that a portion of the English people has loudly proclaimed its sympathy with the cause of the depredators, and that English shipping is largely a gainer through its comparative immunity from the risks incurred by the belligerent marine, and, lastly, that shameful incident—the cheers which in the English Parliament greeted the announcement, made by the principal violator of the law, of the magnitude of the depredations—when these facts are disclosed on the impartial record of history, what will be the judgment of posterity?—will the page be one which future Englishmen will read without a blush?

Nor will posterity fail to contrast our neutrality with the bearing of another neutral under circumstances precisely analogous to ours. We will let Mr. Loring tell the story:—

“The first call made upon [the United States] was a crucial test, for it was made by England, her recent oppressor and enemy, for protection against the violation of neutral relations within her territories by or in behalf of the subjects of France, her ally and friend, by whom she had been aided in the war with England, and towards whom the United States felt and acknowledged the strongest obligations.”

“In the great war then raging between England and France the English Government entertained, very naturally and with good reason, apprehensions that privateers would be fitted out in the United States to prey upon English commerce under the French

flag; and, their apprehensions being communicated to our Government, President Washington in 1793 issued a proclamation forbidding all such violations of neutrality, and stating that instructions had been given to the officers of the United States to cause prosecutions to be instituted against all persons who should violate the law of nations with respect to the powers at war or any other. . . .—(P. 15.)

"At the same time the Governors of States were called upon to cause vessels to be arrested if about to depart on any such service; and several were so arrested and prevented from sailing. Prizes which had been taken by such privateers, fitted out and sailing from ports in the United States, were restored to the British owners; and the Government of the United States proclaimed that it held itself responsible to indemnify for such captures.¹

"All this was done under a sense of duty as imposed by the law of nations, no Enlistment Act having then been passed. But, in 1794, Congress, with an earnest desire to preserve the strictest fidelity, enacted a statute on this subject for the purpose of compelling the observance of an entire neutrality within the jurisdiction of the United States. And in the same year a treaty was made with England, in which one clause provided that the United States should make indemnity to British owners for vessels which had been previously captured by privateers that had been fitted out in the United States. This Act of 1794 was made immediately after the application of the British Government upon this subject, and for the purpose of insuring the immediate observance of a strict neutrality, as was expressly admitted and stated by Mr. Canning in Parliament. And yet we are now coolly told by Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell that England cannot alter her municipal laws to suit other Governments. . . .—(P. 16.)

"The next occasion for the elucidation of the principles of our Government on this subject was in the war of 1854-55 between Russia on one side, and England and France on the other. And here, again, the test was a stringent one, as the utmost cordiality had always existed between the Russian Government and that of the United States. . . .—(Pp 18-19.)

"Nor has it been left to conjecture how the British Government would think it proper to construe their requisition, or how the United States would interpret their promise to comply with it. During that war the bark *Maury*, of New York, a mere merchant ship, was fitted out in New York for a voyage to China, and a suspicion having arisen in the minds of the British Consul and some English residents that she was taking in arms and munitions of war to be used in the service of Russia, and

the Consul having communicated his suspicions to the British Minister at Washington, and he having made complaint to the Government of the United States—though the evidence submitted on which it was founded was of the feeblest and most unsatisfactory character—the vessel and cargo were immediately seized by officers of the United States, without the slightest previous notice to the owners, and were detained until the British Consul and those instigating the seizure were perfectly satisfied that the suspicions were wholly erroneous; and for these he afterwards made a public apology in one of the *Gazettes* in that city."—(Pp. 19-20.)

Mr. Loring is proud of these passages in the history of his country, and he may well be so. They should not be forgotten by the English people; and, though for a time a cloud seems to have passed over our memory, let us hope that they are but obscured to us, not obliterated. That a section of English society cherishes a rancour towards the Free States of America, at once so violent and so blind that, to gratify it, it is prepared to sacrifice, not only the good faith and honour of the country, but even its plainest and most vital interests, is what, we fear, cannot be denied—for, if ever interest and honour were coincident, it is here. But such passions have, we believe, no place in the minds of the English people; and we are sure that the history of international intercourse with the United States, when under the guidance of those earlier Federal Statesmen, whose traditions it is the aim of the present leaders in the North to restore, needs only to be better known in order to call forth in this country a spirit of justice and conciliation towards the people of the Northern States.

Into the question of restitution and compensation we have not entered: in its practical form it will doubtless present points of some difficulty and nicety for adjustment; but with the precedent of 1793-4 to guide us—a precedent to which neither Federal nor English statesmen can refuse to defer—it will indeed be strange if we cannot arrive at a satisfactory settlement. Of this at least we are certain, that a spirit of mutual fairness and moderation is all that is needed to accomplish this result.

J. E. CAIRNES.

¹ There is a slight, but material, omission here: the captures for which the United States Government undertook to indemnify were captures brought within its jurisdiction.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GLEAM OF THE AUTUMN SUNSET.

"ON the 27th, at the Cathedral, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Palmerston, assisted by the Very Reverend Dean Maberly, of N.S.W., and the Rev. Minimus Smallchange of St. Micros, Little Creek, George Hillyar, Esq., Inspector of Police for the Bumbleoora district, eldest son of Sir George Hillyar, of Stanlake, England, to Gertrude, sixth and last remaining daughter of the late James Neville, Esq. of Neville's Gap."

That was the way the *Sentinel* announced it—"last remaining daughter." In England, one would have thought that all the other daughters were dead! Australians understood the sentence better. It merely meant that all the other sisters were married; that the Miss Nevilles were exhausted; that there weren't any more of them left; that, if you wanted to marry one of these ever so much now, you couldn't do it; and that the market was free to the most eligible young ladies next in succession. That was all the *Sentinel* meant. Dead! Quotha?

Some of the young ladies said: Their word—they were surprised. That, if you had gone down on your knees now, and told them that Gerty was ambitious and heartless, they would not have believed it. That, if you had told them that she was a poor little thing with no

manners; that she never could dress herself in colours, and so stuck to white; that she was the colour of a cockatoo when she sat still, and got to be the colour of a king-parrot the moment she began to dance; that she was a forward little thing, and a shy little thing, and a bold little thing, and an artful little thing, and that her spraining her ankle at the ball at Government House was all an excuse to get on the sofa beside Lord Edward Staunton—they would have believed all this. But they never, never, could have believed that she would have sold herself to that disreputable, smooth-faced creature of a Hillyar, for the sake of his prospective title.

But other young ladies said that Gerty was the sweetest, kindest, best little soul that ever was born. That, if Inspector Hillyar did anything to make her unhappy, he ought to be torn to pieces by wild horses. But that there must be something good in him, or Gerty could never have loved him as she did.

The Secretary, who was cross and uneasy over the whole matter, on being told by his wife about this young-lady tattle, said that the detractors were all of them the daughters of the tradesmen and small farmers—the female part of the Opposition. But this was not true, for Gerty had many friends even among the opposition. Miss Hurtle, daughter of the radical member for North Palmerston (also an ironmonger in Banks

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Street), behaved much like Miss Swartz in *Vanity Fair*. She was so overcome at the wedding that she incautiously began to sob; her sobs soon developed themselves into a long discordant bellow, complicated with a spasmodic tattoo of her toes against the front of the pew. The exhibition of smelling salts only rendering her black in the face; they had to resort to stimulants. And, as the procession went out, they were met by the sexton, with brandy-and-water. The Secretary laughed aloud, and his wife was glad to hear him laugh, for he had been, as she expressed, "as black as thunder" all the morning.

Yes, for good or for evil, it was all over and done; and one might as well laugh as cry. Gerty Neville was Mrs. Hillyar, and the best must be made of it.

The best did not seem so very bad. The Hillyars came and stayed with the Oxtons at the Secretary's house near town, after spending their honeymoon in Sydney, and every day they stayed there the Secretary's brow grew smoother, and he appeared more reconciled to what had happened.

Gerty seemed as bright as the morning star. A most devoted and proud little wife, proud of herself, proud of her foresight and discretion in making such a choice, and, above all, proud of her cool, calm, gentlemanly husband. Her kind little heart was overflowing with happiness, which took the form of loving-kindness for all her fellow-creatures, from the Governor down to the meanest native who lay by the creekside.

"She afraid of her terrible father-in-law," she would say, laughing; "let him meet her face to face, and she would bring him on his knees in no time." She was so very lovely, that Mr. and Mrs. Oxtou really thought that she might assist to bring about a reconciliation between father and son, though George, who knew more than they, professed to have but little hopes of any change taking place in his father's feelings towards him.

A great and steady change for the better was taking place in George him-

self. There could be no doubt that he was most deeply and sincerely in love with his wife; and also that, *with her*, this new life did not, as the Secretary had feared, bore and weary him. It was wonderfully pleasant and peaceful. He had never had repose before in his life; and now he began to feel the full beauty of it.

The Secretary saw all this; but his dread was that this new state of being, had come to him too late in life to become habitual. There was the danger.

Still the improvement was marked. He lost the old impatient insolent fall in the eyes when addressed; he lost his old contradictory manner altogether; his voice grew more gentle, and his whole air more cheerful; and, lastly, for the first time in his life, he began to pay little attentions to women. He began to squire Mrs. Oxtou about, and to buy flowers for her, and all that sort of thing, and to show her, in a mute sort of way, that he approved of her; and he made himself so agreeable to all his wife's friends that they began to think that she had not done so very badly after all.

He very seldom laughed heartily. Indeed, what little humour he had was dry and caustic, and he never unbent himself to, or was easy and confidential with, any human being—unless it were his wife, when they were alone. His treatment of the Secretary was respectful, nay, even *for him*, affectionate; but he was never free with him. He would talk over his affairs with him, would discuss the chances of a reconciliation with his father, and so on; yet there was no warmth of confidence between them. Neither ever called the other "old fellow," or made the most trifling joke at the other's expense. If you had told the Secretary that he still distrusted George Hillyar, he would have denied it. But, generous and freehearted as the Secretary was, there was a grain of distrust of his brother-in-law in his heart still.

Thus, even at his best, but one human being *loved* the poor fellow, and that one being was his wife, who, for some reason,

adored him. It is quite easy to see that in the times before his marriage he may have been a most unpopular person. Here he is before us now, for the six months succeeding his marriage, a tall, handsome man, of about thirty-one, with a rather pale, hairless face, somewhat silent, somewhat reserved, but extremely self-possessed; very polite and attentive in small things, but yet unable to prevent your seeing that his politeness cost him an effort,—a man striving to forget the learning of a lifetime.

Shortly after his marriage he wrote to his father :

"MY DEAR SIR,—We have been so long and so hopelessly estranged that I have considerable difficulty in knowing in what terms I ought to address you.

"Since I left Wiesbaden, and requested you in future to pay the annual sum of money you are kind enough to allow me into the bank at Sydney, none but the most formal communications have passed between us. The present one shall be as formal as possible, but I fear will trench somewhat on family matters.

"I have been four years in the police service of this colony, and have at last, by a piece of service of which I decline to speak, raised myself to the highest rank obtainable in it.

"In addition to this piece of intelligence, I have to inform you that I have made a most excellent marriage. Any inquiries you may make about the future Lady Hillyar can only be answered in one way.

"Hoping that your health is good, I beg to remain,

"Your obedient son,
"GEORGE HILLYAR."

The answer came in time, as follows :—

"MY DEAR GEORGE—I had heard of your brilliant gallantry, and also of your marriage, from another source, before your letter arrived. I highly approve of your conduct in both cases.

"In the place of the 300*l*. which you have been receiving hitherto from me, you will in future receive 1,000*l*. annually. I hope the end has come at last

to the career of vice and selfish dissipation in which you have persisted so long.

"I confess that I am very much pleased at what I hear of you this last six months (I am well-informed about every movement you make): I had utterly given you up. The way to good fame seems to be plainly before you. I wish I could believe that none of this enormous crop of wild oats, which you have so diligently sown for the last eighteen years, would come up and bear terrible fruit. I wish I could believe that.

"Meanwhile, if your duties call you to England, I will receive you and your wife. But take this piece of advice seriously to heart. Make friends and a career where you are. Mind that.

"Your affectionate father,
"GEORGE HILLYAR."

A cold, cruel, heartless letter. Not one word of tender forgiveness; not one word of self-blame for the miserable mistakes that he had made with his son in times gone by: the hatred which he felt for him showing out in the prophecies of unknown horrors in what seemed a brighter future. The devil, which had not looked out of George Hillyar's eyes for six months past, looked out now, and he swore aloud.

"Make friends and a career where you are.' So he is going to disinherit me in favour of that cursed young toad Erne."

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH THE SNAKE CREEPS OUT OF THE GRASS.

THE place in which he had received this letter was the post-office at Palmerston, one of the principal public buildings of that thriving capital—a majestic and imposing pile of galvanized iron, roofed with tin, twenty feet long, surmounted by a pediment, the apex of which rose fifteen feet from the level of Banks Street, and carried a weathervane.

The mail was just in, and the place was crowded. Roaring for his

orderly was of very little use ; it only raised a few eager eyes impatiently from their letters, or made a few disappointed idlers wonder what the inspector was hollering after. His orderly had probably got a letter, and was reading it in some secret corner. He would wait for him.

The devil had been in him a few minutes ago ; but, as he stood and waited there, in the sweltering little den called the post-office, with all the eager readers of letters around him, the devil began to be beat out again. There was an atmosphere in that miserable little hot tin-kettle of a post-office which the devil can't stand at all—the atmosphere of home. Old loves, old hopes, old friends, old scenes, old scents, old sounds, are threads which, though you draw them finer than the finest silk, are still stronger than iron. Did you ever hear the streams talk to you in May, when you went a-fishing ? Did you ever hear what the first rustle of the summer leaves said to you in June, when you went a-courting ? Did you ever hear, as a living voice, the south-west wind among the bare ash-boughs in November, when you were out a-shooting ? If you have imagination enough to put a voice into these senseless sounds of nature, I should like to stand with you in the Melbourne post-office on a mail day, and see what sort of voice would speak to you out of the rustling of a thousand fluttering letters, held by trembling fingers, and gazed on by faces which, however coarse and ugly, let the news be good or bad, grow more soft and gentle as the news is read.

Poor George Hillyar. His letter had no hope or comfort in it ; and yet, by watching the readers of the other letters, and seeing face after face light up, he got more quiet, less inclined to be violent and rash, less inclined to roar for his orderly, and make a fool of himself before Gerty. He leant against an iron pillar, and fixed his attention on a good-natured-looking young man before him, who was devouring an ill-written, blotted letter with an eagerness and a delight which made his whole face

wreathe itself into one very large smile.

He was pleased to look at him, and looked at him more earnestly. But, while he looked at him, he found that he could not concentrate his attention on him. He tried to do so, for this young fellow, by reason of a deficient education, was enjoying his letter amazingly ; he was reaping all the pleasures of anticipation and fruition at one and the same time. When he began a sentence, following the words with a grimy forefinger, he grinned because he felt certain that something good was coming ; when he had spelt through it he grinned wider still, because it surpassed his expectations. Once, after finishing one of these hard-spelt sentences, he looked round radiantly on the crowd, and said confidentially : “ I told you so. I know'd she'd have him ! ”

At this gushing piece of confidence to an unsympathising crowd, poor George Hillyar felt as if he would have liked to meet this young man's eyes and smile at him. But he could not. Somehow, another pair of eyes came between him and everything else—eyes which he could not identify among the crowd, yet which he could feel, and which produced a sensation of sleepy petulance with which he was very familiar. He had read some account of the fascination of snakes, and, because it seemed a bizarre, and rather wicked sort of amusement, he had tried it for himself. He used to go out from the barracks on Sunday afternoon, find a black snake among the stony ridges, engage its attention, and stare at it. The snake would lie motionless, with its beady eyes fixed on him. The fearful stillness of the horrible brute, which carried instant death in its mouth, would engage him deeply ; and the wearying attention of his eye, expecting some sudden motion of the reptile, would begin to tell upon the brain, and make the watcher, as I have said before, petulant and dull. At length the snake, gathering confidence from his stillness, would gleam and rustle in every coil, stretch out its quivering neck, and attempt flight. Then his suppressed

anger would break forth, and he would arise and smite it, almost careless, for the moment, whether he died himself or no.¹

He passed out of the crowd, and came into the portico; the people were standing about, still reading their letters, and his own orderly was sitting, with his feet loose in his stirrups, nearly doubled up in his saddle, reading his letter too, while he held the rein of George Hillyar's horse loosely over his arm. The flies were troublesome, and sometimes the led horse would give such a jerk with his head as would nearly pull the letter out of the orderly's hand; but he did not notice it. He sat doubled up on his saddle, with a radiant eager smile on his face, and read.

Time was when poor Hillyar would have sworn at him, would have said that the force was going to the devil, because a cadet dared to read a letter on duty. But those times were gone by for the present. George Hillyar had been a bully, but was a bully no longer. He waited till his orderly should have finished his letter, and waited the more readily because he felt that those two strange eyes, of which he had been clearly conscious, were plaguing him no more.

So he waited until his orderly had done his letter before he approached him. The orderly, a gentle-looking English lad, with a kind, quiet face, looked on his advance with dismay. He had committed a slight breach of discipline in reading his sister's letter while on duty in the public streets; and Bully Hillyar, the man who never spared or forgave, had caught him. It was a week's arrest.

Nevertheless, he looked bright, pushed the letter into his breast, and wheeled

the led horse round ready for the inspector to mount. He *knew*, this sagacious creature, that he was going to catch it, and, so to speak, put up a moral umbrella against the storm of profane oaths which he *knew* would follow.

Will you conceive his astonishment when the inspector, instead of blaspheming at him, took his curb down a link, and said over the saddle, preparing to mount, "What sort of news, Dickenson? Good news, hey?"

Judging by former specimens of George Hillyar's tender mercies, the orderly conceived this to be a kind of diabolical chaff or irony, preparatory to utter verbal demolition and ruin. He feebly said that he was very sorry.

"Pish, man! I am not chaffing. Have you got good news in your letter, hey?"

The astonished and still-distrusting orderly said, "Very good news, sir, thank you."

"Hah!" said George Hillyar. "I haven't. What's your news? Come, tell us."

"My mother is coming out, sir."

"I suppose you are very fond of your mother, arn't you? And she is fond of you, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"She don't play Tom-fool's tricks, does she? She wouldn't cut away with a man, and leave you, would she?"

"No, sir."

"If she were to, should you like her all the same, eh?"

"I cannot tell, sir. You will be pleased to close the conversation here, sir. My mother is a lady, and I don't allow any discussion whatever about her possible proceedings."

"I didn't mean to make you angry," said Bully Hillyar, the inspector, to quiet Dickenson, the cadet; "I am very sorry. I am afraid my manner must be unfortunate; for just now, on my honour, I was trying to make a friend of you, and I have only succeeded in making you angry."

Young Dickenson, not a wise being by any means, remembered this conver-

¹ This is my theory about snake-fascination. The above are the only results I ever arrived at (except a creeping in the calves of my legs, and an intense desire to run away). Dr. Holmes don't quite agree. But I will publicly retract all I have said, if he will promise not to try any further experiments with his dreadful crochets. The author of "Elsie Venner" is far too precious a person for that sort of thing.

sation all his life. He used to say afterwards that Bully Hillyar had had good points in him, and that he knew it. When George Hillyar was condemned, he used to say, "Well, well! this was bad, and that was bad, but he was a good fellow at bottom." The fact is, that George unbent, and was his better self before this young man. He had been slowly raising himself to a higher level, and was getting hopeful. When he felt those eyes fixed upon him, as he read his letter—which eyes gave him a deadly chill, though he had not recognised them—the vague anxiety which possessed him had caused him to be confidential with the first man he met.

So he rode slowly home to the barracks and sat down in his quarters to business, for he had taken the business off the hands of the Palmerston inspector, and had so given him a holiday. The office was a very pleasant place, opening on the paddock—at this time of year a sheet of golden green turf, shaded by low gum-trees, which let sunbeams through their boughs in all directions, to make a yellow pattern on the green ground. The paddock sloped down to the river, which gleamed a quarter of a mile off among the tree-stems.

It was a perfectly peaceful day in the very early spring. The hum of the distant town was scarcely perceptible, and there was hardly a sound in the barracks. Sometimes a few parrots would come whistling through the trees; sometimes a horse would neigh in the paddock; sometimes a lazily-moved oar would sound from the river; but quiet content and peace were over every thing.

Even the two prisoners in the yard had ceased to talk, and sat silent in the sun. A trooper going into the stable, and two or three horses neighing, to him was an event. George Hillyar sat and thought in the stillness, and his thoughts were pleasant, and held him long.

At length he was aroused by voices in the yard—one that of a trooper.

"I tell you he's busy."

"But I really must see him," said the other voice. "I bring important information."

George listened intently.

"I tell you," said the trooper, "he is busy. Why can't you wait till he comes out?"

"If you don't do my message, mate, you'll repent it."

"You're a queercard to venture within a mile of a police-station at all; leave alone being cheeky when you are in the lion's jaws."

"Never you mind about that," said the other. "You mind your business half as well as I mind mine, and you'll be a man before your mother now. What a pretty old lady she must be, if she's like you. More moustache though, ain't she? How's pussy? I was sorry for the old gal getting nabbed, but—"

As it was perfectly evident that there would, in one instant more, be a furious combat of two, and that George would have to give one of his best troopers a week's arrest, he roared out to know what the noise was about.

"A Sydney sider, sir, very saucy, insists upon seeing you."

"Show him in then. Perhaps he brings information."

The man laid George's revolver on the table, put the newspaper carelessly over it, saluted, and withdrew. Directly afterward the evil face of Samuel Burton was smiling in the doorway, and George Hillyar's heart grew cold within him.

CHAPTER XVI.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: ERNE AND EMMA.

MY dear father's religious convictions were, and are, eminently orthodox. He had been born and bred under the shadow of a great Kentish family, and had in his earlier years—until the age of manhood, indeed—contemplated the act of going to church anywhere but at the family church in the park as something little less than treason. So when, moved by ambition, he broke through

old routine so far as to come to London and establish himself, he grew fiercer than ever in his orthodoxy ; and, having made such a desperate step as *that*, he felt that he must draw a line somewhere. He must have some holdfast to his old life ; so his devotion to the Establishment was intense and jealous. The habit he had of attending church in all weathers on Sunday morning, and carefully spelling through the service, got to be so much a part of himself that, when our necessities compelled us to render ourselves to a place where you couldn't go to church if you wished it, the craving after the old habit made my father most uneasy and anxious, as far on in the week as Tuesday afternoon ; about which time the regret for the churchless Sunday just gone by would have worn itself out. But then the cloud of the equally churchless Sunday approaching would begin to lower down about Thursday afternoon, and grow darker as the day approached ; so that for the first six months of our residence in our new home, our Saturday evenings were by no means what they used to be. And yet I can hardly say that my father was at this time a devout man. I think it was more a matter of custom.

Of political convictions, my father had none of any sort or kind whatever. He sternly refused to qualify himself, or to express any opinion on politics, even among his intimates at the Black Lion on Saturday evening. The reason he gave was, that he had a large family, and that custom was custom. Before you condemn him you must remember that he had never had a chance in his life of informing himself on public affairs, and that he showed a certain sort of dogged wisdom in refusing to be led by the nose by the idle and ignorant chatterboxes against whom he was thrown in the parlour of the public-house.

I wish he had shown half as much wisdom with regard to another matter, and I wish I and Joe had been a few years older before he went so far into it. Joe and I believed in him, and egged him on, as two simple, affectionate

boys might be expected to do. The fact is, as I have hinted before, that my father had considerable mechanical genius, and was very fond of inventing ; but then he was an utterly ignorant man, could scarcely read and write, and knew nothing of what attempts, and of what failures, had been made before his time.

As ill luck would have it, his first attempt in this line was a great success. He invented a centrifugal screw-plate, for cutting very long and large male screws almost instantaneously. He produced the handles of an ordinary screw-plate (carrying a nut two inches diameter) two feet each way, and weighted them heavily at the ends. This, being put on a lathe, was made to revolve rapidly, and by means of an endless screw, approached the bar of iron to be operated on when it was spinning at its extreme velocity. It caught the bar and ran up it as though it were wood, cutting a splendid screw. A large building firm, who needed these great screws for shores, and centres of arches, and so on, bought the patent from my father for seventy pounds.

This was really a pretty and useful invention. My mother went blazing down the street to church in a blue silk gown and a red bonnet, and the gold and marqueterie in Lord Dacres' great monument paled before her glory. It was all very well, and would have been better had my father been content to leave well alone.

But he wasn't. I never knew a man worth much who was. The very next week he was hard at work on his new treadle-boat. We were saved from *that*. The evil day was staved off by Erno Hillyar.

Joe, among other benefits he was receiving as head boy at the parochial school, was getting a fair knowledge of mechanical drawing ; so he had undertaken to make the drawings for this new invention. I had undertaken to sit next him and watch, keeping Fred quiet ; my father sat on the other side ; Frank lay on his back before the fire singing softly ; and the rest were grouped round Harry. Emma went silently hither and

thither about housework, only coming now and then to look over Joe's shoulder ; while my mother sat still beside the fire with her arms folded, buried in thought. She had been uneasy in her mind all the evening ; the greengrocer had told her that potatoes would be dear that autumn, and that "Now is your time, Mrs. Burton, and I can't say no fairer than that." She had argued the matter, in a rambling, desultory way, with any one who would let her, the whole evening, and was now arguing it with herself. But all of a sudden she cried out, "Lord a mercy !" and rose up.

It was not any new phase in the potato-question which caused her exclamation ; it was Erne Hillyar. "I knocked, Mrs. Burton," he said, "and you did not hear me. May I come in ?"

We all rose up to welcome him, but he said he would go away again if we did not sit exactly as we were ; so we resumed our positions, and he came and sat down beside me, and leant over me, apparently to look at Joe's drawing.

"I say, Jim," he whispered, "I have run away again."

I whispered, "Wouldn't his pa be terrible anxious ?"

"Not this time he won't. He will get into a wax this time. I don't want him to know where I come. If I go to the Parker's, they will tell him I don't spend all the time with them. I shall leave it a mystery."

I was so glad to see him, that I was determined to make him say something which I liked to hear. I said, "Why do you come here, sir ?"

"To see you, gaby," he said ; and I laughed. "And to see Emma also : so don't be conceited. What are you doing ?"

My father and Joe explained the matter to him, and his countenance grew grave, but he said nothing. Very soon afterwards Emma and he and I had managed to get into a corner together by the fire, and were talking together confidentially.

Erne told Emma of his having run away, and she was very angry with him.

She said that, if he came so again, she would not speak one word to him. Erne pleaded with her, and defended himself. He said I was the only friend he had ever made, and that it was hard if he was never to see me. She said that was true, but that he should not do it in an underhand way. He said he must do it so, or not do it at all. She said that her brother was not one that need be run away to, or sought in holes and corners. He said that she knew nothing of the world and its prejudices, and that he should take his own way. She said it was time for Fred to go to bed, and she must wish him good-night ; so they quarrelled, until Fred's artificial shell—pinafore, frock, and all the rest of it—was unbuttoned and unhooked, and nothing remained but to slip him out of it all, and stand him down, with nothing on but his shoes and stockings, to warm his stomach by the fire. When this was done Erne came round and hoped she wasn't angry with him. He said he would always try to do as she told him, but that he must and would come and see us. And she smiled at him again, and said she was sure that we three would always love one another, as long as we lived ; and then, having put on Fred's nightgown, she carried him up to bed, singing as she went.

When Erne had done looking after her, he turned to me, and said :

"Jim, she is right. I must not come sneaking here. I must have it out with the governor. I have told old Compton about it, and sworn him to secrecy. Now for some good news. Do you remember what you told me about the Thames ?"

"Do you mean how it was getting to stink ?"

"No, you great Hammersmith. I mean about sailing up it in a boat, as Joe and you and your cousin did ; and all the tulip-trees and churches and tea-gardens." I dimly perceived that Erne wished me to take the æsthetical and picturesque view of the river, rather than the sanitary and practical. By way of showing him I understood him, I threw in :

"Ah! and the skittle-alleys and flag-staffs."

"Exactly," he said. "It's a remarkable fact, that in my argument with my father I dwelt on that very point—that identical point, I assure you. There's your skittles again, I said; there's a manly game for you. He didn't see it in that light at first, I allow; because he told me not to be an ass. But I have very little doubt I made an impression on him. At all events, I have gained the main point: you will allow that I triumphed."

I said "Yes;" I am sure I don't know why. I liked to have him there talking to me, and would have said "Yes" to anything. We two might have rambled on for a long while, if Joe, who had come up, and was standing beside me, had not said,

"How, sir, may I ask?"

"Why, by getting him to take a house at Kew. I am to go to school at Dr. Mayby's, and we are going to keep boats and punts and things. And I am going to see whether that pleasant cousin of yours, of whom you have told me, can be induced to come up and be our waterman, and teach me to row. Where is your cousin, by-the-bye?"

He was out to-night, we said. He might be in any moment. Erne said, "No matter. Now, Mr. Burton, I want to speak to you, and to Joe."

My father was all attention. Erne took the drawings of the treadle-boat from my father, and told him that the thing had been tried fifty times, and had failed utterly as compared with the oar; that, with direct action, you could not gain sufficient velocity of revolution; and that, if you resorted to multiplying gear, the loss of power sustained by friction was so enormous as to destroy the whole utility of the invention. He proved his case clearly. Joe acquiesced, and so did my father. The scheme was abandoned there and then; and I was left wondering at the strange mixture of sound common sense, knowledge of the subject, and simplicity of language, which Erne had shown. I soon began to see that he had great talents and very

great reading, but that, from his hermit-like life, his knowledge of his fellow-creatures was lower than Harry's.

He had got a bed, it appeared, at the Cadogan Hotel in Sloane Street, and I walked home with him. I was surprised, I remember, to find him, the young gentleman who had just put us so clearly right on what was an important question to us, and of which we were in the deepest ignorance, asking the most simple questions about the things in the shop-windows and the people in the streets—what the things (such common things as bladders of lard and barrels of size) were used for, and what they cost? The costermongers were a great source of attraction to him, for the King's Road that night was nearly as full of them as the New Cut. "See here, Jim," he said; "here is a man with a barrow full of the common murex; do they eat them?" I replied that we ate them with vinegar, and called them whelks. Periwinkles he knew, and recognised as old friends, but tripe was a sealed book to him. I felt such an ox-like content and complacency in hearing his voice and having him near me, that we might have gone on examining this world, so wonderfully new to him, until it was too late to get into his hotel; but he luckily thought of it in time. I, remembering the remarks of a ribald station-master on a former occasion, did not go within reach of the hotel-lights. We parted affectionately, and so ended his second visit.

CHAPTER XVII.

ERNE AND REUBEN.

THE next morning my father and I were informed that Mr. Compton would be glad to speak to us; and, on going indoors, there he was, as comfortable and as neat as ever.

"Well, Burton," he said, cheerily, "how does the world use you? As you deserve apparently, for you haven't grown older this fifteen years."

My father laughed, and said, "Better,

he was afeared. His deservings weren't much. And how was Mr. Compton?"

"Well, thankea. Anything in my way? Any breach of patent, eh? Remember me when your fortune's made. What a hulking great fellow Jim is getting! What do you give him to eat, hey, to make him grow so?"

My father was delighted to give any information to his old friend. He began to say that sometimes I had one thing and sometimes another—maybe, one day beef and another mutton. "Jinta, you understand," said my father; "none of your kag-mag and skewer bits—"

"And a pretty good lot of both, I'll be bound. Was Erne here last night, Jim?"

You might have knocked me down with a feather. I had not the wildest notion that Mr. Compton, a very old acquaintance of my father, knew anything about the Hillyars. I said, "Yes."

"I am very glad to hear it," he said. "There's a devil of a row about him at home. I hope he has gone back."

I said that he was gone back.

My father said, "Look here, Mr. Compton. I cannot say how glad I am you came to-day, of all men. I and my wife are in great trouble about Master Erne and his visits, and we don't rightly know what to do."

"I am in trouble also about the boy," said Mr. Compton; "but I *do* know what to do."

"So sure am I of that, sir," said my father, "that I was going to look you up, and ask your advice."

"And I came down to consult with you; and so here we are. How much does Jem know about all this?"

"A good deal," said my father; "and, if you please, I should wish him to know everything."

"Very well, then," continued Mr. Compton, "I will speak before him as if he was not here. You know this young gentleman has not been brought up in an ordinary way—that he knows nothing of the world; consequently I was terribly frightened as to where he might have run away to. When he told me where he had been, I was easy in

my mind, but determined to come and speak to you, whom I have known from a child. What I ask you is, Encourage him here, Burton and Jim, but don't let any one else get hold of him. He can get nothing but good in your house, I know. By what strange fatality he selected *your* family to visit, I cannot conceive. It was a merciful accident."

I told him about the yellow water-lilies.

"Hah," he said, "that removes the wonder of it. Now about his father."

"I should think," said my father, "that Sir George would hardly let him come here, after hearing our name!"

"He does not know that you are any connexion with our old friend Samuel. I don't see why we should tell him—I don't, indeed. It is much better to let bygones be bygones."

"Do you know that *his* son lives with us now?"

"Yes. You mean Reuben. How is he going on?"

"Capital—as steady and as respectable as possible."

"Well, then," said Mr. Compton, "for *his* sake we should not be too communicative. Sir George knows nothing of you. He only knows your name from my father's having unfortunately recommended Samuel to him. I think, if you will take my advice, we will keep our counsel. Good-bye, old friend."

Mr. Compton and my father were playfellows. The two families came from the same village in Kent, and Mr. Compton had, unfortunately, recommended Samuel Burton to Sir George Hillyar.

Three days afterwards Erne came in, radiant. "It was all right," he said; "he was to come whenever he could get away."

"We had an awful row though," he continued; "I got old Compton to come home with me. 'Where have you been, sir?' my father said in an awful voice, and I said I had been seeing my friends, the Burtens, who were blacksmiths—at least, all of them except the women and children—in Church Place, Chelsea. He stormed out that, if I must go

and herd with blackguards, I might choose some of a less unlucky name, and frequent a less unlucky house. I said I didn't name them, and that therefore *that* part of the argument was disposed of; and that, as for being blackguards, they were far superior in *every point* to any family I had ever seen; and that their rank in life was as high as that of my mother, and therefore high enough for me. He stood aghast at my audacity, and old Compton came to my assistance. He told me afterwards that I had showed magnificent powers of debate, but that I must be careful not to get a habit of hard-hitting—Lord knows what he meant. He told my father that these Burtons were really everything that was desirable, and went on no end about you. Then I told him that I had his own sanction for my proceedings, for that he himself had given me leave to make your acquaintance. He did not know that it was *you* I had been to see, and was mollified somewhat. I was ordered to leave the room. When I came back again, I just got the tail of the storm, which was followed by sunshine. To tell you the truth, he came to much easier than I liked. But here we are, at all events."

We sat and talked together for a short time; and, while we were talking, Reuben came in. Erne was sitting with his back towards the door; Reuben advanced towards the fire from behind him, and, seeing a young gentleman present, took off his cap and smoothed his hair. How well I can remember those two faces together. The contrast between them impressed me in a vague sort of way even then; I could not have told you why at that time, though I might now. Men who only get educated somewhat late in life, like myself, receive impressions and recognise facts, for which they find no reason till long after: so those two faces, so close together, puzzled me even then for an instant, for there was a certain similarity of expression, though probably none in feature. There was a look of reckless audacity in both faces—highly refined in that of Erne, and degenerating into

mere devil-may-care, cockney impudence in that of Reuben. Joe, who was with me, remarked that night in bed, that either of them, if tied up too tight, would break bounds and become lawless. That was true enough, but I saw more than that. Among other things, I saw that there was far more determination in Erne's beautiful set mouth than in the ever-shifting lips of my cousin Reuben. I also saw another something, to which, at that time, I could give no name.

Reuben came and leant against the fireplace, and I introduced him. Erne immediately shook hands and made friends. We had not settled to talk when Emma came in, and, after a kind greeting between Erne and her, sat down and began her work.

"You're a waterman, are you not, Reuben?" said Erne.

Reuben was proud to say he was a full waterman.

"It is too good luck to contemplate," said Erne; "but we want a waterman, in our new place at Kew, to look after boats and attend me when I bathe, to see I don't drown myself. I suppose you wouldn't—eh?"

Reuben seemed to think he would rather like it. He looked at Emma.

"Just what I mean," said Erne. "What do you say, Emma?"

Emma looked steadily at Reuben, and said quietly:

"If it suits Reuben, sir, I can answer for him. Answer for him in every way. Tell me, Reuben. Can I answer for you?"

Reuben set his mouth almost as steadily as Erne's, and said she might answer for him.

"Then will you come?" said Erne. "That will be capital. Don't you think it will be glorious, Emma?"

"I think it will be very nice, sir. It will be another link between you and my brother."

"And between myself and you."

"That is true also," said Emma. "And I cannot tell you how glad I am of that, because I like you so very, very much. Next to Jim, and Joe, and Reuben, I think I like you better than any boy I know."

CHAPTER XVIII,

JAMES BURTON'S STORY : REUBEN AND
SIR GEORGE HILLYAR.

GOLDEN hours, which can never come back any more. Hours as peaceful and happy as the close of a summer Sabbath, among dark whispering elm-woods, or on quiet downs, aloft above the murmuring village. Was it on that evening only, or was it on many similar evenings, that we all sat together, in a twilight which seemed to last for hours, before the fire, talking quietly together? Why, when at this distance of time I recall those gatherings before the fire, in the quaint draughty old room, do I always think of such things as these?—of dim, vast cathedrals, when the service is over, and the last echoes of the organ seem still rambling in the roof, trying to break away after their fellows towards heaven—of quiet bays between lofty chalk headlands, where one lies and basks the long summer day before the gently murmuring surf—of very quiet old churches, where the monuments of the dead are crowded thick together, and the afternoon sun slopes in on the kneeling and lying effigies of men who have done their part in the great English work, and are waiting, without care, without anxiety, for their wages? Why does my rambling fancy, on these occasions, ever come back again to the long series of peaceful and quiet images—to crimson sunsets during a calm in mid ocean—to high green capes, seen from the sea, the sides of whose long-drawn valleys are ribbed with grey rocks—to curtains of purple dolomite, seen from miles away across the yellow plain, cut in the centre by a silver waterfall—to great icebergs floating on the calm blue sea—to everything, in short, which I have seen in my life which speaks of peace? And why, again, do I always come at last to the wild dim blue promontory, whose wrinkled downs are half obscured by clouds of wind-driven spray?

How many of these evenings were there? There must have been a great

many, because I remember that Reuben came home for the winter one dead drear November night, and Erne accompanied him and stayed for an hour. I cannot say how long they lasted. A year or two, first and last.

What arose out of them that is noticeable is soon told. In the first place, this period constituted a new era in Joe's life. Erne's books and Erne's knowledge and assistance were at his service, and he soon, as Erne told me, began to bid fair to be a distinguished scholar. "He not only had perseverance and memory, but genius also," said Erne. "He sees the meaning of a thing quicker than I do. Joe is far cleverer than I."

At first I had been a little anxious about one thing, though I have never named my anxiety to any one. I was afraid lest Reuben should become jealous of Erne, and stay away from us. It was not so. Reuben grew devoted to Erne, and seemed pleased with his admiration of Emma. I began to see that Emma's influence over Reuben, great as it was, arose more from a sincere respect and esteem on his part than anything else. I was therefore glad to find that nothing was likely to interfere with it. As for Erne, he had fallen most deeply in love with her, and I had seen it from the beginning.

I, for my part, in my simplicity, could see no harm in that. In fact, it seemed to me an absolutely perfect arrangement that these two should pass their lives in a fool's paradise together. As for my father and mother, they looked on us all as a parcel of children, and nothing more; and, besides, they both had the blindest confidence in Emma, child as she was. At all events, I will go bail that no two people ever lived less capable of any design on Erne's rank or property. I insult them by mentioning such a subject.

Whether it was that I had represented Sir George Hillyar to Reuben as a very terrible person, or whether it was that Reuben's London assurance would not stand the test of the chilling atmosphere of the upper classes, I cannot say; but Reuben was cowed. When

the time came for him to fulfil his engagement to go to Kew and take care of Sir George Hillyar's boats, he grew anxious and fidgetty, and showed a strong tendency to back out of the whole business.

"I say, Emma, old woman," he said, the night before I was to go with him and introduce him, "I wish I was well out of this here."

"Well out of what, Reuben dear?" said Emma—"And nobody but the child and the two angels knew as the crossing-sweeper boy was gone to heaven; but, when they got up there, he was a-waiting for 'em, just as the angel in blue had told the angel in pink silk and spangles he would be." (This last was only the tail of some silly story which she had been telling the little ones; it has nothing to do with the Plot).

"Why, well out of going up to Kew, to look after these boats. The old gentleman, I should say, is a horrid old painted Mussulman. When he do go on the war-train, which is twenty-four hours a day—no allowance for meals—he is everlastingly a-digging up of his tommy-awk. All the servants is prematurely grey; and, if the flowers don't blow on the very day set down in the gardening column of *Bell's Life*, he's down on the gardeners, till earthquakes and equinoctials is a fool to him."

"Ain't you talking nonsense, Reuben dear?" said Emma.

"May be," said Reuben, quietly. "But, by all accounts, he is the most exasperating bart as ever was since barts was, which was four years afore the first whycount married the heiress of the great cod liver-oil manufacturer at Battersea. It flew to his lower extremities," continued Reuben, looking in a comically defiant manner at Emma, and carefully putting the fire together; "and he drank hisself to death with it. He died like a bus-horse, in consequence of the grease getting into his heels. Now!"

"Have you quite done, Reuben?" asked Emma.

Reuben said he had finished for the present.

"Then," said Emma, "let me tell you that you are very foolish in prejudicing yourself against this gentleman from what you have heard at the water-side, since he came to Kew. However, I am not altogether sorry, for you will find him quite different—quite different, I assure you."

It was bed-time, and we all moved upstairs together in a compact body, on account of Frank. That tiresome young monkey Harry, in an idle hour—when, as Dr. Watts tells us, Satan is ready to find employment—had told Frank that the Guy Fawkeses lived under the stairs, and had produced the most tiresome complications. The first we heard of it was one day when Frank was helping Fred downstairs. Fred was coming carefully down one step at a time, sucking his thumb the while, and holding on by Frank, when Frank suddenly gave a sharp squeal, and down the two came, fifteen stairs, on to the mat at the bottom. To show the extraordinary tricks which our imaginations play with us at times—to show, indeed, that Mind does sometimes triumph over Matter—I may mention that Frank (the soul of truth and honesty) declared positively that he had seen an arm clothed in blue cloth, with brass buttons at the wrist, thrust itself through the banisters, and try to catch hold of his leg. On observing looks of incredulity, he added that the Hand of the Arm was full of brimstone matches, and that he saw the straw coming out at its elbows. After this a strong escort was necessary every night, when he went to bed. He generally preferred going up pick-a-back on Reuben's broad shoulders, feeling probably safer about the legs.

How well I remember a little trait of character that night. Fred conceived it more manly to walk up to bed without the assistance even of Emma. When we were half-way up the great staircase, Reuben, carrying Frank, raised an alarm of Guy Fawkeses. We all rushed screaming and laughing up the stairs, and, when we gained the landing, and looked back, we saw that we had left Fred behind, in the midst of all the

dreadful peril which we had escaped. But the child toiled steadily and slowly on after us, with a broad smile on his face, refusing to hurry himself for all the Guy Fawkeses in the world. When he got his Victoria Cross at Delhi for staying behind, that he might bring poor Lieutenant Tacks back on his shoulders, to die among English faces, I thought of this night on the stairs at Chelsea. He hurried no faster out of that terrible musketry fire in the narrow street than he did from the Guy Fawkeses on the stairs. Among all Peel's heroes, there was no greater hero than our big-headed Fred. The post-captain who has got Frederick Burton for his boatswain is an envied and lucky man to this day.

Reuben, who had to toil upstairs to his lonely haunted room at the top of the house, asked me to come with him. Of course I went, though, great lubberly lad as I was, I remember having an indistinct dread of coming down again by myself.

There was a dull fire burning, and the great attic looked horribly ghostly; and, as I sat before the fire, strange unearthly draughts seemed to come from the deserted and still more ghostly room beyond, which struck, now on this shoulder and now on that, with a chill, as if something was laying its hand on me. Reuben had lit a candle, but that did not make matters better, but a great deal worse; for, when I looked at his face by the light of it, I saw that he looked wild and wan, and was ashy pale.

He took a letter from the pocket of his pea jacket, and burnt it. Before it was quite consumed he turned to me, and said:

"Jim, Jim, dear old chap, you won't desert me, will you, when it comes, and I can't see or speak to Emma or the kids any more? You will go between us sometimes, and tell her and them that I am only stupid old Reuben, as loves 'em well, by G—; and that I ain't changed in spite of all?"

I was infinitely distressed. The fact is, that I loved my cousin Reuben—in a selfish way, of course. I had a

certain quantity of rough, latent humour, but no power of expression. Reuben, on a mere hint from me of some gross incongruity, would spin out yard after yard of verbose, fantastic nonsense to the text which I had given him. He was necessary to me, and I was fond of him in consequence.

"Reuben, old boy," I said, "I'll go to death with you. I'll never, never desert you, I tell you. If you have been led away, Reuben, why, you may be led back again." I took his hand, and felt that I was as pale as he. "Is it—is it—anything that will take you for long, Rube? Shall you go abroad, Rube?" And here, like a young fool, I burst out crying.

"Lord bless his faithful heart!" said Reuben, in his old manner, "I haven't been doing of nothink. But, Jim, what was it you said just now?"

I said, "What did he mean? 'that I could follow him to death'?"

He said, "Yes; that is what I meant. And, Jim, old chap, it runs to that. Not for me, but for others. In my belief, Jim, it runs to that. Joe could tell us, but we musn't ask Joe. Joe's a chap as is rising fast, and masn't be pulled down by other folk's troubles. Lawyers could tell us—but, Lord love you, we musn't ask no lawyers. We'd best know nothing about it than ask they. And you musn't know nothing either; only don't desert me, old Jim."

I said again that I would not. And, if ever I kept my word, I kept that promise.

"I know you won't," he said, with that strange mixture of shrewdness, rough honour, and recklessness which one finds among Londoners; "but then, Jim, if you are true to me, you will have, may be, to know and not to know at one and the same time, to go with a guilty breast among the little ones, and before Emma. Better leave me, Jim; better leave me while you can."

I declared I would not; but that I would stick by him and give him a good word when he wanted it. And then, at his solicitation, I stayed with him all night. Once he woke and cried

out that the barge had got too far down the river, and was drifting out to sea. Then that the corpses of all the people who had committed suicide on the bridges were rising up and looking at us. I slept but little after this, and was glad when morning dawned.

But the next morning Reuben was as bright, as brisk, and as nonsensical as ever. He defied Emma. She ventured to hope that he would be steady, and not attend to every thing he heard about people without inquiry. He said he was obliged to her, and wouldn't; that he had left three or four pair of old boots upstairs, and, if she'd be good enough to sand 'em to the beadle and get 'em darned, he'd thank her. The passion and earnestness of last night was all gone apparently. Nothing was to be got from him, even by Emma, but chaff and nonsense. The true London soul revolted from, and was ashamed of, the passion of last night. Even with me he seemed half ashamed and half captious.

We were not very long in getting to Kew. Early as we were, the servants had to inform us that Sir George and Mr. Erne had gone out riding. We waited in the servants' hall, in and out of which grey-headed servants came now and then to look, it would seem, at the strange sight of two round young faces like ours. About nine o'clock, the butler came and asked us to come to prayers, and we went up into a great room, where breakfast was laid, and made the end of a long row of servants, sitting with our backs against a great sideboard, while a grey-headed old gentleman read a very long prayer. The moment we were alone together Reuben, who was in a singularly nervous and insolent mood, objected to this prayer in language of his own, which I shall not repeat. He objected that three-quarters of it was consumed in conveying information to the Deity, concerning our own unworthiness and His manifold greatness and goodness; and that altogether it was as utterly unlike the Lord's Prayer or any of the Church prayers as need be.

I was very anxious about him. I dreaded the meeting between him and the terrible old baronet. I was glad when things came to a crisis. We saw Sir George come riding across the park on a beautiful swift-stepping grey cob, accompanied by Erne on a great, nearly thorough-bred chestnut. They were talking merrily together and laughing. They were certainly a splendid couple, though Erne would have looked to better advantage on a smaller horse. They rode into the stable-yard, where we were instructed to wait for them, and dismounted.

"That," said Sir George Hillyar, advancing and pointing sternly at me with his riding-whip, "is the boy Burton. I have seen him before."

This previous conviction was too damning to be resisted. I pleaded guilty.

"And that?" said he, turning almost fiercely upon Reuben.

Erne stood amused, leaving us to fight our own battle. I said it was Rube.

"Who?" said Sir George.

"Reuben, my cousin," I said, "that was come to take care of his honour's boats."

Sir George looked at Reuben for full a minute without speaking, and then he said, "Come here, you young monkey."

As Reuben approached, utterly puzzled by this style of reception, I noticed a look of curiosity on Sir George's face. When Reuben stood before him, quick as light Sir George turned and looked at Erne for one second, and then looked at Reuben again. Steadily gazing at him, he pointed the handle of his riding-whip towards him, and said, "Look here, sirrah, do you hear? You are to have fifteen shillings a week, and are to put three half-crowns in the savings'-bank. You are to get up at seven, to say your prayers, to clean the boats, and offer to help the gardener. If he is fool enough to accept your offer, you may tell him that you weren't hired to work in the garden. If Mr. Erne bathes, you are to row round and round him in a boat, and try to prevent his

drowning himself. If he does, you are to send a servant to me, informing me of the fact, and go for the drags. If such a casualty should occur, you are to consider your engagement as terminated that day week. I object to skittles, to potting at public-houses, and to running along the towing-path like a lunatic, bellowing at the idiots who row boat-races. Any conversation with my son Erne on the subjects of pigeon-shooting, pedestrianism, bagatelle, all-fours, toy-terriers, or Nonconformist doctrines, will lead to your immediate dismissal. Do you understand?"

I did not; but Erne and Reuben did. They understood that the old man had

taken a fancy to Reuben, and was making fun. They both told me this, and of course I saw they were right at once. Still, I was puzzled at one thing more. Why, after he had turned away, did the old gentleman come back after a few steps, and lay his hands on Reuben's shoulders, looking eagerly into his face? Could he see any likeness to his father—to the man who had used him so cruelly—to Samuel Burton? I could not think so. It must have been merely an old man's fancy for Reuben's handsome, merry countenance; for Sir George pushed him away with a smile, and bade him go about his business.

To be continued.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER IX.—BRITISH TEMPER TOWARDS INDIA, BEFORE, DURING, AND SINCE THE MUTINY.

CALCUTTA, May 11, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—I lately read through a file of the *Friend of India*, for 1836, with great pleasure, not unmingled with regret. The value of such a paper in these days would be incalculable. The tone of the articles indicated the existence in Anglo-Indian society of a spirit which has passed away and left but faint traces. In those times the well-being of the Hindoo was the first and dearest care of our leading civilians. Their successors honestly do their duty by the native population; but that duty is no longer a labour of love. Thirty years ago the education of the people of the country was the favourite subject of conversation in the best circles, and occupied the spare time of men who had little enough of that commodity. Hindoo history, Hindoo literature, Hindoo social life, were discussed with inexhaustible ardour; and the hopes entertained concerning the future of the race were proportionate to the interest which it excited. Of course this feeling, like all that is noble and unselfish in the mind of man, partook of a strong

dash of illusion. But the same may be said of every successive stage in the progress of knowledge and civilization. Philanthropists are a sanguine class; and it is well for them that they are so. The generation which was determined to show that Englishmen came to India with other ends than that of making money, and swaggering about the "great Anglo-Saxon race," might well be forgiven for over-rating the merits of Sanskrit poetry or the attainments of a Bengalee Bachelor of Arts. Once every week, Marshman, the editor of the *Friend of India*, would come down from Serampore for a conversation with the Secretary to Bengal; and the salutary fruits of this close understanding between the executive power and the press were evident, both in the acts of the Government and the articles in the *Friend*. Public measures were dictated by a spirit of enlightened philosophy, and the suggestions and disquisitions in the journal were practical and temperate, and acquired additional value from the fact that they were understood to represent the views of men in power. A noisy and en-

thusiastic breakfast-party frequently met to discuss the subject which was next their hearts. Of these men, some are still doing good work well, while others have passed away, leaving their mark more or less deeply impressed on their generation. There was Sir Edward Ryan, then Chief Justice of Bengal, now President of the Civil Service Commission, whose hearty address and kindly advice are among the most agreeable associations which a young civilian carries from the shores of England. I remember well, that, on emerging from his pleasant presence, I remarked in the hall a bust of Dwarkanath Thakur, a Hindoo gentleman for whom Sir Edward entertained a strong regard. For our officers were then not ashamed to call a native by the name of "friend," and would have been very much ashamed to talk of him by the appellation of "nigger," even without the customary prefix. Then there was young Trevelyan, very vigorous and earnest, and very proud of "Dwarky" having eaten a mutton-chop in his house. When Sir Charles returned to Calcutta, after the lapse of five-and-twenty years, he was mobbed by Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Parsees, with whom in old days he had hunted and travelled and disputed about Persian poetry and jurisprudence, and whom the most excellent Indophilus treated with a courtesy and familiarity which a young assistant-magistrate of modern days would scorn to show towards the proudest zemindar. There was young Colvin, whose destiny was to die sick and weary in the darkest hour of the great mutiny, at a time when his authority as governor of the North-West Provinces was confined to the space commanded by the guns of the fort of Agra: Sir Benjamin Malkin, an able judge and a ripe scholar, a man eminently distinguished "by public spirit, ardent and disinterested, yet always under the guidance of discretion:" Ross Mangles, who, when chairman of the Court of Directors during that eventful year 1857, could never be convinced that the mass of the population

of India had been suddenly transformed into felons and rebels, preordained by Providence to afford food for powder and the gallows. Last, but not most silent, there was Macaulay, in high delight at finding himself in a country where so much was to be learned, keeping the company far on towards noon over the cold curries and empty tea-cups, until the consciousness of accumulating bones drove them one by one to their respective offices. Now-a-days such a reunion would be reviled in the local papers as a parcel of conspirators assembled to hatch dark plots against the English name, the planting interest, and the development of the resources of the country. Under the auspices of Lord Dalhousie, the harvest which had been sown by these men and those who thought with them was reaped in a series of wise and beneficent reforms. But during the reign of the next viceroy things took a fatal turn.

At the commencement of 1857, humanity and philanthropy were the order of the day. We had just brought to an end the Russian war, which had been fought throughout in a spirit of generous chivalry, in spite of the efforts of those who endeavoured to turn a contest waged to preserve the balance of power into a murderous struggle of embittered nations. It was not many years since we had put down, in a cheery, off-hand style, an Irish rebellion, which would have furnished our forefathers with a welcome excuse for barbarous severity and prolonged and increased oppression. In 1798, the victorious Orangemen could not be induced to spare the lives of a parcel of clever schoolboys, who talked a little too much about Brian Boru, and Harmodius, and Aristogiton. In 1848 we transported the leader of the revolt for a few years, rather because we did not know what else to do with him, than from any desire to make him suffer for his presumption. When Smith O'Brien was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, any one who knew the temper of the nation was perfectly aware that the value of the life of the condemned

rebel, in an annuity office, was as good as that of any other man of his age in the three kingdoms.

Then came the tidings of the outbreak at Meerut; of the massacre at Delhi. The first impression produced by the intelligence was curiosity mingled with pity, and surprise that any interesting thing could come out of India. But as every mail brought a fresh story of horror and disaster, a significant change came over the face of society. If the sympathy and indignation inspired by an outrage is intense in proportion to the faculty of suffering in the victim, here was a case in which indignation and sympathy could know no bounds; for the victims belonged to the most refined and enlightened class of the first nation in the world. Ladies, bred and nurtured amidst all that wealth and affection could afford, were dragged along, under a June sun, in the ranks of the mutineers, in hourly expectation, and soon in hourly hope, of death. Officers, who had been trained to the duties of government by the best education which the mother-country could supply, judges, magistrates, men of science, men of letters, were pelted to death with brickbats, or hung, amidst shouts of laughter, after a mock trial. Then from the lowest depths of our nature emerged those sombre, ill-omened instincts, of whose very existence we had ceased to be aware. Intense compassion, intense wrath, the injured pride of a great nation—those combative propensities against which Mr. Bright has so often testified in vain—surged in upon the agitated community. It was tacitly acknowledged that mercy, charity, the dignity and sacredness of human life—those great principles which, at ordinary times, are recognised as eternally true—must be put aside till our sway was restored and our name avenged. It is well that nations, as men, should pray to be delivered from temptation. Two years of civil war have changed the people who boasted themselves to be ahead of the universe in the march of progress, into a society of combatants, without *habeas corpus*, or free-trade, or

decency, or self-respect, or gold, or a single friend and admirer, except some ignorant mechanics, and a few men of thought, who have pinned their reputation to the cause of the United States. Two months of Nana Sahib brought about an effect on the English character at the recollection of which Englishmen at home have already learned to blush, but the lamentable consequences of which will be felt in India for generations yet unborn or unthought of.

Who does not remember those days, when a favourite amusement on a wet afternoon, for a party in a country house, was to sit on and about the billiard-table devising tortures for the Nana; when the palm was given to that ingenious gentleman who proposed that he should be forced, first, to swallow a tumbler of water in which all the blue papers in a seidlitz-powder box had been emptied, and then a tumbler with the contents of all the white papers in a state of solution? when every one chuckled to hear how General Neill had forced high Brahmans to sweep up the blood of the Europeans murdered at Cawnpore, and then strung them in a row, without giving them the time requisite for the rites of purification? It is singular that he imitated in every particular the conduct of Telemachus towards the maid-servants who had lent too kind an ear to those suitors who were content to fly at low game, with a view, I presume, to keep their hands in during the intervals of their more ambitious courtship. Every one chuckled, with the exception of a certain evangelical paper, which remonstrated with the General for depriving these poor men of their chances of salvation! "Have you heard the news?" said a celebrated author to an acquaintance, as they stood together under the porch of the Athenæum. "The Sepoys have taken to inflicting the most exquisite cruelties upon the Sikhs, and the Sikhs in return swear that they will cut the throat of every Sepoy who comes in their way. These are the sort of tidings that now-a-days fill every heart in England with exultation and thankfulness."

During the first debate at the Union Society, in my first term, an orator wound up with these remarkable words: "When the rebellion has been crushed "out from the Himalayas to Comorin; "when every gibbet is red with blood; "when every bayonet creaks beneath its "ghastly burden;"¹ when the ground in "front of every cannon is strewn with "rags, and flesh, and shattered bone;—" "then talk of mercy. Then you may "find some to listen. This is not the "time." This peroration was received with a tumult of applause by an assembly whose temper is generally characterised by mild humanity, modified by an idolatrous attachment to the memory of Archbishop Laud. If you turn over the volume of *Punch* for the latter half of 1857, you will probably open on a picture representing a big female, with a helmet and a long sword, knocking about a black man, in appearance something between a gorilla and a soldier in one of our West Indian regiments, who is standing over a dead woman and child. Two palm-trees in the background mark the locality, and the whole production is labelled "Justice," or "Nemesis," or "O God of Battles, steel my soldiers' hearts!" What must have been the fury of the outburst which could transport to such lengths that good-natured and sensible periodical, which so admirably reflects the opinions of a good-natured and sensible nation!

Such was the feeling in England; and, being such, it was only the faint shadow of the state of things in India. For out here men were influenced, not only by pity and wrath, intensified by the immediate presence of the objects of those passions, but by shame, by the bitterness of bereavement and ruin, by an ever-present fear, by the consciousness of an awful risk which they had barely escaped, and of innumerable perils still to come. History shudders at the recollection of the terrible "Spanish fury" which desolated Antwerp in the days of William the Silent; but the "English fury" was more terrible still. With the grim determination and

¹ Sic in orig.

the dogged pertinacity of their race, men went forth over the face of the land to shoot, and sabre, and hang, and blow from guns, till the work should be accomplished. It was generally understood that no one would be called in question for having erred on the side of severity. Many a one of those good-humoured agreeable civilians with whom you canter along the course, or play billiards at the club, who are so forgiving when you revoke palpably and inexcusably, and so ready with their letters of introduction and offers of hospitality—many a one of them has witnessed strange scenes, and could tell strange tales. He could tell how he has ridden into some village in Shahabad or the Dooab, with a dozen troopers at his heels; how he has called for a drink of milk, and taken his seat under a tree, pistol in hand, while his men ferreted out the fugitive mutineers who had found their way home to seek concealment and sustenance among their relations and neighbours; how very short a trial sufficed to convict those who were accused of housing and abetting the rebels; and how, as he left for the next camping-ground, he pretended not to observe his followers stealing back to recover their picket-ropes. There is a degree of mutual terror which almost necessitates mutual extermination. At a time when the safety of India depended on the Punjab, and the safety of the Punjab hung on a single hair (and, thank God, that single hair was a strong one, for it was Sir John Lawrence), a native regiment quartered in that province, unable to resist the epidemic of sedition, mutinied and left the cantonments. An energetic civil officer started off in pursuit with the slender force of sixty-six policemen, brought the mutineers to bay, and, by a rare display of audacity and craft, captured them to a man. It is more easy to blame what followed than to say how he should have acted under the circumstances. It would have been madness to send off a compact and numerous force with tickets of leave to recruit the rebel garrison of Delhi. At the same time, Sir Joshua Jebb himself would have hesitated before he

undertook to guard a battalion of regular troops with a handful of native policemen, who were themselves at that moment on the eve of an outbreak. One course remained. There is a closer prison than a Government jail : a surer sentry than a Punjabee chokedar.

When first I came out there were two gentlemen here who were considered the most welcome addition to Calcuttasociety. One was a jolly comical-looking chap, an excellent officer, and a capital man for a small dinner-party. The other was most refined and intelligent, with a remarkably courteous and winning address. It was said that these two had hung more people than any other men in India. The jolly fellow was supposed to have been somewhat too indiscriminate in his choice of subjects, while it was generally allowed that the other had turned off no one who did not richly deserve it. Mr. Hume, of Etawah, who was blamed by many for excess of leniency, but who so bore himself that no one could blame him for want of courage, distinguished himself by keeping down the number of executions in his district to seven, and by granting the culprits a fair trial. These he treated with fatherly tenderness, for he invented a patent drop for their benefit ; so that men prayed—first, that they might be tried by Mr. Hume, and next, that, if found guilty, they might be hanged by him. One morning I was lounging in the room of a very good friend of mine, one of the youngest captains in the army, who went through as much rough-and-tumble fighting as could be squeezed into twelve months, and who came out of the business with the reputation of being a first-rate cavalry officer. We were overhauling his collection of guns, trying the locks, and criticizing the grooving, as men do on such occasions, when I remarked, suspended in the place of honour, an archaic rickety revolver, and an old cut-and-thrust sword, with a bright notched blade, and a well-worn leathern handle. Those were not holiday weapons. Once, when charging a couple of hundred of the famous Dinapore mutineers, he left that sword in the body of a

sepooy. While dismounting to recover it he was separated from his squadron, and surrounded by a party of desperate Pandies, who, being perfectly aware that their last hour was come, were desirous of opening to themselves the gates of the celestial Zenana by the sacrifice of so redoubted a Sahib. My friend sheltered himself as best he could behind his horse's neck, and kept the assailants off with his revolver, till two faithful Punjabees galloped back to his assistance. Meanwhile, he had shot three men dead on the spot, each with a bullet through the brain. He took part in the pursuit of Coer Sing from Lucknow to the Ganges. On the night before that old warrior succeeded in passing the river, a picket was posted to keep watch upon the rebels, who were quartered in and near a populous village. From time to time the country-people came in with the intelligence that the enemy were still there, until their importunate desire to give information roused a suspicion that all was not right. We advanced cautiously, and found that Coer Sing had stolen away, and was already well on his road towards the ferry. After the affair had terminated in the escape of the mutineers, our commanding officer sent back his cavalry, with orders to take signal vengeance on the peasants whose treachery had foiled his carefully-concerted plan. The regiment surrounded the village, set the roofs on fire, looted the dwellings of what cloth and grain they contained, stripped the women of their bangles and anklets, and put all the males to the edge of the sword. This was only one among many like deeds, deeds of which every one approves at the time, but which afterwards no one cares to justify or to discuss. We little dream what a dire and grim significance is attached by many a widow and orphan in Oude or Bahar to the names of some who appear to us the mildest and most lovable of human beings. In the eyes of only too many Roman matrons Cæsar was the most attractive and insinuating among the young swells of his day; whether amiability and tenderness formed the leading features

of his character, as conceived by a Helvetian or a Nervian, may reasonably be doubted.

Things had now come to a terrible pass. During the first weeks of the mutiny the murders were perpetrated by the "budzarts," or black sheep, of the regiment, with a view to implicate their comrades beyond the hope of pardon ; to place between themselves and their former condition of life a gulf filled with English blood. Their scheme met with entire success. The minds of our countrymen were so agitated and distorted by anger and uneasiness, that even those battalions which remained true to their salt began to be apprehensive for their safety whenever they found themselves in the same cantonment with European troops. In a station where this state of things existed, suspicion and dislike reigned supreme. The officers of the native corps slept in the European lines with loaded revolvers under their pillows ; the guns, unlimbered and charged to the muzzle with grape, faced the quarters of the sepoys ; a strong force was at all times under arms, and the very air seemed heavy with an impending storm. Under such circumstances an outbreak would have been regarded rather as a relief than as a misfortune. But if our people were anxious, the wouldn't-be mutineers had far more reason to be nervous. On occasions of this description there is nothing which men so constantly under-rate as the terror which they themselves inspire in the breasts of others. During a town and gown row, I always used to think that the hostile column looked most formidable and impressive, while I was only too conscious that the fighting power of our own array was lamentably defective. Who could depend on Screwington, who had descended by hebdomadal steps from the second to the sixth boat, until he finally retired into the illimitable ? on Dufferly, who cried three weeks before he left school, when the fags mutinied and pelted him with penny-rolls ? on Timkins, who had never taken a walk a mile long since he spent the day at Shelford to escape

being condoled with after missing his scholarship ? And yet the effect produced on the imagination of the town by our onward charge was, doubtless, very demoralizing. A cloud of tall forms, in square caps and flowing gowns, bearing down through the fog, must test the courage of the hardiest Barnwell cooley, or the most vindictive college kitmudgar, burning to take out his unpaid wages in undergraduate gore. Once, or more than once, it befell that, when the suspected troops were ordered out to be disarmed or discharged, the loaded cannon, the lighted matches, the line of frowning white faces, proved too much for their nerves. Convinced that they had been assembled to be butchered, the poor devils broke and took to their heels, under a crashing fire of shrapnel and canister. By the time it came to this, the only chance of existence for the one party lay in the utter destruction of the other. Quarter was not given, and, indeed, hardly could be said to be worth the asking. An Englishman knew well that, though one set of Pandies were to spare his life, the next lot who came across him would cut his throat ; and a sepoy knew well that, if his captors took the trouble to drag him about in their train for a few days, the magistrate at the first station on the road would infallibly hang him before the officer in command of the party had finished his dinner.

The presence of a military officer, however, seldom afforded much comfort to a prisoner. None of their persecutors were so dreaded by the natives as the royal troops lately arrived from England. No civilian armed with the thunderbolts of the law, able to ascertain at a glance whether the culprit was a pensioned sepoy, a Mahommedan fanatic, or a peaceable cultivator, was half so terrible a judge as a beardless subaltern, fresh from the depôt at Chatham, whose experience of the population was summed up in the statements that "niggers were all blasted liars," and that, "when a feller said he was a ryoat, he was sure to be the greatest scoundrel unhung : " a distinction which he was not likely long

to retain. The knowledge of the servants of the Company was far less formidable than the ignorance of the servants of the Crown. No Sikh burning to avenge Aliwal and Sohraon on the revolted mercenaries who had been used by the Feringhees as tools to accomplish the humiliation of his race, inspired such horror in the souls of the village people, as the British private who saw a probable murderer, and an undoubted subject for "loot," in every "Moor" who came in his way—for in those days the rank and file of our army always spoke of the inhabitants of India by the appellation of "Moors." As the men landed at Bombay, they expressed vexation and disappointment at not being allowed to go in at the Moors who were taking their *siesta* upon the beach. They had been brought all the way from England to kill Moors, and why should they not begin at once? One Moor in the hand was worth two in the bush, or rather the jungle. At one time it became necessary to double the guards at Fort William, in order to prevent the soldiers from sallying forth at night to avenge the atrocities committed in Oude and Rohilcund, upon the sycees of Chowringhee, and the palkee-bearers of the China-bazaar. A corporal, who had travelled up with a party from Bombay to join his regiment in the field, on his arrival at head-quarters reported that in the course of the journey a mutiny had taken place among the bullock-drivers. On inquiry, it appeared that the hero of the affair was an honest fellow, who had disembarked with his head full of the Nana and the fatal well. His story was simple:—"I seed two 'Moors talking in a cart. Presently I 'heard one of 'em say 'Cawnpore.' I 'knowed what that meant; so I fetched 'Tom Walker, and he heard 'em say "'Cawnpore,' and he knowed what "that meant. So we polished 'em both "off."

At Buxar, which, you may remember, is on the Ganges, a little above Arrah, there lived a native, well known to all the residents by the name of "Coony Baboo," who was employed by the

Government in a subordinate capacity. He was a Bengalee, and as such had just as much reason to be alarmed for his safety as any Englishman at the station. One day he was pursuing his avocation at a wharf on the river, armed with a pistol, which he kept to protect his life and property against the stray mutineers, and other vagrants, who swarmed in those troubled regions, when a steam-flat came up the stream carrying a detachment of English troops. The commanding officer sent a boat to communicate with the authorities on shore. The crew, seeing a man who, to their eyes, presented a suspicious appearance, hanging about the jetty, took it into their heads that he might just as well hang on board their steamer, and accordingly seized him and searched his person. When the pistol came to light, they made no doubt but that he was a mutineer who had in some unaccountable manner been delivered into their hands. They forthwith took him on board, where, after a short but satisfactory investigation, the poor Baboo was ordered for immediate execution. Happily, in the nick of time, a civil officer appeared on the scene, who, when he saw the prisoner, exclaimed, "Why, it is Coony Baboo! What are they doing to you, Coony?" It was with great difficulty that the captors could be induced to believe the assurances of the civilian, whom they evidently regarded as an emissary of Lord Canning, and a representative of that clemency policy which was the bugbear of the day.

At a place hundreds of miles distant from the seat of war, some brinjarries, or corn-dealers, came into the camp of a regiment which had been a very short while in the country. The men on guard observed that the heads of the strangers were shaved, and knew by instinct that they must be sepoya. A hastily-constituted tribunal took cognizance of the matter, and called in a serjeant who had the reputation of a profound knowledge of India. Pleased at being consulted, he cocked his eye, and after due inspection, pronounced that the prisoners were undoubtedly

sepoys. A civilian, who was present, remonstrated most vehemently, but was answered with the *primâ facie*, or rather *primo capite* argument, "You see their heads are shaved! They must be sepoys." At length his importunity prevailed, and the colonel ordered the soldiers to take the brinjaries to the outskirts of the camp and let them go. These orders were obeyed to the letter. The men were led beyond the tents, set free, and shot down as they ran away. The events of those times have left their trace in our military vocabulary. During the year and a half which followed the outbreak at Meerut, to "loot" and to "polish off" became household verbs in the British army. The sterling qualities of that army alone rescued it from utter demoralization. No other soldiers in the world could have preserved their self-respect amidst so fearful an ordeal. Eighteen months in such a school would have turned the French regiments into Zouaves, the Zouaves into Turcos, and the Turcos into cannibals.

After all, however, the best hope of the miserable natives lay in the justice and moderation of official men. The stern and cold animosity of the civilians, the reckless and unscrupulous retribution dealt out by the military, were as nothing to the rabid ferocity of the non-official community. These men had come to the shores of India for the sole purpose of making money. They were under no professional obligation of providing for the prosperity and happiness of the population, and indeed were too apt to regard their dark fellow-subjects simply as tools for promoting their own ends. Now that their lives and fortunes were brought to the extreme of jeopardy, in consequence of a wide-spread and most formidable revolt of the despised race, their fury and hatred knew no measure. In one or two instances the Government was constrained by the pressure of circumstances to place power in the hands of men of this class. In a place where the outbreak had been accompanied by deeds of peculiar atrocity, some such persons were vested with authority. The unhappy place was

delivered over to a Reign of Terror. Whatever misery could be inflicted by cupidity, private malice, and vulgar barbarity, was endured to the full by the wretched natives.

The tone of the press was horrible. Never did the cry for blood swell so loud as among these Christians and Englishmen in the middle of the nineteenth century. The pages of those brutal and grotesque journals published by Hébert and Marat during the agony of the French Revolution, contained nothing that was not matched and surpassed in the files of some Calcutta papers. Because the pampered Bengal sepoys had behaved like double-dyed rascals, therefore every Hindoo and Mussulman was a rebel, a traitor, a murderer; therefore, we were to pray that all the population of India might have one neck, and that all the hemp in India might be twisted into one rope. It would be wearisome to quote specimens of the style of that day. Every column teemed with invectives which at the time seemed coarse and tedious, but which we must now pronounce to be wicked and blasphemous. For what could be more audacious than to assert that Providence had granted us a right to destroy a nation in our wrath?—to slay, and burn, and plunder, not in the cause of order and civilization, but in the name of our insatiable vengeance, and our imperial displeasure? The wise ruler, whose comprehensive and impartial judgment preserved him from the contagion of that fatal frenzy, was assailed with a storm of obloquy for which we should in vain seek a precedent in history. To read the newspapers of that day, you would believe that Lord Canning was at the bottom of the whole mutiny; that upon his head was the guilt of the horrors of Cawnpore and Allahabad; that it was he who had passed round the chupatties and the lotahs, and spread the report that the Russ was marching down from the north to drive the English into the sea. After all, the crime charged against him was, not that he had hindered the butchery, but that his heart was not in

the work. No one had the face to say, or, at any rate, no one had the weakness to believe, that Lord Canning had pardoned any considerable number of condemned rebels. His crying sin was this, that he took little or no pleasure in the extermination of the people whom he had been commissioned by his Sovereign to govern and protect.

After Lord Canning, Sir John Peter Grant had the gratification of being the personage most profusely and fiercely maligned by the enemies of the native; which honourable position he long retained, until of late Sir Charles Wood put in his claim, a claim which has been instantly and fully recognised. A certain journal made the brilliant suggestion that Sir John Peter, had he dared, would very likely have released the sepoys whom General Neill had ordered for execution, and then proceeded to abuse him as if he had actually so done. This hypothetical case soon grew into a fact. It was stated positively in all quarters, that Sir John Peter Grant had set free the murderers of Cawnpore, with a bombastic proclamation, containing the words "in virtue of my high authority," an expression which at once discredited the story in the estimation of all who knew the man. Sir John and his high authority were reviled and ridiculed in the daily and weekly papers of England and India, in conversation, on the stage, and on the hustings. Meanwhile, with native laziness and good humour, he said nothing, and allowed the tempest to whistle about his ears without moving a muscle. At length the Home Government wrote out to the Governor-General, directing him to take cognisance of the affair; and he accordingly requested the accused party to explain how the matter stood. Then Sir John spoke out, and affirmed that the report was a pure fabrication; that he never enlarged a single sepoy; and that, had he desired to thwart General Neill, such interference would have been entirely out of his power. Hereupon, the press in general proceeded to make amends in a full and satisfactory manner. One newspaper, however, had

no intention of letting him off so easily, and put forward an apology which was exquisitely characteristic, and which probably diverted the object quite as much as it was designed to vex him. The gist of it was, that Sir John had undoubtedly been falsely charged in this particular instance, but that he was such a confirmed and abandoned friend of the native as quite to deserve everything he had got, and that no contumely, whether rightly or wrongly bestowed on him, could by any possibility come amiss.

And now who can wonder that among a generation which has gone through such a crisis philanthropy is somewhat at a discount? It is unjust to blame men who have lost their fortunes and friends and health in the desperate struggle, because the moment the victory is decided they cannot set to work heart and soul at concocting and promoting plans for the benefit of their conquered foe! That struggle irresistibly reminded us that we were an imperial race, holding our own on a conquered soil by dint of valour and foresight. Cantonments and arsenals, field batteries and breaching batteries seemed more essential to the government of the country than courts of law, normal schools, and agricultural exhibitions. The questions of the day were, not whether Sanskrit should be taught at the Presidency College, or to what extent the pure mathematics of Hindoo men of science were borrowed from European sources, but whether artillery might safely be posted at a station where no English cavalry were quartered, whether the advantages of massing troops at central points compensated for the sanitary dangers of that measure. As long as human nature remains what it is, men who have just made a great and successful effort will ask themselves whether they and theirs are not to profit by their exertions. Had we poured forth our blood like water in order that the children of sepoys might receive a better education than they would have obtained in the event of their fathers having overturned the British supremacy? In order that

the disaffected Rajpoots of Shahabad might reap the advantages of a more speedy and equitable administration of justice than they would have enjoyed under the rule of Coer Sing? What was England to gain in return for her millions of money and thousands of lives? Did she not merit some more substantial recompense for having recovered India, than the privilege of governing the Indians in a spirit of wisdom and unselfishness? Echo and the planters answered "yes!" though equity and humanity steadily continued to assert that the events of 1857 and 1858 had not altered a whit our position in India—that our reconquest could be justified in the sight of God and Europe only by the same conditions as had justified our original conquest. We must still govern the land in the interest of the inhabitants. We must still provide them with everything that is essential to their well-being and happiness. We must still pay rent and taxes, keep the roof tight and the drains open, or out we must turn as unprofitable and dishonest tenants. It is greatly to the credit of the civilians that they hearkened to the voice of equity and humanity. The natives cannot accuse their governors of neglect or injustice. They have no reason to regret having exchanged Munro and Elphinstone for Grant and Beadon. Most of our officers would do all and suffer all rather than betray their trust. Some have already done much, and suffered not a little. But the new order of things is not as the old. The children of the soil are no longer regarded with the lively interest, the credulous partiality of yore. Those are plants which do not flourish amidst the rank weeds and rushes, the sand and rubble that overspread the land which was lately submerged by the deluge of civil strife. Men cannot at will cast aside the recollection of those times when all was doubt and confusion and dismay; when a great fear was their companion, day and night; when the mother and children were in sanctuary at the headquarters of the division; when the husband worked with a loaded revolver

among his papers, a horse standing saddled in the stable, his feet resting upon a pair of saddle-bags crammed with his most valuable property. The distrust and dislike engendered by such an experience are too deeply rooted to be plucked up by an act of volition.

Though the civilians do not allow the impressions left by the events of the mutiny to influence their opinions and their conduct, the case is far other with the non-official society. And here I may remark that there is some difficulty in finding an appellation for the members of that society. They themselves insist upon it that the civilians have given them the name of "interlopers," and grow extremely wroth over this imaginary grievance. I solemnly declare that I never heard the word used in conversation by a civilian, and never saw it in print, except when it occurs in the effusions of the "interloping" party. On occasions, when they are very angry indeed, they will have it that they are called "adventurers." Perhaps "settlers" is the least objectionable and most comprehensive title. Well, the European settlers in India speedily acquired that contempt for the Bengalees which it is a law of nature that the members of a conquering race should entertain for the subject population among whom they live. As the Norman baron regarded the Saxon churl, as the Dutch boer regarded the Hottentot, so it was inevitable that the English planter should regard the ryot and the cooly. No one can estimate very highly the moral and intellectual qualities of people among whom he resides for the single purpose of turning them to pecuniary account. But in the course of time a new element was added to the feelings which the settler displayed towards the Hinoo. Dislike appeared by the side of disdain. The Dutchman might treat the Hottentot as he pleased, without the interposition of government, as represented by as numerous and able body of public servants paid to protect and cherish the ancient population of the country. Front-de-Bœuf and Brian Bois de Guil-

bert did what was right in their own eyes, without fear of being charged with dacoity and abduction under the revised penal code before the civil and sessions judge of the district. But the English settler became aware that he must behave towards the Bengalee as towards a fellow-citizen and fellow-subject, or the local magistrate and the Supreme Court would know the reason why. This discovery did not raise his opinion of the natives, but caused him to look on them in the light of enemies, possessed of rights and privileges whereto they had no just claim, and which, as time went on, they might be tempted to employ against him as weapons of annoyance. His state was much that of a boy at school who is prevented by an wholesome dread of the monitors from fagging a stupid, cowardly fellow in the same bed-room with himself to the extent which the eternal fitness of things appears to him to demand—a position which is not calculated to foster the most kindly sentiments of our nature.

At the period of the mutiny the feeling of aversion was intensified into deadly hatred. For a season this hatred was shared by the entire mass of our countrymen. Invectives against the treacherous, blood-thirsty Mussulman, ironical sneers about the "mild Hindoo," were nuts alike to the civilian and the planter. The latter rejoiced to hear the world acknowledge that his estimate of the native had been correct throughout. But this glimpse of happiness was too bright to last. This sweet vision of a Utopia of rampant Anglo-Saxons and "damned niggers" melted away as swiftly as it had arisen, and disclosed the stern reality in all its horrid nakedness: a land flowing indeed with ghee and indigo, but peopled by a race of free peasants, possessed of an ancient interest in the soil, and by an oppressed and disheartened community of Englishmen, whose unnatural mother-country refused to recognise any distinction in civic rights between a nigger doomed to everlasting torment and a white man in a state of salvation. At

home the reaction against a severe and retributive policy set in with irresistible strength. People fell to repenting their recent excesses, in sackcloth and ashes; or, to speak more accurately, in pamphlets and May meetings. The official society out here soon followed suit, and the unfortunate settler found himself in the plight of a colonial Abdiel, "faithful only he" to the great principles of the debasement of the native, the domination of the Anglo-Saxon, and the "development of the resources of India" into English pockets. Always sore upon the question of the social and political condition of the native, he now became positively raw and festering. The events of the last few years have certainly not been of a nature to soothe his injured soul. His morbid detestation of the Bengalee, as displayed in the pages of the local journals, would be ludicrous, if there could be a ludicrous side to a phenomenon so painful and ill-omened. One unfortunate correspondent, who happened to make use of the expression, "our native brethren," was lately treated to a column of indignant remonstrance and ill-tempered satire. A certain great man, in answer to an affectionate address presented to him by a large number of wealthy and influential Hindoos, spoke of "the two great races" who occupy India. Next morning he was taken to task firmly but respectfully for having been weak enough to call the natives a "great race," and place them, by implication, on an equality with Englishmen. As if this gentleman, in order to gratify the vanity and spite of any class in existence, would have chosen to insult a body of worthy men who had assembled to give him a mark of respect and devotion, by reminding them that they belonged to an inferior and subject people!

It is only natural that the protectors of the native should come in for a share of odium. Though the great majority of planters live on the most cordial terms with the officials in their neighbourhood, it cannot be denied that the *meneurs* of the party have worked them-

selves up into a state of violent excitement against the very name of civilian. I said above that the events of the last few years have not been of a nature to calm the agitation of the public mind. In fact, from the day that law and order were restored throughout the land, one vexed question has followed another in swift and baneful succession. First came the great indigo row. Now, if you cannot touch pitch without being defiled, you certainly cannot touch indigo without being made to look uncommon blue. Besides, I am not one of those who, like Mr. Kinglake, enjoy walking "through fires placed under the crafty cinder;" so I will confine myself to stating baldly that the ryots (excited, as some think, by the general up-turning of society occasioned by the rebellion) objected to grow indigo, on the ground that other crops paid them better. Then followed a good deal of confused and angry cross-fighting, in which, generally speaking, the civilians found themselves opposed to the planters—the most memorable incident in the *melée* being the imprisonment of an English clergyman for libel, after a scene in court which recalled irresistibly the political trials of the seventeenth century. Close upon the heels of the indigo row came the rent dispute. Some planters, who at the same time were landholders, raised the rents of their tenantry, on the principle of doing what they liked with their own; while the civilians, as a class, maintained that the ryots had an undefined but undoubted right in the land, which had been confirmed by Act Ten of '59. This complication was not calculated to throw oil on the troubled pools, or rather vats. When the matter was laid before the Lord Chief Justice of Bengal, he decided broadly and roundly against the ryot; a decision which, if carried into effect, would reduce millions upon millions of peasant proprietors to the condition of Irish cottier tenants, ground to the earth by a rack-rent, and a sense of humiliating dependence without aim or hope. The civilian magistrates and judges, however, so arrange matters that

the planters have got very scant satisfaction from this decision of the Chief Justice. Then came the renewed demand for a criminal contract law, a subject with regard to which a planter is as touchy as a Buckinghamshire farmer in the matter of Free Trade and Protection. The modification of the resolutions concerning the sale of waste lands did not tend to heal the breach; and the ringleaders of the European settlers now regard the civilians as their sworn foes, and have firmly persuaded themselves that, in their public acts, our officers are influenced by an inveterate hatred of all English capitalists and Zemindars. Read the following extracts from the writings of one of the shining lights of what he himself calls the "interloping" party:—

"I feel compelled to protest against the supineness on the part of interlopers, which has been permitting the Government, now, as formerly, under the rule of the Traditional Policy Party, to undo all that has been done, and to return by degrees to the state of things which prevailed before the mutinies. Not two years ago, interlopers had conquered and dismissed a lieutenant-governor, had overcome the prejudices which the governor-general had been imbibing for five years from his civilian advisers, and had seen their old enemy, Mr. Cecil Beadon, introducing that horror of civilians, a Contract Act, into the Legislative Council. I shall not call to your recollection at present the minor circumstances of their triumph, such as the discomfiture of Mr. Seton-Karr and others. Not two years ago interlopers were in the zenith of their power; but, having attained to that proud eminence, they seemed to have lain down and slept there, till their old enemies, recovering, ventured to give them a shove, and sent them down the hill much faster than they climbed it."

Then follows a jeremiad on the falling-off of Mr. Beadon, who appears to have "relapsed into the pure civilian which he had always been,

"guided by the principles and maxims of civilianism, which had become his second nature." Happily, whatever may be the second nature of that worthy successor of Sir John Peter Grant, his first nature is as noble and genial as any being on earth is blessed with. After this comes a description of "the civilian policy, which never dies, but is handed down from one generation to another, more than a match for the tactics of a society whose members are ever changing, and whose leaders are even now scattered, though but such a short time has elapsed since the date of their greatest victories; and I am sorry to say that we have but little chance of seeing them reunited, or of seeing another band of men fighting like them, until civilian misrule again destroys a great industry, or inflicts some unbearable oppression upon a race which is but too long-suffering." And so on, and so on, *usque ad nauseam*. There is plenty more of this to be had at the same shop. It is wearisome work, morning after morning wading through huge masses of balderdash, in which her Majesty's servants are held up to execration because they prevent one class of her subjects from oppressing and enslaving another class.

The theory that the native is his equal in the eyes of the law is of itself sufficiently aggravating to the European settler; but, when the occasion comes for that theory to be put in practice, when justice demands that one of our countrymen should be brought to account for outrage or oppression, then class hatred breaks forth into a paroxysm of illogical fury; then is the great Anglo-Saxon spirit neither to hold nor to bind; then are the "English name," and the "development of the resources of India," unlimbered, and trundled out to overawe the civilian magistrates and the judges of the High Court. It was bad enough not to be permitted to hang natives at discretion, but what if it came to hanging a member of the imperial race? Last year, one Rudd, who was in the service of a Mr. Jellicoe,

was desired by his master to procure a sheep for the use of the household. He accordingly selected one from the flock of a shepherd of the name of Fazil, who objected to his choice, saying, "Sir, do not take the sheep; she is with young, and I will give you another." To this piece of Indian perversity Rudd replied by carrying off the animal *vi et armis*. The owner followed him to the bungalow, and appealed to Mr. Jellicoe, who, after hearing the story, gave back the sheep, and reproved his servant for his want of consideration. The weak and un-English behaviour of his master gave great offence to Rudd, whose righteous and Anglo-Saxon soul was vexed to such a point that he could vent his indignation by no milder measure than that of pelting Fazil with stones, and kicking him in the loins—a proceeding which excited sympathy rather than surprise among the bystanders, who were probably accustomed to Rudd's method of conducting a purely commercial transaction. Apparently imagining that enough had not been done to avenge the English name upon this insolent nigger, our countryman soon afterwards took a gun from the house and fired in the air, over Fazil's head; and then, having brought out another gun, shot the poor fellow through the back as he ran away. The murderer returned to the bungalow "very pale;" a pallor which was much insisted on by his admirers as a proof of the kindness of his disposition. His victim died soon after, and Rudd was put upon his trial, and overwhelmed by a mass of evidence, native and English, which could leave no doubt of his guilt on the minds of the most indulgent jury. Sir Charles Jackson (who, by the way, has never been forgiven for the part which he played on this occasion), in spite of his evident compassion for the prisoner, summed up like a true English judge who does not fear what man or the Calcutta press can do unto him. Rudd was convicted of wilful murder—murder all the more horrible from the wanton brutality which considered no punishment too severe for a native who

dared to have a voice in the disposal of his own property.

Then the Bengal *Hurkaru* spoke out : "We discern signs that Calcutta will be "stirred to its utmost depths in a day or "two, all classes and conditions of men "banding together for a common object, "to achieve the gain of a human life, an "existence which is forfeit to the public "strangler. Marvellous, indeed, is the "power of the instinct of mercy. "Mightier and holier the wish to save "than the yearning to destroy." And this was the very journal which but three short years before cried the loudest and longest for blood, and yet more blood ! which howled at Lord Canning as a traitor, because he displayed no marked satisfaction at the consciousness that more natives had been hung during his reign than under all the former Viceroys together ! which called down fire from heaven upon every civilian who refused to degrade himself from a judge into a "public strangler ! " "Marvellous indeed was the power of the "instinct of mercy" in the months that followed the mutiny. That quality, as far as the sepoys were concerned, was certainly strained uncommonly fine. The relation between the might and holiness of the wish to save and the yearning to destroy, in the year 1862, was exactly what it had been in the year 1857. This talk about "human life," and "marvellous instincts," and "holy wishes," ill became those who had so lately been the foremost to hound on the slayer. It would have been more honest to have refrained from these generalisations, and boldly to have declared that the sentence of the law must not be carried out because, villain as he might be, Rudd belonged to the Anglo-Saxon race—because the murdered man was no better than a damned nigger.

When such was the state of feeling in the European community there was no difficulty in obtaining a vast number of signatures to a petition urging the Governor-General to commute the sentence. Naturally enough, the educated Hindoos, who had but just now been accustomed to see multitudes of inno-

cent natives hung simply because they were natives, were scandalised at the notion that a guilty Englishman must be spared, simply because he was an Englishman. One of these men expressed the sentiments of his class in a temperate and well written article, containing the following passage :—"If "the offender has deserved the extreme "penalty of the law, in the name of "justice and humanity let the forfeit "be extorted. Let blood be shed for "blood. To attempt in such a case to "mitigate the punishment is to attempt "to pervert justice, to shake the staple "foundations upon which society rests." These expressions, in the eyes of the *Hurkaru*, savoured of blasphemy and ferocity, and called forth an invective, of which the following lines are a specimen :—"The editor is a sable Christian—"one who has grafted upon the traditional "mildness of the Hindoo character the "charitable tendencies of the Gospel. "Christian Cali desires blood, and denounces the immorality which would "afford a criminal the chance of sobbing "out his life in ignominy and pain."

What would this humane gentleman have said if Sir John Peter Grant, in virtue of his high authority, had packed off General Neill's prisoners to "sob out their lives in ignominy and pain" on the shores of the Andamans ? To my mind the writer had better have thought twice before he accused his neighbours of impiety. Another statement in the same columns is only saved from being revolting by its extreme absurdity :—"The Mosaic dispensation "is dispensed with by the Christian "era. A mightier than Moses is Prince "of Justice." Does this mean that it was under the Law that we hung ryots in 1857, and that in obedience to the Gospel we are to spare murderers in 1862 ? Was the Mosaic dispensation in force during the mutiny, and was the Christian era coincident with the pacification of India ? After puzzling over the matter for some time, I at length came to the conclusion that the writer was of opinion that the Mosaic dispensation went out with the old Company,

and that the Indian Council and the Evangelists came in together.

The Governor-General, to his infinite credit, refused to use his prerogative of pardon, and, as a natural consequence, the people who had reviled Lord Canning for saving from the gallows one out of a thousand condemned natives, now reviled Lord Elgin for sending to the gallows a single Englishman. The Viceroy, however, was proof against that outcry, to which even the stern spirit of his predecessor at length yielded—a concession that produced such lamentable results during the last months of his otherwise spotless administration. So, finding that he was not likely to be frightened into compliance or repentance by any amount of bluster—conscious, too, that it was impossible to deprive Sir Charles Wood of the honour of being the enemy *par excellence* of the English name, and invest Lord Elgin with that title on so short a notice—the votaries of Rudd changed their tack, and fell foul of the native community for having investigating the martyrdom of their saints.

“Give him” (the native) “an English life. His forefathers offered up human sacrifices to ensure good harvests, and their descendants ask that the gallows and the cord may aid in the same good work of promoting Bengalee happiness.”

“The convict Rudd is to be hanged in spite of the earnest prayers of more than 3,000 people. Well, when the gods are to be propitiated, it is well to have a victim at hand, and the offering will be all the more acceptable if they are not angry at the moment of sacrifice. Rudd will die because he is an Englishman.”

“We hesitate not to say that nine-tenths of those who vote for the public strangling of the unhappy wretch have done so because if Rudd is not hanged the native population will be dissatisfied. They will do injustice if the heavens threaten to fall.”

And here occurs an interesting speculation. Why is a native always “polished off,” and an Englishman

“publicly strangled?” The operation is the same in both cases.

Unfortunately, within the last few months, circumstances have taken place which have called forth those bad passions that had slept since the execution of Rudd. An English family, who possess a large and thriving estate in the Delta of the Ganges, had long been desirous of purchasing a village which would have conveniently rounded off their property. The inhabitants, however, stoutly refused to sell. The servants of the disappointed landholders did their best to annoy and terrify these poor people into acquiescence. On one occasion they made an attack on the village, and got a sound thrashing for their pains. They were now irritated to such a degree that they resolved to take a signal revenge on these obstinate peasants, and especially on the head man of the place, a Bengalee Naboth, called, as far as I can remember, Raneemoollee. Be it observed that the employers of this pack of rascals had no cognizance whatever of these iniquitous proceedings. They are universally acknowledged to be kind-hearted, loyal English gentlemen. One night a strong force assailed the village, brutally ill-used the ryots, murdered Raneemoollee, and carried off two women of his family. It was strongly suspected that a young Irishman of the name of Dennis Hely had been the ringleader. He disappeared immediately after the affair, and the police long searched for him in vain.

Now here was an occurrence which, one would think, should have stirred the compassion and indignation of every honest man in Bengal and Behar. Oppression, violence, abduction, murder, brutal satellites, innocent peasants slaughtered for refusing to sell the homesteads of their fathers—no element of horror and villany was wanting. On what conditions do we hold India? What is the strongest plea by which we may justify our occupation of the country in the eyes of rival nations and impartial posterity? Surely, that we have enthroned order and the law where rapine and the sword once reigned supreme;

that we have banished from the land, to the best of our power, the curse of brigandage and dacoity. But what gang of dacoits ever committed a more flagrant outrage than this atrocity, which had been perpetrated under the supposed instigation of one of our countrymen? The sin of Ahab and Jezebel was a trifle to it, for they, at any rate, preserved the forms of justice, and forbore to take the law into their own hands. Would not the first sentiment of every true Englishman be profound pity, and an earnest desire that Hely might be brought to account, in order that if guilty he might expiate his crime, and if guiltless might establish his innocence, and wipe off a foul suspicion from the English name?

What, then, was the view of the subject taken by the anti-native portion of the Calcutta press? What was the theme upon which they especially delighted to dwell? Pity for the sufferers? No, indeed. Solicitude for the honour of our rule and nation? Far from it. The fear lest Hely should be condemned by the machinations of the friends of the Hindoo, and the deduction that the Bengalees were damner niggers than ever, occupied their thoughts so entirely, that no room was left for more noble or humane sentiments. Hely was at last secured, and put to trial on a charge such that no jury in the world would have convicted him. Instead of indicting him as having been present at and engaged in a murderous riot, the prosecutor undertook to prove that the fatal shot had been fired by the prisoner's own hand. The hopeless confusion of a night attack, and the confusion, far more hopeless, of native evidence, would have prevented such a charge from being substantiated had the accused been ten times guilty. The jury declined to hear the defence, and at once returned a verdict in his favour. Then appeared a series of leading articles from which we have selected the following extract:—

"The Conciliation Policy, Lord Canning's great stumbling-block and infatuation, pensively declined to cut the cords which bound the victim to the altar, lest the native population

"should be balked of the wished-for immolation. Their instinctive antipathy to the Feringhee might, it is presumed, be dangerously excited without that sacrifice. An annual tragedy, with a European to do the death-scene, is a capital contrivance for obviating rebellion. The tranquillizing entertainment can hardly now be discontinued. Cerberus must have his sop, or the infernal regions will become intolerable from his hungry howlings."

Now I do not hesitate to brand the expression, "an annual tragedy," as a foul mis-statement. From the columns of this very journal I learn that the last Englishman who suffered the extreme penalty of the law in Calcutta, was a soldier, who was executed as far back as 1858 for the murder of a comrade and a countryman. Since Rudd, no European has died on the gallows.

It is satisfactory to be enabled to add that on both these occasions the *Englishman*, though virulently "Anglo-Saxon," steadily maintained that party-spirit should not be allowed to interfere with the administration of justice.

I have some thoughts of publishing a translation of the Odes of Horace adapted to the use of Indian readers. Here are three samples. If they meet your approbation I will set to work in earnest.

LIB. III. CARM. 7.

*Quid fies, Asteris, quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii?*

I.

My dear Miss White, forbear to weep
Because the North-West breezes keep
At anchor off Rangoon
That youth who, richer by a lac,
May safely be expected back
Before the next monsoon.

II.

Beneath his close mosquito nets,
With love and prickly-heat he frets
On Irawaddy's water,
Nor needs a dame on board the ship,
Who lets no fair occasion slip
For praising up her daughter.

III.

She talks of maiden's heart so true,
And angry brothers six foot two
Demanding satisfaction;

And, as a last resource, throws out
Hints very palpable about
A breach-of-promise action.

IV.

She tells how Pickwick's glance of fire
Quailed 'neath an angry woman's ire ;
But let not that alarm ye ;
He still remains as deaf as those
Who govern India to the woes
Of Bengal's ill-used army.

V.

Fear not for him. But, thou, beware !
'Tis whispered (though I hardly dare
To credit the assertion),
How very kind an ear you lend
To some young Civil Service friend
Who lately passed in Persian—

VI.

Than whom no other wallah steers,
With less excruciating fears,
His buggy down the course ;
Or chooses out a softer place,
And with a more seductive grace
Drops off a shying horse.

LIB. IV. CARM. 8.

*Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis aera sodalibus.*

If all my "woulds," dear Jones, were changed
to "coulds,"

I'd deck thy bungalow with Europe goods ;
With bronzes which the awe-struck Baboo
stops

To gape and stare at in Chowringhee shops ;
With flagons such as either Ross has won
In many a hard-fought match at Wimbledon ;
With Brett's *chefs d'œuvre* that Ruskins buy
and praise

Amidst the scorn of petulant R. A's ;
With Woolner's busts which, in an anile huff,
Our dons rejected, spite of Falgrave's puff.
Brave presents these, but how can I dispense
'em,

With some four hundred odd rupees per men-
sem ?

One potent gift I boast, one treasure dear,
The access to an editorial ear.
Not full-length portraits, frame and all com-
plete,

Nor yet ovations at his country-seat,
Nor presentation swords, nor statues, shed
Such deathless lustre round his glorious head,
Who, when 'gainst fearful odds the English
van

Bore up the battle in the grim Redan,
Undaunted, from the cloud of dust and flame,
Straight back to camp for reinforcements
came,

As that small squad whom once the hero sent
To pitch our Special Correspondent's tent.
What gives old Time the lie, and keeps alive
In school-boys' mouths the mighty name of
Clive ;

Preserves great Hastings from oblivion's flood,
And daubs poor Impey with perennial mud !
Why, just two articles in that review
Where tawdry yellow strives with dirty blue
Ne'er will the man on whom the press has
smiled

Pine in collectorates remote and wild ;
'Tis not for him the beaten path to trudge,
From sub-assistant up to Zillah judge ;
And, when, persuaded by his wife to give her
The best advice in London for her liver,
He chooses a convenient month to start in,
And hurries home to see Sir Ranald Martin,
These magic words perchance may thrill his
breast,

"Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood request
——" ¹

LIB. I. CARM. 11.

*Tu ne quæneris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem
tibi,
Finem Dī dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios,
Tentaris numeros.*

Matilda, will you ne'er have ceased apocalyptic
summing,

And left the number of the beast to puzzle
Dr. Cumming ?

'Tis vain to rack your charming brains about
(confusion take her)

The Babylonian Lament, the pretty dragon-
breaker.

What can't be cured must be endured. Per-
chance a gracious heaven

May spare us till the fated year of eighteen
sixty-seven.²

Perchance Jove's board of public works the
dread decree has passed,

And this cold season, with its joys, is doomed
to be our last.

Let's to the supper-room again, though kit-
mutgars may frown,

And in Lord Elgin's dry champagne wash all
these tremors down :

And book me for the fifteenth walse : there,
just beneath my thumb ;

No, not the next to that, my girl ; the next
may never come.

Yours ever,

H. BROUGHTON.

¹ Sic Jovis interest optatis epulis.

² This is the date fixed by Dr. Cumming
for the end of all things, including the sale of
his books.

A SON OF THE SOIL

PART IV.

CHAPTER X.

MR. JORDAN had invited a large party of people to meet the Dowager Countess ; but the greatness of the leading light, which was to illustrate his house, had blinded him to the companion stars that were to tremble in her company. The principal people about had consented graciously to be reviewed by her ladyship who, once upon a time, had been a very great lady and fashionable potentate. A very little fashion counts for much on the shores of the Holy Loch, and the population was moved accordingly. But the young ladies, who accompanied the dowager, were less carefully provided for. When Miss Frankland, who was unquestionably the beauty of the party, cast a glance of careless but acute observation round her, after all the gentlemen had returned to the drawing-room, she saw nobody whom she cared to distinguish by her notice. Most of the men about had a flavour of conventionality in their talk, or their manner, or their whiskers. Most of them were rich, some of them were very well bred and well educated, though the saucy beauty could not perceive it ; but there was not an individual among them who moved her curiosity or her interest, except one who stood rather in the background, and whose eyes kept seeking her with wistful devotion. Colin had improved during the last year. He was younger than Miss Frankland, a fact of which she was aware, and he was at the age upon which a year tells mightily. Looking at him in the background, through clouds of complacent people who felt themselves Colin's superiors, even an indifferent spectator might have distinguished the tall youth, with those heaps of brown hair overshadowing the forehead which might have been apostro-

phized as "domed for thought" if anybody could have seen it ; and in his eyes that gleam of things miraculous, that unconscious surprise and admiration which would have given a touch of poetry to the most commonplace countenance. But Miss Matilda was not an indifferent spectator. She was fond of him in her way as women are fond of a man whom they never mean to love—fond of him as one is fond of the victim who consents to glorify one's triumph. As she looked at him, and saw how he had improved, and perceived the faithful allegiance with which he watched every movement she made, the heart of the beauty was touched. Worship is sweet, even when it is only a country boy who bestows it—and perhaps this country boy might turn out a genius or a poet—not that Matilda cared much for genius or poetry, but she liked everything which bestows distinction, and was aware that in the lack of other titles, a little notability, even in society, might be obtained if one was brave, and knew how to manage it, by these means. And besides all this, honestly, and at the foundation, she was fond of Colin. When she had surveyed all the company, and had made up her mind that there was nobody there in the least degree interesting, she held up her fan with a pretty gesture, calling him to her. The lad made his way through the assembly at that call with a smile and glow of exultation which it is impossible to describe. His face was lighted up with a kind of celestial intoxication. "Who is that very handsome young man?" the Dowager Countess was moved to remark as he passed within her ladyship's range of vision, which was limited, for Lady Hallamshire was, like most other people, shortsighted. "Oh, he is not a handsome young man, he is only

the tutor," said one of the ladies of the Holy Loch; but, notwithstanding, she too looked after Colin, with aroused curiosity. "I suppose Matty Frankland must have met him in society," said the dowager, who was the most comfortable of *chaperones*, and went on with her talk, turning her eyeglass round and towards her pretty charge. As for the young men, they stared at Colin with mingled consternation and wrath. What was he? a fellow who had not a penny, a mere Scotch student, to be distinguished by the prettiest girl in the room? for the aspiring people about the Holy Loch, as well as in the other parts of Scotland, had come to entertain that contempt for the national universities and national scholarships which is so curious a feature in the present transition state of the country. If Colin had been an Oxford man the west-country people would have thought it quite natural, but a Scotch student did not impress them with any particular respect.

"I'm so glad to meet you again!" said Matty, with the warmest cordiality, "but so surprised to see you here. What are you doing here? why have you come away from that delicious Ramore, where I am sure I should live for ever and ever if it were mine? What have you been doing with yourself all this time? Come and tell me all about it, and I do so want to know how everything is looking at that dear castle and in our favourite glen. Don't you remember that darling glen behind the church, where we used to gather basketfuls of primroses—and all the lovely moors? I am dying to hear about everything and everybody. Do come and sit down here, and tell me all."

"Where shall I begin?" said Colin, who, utterly forgetful of his position, and all the humiliations incumbent on him in such an exalted company, had instantly taken possession of the seat she pointed out to him, and had placed himself according to her orders directly between her and the company, shutting her into a corner. Miss Matty could see very well all that was going on in the drawing-room, but Colin had his

back to the company, and had forgotten everything in the world except her face.

"Oh, with yourself, of course," said Matty. "I want to know all about it; and, first of all, what are you doing among these sort of people?" the young lady continued, with a little more of her face towards the assembled multitude, some of whom were quite within hearing.

"These sort of people have very little to say to me," said Colin, who suddenly felt himself elevated over their heads; "I am only the tutor;" and the two foolish young creatures looked at each other, and laughed, as if Colin of Ramore had been a prince in disguise, and his tutorship an excellent joke.

"Oh, you are only the tutor?" said Miss Matty—that is charming. Then one will be able to make all sorts of use of you. Everybody is allowed to maltreat a tutor. You will have to row us on the loch, and walk with us to the glen, and carry our cloaks, and generally conduct yourself as becomes a slave and vassal. As for me, I shall order you about with the greatest freedom, and expect perfect obedience," said the beauty, looking with her eyes full of laughter into Colin's face.

"All that goes without saying," said Colin, who did not like to commit himself to the French. "I almost think I have already proved my perfect allegiance."

"Oh, you were only a boy last year," said Miss Matty, with some evanescent change of colour, which looked like a blush to Colin's delighted eyes. Now you are a man and a tutor, and we shall behave to you accordingly. How lovely that glen was last spring, to be sure," continued the girl, with a little quite unconscious natural feeling; "do you remember the day when it rained, and we had to wait under the beeches, and when you imagined all sorts of things in the gathering of the shower? Do you write any poetry now? I want so much to see what you have been doing since," said the siren, who, half-touched by nature in her own person, was still perfectly conscious of her power.

"Since!" Colin repeated the word over to himself with a flush of happiness which, perhaps, no such good in existence could have equalled. Poor boy! if he could but have known what had happened "since" in Miss Matty's experience—but, fortunately, he had not the smallest idea what was involved in the season which the young lady had lately terminated, or in the brilliant winter campaign in the country, which had brought adorers in plenty, but nothing worthy of the beauty's acceptance, to Miss Matty's feet. Colin thought only of the beatific dreams, the faithful follies which had occupied his own juvenile imagination "since." As for the heroine herself, she looked slightly confused to hear him repeat the word. She had meant it to produce its effect, but then she was thinking solely of a male creature of her own species, and not of a primitive, innocent soul like that which looked at her in a glow of young delight out of Colin's eyes. She was used to be admired and complimented, and humoured to the top of her bent, but she did not understand being believed in, and the new sensation somewhat fluttered and embarrassed the young woman of the world. She watched his look, as he replied to her, and thereby added double, though she did not mean it, to the effect of what she had said.

"I never write poetry," said Colin, "I wish I could—I know how I should use the gift; but I have a few verses about somewhere, I suppose, like anybody else. Last spring I was almost persuaded I could do something better; but that feeling lasts only so long as one's inspiration lasts," said the youth, looking down, in his turn, lest his meaning might be discovered too quickly in his eye.

And then there ensued a pause—a pause which was more dangerous than the talk, and which Miss Matty made haste to break.

"Do you know you are very much changed?" she said. "You never did any of this society-talk last year. You have been making friends with some ladies somewhere, and they have taught

you conversation. But, as for me, I am your early friend, and I preferred you when you did not talk like other people," said Miss Matty, with a slight pout. "Tell me who has been forming your mind?"

Perhaps it was fortunate for Colin at this moment that Lady Hallamshire had become much bored by the group which had gathered round her sofa. The dowager was clever in her way, and had written a novel or two, and was accustomed to be amused by the people who had the honour of talking to her. Though she was no longer a leader of fashion, she kept up the manners and customs of that remarkable species of the human race, and when she was bored, permitted her sentiments to be plainly visible in her expressive countenance. Though it was the member of the county who was enlightening her at the moment in the statistics of the West Highlands, and though she had been in a state of great anxiety five minutes before about the emigration which was depopulating the moors, her ladyship broke in quite abruptly in the midst of the poor-rates with a totally irrelevant observation—

"It appears to me that Matty Frankland has got into another flirtation; I must go and look after her," said the Dowager; and she smiled graciously upon the explanatory member, and left him talking, to the utter consternation of their hostess. Lady Hallamshire thought it probable that the young man was amusing as well as handsome, or Matty Frankland, who was a girl of discretion, would not have received him into such marked favour. "Though I daresay there is nobody here worth her trouble," her chaperone thought as she looked round the room; but anyhow a change was desirable. "Matty, mignonne, I want to know what you are talking about," she said, suddenly coming to anchor opposite the two young people; and a considerable fuss ensued to find her ladyship a seat, during which time Colin had a hundred minds to run away. The company took a new centre after this performance on the part of the great

lady, and poor Colin, all at once, began to feel that he was doing exactly the reverse of what was expected of him. He got up with a painful blush as he met Mr. Jordan's astonished eye. The poor boy did not know that he had been much more remarked before: "flirting openly with that dreadful little coquette Miss Frankland, and turning his back upon his superiors," as some of the indignant bystanders said. Even Colin's matronly friends, who pitied him and formed his mind, disapproved of his behaviour. "She only means to make a fool of you, and you ought not to allow yourself to be taken in by it," said one of these patronesses in his ear, calling him aside. But Fate had determined otherwise.

"Don't go away," said Lady Hallamshire. "I like Matty to introduce all her friends to me; and you two look as if you had known each other a long time," said the dowager, graciously, for she was pleased, like most women, by Colin's looks. "One would know him again if one met him," she added, in an audible aside; "he doesn't look exactly like everybody else, as most young men do. Who is he, Matty?" And Miss Frankland's *chaperone* turned the light of her countenance full upon Colin, quite indifferent to the fact that he had heard one part of her speech quite as well as the other. When a fine lady consents to enter the outer world, it is to be expected that she should behave herself as civilized people do among savages, and the English among the other nations of the world.

"Oh, yes! we have known each other a long time," said Matty, partly with a generous, partly with a mischievous, instinct. "My uncle knows Mr. Campbell's father very well, and Harry and he and I made acquaintance when we were children. I am sure you must have heard how nearly Harry was drowned once when we were at Kilchain Castle. It was Mr. Campbell who saved his life.

"Oh!" said Lady Hallamshire; "but I thought that was"—and then she stopped short. Looking at Colin again,

her ladyship's experienced eye perceived that he was not arrayed with that perfection of apparel to which she was accustomed; but at the moment her eye caught his glowing face, half pleased, half haughty with that pride of lowliness which is of all pride the most defiant. "I am very glad to make Mr. Campbell's acquaintance,"—she went on so graciously that everybody forgot the pause. "Harry Frankland is a very dear young friend of mine, and we are all very much indebted to his deliverer."

It was just what a distinguished matron would have said in the circumstances in one of Lady Hallamshire's novels; but, instead of remaining overcome with grateful confusion, as the hero ought to have done, Colin made an immediate reply.

"I cannot take the credit people give me," said the lad, with a little heat. "He happened to get into my boat when he was nearly exhausted—that is the whole business. There has been much more talk about it than was necessary. I cannot pretend even to be a friend of Mr. Frankland," said Colin, with the unnecessary explanatory of youth, "and I certainly did not save his life."

With which speech the young man disappeared out of sight amid the wondering assembly, which privately designated him a young puppy and a young prig, and by various other epithets, according to the individual mind of the speaker. As for Lady Hallamshire, she was considerably disgusted. "Your friend is original, I dare say; but I am not sure that he is quite civil," she said to Matty, who did not quite know whether to be vexed or pleased by Colin's abrupt withdrawal. Perhaps on the whole the young lady liked him better for having a mind of his own, notwithstanding his devotion, and for preferring to bestow his worship without the assistance of spectators. If he had been a man in the least possible as a lover, Miss Frankland might have been of a different opinion; but, as that was totally out of possibility, Matty liked, on the whole, that he should do

what was ideally right, and keep up her conception of him. She gave her head a pretty toss of semi-defiance, and went across the room to Mrs. Jordan, to whom she was very amiable and caressing all the rest of the evening. But she still continued to watch with the corner of her eye the tall boyish figure which was now and then to be discerned in the distance, with those masses of brown hair heaped like clouds upon the forehead, which Colin's height made visible over the heads of many very superior people. She knew he was watching her and noted every movement she made, and she felt a little proud of the slave, who, though he was only the tutor and a poor farmer's son, had something in his eyes which nobody else within sight had any inkling of. Matty was rather clever in her way, which was as much different from Colin's as light from darkness. No man of a mental calibre like hers could have found him out; but she had a little insight, as a woman, which enabled her to perceive the greater height when she came within sight of it. And then poor Colin, all unconsciously, had given her such an advantage over him. He had laid his boy's heart at her feet, and, half in love, half in imagination, had made her the goddess of his youth. If she had thought it likely to do him any serious damage, perhaps Matty, who was a good girl enough, and was of some use to the rector and very popular among the poor in her own parish, might have done her duty by Colin, and crushed this pleasant folly in the bud. But then it did not occur to her that a "friendship" of which it was so very evident nothing could ever come, could harm anybody. It did not occur to her that an ambitious Scotch boy, who knew no more of the world than a baby, and who had been fed upon all the tales of riches achieved and glories won which are the common fare of many a homely household, might possibly entertain a different opinion. So Matty asked all kinds of questions about him of Mrs.

Jordan, and gave him now and then a little nod when she met his eye, and generally kept up a kind of special intercourse far more flattering to the youth than ordinary conversation. Poor Colin neither attempted nor wished to defend himself. He put his head under the yoke, and hugged his chains. He collected his verses, poor boy! when he went to his own room that night—verses which he knew very well were true to him, but in which it would be rather difficult to explain the fatal stroke—the grievous blow on which he had expatiated so vaguely that it might be taken to mean the death of his lady rather than the simple fact that she did not come to Kilchain Castle when he expected her. How to make her understand that this was the object of his lamentations puzzled him a little; for Colin knew enough of romance to be aware that the true lover does not venture to address the princess until he has so far conquered fortune as to make his suit with honour to her and fitness in the eyes of the world. The young tutor sat in his bare little room out of the way, and, with eyes that glowed over his midnight candle, looked into the future, and calculated visionary dates at which, if all went with him as he hoped, he might lay his trophies at his lady's feet. It is true that Matty herself fully intended by that time to have daughters ready to enter upon the round of conquest from which she should have retired into matron dignity; but no such profanity ever occurred to Colin. Thus the two thought of each other as they went to their rest—the one with all the delusions of heroic youthful love, the other with no delusions at all, but a half gratitude, half affection—a woman's compassionate fondness for the man who had touched her heart a little by giving her his, but whom it was out of the question ever to think of loving. And so the coils of Fate began to throw themselves around the free-born feet of young Colin of Ramore.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY HALLAMSHIRE was a woman very accessible to a little judicious flattery, and very sensible of good living. She liked Mr. Jordan's liberal house, and she liked the court that was paid to her; and was not averse to lengthening out her visit, and converting three days into a fortnight, especially as her ladyship's youngest son, Horace Fitz-Gibbon, who was a lieutenant in the navy, was expected daily in the Clyde—at least his ship was, which comes to the same thing. Horace was a dashing young fellow enough, with nothing but his handsome face, (he had his mother's nose, as everybody acknowledged, and, although now a dowager, she had been a great beauty in her day), and the honourable prefix to his name to help him on in the world. Lady Hallamshire had heard of an heiress or two about, and her maternal ambition was stimulated; and, at the same time, the grouse were bewitching, and the cooking most creditable. The only thing she was sorry for was Matty Frankland, her ladyship said, who never could stay more than a week anywhere, unless she was flirting with somebody, without being bored. Perhaps the necessary conditions had been obtained even at Ardmartin, for Matty bore up very well on the whole. She fulfilled the threat of making use of the tutor to the fullest extent; and Colin gave himself up to the enjoyment of his fool's paradise without a thought of flying from the dangerous felicity. They climbed the hills together, keeping far in advance of the companions, who overtook them only to find the mood change, and to leave behind in the descent the pair of loiterers, whose pace no calls nor advices, nor even the frequent shower, could quicken; and they rowed together over the lovely loch, about which, Matty having much fluency of language, and the adroitness of a little woman of the world in appropriating other people's sentiments, showed even more enthusiasm than Colin. Perhaps she too enjoyed this wonderful

holiday in the life which already she knew by heart, and found no novelty in. To be adored, to be invested with all the celestial attributes, to feel herself the one grand object in somebody's world, is pleasant to a woman. Matty almost felt as if she was in love, without the responsibility of the thing, or any need for troubling herself about what it was going to come to. It could come to nothing—except an expression of gratitude and kindness to the young man who had saved her cousin's life. When everything was so perfectly safe, there could be no harm in the enjoyment; and the conclusion Matty came to, as an experimental philosopher, was, that to fall in love really, excepting the responsibilities, would be an exciting but highly troublesome amusement. She could not help thinking to herself how anxious she should be about Colin if such a thing were possible. How those mistakes which he could not help making, and which at present did not disturb her in the least, would make her glow and burn with shame, if he were really anything to her. And yet he was a great deal to her. She was as good as if she had been really possessed by that love on which she speculated, and almost as happy; and Colin was in her mind most of the hours of the day when she was awake, and a few of those in which she slept. The difference was, that Matty contemplated quite calmly the inevitable fact of leaving Ardmartin on Monday, and did not think it in the least likely that she would break her heart over the parting; and that, even in imagination, she never for a moment connected her fate with that of her young adorer. As for the poor youth himself, he went deeper and deeper into the enchanted land. He went without any resistance, giving himself up to the sweet fate. She had read the poems of course, and had inquired eagerly into that calamity which occupied so great a part in them, and had found out what it was, and had blushed (as Colin thought), but was not angry. What could a shy young lover, whose lips were sealed by honour, but who knew his eyes, his

actions, his productions to be alike eloquent, desire more? Sometimes Lady Hallamshire consented to weigh down the boat, which dipped hugely at the stern under her, and made Colin's task a hard one. Sometimes the tutor, who counted for nobody, was allowed to conduct a cluster of girls, of whom he saw but one, over the peaceful water. Lessons did not count for much in those paradisaical days. Miss Frankland begged holidays for the boys; begged that they might go excursions with her, and make pic-nics on the hillside, and accompany her to all sorts of places, till Mrs. Jordan was entirely captivated with Matty. She never saw a young lady so taken up with children, the excellent woman said; and prophesied that Miss Matty would make a wonderful mother of a family when her time came. As for the tutor, Mrs. Jordan too took him for a cipher, and explained to him how improving it was for the boys to be in good society, by way of apologizing to Colin. At length there occurred one blessed day in which Colin and his boys embarked with Miss Frankland alone, to row across to Ramore. "My uncle has so high an opinion of Mr. Campbell," Matty said, very demurely; "I know he would never forgive me if I did not go to see him." As for Colin, his blessedness was tempered on that particular occasion by a less worthy feeling. He felt, if not ashamed of Ramore, at least apologetic of it and its accessories, which apology took, as was natural to a Scotch lad of his years, an argumentative and defiant tone.

"It is a poor house enough," said Colin, as he pointed it out, gleaming white, upon the hillside, to Miss Matty, who pretended to remember it perfectly, but who after all had not the least idea which was Ramore—"but I would not change with anybody I know. We are better off in the cottages than you in the parlours. Comfort is a poor sort of heathen deity to be worshipped as you worship him in England. As for us, we have a higher standard," said the lad, half in sport and more than half in

earnest. The two young Jordans, after a little gaping at the talk which went over their heads (for Miss Matty was wonderfully taken up with the children only when their mother was present), had betaken themselves to the occupation of sailing a little yacht from the bows of their boat, and were very well-behaved and disturbed nobody.

"Yes," said Matty, in an absent tone. "By the way, I wish very much you would tell me why you rejected my uncle's proposal about going to Oxford. I suppose you *have* a higher standard; but then they say you don't have such good scholars in Scotland. I am, sure I beg your pardon if I am wrong."

"But I did not say you were wrong," said Colin, who, however, grew fiery red and burned to prove his scholarship equal to that of any Eton lad or Christchurch man. "They say, on the other side, that a man may get through without disgrace, in Oxford or Cambridge, who doesn't know how to spell English," said the youth, with natural exasperation, and took a few long strokes which sent the boat flying across the summer ripples, and consumed his angry energy. He was quite ready to sneer at Scotch scholarship in his own person, when he and his fellows were together, and even to sigh on the completer order and profounder studies of the great Universities of England; but to acknowledge the inferiority of his country in any particular to the lady of his wishes, was beyond the virtue of a Scotchman and a lover.

"I did not speak of stupid people," said Miss Matty; "and I am sure I did not mean to vex you. Of course I know you are so very clever in Scotland; everybody allows *that*. I love Scotland so much," said the politic little woman; "but then every country has its weak points and its strong points; and you have not told me yet why you rejected my uncle's proposal. He wished you very much to accept it; and so did I," said the siren, after a little pause, lifting upon Colin the half-subdued light of her blue eyes.

"Why did you wish it?" the lad asked, as was to be expected, bending

forward to hear the answer to his question.

"Oh, look there! little Ben will be overboard in another minute," said Matty, and then she continued lower, "I can't tell you, I am sure; because I thought you were going to turn out a great genius, I suppose."

"But you don't believe *that*?" said Colin; "you say so only to make the Holy Loch a little more like Paradise; and that is unnecessary to-day," the lad went on, glancing round him with eyes full of the light that never was on sea or land. Though he was not a poet, he had what was almost better, a poetic soul. The great world moved for him always amid everlasting melodies, the morning and the evening stars singing together even through the common day. Just now his cup was about running over. What if, to crown all, God, not content with giving him life and love, had indeed visibly to the sight of others, if not to his own, bestowed genius also, the other gift most prized of youth. Somehow, he could not contradict that divine peradventure. "If it were so," he said under his breath, "if it were so!" and the other little soul opposite, who had lost sight of Colin at that moment, and did not know through what bright mists he was wandering, strained her limited vision after him, and wondered and asked what he meant.

"If it were so," said Matty, "what then?" Most likely she expected a compliment—and Colin's compliments being made only by inference, and with a shyness and an emotion unknown to habitual manufacturers of such articles, were far from being unpleasant offerings to Miss Matty, who was slightly *blase* of the common coin.

But Colin only shook his head, and bent his strong young frame to the oars, and shook back the clouds of brown hair from his half-visible forehead. The boat flew like a swallow along the crisp bosom of the loch. Miss Matty did not quite know what to make of the silence, not being in love. She took off her glove and held her pretty hand

in the water over the side of the boat, but the loch was cold, and she withdrew it presently. What was he thinking of, she wondered? Having lost sight of him thus, she was reluctant to begin the conversation anew, lest she might perhaps say something which would betray her non-comprehension, and bring her down from that pedestal which, after all, it was pleasant to occupy. Feminine instinct at last suggested to Matty what was the very best thing to do in the circumstances. She had a pretty voice, and perfect ease in the use of it, and knew exactly what she could do, as people of limited powers generally can. So she began to sing, murmuring to herself at first as she stooped over the water, and then rising into full voice. As for Colin, that last touch was almost too much for him; he had never heard her sing before, and he could not help marveling as he looked at her why Providence should have lavished such endowments upon one, and left so many others unprovided—and fell to rowing softly, dropping his oars into the sunshine with as little sound as possible, to do full justice to the song. When Matty had come to the end she turned on him quite abruptly, and, almost before the last note had died from her lips, repeated her question. "Now tell me why did you refuse to go to Oxford?" said the little siren, looking full into Colin's face.

"Because I can't be dependent upon any man, and because I had done nothing to entitle me to such a recompense," said Colin, who was taken by surprise; "you make a mistake about that business," he said, with a slight sudden flush of colour, and immediately fell to his oars again with all his might.

"It is very odd," said Miss Matilda. "Why don't you like Harry? He is nothing particular, but he is a very good sort of boy, and it is so strange that you should have such a hatred to each other—I mean to say, he is not at all fond of you," she continued, with a laugh. "I believe he is jealous because we all talk of you so much, and it must

be rather hard upon a boy after all to have his life *saved*, and to be expected to be grateful; for I don't believe a word you say," said Miss Matty. "I know the rights of it better than you do—you *did* save his life."

"I hope you will quite release him from the duty of being grateful," said Colin; "I don't suppose there is either love or hatred between us. We don't know each other to speak of, and I don't see any reason why we should be fond of each other;" and again Colin sent the boat forward with long, rapid strokes, getting rid of the superfluous energy which was roused within him by hearing Frankland's name.

"It is very odd," said Matty again. "I wonder if you are fated to be rivals, and come in each other's way. If I knew any girl that Harry was in love with, I should not like to introduce you to her," said Miss Matilda, and she stopped and laughed a little, evidently at something in her own mind. "How odd it would be if you were to be rivals through life," she continued; "I am sure I can't tell which I should most wish to win—my cousin, who is a very good boy in his way, or you, who puzzle me so often," said the little witch, looking suddenly up into Colin's eyes.

"How is it possible I can puzzle you?" he said; but the innocent youth was flattered by the sense of superiority involved. "There can be very little rivalry between an English baronet and a Scotch minister," continued Colin. "We shall never come in each other's way."

"And *must* you be a Scotch minister?" said Miss Matty, softly. There was a regretful tone in her voice, and she gave an appealing glance at him, as if she were remonstrating against that ministry. Perhaps it was well for Colin that they were so near the shore, and that he had to give all his attention to the boat, to secure the best landing for those delicate little feet. As he leaped ashore himself, ankle-deep into the bright but cold water, Colin could not but remember his boyish scorn of Henry Frankland, and that dislike of wet feet which was

so amusing and wonderful to the country boy. Matters were wonderfully changed now-a-days for Colin; but still he plunged into the water with a certain relish, and pulled the boat ashore with a sense of his strength and delight in it which at such a moment it was sweet to experience. As for Miss Matty, she found the hill very steep, and accepted the assistance of Colin's arm to get over the sharp pebbles of the beach. "One ought to wear strong boots," she said, holding out the prettiest little foot, which indeed had been perfectly revealed before by the festooned dress, which Miss Matty found so convenient on the hills. When Colin's mother saw from her window this pair approaching alone (for the Jordan boys were ever so far behind, still coquetting with their toy yacht,) it was not wonderful if her heart beat more quickly than usual. She jumped, with her womanish imagination, at all kinds of incredible results, and saw her Colin happy and great, by some wonderful conjunction of his own genius and the favour of others, which it would have been hopeless to attempt any comprehension of. The mistress altogether puzzled and overwhelmed Miss Matty by the greeting she gave her. The little woman of the world looked in utter amazement at the poor farmer's wife, whom she meant to be very kind and amiable to, but who to her consternation, took the superior part by right of nature; for Mrs. Campbell, having formed her own idea, was altogether obtuse to her visitor's condescensions. The parlour at Ramore looked dingy certainly after the drawing-rooms of Ardmartin, and all the business of the farm was manifestly going on as usual; but even Colin, sensitive as he had become to all the differences of circumstances, was puzzled, like Matty, and felt his mother to have suddenly developed into a kind of primitive princess. Perhaps the poor boy guessed why, and felt that his love was elevating not only himself but everybody who belonged to him; but Miss Matty, who did not understand how profound emotion could affect anybody's manners,

nor how her young admirer's mother could be influenced by his sentiments, was entirely in the dark, and could not help being immensely impressed by the bearing and demeanour of the mistress of Ramore.

"I'm glad its such a bonny day," said Colin's mother; "it looks natural and seemly to see you here on a day like this." As for Colin, he aye brings the light with him, but no often such sunshine as you. I canna lay any great feast before you," said the farmer's wife with a smile, "but young things like you are aye near enough heaven to be pleased with the common mercies. After a', if I was a queen I couldna offer you anything better than the wheat-bread and the fresh milk," said the mistress; and she set down on the table, with her own tender hands, the scones for which Ramore was famous, and the abundant overrunning jug of milk, which was not to be surpassed anywhere, as she said. Matty sat down with an odd involuntary conviction that Mr. Jordan's magnificent table on the other side of the loch offered but a poor hospitality in comparison. Though she laughed at herself, we know, after, it was quite impossible at that moment to feel otherwise than respectful. "I never saw anybody with such beautiful manners," she said to Colin as they went back to the boat. She did not take his arm this time, but walked very demurely after him down the narrow path, feeling upon her the eyes of the mistress, who was standing at her door as usual to see her son go away. Matty could not help a little natural awe of the woman, whose fierce eyes were watching her. She could manage her aunt perfectly, and did not care in the least for Lady Halamshire, who was the most accommodating of chaperones, but Mrs. Campbell's sweet looks, and generous reception of her son's enslaver somehow overwhelmed Matty. The mistress looked at the girl as if she considered her capable of all the grand and simple emotions, and Matty was half-ashamed and half-frightened, and did not feel able at the moment to pursue her usual amusement.

The row back, to which Colin had been looking with a thrill of expectation, was silent and grave, in comparison with all their former expeditions, notwithstanding that this was the last time they were likely to see each other alone. Poor Colin thought of Lauderdale and his philosophy, for the first time for many days, when he had to stop behind to place the boat in safety on the beach, even Matty, who generally waited for him, skipping up the avenue as fast as she could go, with the little Jordans beside her. Never yet was reality which came truly up to the expectation. Here was an end of his fool's paradise; he vexed himself by going over and over all that had passed, wondering if anything had offended her, and then thought of Ramore with a pang at his heart; a pang of something nobler than the mere bitterness of contrast, which sometimes makes a poor man over-ashamed of his home. But all this time the true reason for this new-born reserve—which Miss Matty kept up victoriously until about the close of the evening, when, being utterly bored, she forgot her good resolution and called him to her side again—was quite unsuspected by Colin. He could not divine how susceptible to the opinion of women was the woman's heart, even when it retained but little of its first freshness. Matty was not startled by Colin's love, but she was by his mother's belief in it and herself; it stopped her short in her careless career, and suggested endings that were not pleasant to think of. If she had been left in amazement for a day or two after, it might have been well for Colin, but being bored she returned to her natural amusement, and this interruption did him no good in the end.

CHAPTER XII.

THE parting of the two who had been thrown so much together, who had thought so much of each other, and who had, notwithstanding, so few things in common, was as near an absolute parting as is practicable in this world of constant commotion, where everybody meets every-

body else in the most unlikely regions. Colin dared not propose to write to her; dared not, indeed—being withheld by the highest impulses of honour—venture to say to her what was in his heart; and Miss Matty herself was a little silent—perhaps a little moved—and could not utter any commonplaces about meeting again, as she had intended to do. So they said good-bye to each other in a kind of absolute way, as if it might be for ever and ever. As for Matty, who was not in love, but whose heart was touched, and who had a vague, instinctive sense that she might never more meet anybody in her life like this country lad—perhaps she had enough generosity left in her to feel that it would be best they should not meet again. But Colin had no such thoughts. He knew in his heart that one time—how or when he knew not—he should yet go to her feet and offer what he had to offer: everything else in the world except that one thing was doubtful to Colin, but concerning that he was confident, and entertained no fear. And so they parted; she, perhaps, for half an hour or so, the most deeply moved of the two. Miss Matty, however, was just as captivating as usual in the next house they went to, where there were one or two people worth looking at, and the company in general was more interesting than at Ardmartin; but Colin, for his part, spent most of the evening on the hill-side, revolving in the silence a hundred tumultuous thoughts. It was the end of September, and the nights were cold on the Holy Loch. There was not even a moon to enliven the landscape, and all that could be seen was the cold, blue glimmer of the water, upon which Colin looked down with a kind of desolate sense of elevation—elevation of the mind and of the heart, which made the grief of parting look like a grand moral agent, quickening all his powers, and concentrating his strength. Henceforward the strongest of personal motives was to inspire him in all his conflicts. He was going into the battle of life with his lady's colours on his helmet, like a knight of romance,

and failure was not to be thought of as a possibility. As he set his face to the wind going back to Ardmartin, the pale sky lightened over the other side of the loch, and underneath the breaking clouds, which lay so black on the hills, Colin saw the distant glimmer of a light, which looked like the light in the parlour window at Ramore. Just then a sudden gust swept across the hill-side, throwing over him a shower of falling leaves, and big rain-drops from the last shower which had been hanging on the branches. There was not a soul on the road but Colin himself, nor anything to be seen far or near, except the dark tree-tops in the Lady's Glen, which were sighing in the night wind, and the dark side of Ardmartin, where all the shutters were closed, and one soft star hanging among the clouds just over the spot where that little friendly light in the farmhouse of Ramore held up its glimmer of human consolation into the darkness. It was not Hero's torch to light his love—was it, perhaps, a sober gleam of truth and wisdom to call the young Leander back from those bitter waters in which he could but perish? All kinds of fancies were in Colin's mind as he went back, facing the wind, to the dull, closed up house, from which the enchantment had departed; but among them there occurred no thought of discouragement from this pursuit upon which now his heart was set. He would have drowned himself could he have imagined it possible that he could cease to love—and so long as he loved how was it possible to fail?

"And *must* you be a Scotch minister?" When Colin went home a fortnight later to make his preparations for returning to the University, he was occupied, to the exclusion of almost all other questions, by revolving this. It is true that at his age, and with his inexperience, it was possible to imagine that even a Scotch minister, totally unfavoured by fortune, might, by mere dint of genius, raise himself to heights of fame sufficient to bring Sir Thomas Franklin's niece within his reach—but the thing was unlikely, even to the lively imagination of twenty.

And it was the fact that Colin had no special "vocation" towards the profession for which he was being trained. He had been educated and destined for it all his life, and his thoughts had a natural balance that way. But otherwise there was no personal impulse in his mind towards what Mrs. Jordan called "the work of the ministry." Hitherto his personal impulses had been neither for nor against. Luckily for Colin, and many of his contemporaries, there were so many things to object to in the Church of Scotland, so many defects of order and external matters which required reformation, that they were less strongly tempted to become sceptical in matters of faith than their fellows elsewhere. As for Colin himself, he had fallen off no doubt from the certainty of his boyhood upon many important matters; but the lad, though he was a Scotsman, was happily illogical, and suffered very little by his doubts. Nothing could have made him sceptical, in any real sense of the word, and accordingly there was no repulsion in Colin's mind against his future profession. But now! He turned it over in his mind night and day in the interval between Matty's departure and his own return to Ramore. What if, instead of a Scotch minister, incapable of promotion, and to whom ambition itself was unlawful, he were to address himself to the Bar, where there were at least chances and possibilities of fame? He was occupied with this question, to the exclusion of any other, as he crossed the loch in the little stream, and landed on the pier near Ramore, where his young brothers met him, eager to carry his travelling-bag, and convey him home in triumph. Colin was aware that such a proposal on his part would occasion grievous disappointment at home, and he did not know how to introduce the subject, or disclose his wavering wishes. It was a wonderful relief, as well as confusion to him, when he entered the Ramore parlour, to find Lauderdale in possession of the second arm-chair, opposite the mistress's, which was sacred to visitors. He had arrived only the evening before, having

left Glasgow "for a holiday, like anybody else, in the saut-water season," said the gentle giant, "the first I ever mind of having in my life. But I'm very well off in my present situation," he said, breaking off suddenly, with a twinkle of mirth in his eye, as was usual when he referred to his occupation, the nature of which was unknown even to his dearest friends.

"It's ower cauld to have much good of the water," said the mistress; "the boat's no laid up yet, waiting for Colin, but the weather's awfu' wintery—no to say soft," she added, with a little sigh, "for its aye soft weather among the lochs, though we've had less rain than common this year."

And as the mistress spoke, the familiar, well-known rain came sweeping down over the hills. It had the usual effect upon the mind of the sensitive woman. "We maun take a' the good we can of you, laddie," she said, laying her kind hand on her boy's shoulder, "it's only a sight we get now in passing. He's owre much thought of, and made of, to spend his time at hame," said the mistress, turning, with a half-reproachful pride to Lauderdale; "I'll be awfu' sorry if the rain lasts, on your account. But, for myself, I could put up with a little soft weathër, to see mair of Colin; no that I want him to stay at hame when he might be enjoying himself," the mother added, with a compunction. Soft weather on the Holy Loch signified rain and mist, and everything that was most discouraging to Mrs. Campbell's soul, but she was ready to undergo anything the skies could inflict upon her, if fortified by the society of her son.

It was the second night after this before Colin could make up his mind to introduce the subject of which his thoughts were full. Tea was over by that time, and all the household assembled in the parlour. The farmer himself had just laid down his newspaper, from which he had been reading to them scraps of country gossip, somewhat to the indignation of the mistress, who, for her part, liked to hear what was

going on in the world, and took a great interest in Parliament and the foreign intelligence. "I canna say that I'm heeding about the muckle apple that's been grown in Clydesdale, nor the new bailies in Greenock," said the farmer's wife. "If you would read us something wise-like about the poor oppressed Italians, or what Louis Napoleon is thinking about—I canna excuse him for what they ca' the *coo-deta*," said Mrs. Campbell; "but for a' that, I take a great interest in him;" and with this the mistress took up her knitting with a pleasant anticipation of more important news to come.

"There's naething in the *Herald* about Louis Napoleon," said the farmer, "nor the Italians neither—no that I put much faith in those Italians; they'll quarrel amang themselves when there's naeboddy else to quarrel wi'—though I'm no saying onything against Cavour and Garibaldi. The paper's filled full o' something mair immediately interesting—at least, it ought to have mair interest to you wi' a son that's to be a minister. Here's three columns mair about that Dreepdaily case. It may be a grand thing for popular rights, but it's an awfu' ordeal for a man to gang through," said big Colin, looking rueful at his son.

"I was looking at that," said Lauderdale. "It's his prayers the folk seem to object to most—and no wonder. I've heard the man mysel', and his sermon was not bad reasoning, if anybody wanted reasoning; but it's aye a wonderful thing to me the way that new preachers take upon them to explain matters to the Almighty," said Colin's friend reflectively. "So far as I can see, we've little to ask in our worship; but we have an awfu' quantity of things to explain."

"It is an ordeal I could never submit to," said Colin, with perhaps a little more heat than was necessary. "I'd rather starve than be set up as a target for a parish. It is quite enough to make a cultivated clergy impossible for Scotland. Who would submit to expose one's life, all one's antecedents, all one's qualities of mind and individualities of

language to the stupid criticism of a set of boors? It is a thing I never would submit to," said the lad, meaning to introduce his doubts upon the general subject by this means.

"I dinna approve of such large talking," said the farmer, laying down his newspaper. "It's a great protection to popular rights. I would sooner run the risk of disgusting a fastidious laird now and then, than put in a minister that gives nae satisfaction; and if you canna submit to it, Colin, you'll never get a kirk, which would be worse than criticism," said his father, looking full into his face. The look brought a conscious colour to Colin's cheeks.

"Well," said the young man, feeling himself driven into a corner, and taking what courage he could from the emergency, "one might choose another profession;" and then there was a pause, and everybody in the room looked with alarm and amazement on the bold speaker. "After all, the Church is not the only thing in Scotland," said Colin, feeling the greatness of his temerity. "Nobody ventures to say it is in a satisfactory state. How often do I hear you criticising the sermon and finding fault with the prayers? and, as for Lauderdale, he finds fault with everything. Then, look how much a man has to bear before he gets a church as you say. As soon as he has his presentation the Presbytery comes together and asks if there are any objections; and then the parish sits upon the unhappy man; and, when everybody has had their turn, and all his peculiarities and personal defects and family history have been discussed before the Presbytery, and put in the newspapers, if they happen to be amusing, then the poor wretch has to sign a confession which nobody—"

"Stop you there, Colin, my man," said the farmer, "that's enough at one time. I wouldna say that you were a'thegither wrong as touching the sermon and the prayers. Its awfu' to go in from the like of this hillside and weary the very heart out of you in a close kirk, listening to a man preaching

that has nothing in this world to say. I am whiles inclined to think," said big Colin, thoughtfully—"laddies, you may as well go to your beds. You'll see Colin the morn, and ye canna understand what we're talking about. I am whiles disposed to think," he continued after a pause, during which the younger members of the family had left the room, after a little gentle persuasion on the part of the mistress, "when I go into the kirk on a bonnie day, such as we have by times on the loch baith in summer and winter, that its an awfu' waste of time. You lose a' the bonnie prospect and you get naething but weariness for your pains. I've aye been awfu' against set prayers read out of a book; but I canna but allow the English chapel has an advantage there, for nae fool can spoil your devotion as I've heard it done many and many's the time. I ken our minister's prayers very near as well as if they were written down," said the farmer of Ramora, "and the maist part of them is quite nonsense. Only little scraps o' real supplication there may be in them, you could get through in five minutes; the rest is a' remarks, that I never can discriminate if they're meant for me or for the Almighty; but my next neibor would think me an awfu' heathen if he heard what I'm saying," he continued, with a smile; "and I'm far from sure that I would get a mair merciful judgment from the wife herself."

The mistress had been very busy with her knitting while her husband was speaking; but, notwithstanding her devotion to her work, she was uneasy and could not help showing it. "If we had been our lane it would have been naething," she said to Colin, privately; "but afore yon man that's a stranger and doesna ken!" With which sentiment she sat listening, much disturbed in her mind. "It's no a thing to say before the bairns," she said, when she was thus appealed to, "nor before folk that dinna ken you. A stranger might think you were a careless man to hear you speak," said Mrs. Campbell, turning to Lauderdale with a bitter vexation, "for a' that

you hanna missed the kirk half a dozen times a' the years I have kent you, and that's a long time," said the mother, lifting her soft eyes to her boy. When she looked at him she remembered that he too had been rash in his talk. "You're turning awfu' like your father, Colin," said the mistress, taking up the same thoughtless way of talking. "But I think different for a' you say. Our ain kirk is aye our ain kirk to you as well as to me, in spite o' your speaking. I'm well accustomed to their ways," she said, with a smile, to Lauderdale, who, so far from being the dangerous observer she thought him, had gone off at a tangent into his own thoughts.

"The Confession of Faith is a real respectable historical document," said Lauderdale. "I might not like to commit myself to a' it says, if you were to ask me; but then I'm not the kind o' man that has a heart to commit myself to anything in the way of intellectual truth. I wouldna bind myself to say that I would stand by any document a year after it was put forth, far less a hundred years. There's things in it naebody believes—for example, about the earth being made in six days; but I would not advise a man to quarrel with his kirk and his profession for the like of that. I put no dependence on geology for my part, nor any of the sciences. How can I tell but somebody might make a discovery the morn that would upset all their fine stories? But, on the whole, I've very little to say against the Confession. It's far more guarded about predestination and so forth than might have been expected. Every man that has a head on his shoulders believes in predestination; though I would not be the man to commit myself to any statement on the subject. The like of me is good for little," said Colin's friend, stretching his long limbs towards the fire, "but I've great ambition for that callant. He's not a common callant, though I'm speaking before his face," said Lauderdale; "it would be terrible mortifying to me to see him put himself in a corner and refuse the yoke."

"If I cannot bear the yoke conscien-

tiously, I cannot bear it all," said Colin, with a little heat. "If you can't put your name to what you don't believe, why should I?—and as for ambition," said the lad, "ambition! what does it mean?—a country church, and two or three hundred ploughmen to criticise me, and the old wives to keep in good humour, and the young ones to drink tea with—is that work for a man?" cried the youth, whose mind was agitated, and who naturally had said a good deal more than he intended to say. He looked round in a little alarm after this rash utterance, not knowing whether he had been right or wrong in such a disclosure of his sentiments. The father and mother looked at each other, and then turned their eyes simultaneously upon their son. Perhaps the mistress had a glimmering of the correct meaning which Colin would not have betrayed wittingly had it cost him his life.

"Eh, Colin, sometime ye'll think better," she cried under her breath—"after a' our pride in you and our hopes!" The tears came into her eyes as she looked at him. "It's mair honour to serve God than to get on in the world," said the mistress. The disappointment went to her heart, as Colin could see; she put her hands hastily to her eyes to clear away the moisture which dimmed them. "It's may-be naething but a passing fancy—but it's no what I expected to hear from any bairn of mine," she said with momentary bitterness. As for the farmer, he looked on with a surprised and inquiring countenance.

"There has some change come over you, Colin—what has happened?" said his father. "I'm no a man that despises money, nor thinks it a sin to get on in the world, but it's only fools that quarrel wi' what's within their reach for envy of what they can never win to. If ye had displayed a strong bent any other way I wouldna have minded," said big Colin—"but it's aye appeared to me that to write in a kind of general way on whatever subject might chance to turn up was mair the turn of your mind than any other line, which is a

sure sign you were born to be a minister. It's the new-fangled dishes at Ard-martin that have spoiled the callant's digestion," said the farmer with a twinkle of humour in his eye—"they tell me that discontent and meesery of a' kinds proceeds no from the mind but from the mucous membrane. He'll come back to his natural inclination when he's been at home for a day or two. I would na' say but Gregory's mixture was a great moral agent according to the new philosophy," said big Colin, laying his large hand on his son's shoulder with a pressure which meant more than his words; but the youth was vexed, and impatient, and imagined himself laughed at, which is the most dreadful of insults at Colin's age, and in his circumstances. He paid no attention to his father's looks, but plunged straightway into vehement declaration of his sentiments, to which the elder people around him listened with many complications of feeling unknown to Colin. The lad thought, as was natural at his years, that nobody had ever felt before him the bondage of circumstance, and that it was a new revelation he was making to his little audience. If he could have imagined that both the men were looking at him with the half sympathy, half pity, half envy of their maturer years, remembering as vividly as if it had occurred but yesterday similar outbreaks of impatience and ambition and natural resistance to all the obstacles of life, Colin would have felt deeply humiliated in his youthful fervour; or, if he could but have penetrated the film of softening dew in his mother's eyes, and beheld there the woman's perennial spectatorship of that conflict which goes on for ever. Instead of that, he thought he was making a new revelation to his hearers; he thought he was cruel to them, tearing asunder their pleasant mists of illusion, and disenchanting their eyes; he had not an idea that they knew all about it better than he did, and were watching him along the familiar path which they all had trod in different ways, and of which they knew the inevitable ending. Colin, in the heat and im-

patience of his youth, took full advantage of his moment of utterance. He poured forth in his turn that flood of immeasurable discontent with all conditions and restrictions, which is the privilege of his years. To be sure, the restrictions and conditions surrounding himself were, so far as he knew, the sole objects of that indignation and scorn and defiance which came to his lips by force of nature. The mistress listened, for her part, with that mortification which is always the woman's share. She understood him, sympathised with him, and yet did not understand nor could tolerate his dissent from all that in her better judgment she had decided upon on his behalf. She was far more tender, but she was less tolerant than the other spectators of Colin's outburst; and mingled with all her personal feeling was a sense of wounded pride and mortification, that her boy had thus betrayed himself "before a stranger." "If we had been our lane, it would have been less matter," she said to herself, as she wiped the furtive tears hurriedly from the corners of her eyes.

When Colin had come to an end there was a pause. The boy himself thought it was a pause of horror and consternation, and perhaps was rather pleased to produce an effect in some degree corresponding to his own excitement. After that moment of silence, however, the farmer got up from his chair. "Its very near time we were a' gaun to our beds," said big Colin. "I'll take a look round to see that the beasts are comfortable, and then we'll have in the hot water. You and me can have a talk the morn," said the farmer to his son. That was all the reply which the youth received from the parental authorities. When the master went out to look after the beasts, Lauderdale followed to the door, where Colin in another moment strayed after him, considerably mortified, to tell the truth; for even his mother addressed herself to the question of "hot water," which implied various other accessories of the homely supper-table; and the

young man, in his excitement and elevation of feeling, felt as if he had suddenly tumbled down out of the stormy but lofty firmament, into which he was soaring—down, with a shock, into the embraces of the homely tenacious earth. He went after his friend, and stood by Lauderdale's side, looking out into a darkness so profound that it made his eyes ache and confused his very mind. The only gleam of light visible in earth or heaven was big Colin's lantern, which showed a tiny gleam from the door of the byre where the farmer was standing. All the lovely landscape round the loch and the hills, the sky and the clouds, lay unseen—hidden in the night. "Which is an awfu' grand moral lesson, if we had true sense to discern it," said the voice of Lauderdale ascending half way up to the clouds; "for the loch has na' vanished, as might be supposed, but only the light. As for you, callant," said the philosopher, "you hae neither the light nor the darkness as yet, but are aye seeing miraculous effects like yon man Turner's pictures, Northern Streamers, or Aurora Borealis, or whatever ye may call it. And it's but just you should have your day;" with which words Lauderdale heaved a great sigh, which moved the clouds of hair upon Colin's forehead, and even seemed to disturb for a moment, the profound gloom of the night.

"What do you mean by having my day?" said Colin, who was affronted by the suggestion. "You know I have said nothing that is not true. Can I help it if I see the difficulties of my own position more clearly than you do, who are not in my circumstances?" cried the lad with a little indignation. Lauderdale, who was watching the lantern gliding out and in through the darkness, was some time before he made any reply.

"I'm no surprised at yon callant Leander, when one comes to think of it," he said in his reflective way; "it's a fine symbol, that Hero in her tower. May be she took the lamp from the altar and left the household god in

darkness," said the calm philosopher; "but that makes no difference to the story. I would na' say but I would swim the Hellespont myself for such an inducement—or the Holy Loch—its little matter which—but whiles she lets fall the torch before you get to the end—"

"What on earth do you mean? or what has Hero to do with me?" cried Colin, with a secret flush of shame and rage, which the darkness concealed but which he could scarcely restrain.

"I was not speaking of you—and after all, it's but a fable," said Lauderdale; "most history is fable, you know; it's no actual events, (which I never believe in, for my part,) but the instincts o' the human mind that make history, and that's how the Heros and Leanders are aye to be accounted for. He was drowned in the end like most people," said Lauderdale, turning back to the parlour where the mistress was seated, pondering with a troubled countenance upon this new aspect of her boy's life. Amid the darkness of the world outside this tender woman sat in the sober radiance of her domestic hearth, surrounded and enshrined by light; but she was not, like Hero, on the tower.

Colin, too, came back, following his friend with a flush of excitement upon his youthful countenance. After all, the idea was not displeasing to the young man. The Hellespont, or the Holy Loch, was nothing to the bitter waters which he was prepared to breast for the sake of the imaginary torch held up in the hand of that imaginary woman who was beckoning Colin, as he thought, into the unknown world. Life was beginning anew in his person, and all the fables had to be enacted over again; and what did it matter to the boy's heroic fancy, if he too should go to swell the records of the noble martyrs, and be drowned, as Lauderdale said, like most people in the end.

There was no more conversation upon that important subject until next morning, when the household of Ramore got up early, and sat down to breakfast before it was perfect daylight; but Colin's heart jumped to his mouth, and a visible thrill went through the whole family, when the farmer came in from his early inspection of all the byres and stables, with another letter from Sir Thomas Frankland conspicuous in his hand.

To be continued.

THE SLEEPERS.

Lo! night upon the mighty city, night
Has spread its robe of misty, drizzling air,
Broke only by the dull lamp's yellow light,
And by the drunkard's streaming temple-glare.
Night! and the faintly murmur'd sounds of prayer
Can scarcely struggle upwards through the din,
Drowned by the ceaseless sighs of weary care,
And reckless shouts of revelry and sin.

Yet nothing but a long-drawn sob of pain
Breaketh the sleep of these two children there,
Stretch'd, clasp'd so close, each other's heat to gain,
Upon that ancient church's cold stone stair.
The younger's head is on his brother's breast,
The elder has his arms around him thrown—
A clasp of love which makes their slumber blest,
And softens through the night their couch of stone.

Ay! when so many children sunk to sleep
 Lull'd by a tender mother's love-tun'd song,
 These homeless wand'ers turn'd themselves to weep
 Within each other's bosoms, while along,
 Through many a crowded street, their mother-city
 Pour'd on their ears her voices all unblest;
 Lest they should die, she gave, in bitter pity,
 Her stony bosom as a place of rest.

Strange are the shapes the mystery of life
 Must take before them; strange their glances cast
 On man and this fair earth. Want, pain, and strife
 Have been the coloured windows of their past.
 Some children know each spot by joyance o'er:
 "Here," these may say, "our bleeding feet once stain'd
 The pavement; there our limbs could move no more;
 Here we sat shiv'ring while it blew and rain'd."

Yet we should know that through the vault of heaven
 The broken sobs of children sound more loud
 Than all the thunder from our cannon driven,
 Than all the laughs of fashion's thoughtless crowd,
 Than all the noisy din of busy labour,
 Than all stupidity's self-commendation,
 Than every sounding brass and hollow tabor
 Which waft our prayers and hymns of self-laudation.

Would that some thunder-voice, our dull sleep breaking,
 Might cry through burgher streets, and lordly towers,
 That social wheels are all of our own making,
 And every victim ground to dust is ours.
 Vainly our altars raise their smoke to heaven,
 When brother's blood is steaming on the sod;
 Vainly our light prayers beat the gates of heaven
 When groans of children pierce the ear of God.

Sleep, hapless ones! rocked on life's moaning wave.
 Your mother, Earth, will yet give dreamless sleep.
 Ye will not clasp each other in the grave;
 Ye will not turn yourselves to moan and weep.
 Still through this cloudy depth of sin and woe
 May your love's light before your footsteps glide,
 Till, in the mantle of the winter snow,
 Death wraps you sleeping calmly side by side.

A. WILSON.

LOOKING OUT FOR SQUALLS.

Few who are at all acquainted with the coast of Sussex but know that low gravelly point of land running far out into the sea, called "Selsey Bill." Tradition saith that Selsey was formerly an island

formed by the meeting of the back waters of Chichester and Pagham harbours, and that its original name was Seal Sea Island, from the fact that seals were occasionally found upon its shores.

Something better than tradition also declares that it was the seat of the first Bishop of Chichester, who, many hundred years ago, made it his episcopal capital.

Standing, at this day, upon that shingly beach, and looking round upon the dreary flat, with only a small straggling village, and a few scattered farm-houses, and an unpretending little church far away among the trees, one can scarcely believe that it ever could have been the paradise of holy men who had the credit of always selecting the smuggest nooks in England as their abiding-places; but the fact is, that we cannot now form any opinion as to the eligibility of the actual site, because that has long since disappeared. The sea has encroached so much upon that shore, that the cathedral or monastery (or whatever it was) has been long since entirely submerged, and small vessels now find an anchorage, with three fathoms water, in what is still known as "the Park," doubtless from having been at some remote period, before the sea swept over it, part of the episcopal domain. Perhaps, where the little coaster now casts her anchor, a few hundred yards from the beach, once roamed the deer, under the shadow of the trees, or even the cathedral or palace-wall itself. The remains of ancient buildings, nigh buried in the sand, are, it is said, to be still seen at low water.

But to-day we have cause more to rejoice over the present, than to mourn the past. This Selsey Bill, with its belongings, is a most dangerous locality for the unwary shipman. Look out seaward, and you will descry—scarcely, however, without the help of a glass—a light-ship pitching in the troubled waters. She seems hull-down, she is so far from shore—some seven miles away. That is called the Owers' Light, off Selsey Bill. She is moored on the very elbow of a shoal, and between her and the shore on which we are standing it is scarcely safe for vessels to pass. There are intricate channels known to the skilful pilot, but the good old Bishop's domain is yet too near the

surface of the water to make it anything but very hazardous for a stranger to get inshore of the Owers' Light. Indeed, even now at half ebb, the breakers are very plainly seen, while, at low water, much of the rocks is dry. Now the shoals and reefs, extending so far out to sea (in fact nearly seven miles from the shore), are, consequently, very treacherous. Lying as they do in the direct course of vessels coming through Spithead and bound to the Thames, or even in the way of vessels coming up channel round the back of the Wight, and *vice versa*, they have been the destruction of many a brave ship. From the stout man-of-war, running for Portsmouth to the collier-brig standing northward, many a sad tale is told of their perishing. Caught in a south-west or south-easterly gale, and too near in shore, the wind and current carried them hopelessly in on the Owers (now one sheet of foam, because of the furious surf that breaks there), and they soon went to pieces.

It is because of this very going to pieces, and the hapless case of many a gallant heart, that we are down at Selsey Bill to-day. Look at that large, new-looking building, much resembling a comfortable, good-sized carriage-house. It stands facing the sea, at about 150 yards from high watermark, and, with its flagstaff and ensign, is conspicuously seen. Around its open doors are grouped a number of boatmen, and preventive men from the neighbouring station, and the excitement amongst them evidently betokens something unusual. And so there is. A glance within those open doors explains it all. It is the life boat-house of the Royal National Institution, and there, high upon her launching-carriage, rests the life-boat. We walk round her. Beautifully built, and as strong, and as complete as she can be put together, she looks fit for any weather. And then the name emblazoned on her bows, "Friend" (in commemoration of a handsome donation given to the Institution by members of the Society of Friends), seems so appropriate. But this is the occasion of her

quarterly exercise, and we shall see her better presently. She has everything on board—oars, masts, sails, rudder shipped and all, and is ready to run down to the water's edge at a moment's notice. And they do not wait long for that. Watch in hand, to note the time so occupied, the gallant chairman of the local committee gives the word to run her out, and launch her. In an instant, twice a score of stalwart arms are hauling at the ropes with a will. The boat and carriage together weigh some five tons ; but this is nothing in such hands, and with a cheer she runs out upon the turf, and is soon ploughing through the deep shingle-bank beyond. One has now only to imagine a stranded vessel out there upon the reef, with the distress-signal in her rigging, and the great breakers beating so furiously over her that she cannot hold together perhaps an hour longer. One has only to imagine the sheets of spray so blinding the whole horizon, that we can scarcely make her out, and the gale blowing so madly that not another sound can be heard ; and, if then we add to this the utter uselessness of any ordinary boat attempting to put out to rescue, and the sad looks of the fishermen, as they stand helpless on the beach, unable to render the slightest aid to their fellows perishing out there among the breakers—one, I say, has only to picture this, and then his heart will go with the life-boat, hurrying to the water's edge. And she is soon there. Those strong and willing arms force her through the heavy shingle, until they reach the declivity of the beach. Then she runs down by her own weight ; her crew leap in and take the oars ; the carriage runs partly into the sea, and, at a word, the pin is withdrawn, the carriage tilts up, and the boat glides off swiftly into the water. The men give way at the oars, and she is off. Only seven minutes have elapsed from the time she quitted the boat-house until she is afloat.

But the skies are clear and bright, and the sea is smooth to-day, and so she will only pull a little and cruise a little, and then come back to watch for a real need. And she presents a pretty sight. Every one of her crew (and she pulls twelve oars¹) has his life-belt on ; and somehow this, taken in connexion with the unusually buoyant appearance of the boat herself, as she goes bounding along, occasions a wonderful confidence in her. Besides, she looks strong for the very wildest sea. Everything about her is the best that can be used, put together with the knowledge that precious lives depended on the work.

But now she is making sail. Her build is not perhaps favourable for sailing to windward, but yet she really makes her way upon a wind surprisingly. Her coxswain understands her capabilities, and knows just what she can do.

Ashore they are preparing for her return. A capstan is rigged out on the higher part of the beach ; a line of portable skids is laid down, and, as soon as the boat touches the shingle, a purchase-tackle is hooked on, the capstan manned, and the boat will be gradually drawn up until it reaches the carriage—which is presently done. After an hour's cruise she steers homeward. A little trouble to place her stem on the skid, and the windlass does the rest. The carriage tilts up the reverse way now, and becomes an inclined plane up which the life-boat is drawn ; the forewheels are connected, and she travels to her house again, ready for the next summons.

We return home, thankful that such a good work is going on : for the humanity that prompted it—for the generosity that carries it out. The lives of those poor fellows to whom we owe so many of our luxuries are surely worth our caring for ; and England, we feel sure, will never refuse to hold out a hand to succour them in an hour of peril.

¹ With a coxswain and a bowman.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

OLD MARISCHAL COLLEGE—DR. WILLIAM KNIGHT—LOCAL MISCELLANEA
—WILLIAM THOM OF INVERURY.

"By St. Andrew," says Dugald Dalgetty in the "Legend of Montrose," when the seeming serving-man of Lord Menteith declines to help him to unbuckle the armour which he is feeling somewhat tight around his portly person after the feast in the Highland castle, "here's a common fellow, a stipendiary with four pounds a year and a livery-cloak, thinks himself too good to serve Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, who has studied humanity at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and served half the princes of Europe." And all through the story the valiant Ritt-master keeps reminding those about him of this fact of his having studied at Marischal College as one of his chief distinctions. Even in that tremendous moment when, in the dungeon at Inverary, he astutely recognises the spy who has secretly entered to talk with him as being no other than the great Argyle himself, and, springing on his wily lordship, brings him to the ground, and, pinning him there by main strength, throttles him into capitulation—even in that tremendous moment the thought of the dear Alma Mater in the north country flashes through his stalwart mind, and it is with a quotation of Marischal College Latin that he negotiates with the prostrate Marquis. Blessings on thy memory, if only for Alma Mater's sake, thou shrewd and doughty Sir Dugald; and may thy last days have been peaceful, with the widow Strachan for thy spouse, in thy regained paternal estate of Drumthwacket! Great as is my veneration, on historical grounds, for the Presbyterian Marquis, whom men called Gillespie Grumach on account of the cast in his eye, I confess I can

never read how thou didst pin him in his own dungeon without forgetting altogether that it was the cause of Presbyterianism that was imperilled, and feeling my heart leap with glee that my fellow-collegian was uppermost.

As Marischal College was founded in 1593, and as Dalgetty left it at the age of eighteen, to carry the learning whilk he had acquired there, and his gentle bluid and designation, together with his pair of stalwart arms, and legs conform, into the German wars, it is a matter of easy calculation that this most celebrated of all the sons of Marischal College must have left its cloisters about 1620, and must have belonged to the latter end of its first generation of students. It is not creditable to the academic anti-quarianism of the place that there has never been a search in the college-books for his matriculation-entry. But I would fain here rouse the academic anti-quarianism of the place to a larger labour than this. Why have we not a history of Marischal College and University, or, at least, an *Athens et Fasti* of that venerable institution? Though the Ritt-master Dalgetty may be her most celebrated alumnus, and though she may have been chiefly heard of over the world at large in association with his name, yet, even before Sir Dugald sat at her bursars' table and there learnt that art of rapid mastication which he found so useful to him in after life, she had sent forth one or two sons of some note; and, if to these were added the much longer list of her eminent alumni from Sir Dugald's days down to the present time—ending, let us say, with that Sir James Outram, the Bayard of India, whom Sir Dugald himself would

have respected, albeit Outram's soldier-ship was of a more dashing and irregular type than that which Sir Dugald favoured, and his famous refusal of Indian prize-money would have seemed to Sir Dugald a piece of needless punctiliousness—then the roll of the notabilities of Marischal College might seem not an insignificant one. At all events, it is the bounden duty of any Anthony Wood that may be living now in Aberdeen to do his best to draw it up, imbedding it in such a text of the general history of the College as he can prepare. Or, if there is no one Anthony Wood to do the work, then let some local antiquarian society put their heads together, and at least give us a volume of Marischal College dates, documents, and lists of names, such as the King's College people have already executed for *their* institution. For, alas! the history may now be rounded off and complete. Marischal College and University exists no longer in its separate identity. It was fused, a year or two ago, along with King's College, into the single University of Aberdeen. There is still a fine granite building called Marischal College, in which a portion of the work of the united University is carried on; but the real antique establishment—Dugald Dalgetty's Marischal College and mine—is no longer in *rerum naturâ*. All is apt, therefore, for the writing of its history.

Ah! the massive old pile in the great space of ground entered by the old gateway from the Broadgate, how well I can see it yet! Not the fine modern building which visitors to Aberdeen now look at, and which was finished about 1842, at a cost of some £21,000; but its predecessor on the same site—a great, square, hulking, yet lofty, ancient lump of a building, impressive by its amorphous gray massiveness even in the daylight, but in winter-nights quite weirdly to look at in the dark space that enshrined it, with the few lights twinkling in some of its small windows, and the stars seeming to roll, soliciting astrological watch, over the battlements of

its high observatory! There it had stood, the main part of it, the same through all the years since Dugald Dalgetty had seen it; and, mayhap, on the battlements of its left tower, astrologers, in the shape of mantled old professors, *had* watched, and, groping up the turret-stairs in the dark, one might encounter their professorial ghosts. And then the class-rooms as we sat in them by day—all old and quaint, though some older and quainter than others—and the great common hall, stretching the whole width of the main building in the first storey, with its old chimney-piece in the middle, on which were carved the arms of the Earls Marischal, with their noble motto of scorn for public opinion ("*Aiunt: Quid aiunt? Aiant;*" or, in English, "They say: What say they? Let them say"), and its wainscoted walls hung with many old portraits of historical interest by George Jamesone and others. Among these was a portrait of Descartes, which I could never cease gazing at—it was such a queer, puckered old face. The hair came down over the forehead, and the eyebrows were arched up to meet the hair, so that, between the two, the forehead, which was broad enough, had not an inch of visible height. But he looked a terribly determined intellectual little devil for all that; and, though I knew little about him, and rather wondered at first how any mortal, wherever he was born, could have had a name that seemed so like the plural of a wheeled vehicle, he and I took a fancy for each other. There were other portraits, some of them of old Aberdonians, or other Scotchmen, that interested me; but none, as far as I recollect, so much as this. And so, for four years, often in this public hall, but oftener still in the class-rooms where we were taught all that Marischal College had to teach, we wore the red gowns and the red velvet collars which were the compulsory costume of the Students of Arts, till one early spring-day we were ranged ceremoniously in the public hall, some eighteen or twenty of us who had completed the curriculum out of a class

originally seventy strong, and there, clad all uncouthly in black silk gowns, which the college-beadles had begged, borrowed, or stolen from the city-clergy for the occasion, were made to repeat the words of a Latin oath, and, having been dabbed on the head individually by the Principal with a sacred bit of black velvet, were created and admitted Masters of Arts. When I think what *Magister Artium* implies according to the English standard, and then recollect what a flock of fledglings we were (the youngest of us exactly sixteen years and four months old) that flew off into the world from that northern nursery of learning, feathered legally with the fine designation, the thing does seem rather absurd. Matters, however, have been considerably mended of late in the Scottish system in this respect; and it is right to say that, even in those days, in some of the Scottish universities—at all events, in that of Edinburgh—the degree of A.M. was a much rarer honour, won only by a very few every year after a very special examination.

The regular college-session was in winter only, or from the beginning of November to the end of March. It was during these five winter months that the red gowns of the "Colliginers," as they were called by the town's-people, made the streets of Aberdeen picturesque. The bright new gowns of the freshmen, or first year's students, marked them out for persecution by their seniors; and it was considered desirable to get the velvet collars ink-stained and the sleeves and body toned down in colour as soon as possible. The fourth year's students, or "Magistrands," were easily recognised by the superior tatteredness and discoloration of their scarlet garb. It was only the Arts' students, who may have numbered about 250 in all, that wore this flaring costume; the less numerous students of the other three faculties—to wit, Law, Medicine, and Theology—wore no peculiar dress. In general the four faculties had little interconnexion—the students of each attending their own set of professors in their own part of

the college; but there was always one period of the college-session when all were brought together pell-mell. This was the period at which the students of all the faculties exercised in common the grand privilege, which belonged to them by charter, of electing their Lord Rector for the year. Sometimes English readers may note a paragraph in the London newspapers stating that Lord So-and-so, or the Earl of So-and-so, or the Duke of So-and-so, or at least some Baronet or Right Honourable—almost invariably one of the most conspicuous statesmen of the kingdom—has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, or has lost the election in competition with some other public man, equally well known. But if only the English reader of such a casual paragraph could have got inside the vast local uproar and excitement of which the paragraph was the condensed result! Talk of the Saturnalia of a contested election! The humours of the wildest and noisiest election of a member of Parliament for an English borough could not be richer than those which I recollect as attending our annual election of a Lord Rector for old Marischal College. It was an affair of some three weeks. First there were the meetings of the separate classes, in which all sorts of persons, likely and unlikely, were proposed; then there were the aggregate meetings, in which the three or four candidates that had by this time been pitched upon by general agreement, were upheld and discussed; and, lastly, there was the grand meeting in the hall on election-day, most of the professors being present, when the two or perhaps the three candidates that it had been resolved finally to pit against each other, were formally nominated and seconded amid cheers and yellings from the multitude—after which the whole body of the electors retired to vote individually in the four "nations" into which they were distributed. Each "nation" included all who were natives of a particular region of Scotland traditionally marked out—one of the

"nations," however, including all stray comers from non-Scottish parts of the earth ; and it was ultimately decided, not by the absolute majority of individual votes, but by the majority of the collective votes of the "nations," who was the successful candidate. When the votes of the "nations" stood as 2 to 2, so as to require a casting-vote from the out-going Rector (which might easily happen), or when the candidate elected by the majority of the "nations" had not the majority of the individual votes (which might also happen) there would be a perfect phrenzy of mutual protests and upbraidings, and the very professors, if they interfered, would be bearded and defied. And O the oratory, the oratory, at those meetings ! The speakers at the aggregate meetings were, as a matter of course, the older students—generally students of divinity—we the red-gowned youngsters contenting ourselves with our humbler duty of roaring and counter-roaring, hissing and counter-hissing, and laughing till our sides ached. We were a remorseless audience, and we knew good speeches from bad. Some really good speeches were made, and we were always fair enough to give *them* a hearing on whatever side they chanced to be ; but no mercy was shown to any poor wretch that gave us a chance, by any oddity of manner or physiognomy, or any blunder of utterance, of shrieking him down. "I care not for the hiss of the serpent, nor for the sardonic laugh of the hyena," said one speaker, when our demonstrations were going against him—a poor timid creature, as we all knew, whom a moderately fierce duck would, at any other time, have driven to flight—and there and then the serpents and the hyenas extinguished *him*. "Is Dr. Abercromby going to make a *moniply* of it ?" asked one Highland orator, on an occasion when it was proposed that the existing Lord Rector, Dr. Abercromby, the distinguished physician of Edinburgh, should be re-elected ; and, when, irritated by the burst of laughter which followed his mispronunciation of the word "*monopoly*," he told us

farther, in his Highland accents, that we "might as well attempt to stem the Atlantic with a straa" as to put *him* down, you should have seen how the straw did stem the Atlantic. "This proposition has been nipped in the bud—I may say, strangled in the womb," said a dapper medical Irishman, who had somehow impressed his party as a master of rhetoric, fit to be put forward as their spokesman on the great election-day ; and I never saw anything neater than the way in which the exact kind of strangulation specified was performed, that same instant, on *his* speech. All in all, I would not for the world that these occasions of rollick, and of college-liberty broken loose, should be done away with. Except that there was far more of the nonsense of Whig-and-Tory antagonism in the Rectorial contests than befitted their nature, the elections, I fancy, were honest and judicious enough. Besides, it is well that among the customs of university life there should be some that, if they have no other purpose, shall at least be the means of accumulating, in extra abundance at particular points, reminiscences of fun for future years.

The Arts' curriculum of four years was so arranged that in each year there was one principal or dominant class, called the Regent's class, and other secondary or attached classes. The attendance on the Regent's class was for three hours daily, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, which were half-holidays ; and for each of the other classes there was generally a distinct daily hour. The following, with the omission of an incidental item or two of weekly general lecture in Divinity or in the Evidences of Christianity, is a scheme of the complete curriculum :—

FIRST YEAR : Regent's Class, *Greek* ; Additional Class, *Latin* or *Humanity*.

SECOND YEAR : Regent's Class, *Natural and Civil History* (a most extraordinary conjunction of subjects according to our modern ideas, though theoretically more justifiable than may at first appear, and once perhaps practically valid and convenient) ; Additional Classes, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Mathematics*, and (optionally) *Chemistry*.

THIRD YEAR: Regent's Class, *Natural Philosophy*; Additional Classes, *Mathematics*, *Extra Greek*, and (optionally) *Chemistry*.

FOURTH YEAR: Regent's Class, *Moral Philosophy* and *Logic*; Additional Classes, *Extra Mathematics*, and *Double Extra Greek*; both optional.

It has been my experience that in every educational institution a certain proportion of the teachers, varying from one-fourth to one-third of the whole number, are always, either by natural incapacity or by debilitation from old age (but chiefly, I think, from the first cause), very unfit for their work. Resuming my recollections now of dear old Marischal College, I cannot, in conscience, declare that it was an exception to this rule. Let me not mince matters. We had among our professors two old men, who ought either never to have been there, or to have been superannuated long before I and my coevals became acquainted with them. Strike out the Civil History from the business of the Regent's class of the second year, so as to leave only the Natural History; and, seeing that we met compulsorily in the class three hours a day for five months, there was certainly a possibility that we should then and there have been put in possession of such a general smattering of Mineralogy, Hydrology, Geology, Meteorology, Botany, and Zoology as would have been useful to all of us in our subsequent lives, and as might have determined beneficially the whole future direction of the lives and studies of some. That is the use of compulsory attendance on a course of professorial lectures. It is physical detention at an impressive period of life in a room where certain orders of ideas are kept sounding and circulating in the air; a certain tincture of them must perforce be imbibed by all, and in some the effect may be that passionate intellectual tastes are awakened, and deep latent capabilities reached. Alas! the Natural History that we got was such a five months' drivel about miscellaneous matters uninteresting to the soul of man or horse, that how we listened to it at all is a marvel only explained by the submission of those who feel themselves

liable to pains and penalties. Mineralogy, Botany, or Zoology we had none; and, as for the rest, the sole bit of the course over which, in my memory, there rests yet a gleam of light was a long account, introduced somewhere, of the draining of Blair Drummond Moss. When I think of the course now, I see a great bog, in which some men are digging ditches, and others carting away the wet peat; I know that this bog was somewhere in the middle of the course, but all round it I recall nothing but mist. Poor old gentleman! let me not be too hard upon him! He had been a favourite pupil of the great Black, so that there must have been every reason to think, at the time of his appointment, that he would do well; and to the last, I am told, he used to amuse himself very expertly with geometrical problems. But by the time he descended to us, bringing the Blair Drummond Moss with him, he was old and feeble, and incapable of doing justice even to that fascinating feat of drainage. We used him very ill. I have seen his tall and thin body rolling in the snow in the college-yard by the accident of a slip when he turned to arrest some rascal that had thrown a snow-ball at him; and, though we did pick him up with reverence and pity then, we showed him little mercy in the class-room. While he was lecturing, snatches of song would sometimes rise from an inscrutable part of the room, captivating additional voices, till the whole class was in chorus. Or, more ingeniously, we would extract amusement from him by gravely putting to him the most absurd questions. "Is it true, Doctor," one student is reported to have asked, mimicking his mode of pronunciation to his face, "that the moon is made of green cheese?" "O, no," was the reply, "it is a vulgar fallacy." Think of that, and conceive our Professor of Natural History. His companion in senility was the Professor of Moral Philosophy—a man who had been of some power in his earlier days, and who retained a kind of sternness of look which helped to keep order in his class, but whose

diluted dictations from Reid and Beattie were poor nutriment for our young powers of speculation. Although he could frown from his desk, it was from habit and from a general notion that something wrong must be going on, and not from any knowledge where or what the wrong was. The chief form of wrong, so far as I recollect, was that four or five of the students, who had constituted themselves into what they called a *Pro Bono Publico* Club, used frequently to disappear during the lecture into the dark hollow space underneath the rising tiers of benches, and there hold their secret club-meetings with bottled porter and mutton pies, bobbing up now and then to see that all was right and the Moral Philosophy going on. One incident in the class I shall never forget. The aged man was lecturing, and he had come to the phrase in his manuscript "Study sedulously" without any change in his usual manner. "Study sed—" he uttered in his usual hard voice, but he got no farther than the last syllable. "Sed—sed—sed—r-r—" he repeated or gurgled once or twice, and then, articulating no more, looked vacantly round. For the time all his powers of articulation and memory were utterly gone, and it was as if a black curtain had fallen between his consciousness and the outer world. He was carried home, and was able to return and resume duty the next day ; but we were always in expectation of a recurrence of the ghastly incident, and occasionally it did recur.

There is real pain in setting down such things as these, but I hold it to be a duty. When I think what youth is—how eager, how docile by right matter and by right measures—when I remember that splendid distinction of the young which the poet has celebrated when he says—

"Still are they fit alike for weeping and for laughter ;

The flight they still admire, the flash with pleasure see ;

Who finished is, is scarce worth looking after ;
The growing one will always thankful be."

then, just because youth itself is so little

critical and so easily pleased, it seems to me that society is bound to be doubly critical and exacting in its behalf. That, by the great age or the incapacity of the holder of an academic post, a generation of young men, in any particular neighbourhood, should go forth into the world deprived of all that they might have learnt, and would gladly have learnt, had the reality corresponded with the appearance, is a very serious matter. I suppose the most practical form of remedy, next to increased care and conscientiousness in election to posts, is in that plan of superannuation with regulated retiring-allowances, which I believe is part of the new Scottish University system.

But I have put the worst first. Among our professors were some admirable and most efficient men, in thinking of whom, and of the style in which they did their work, I can now see that old Marischal College, at the time under notice, was unusually fortunate in its staff. It was not flashy work, perhaps ; but it was real sound teaching, in conformity with the needs and habits of that granite region. I could name three men yet alive who, in the honourable retirement into which they have withdrawn since the union of King's and Marischal Colleges, and the consequent superannuation of some of the professors, can look back on lives of duty well done, and can never be mentioned by me, or by hundreds of others, without affection and respect. But it is chiefly of the dead that I have purposed to speak in these papers ; and of these dead there are also some associated gratefully in my memory with old Marischal College. One was that noble Melvin, of whom I have already given some account, and who, in my days, still held, along with the Rectorship of the Grammar School, the Marischal College Lectureship in Humanity. Passing him, I will say a few words about one of the professors, dead some years before Melvin, who was also excellent in his way, and the fashion of whose influence on the young *gens togata* that passed through his hands was somewhat subtle and singular.

DR. WILLIAM KNIGHT.

It was in the third year that we came into the charge of Dr. Knight, who was our Professor of Natural Philosophy. Within the first day or two, I remember well, we felt ourselves in a new kind of professorial presence. The class was an unusually full one, as it was always attended by some "private students," of riper years, from the town, in addition to the regular red-gowned students who had to go through the college-classes in a certain fixed order. Lecturing to this class—either from his desk, where he would read continuously from the manuscript through a gold-mounted double eye-glass, held lightly between his forefinger and thumb, and often removed so that he could survey the class freely, and yet not lose the thread of his reading; or else from the floor, to which he would frequently descend so as to be near the apparatus-table, and where he would generally speak extempore, without book or eye-glass—lecturing to us thus, we saw a man in the prime of mature life, of middle height, of fairish or pale complexion, with a fringe of scant, fair hair about the temples and round by the ears, but bald a-top, so that his head looked of the laterally compressed type, long from back to front, rather than round, broad, or high. On the whole it was a handsome enough face, but with a curious air of lurking irony about the corners of the mouth. But his greatest personal peculiarity—a peculiarity known to us before from his appearances in the public hall, but now noted more particularly—was his voice. Though, as we came to know afterwards, he was an unusually muscular man—so that, in an experiment testing the degree of force necessary to pull asunder two metal hemispheres, he could easily, planting firmly his somewhat out-bowed legs, pull towards him or across the room, with his left hand only, the strongest student selected to pull against him—his voice was remarkably feeble and of high pitch. One of his favourite phrases was "so to speak"; it occurred in every second or

third sentence when he talked extempore; and the students, in allusion to his vocal peculiarity, used to translate it into "so to squeak." But this was doing him injustice; for his voice, though feeble, had a quiet determination in it, and was audible through the class by another quality than shrillness. It was such a voice as I believe Charlemagne had—if the reader is ingenious enough to infer anything about my Natural Philosophy professor from that magnificent analogy. He was a Charlemagne among us, I can tell you, and, for all his feeble voice, governed us tightly, and now and then tongued us with a sarcastic scurrility which no other professor ventured on, and which was far from pleasant.

The matter of his lectures was good, and, for students at our stage, rich in a new sort of interest. They had been very carefully prepared, and were written out in a neat small hand in octavo note-books, made of the fine thick old Whatman paper which we never see now-a-days—blank spaces being left for additions as they might be suggested. First of all we had an introductory set of lectures, extending over about a fortnight, on the partitions of human knowledge, on the scope of Natural Philosophy, on the prominent facts in its history, on the phases of philosophical method, and, above all, on Bacon and his inductive system. A kind of abstract was given of parts of Bacon's *De Augmentis* and his *Novum Organum*; and I got an inkling of what my queer-visaged friend, Descartes, had been driving at, though I was told to consider it a very hopeless kind of anti-Aristotelian whirl, or rotation after one's own tail, as compared with that splendid shifting of the wheels of the human mind into the eternally right road which Bacon had effected. Altogether, I suppose I should now find the matter of these lectures to have been rather popular, and of a kind that would now be superseded; but the presentation of it was singularly lucid, and it was all then very stimulating and new. We had glimpses of new wonders of knowledge,

and of a kind of activity of mind different from that exhibited either in classical erudition, or in mathematical problems, and dealing with Nature herself on a large scale. We first came to have a notion what *thinking* or *speculating* might be. And then, when passing from such preliminary matter, Knight led us, in a leisurely and orderly manner, through these seven successive divisions of his course—(1) Somatology, (2) Dynamics, (3) Mechanics, (4) Hydrodynamics (subdivided into Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Aerostatics, and Pneumatics), (5) Electricity, including Magnetism, (6) Optics, and (7) Astronomy—although we frequently lost sight of the thinking faculty in its philosophical mode, yet every now and then we saw it spurt up again, and we had the results of its supposed circuitous action in the masses of scientific information, under each division, that were spread out before us. Knight's deficiency, according to the Cambridge standard of a Natural Philosophy professor, was in the shallowness of his mathematics. His course was one rather of rich and miscellaneous descriptive information, than of mathematical investigation and demonstration. He introduced formulæ and calculations now and then ; but his lectures were rather like an exceedingly interesting and well-arranged scientific encyclopædia for moderately mathematical readers. As he was, however, a neat experimenter, and had at his command an excellent collection of apparatus, models, &c., he taught us a great deal more than it would have been easy to acquire by any possible course of private reading, while, for those who chose to avail themselves of it, there was a special library of standard books in Natural Philosophy, attached to the class. And, what was best of all, he made us give him in every week a written essay on some subject recently discussed in the class, compelling us to punctuality by a fine in case of default. The essays were all returned to us at the end of the session—whether read by him or not (for there were some fifty or sixty every week) may be left to con-

jecture. He had read samples of them, at least ; for he had a pretty shrewd idea who could write best.

Apart from that benefit from Knight's Natural Philosophy course which consisted in the superficial fertilizing of our minds by a large quantity of useful and well-administered information, and in the occasional stimulus of an example of beautiful generalization taken from the history of science, there was a certain pungent and insinuating influence, of the nature of which we were too little aware to be able to give a name to it, though the effects, I now can see, were wholesome. I have mentioned the expression of constant irony that lurked about the corners of Knight's mouth, interfering with the otherwise placid expression of his face, and that sometimes flashed over the whole face, till there came a look of dangerous malice in the eye, and the feeble voice would vituperate stingingly, if need were, in a select kind of Billingsgate. In truth, I believe that Knight lived and walked in Aberdeen in a perpetual relation of secret irony to everything around him, and especially to popular and clerical opinion. It was whispered among us, as a matter of tradition, that Knight was a sceptic, and that he had written books the copies of which he had carefully bought up so as to suppress them. One of his books, I believe, was entitled, "A Theory of the Earth ; but I do not think it was this book which he had bought up. What was its nature I do not know, never having seen it ; but I fancy there must have been queer matter in it, for Dr. Chalmers, who seemed to know it, and to have formed his idea of the author from it, revealed that idea to me once with an expressive smile when I mentioned Knight's name to him. But the book which Knight certainly tried to suppress, and of which, nevertheless, I did once contrive to see a stray copy, was a small volume, bearing the quaint title of "The First Day in Heaven." Unless my memory fails me after so many years, the opening sentence of this curious production was as follows:—"Emaciated, pale, and cadaverous, at

"the age of twenty-one, I lay upon my bed, awaiting the approach of the "Angel of Death." The Angel of Death does come to the bedside of the emaciated youth; the youth dies; and the volume goes on to narrate, by some means, the first experiences of the youth in the new world into which he has been ushered. In the act of death, he feels himself borne, in a kind of blissful swoon, through a violet atmosphere, on the dissolution of which from around him he opens his eyes in the realm of Heaven, and sees—I forget what all; but I remember distinctly that a considerable portion of the happiness of Heaven was made to consist in the rapid or intuitive acquisition of a kind of knowledge that did not seem very unlike a sublimation of Knight's own lectures on Natural Philosophy. I cannot recall any particular scepticism in the book, beyond what might be implied in its singular title, and in this substitution of Natural Philosophy, to so large an extent, for the more orthodox pleasures of the future state. But, in those days and in that latitude, the merest colourable suspicion of heterodoxy went a great way in the popular gossip about a man; and the notion *had* come down among us young fellows, that Knight had queer opinions, and that, as he walked in the streets, he laughed in his sleeve at a good deal of the pomposity around him. Most of us liked him the better, I believe, on this account. He had, indeed, now learnt to keep very much to himself any speculations he may have formerly entertained of a kind directly discordant with the Aberdonian medium in which he moved; and, in his intercourse with us, there were cases in which, so far from encouraging any juvenile affectation of eagerness after the forbidden fruit of which he was supposed to have eaten so largely himself, he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in snubbing it. Once, when he was acting as the college-librarian, and a very young student asked for Hume's Essays,—*"Haven't got it, master,"* said Knight coolly, with the faintest twitch of sarcasm on one side of his mouth; "we don't

keep such books in this college, my lad"—the book, as no one knew better, being at that moment within a few feet of him. Then, in all matters of public politics or college-procedure, Knight was a stickler for authority and existing regulation. A Tory by profession, he had more than the usual Tory amount of the *odi profanum vulgus* feeling—of contempt for democracy and mob-opinion. And yet, with all this secretiveness of manner and conservatism of method, the lurking Mephistopheles in Knight would break out. It would break out in his class-room, not only in the very free rhetoric of vituperation which he permitted himself when the behaviour of some student did not please him—"There are blackguards in every class, my lad, and you're one of the blackguards in this"—but also in the satirical tone of his references in his lectures to some popular living celebrities. But perhaps it was out of his class-room, in meeting two or three of his students at supper, or in encountering one of them by himself in a suburb of the town—and on such an occasion he would walk half a mile or so with the student, and chat away more familiarly than most of the other professors were known to do—it was then that these little Mephistophelic felicities of Knight, which we remembered and quoted to one another, were most apt to occur. An Aberdonian by birth, he had been in the same class with Lord Byron at the Aberdeen Grammar School, so that he had a very vivid recollection of the boyhood of the future poet; and this is how he once brought it in, when Byron was mentioned: "He had a most damnable disposition, Byron—a most damnable disposition. I remember his cutting the buttons off my coat as he sat beside me in the Grammar School; and I gave him a good hiding for it. He had a most damnable disposition. He said he hated a dumpy woman. He needn't have said that. His own mother was the dumpiest woman I ever saw in my life." On another occasion, walking up Marischal Street with a student, in a terribly disagreeable day of wind

and rain, which dashed direct against their faces in that street, he replied thus to some highly-intellectual remark of his companion about the fifteenth century : "I don't know about the fifteenth century ; all I know is, that this is a d—d bad day, whatever century it be in." Another time, walking and chatting with a student in a pleasant out-skirt of the town—it being the week of the half-yearly meeting of the Provincial Synod of the Clergy in Aberdeen, when there was always a good deal of ecclesiastical bustle for the townspeople to go and partake in—"Have you been at the Synod to-day, master, to hear the clergy debating ?" asked Knight ; and, on the reply being in the negative, "You should go," added he, "you should go *once*. See everything once, master ; see everything once, while you're young ; when you're older, you won't care so much about it." A good many more *memorabilia* of Knight might be collected, all consisting of such little satirical out-breaks tending to the disintegration of one's juvenile reverence for conventional beliefs and customs. Altogether, I can look back upon him now as a man of far more than average ability, who performed the duties of his post with beautiful regularity and efficiency, gave us much delightful matter that we were likely to get from no one else, and did us good even by those seemingly-malicious twichtings to the surface of some fund of unexpressed thought which circumstances compelled him to carry placidly to his grave. I have since noticed, that that feeble and high quality of voice which was Knight's greatest personal peculiarity is an almost constant sign of a fanatical or sceptical mind.

* * * *

Here, throwing off the red gown, and leaving old Marischal College to the ruthless masons whom I have watched for a year or two pulling down parts of it, and raising in its stead bits of that new granite building to which, in its completed state, *my* memory owes no allegiance, let me stroll through the town on the chance of a recollection or two of a less academic nature. I shall

not attend to dates, but will take things as they come.

A memorable incident was "The Burning of the Burking House." The story might be worth telling at length, were this the place for it. Suffice it to say that "The Burking House," as it was popularly named, was an anatomical school or dissecting-room, which, with a culpable carelessness of public prejudice—especially at a time when the recollection of the Burke-and-Hare murders was rife, and it was believed by the poor and ignorant in Scottish towns that secret burking to procure subjects for dissection was a regular practice in the medical profession—had been erected in an open part of the town, near the Infirmary, and in the midst of common dwelling-houses, inhabited by artisans and their families. For some time the house had been a horror in the neighbourhood. Children or servant-girls, if they had to pass that way in the dark, would keep on the other side of the street, and, when they came opposite the awful tenement, within which they fancied skeletons hung up and the sheeted dead lying on tables, would run as hard as they could in more than mortal fear. At last things became worse. It was rumoured that dogs had been seen coming out of the backyard of the premises with bones—and what bones?—in their mouths. Some such rumour, running through the households and workshops of that quarter of the town, stirred up elements in human nature deeper than obedience to law, and banded together a number of determined spirits among the younger workmen for an act of popular wrath. Not a whisper of what was intended had got about, when, one afternoon, in broad daylight, the building being then full of medical students and others attending the regular lecture, it was besieged by a body of men who had met on purpose, and who, first driving or pulling out all who were within it, then deliberately set it on fire. The Dr. Knight of whom I have just spoken chanced to be among those present in the building, and was one of the few who showed fight to the rioters ;

and the story of his personal prowess on this occasion, and how in particular he had grappled with two of the biggest rioters at the doorway, and hurled them back into the street, was among our college-legends of his strength. But this was several years before I knew him ; and all I recollect of the incidents of the riot is a muffled rumour, "The Burking House is on fire," that reached the Grammar School during lesson-hours, and our pelting down Blackfriars Street, after we were dismissed, to the scene of the uproar, where by that time the police were in force. Strangely enough, I forget what became of those who were arrested, or whether the real ringleaders were among them ; but I believe there was a disposition not to press matters too hard in a case where public sympathy with the motives of the rioters was so general ; and I have since had reason to suspect that among the ringleaders were some young mechanics of superior character and intelligence, afterwards well known.

Clergymen figure rather numerous among my Aberdonian reminiscences. Some of them were not members of the Established Scottish Church, but of one or other of those dissenting bodies which (the Free Church not then existing) formed a respectable minority of the Scottish people. Among these was Henry Angus, a man of stately presence and of a noble cast of head and countenance, who was minister of a small congregation that were much attached to him, but the really high character of whose powers was, I think, a discovery of a few students who, having chanced to hear him once or twice, and caring little for ecclesiastical denominations and distinctions, provided they could obtain what they called "ideas," went to his chapel again and again. Perhaps because he had become aware of this fact, and it roused the indolence of a naturally powerful mind that had been thrown too much into a quiet corner for its full development, they did get "ideas" for their pains, and were delighted now and then by flashes of imagination and expression beyond the usual popular range. Almost at the other pole among the preachers

of the town, and differing from Angus as rich farce differs from severe tragedy, was Patrick Robertson, usually styled "of Craigdam," after the country place where he had been minister before settling in Aberdeen. His congregation in Aberdeen was a chance gathering of the poorest of the poor, but was overflowing on Sunday evenings. He was a gray-haired veteran, whose natural genius, I should say, was mainly that of a humourist, and who carried something of the comic with him into the pulpit, where he spoke a dialect not far removed from vernacular Scotch, but where he was very shrewd, very fervid, and very evangelical. Passionate searchers after "ideas" as some of us were, we were willing to try what even Patrick Robertson could do for us in that commodity, and occasionally dropped in upon his Sunday-evening lecture. It was really racy matter. Not only did he give us what we were willing to call "ideas," but I once heard from him what I can only call an idea respecting "ideas." It came in this wise :—"And now, my friends," he said, beginning a new section of his discourse, and speaking in his habitual semi-Scotch, which spelling will hardly indicate—"and now, my friends, I am goin' to give you an idea (pronounced *cedaia*). This idea that I am goin' to give you is not of so much use in itself as it will be of use in makin' way in your minds for another idea, that I mean to give you afterwards, but which you wouldna be sae likely to understand if I didna give you this idea first. There are lots of pairs of ideas, my brethren, that are connectit in this way : you may ca' them needle-and-thread ideas." What the two ideas were, and which was the needle and which the thread on the occasion, I have quite forgotten ; but, though I have read Whately, and other books of Rhetoric, I do not know that any phrase in them has stuck to me as better worth remembering than Patrick Robertson's "needle-and-thread ideas," with the maxim which it involves, that one ought to take care always, in discoursing, to put the needle first.

Patrick Robertson had some enthusiastic admirers. Among these was a sturdy little old man named George Legg, whose occupation in life was that of going about with a wheelbarrow, a broom and a shovel, and (not to put too fine a point upon it) scavenging in the streets. But the Muses had visited George among his shovels. He printed a small collection of his poems, of which I could repeat scraps yet. One was an ode to his favourite preacher, beginning thus :—

"Mr. Patrick Robertson,
Who long did serve the Lamb,
In that department of his Church
In Tarves at Craigmadam."

Another poem was autobiographic, and contained this touching stanza :—

"I once was young, and now am old,
Just in my seventieth year ;
Yet ne'er a woman I beguiled,
As I can safely swear."

Why, after George Legg, I should think of Peter Kerr, I hardly know ; for Peter was a man of conspicuous civic standing, well-to-do, and of rather impressive appearance. He was the sexton, or headgrave-digger of St. Nicholas' Churchyard—called the Town's Churchyard, as being the chief burying-ground of the city. But Peter also had his characteristic notions, one of which I once heard him thus expound :—"The ministers speak a great deal about the resurrection of the body. Now that is a subject about which I may naturally be allowed to ken something ; and I have an argument of my own about it that nane o' them kons o'. In the course of years, after bodies are buried, the bones become *lichter* and *lichter* ; but that is not always the case. After a time, I have noticed that some very auld bones begin to grow heavier. It's very curious ; is it not ?" Evidently, Peter's notion was that he had detected some in his domain beginning to come round again. At last Peter himself died.

"Age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed him in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd him intill the land,
As if he had never been such."

Ah ! Death, Death, we may grin at thee, we may grin at thee ; but thou wilt have thy revenge in full of our utmost mockery. Thy universality we have learnt to submit to ; but cruellest of all, most inscrutable of all, seems the caprice of thy selections. That the old should go—those who, walking feebly over the earth, and, knocking on it early and late with the staves by which they support themselves, seem to say, as Chaucer has it, "Dear mother, let me in"—this, though sad, is not unnatural. That those should go who, even if not aged, have done their work, or have done some work in the world, can cause our reflections but a moderate perplexity. But why the young, the strong, the fair, the hopeful should be called—those who, hardly having tasted life, have only accumulated, as it were, in riper and more beautiful promise than others, the faculty of expected living—this is the problem on which, in every fresh instance of such bereavement, the reason of the surviving will return in vain. It seems so hard, so purposeless, such a violation of every principle of continuity or economy. To make the fairest commencement and then to cancel ; to create a power and to destroy it ere it can work ; to tend, with the utmost solicitude, some rare plant to the moment of its rosy budding, and then to dabble it down in the black earth ; to mould some Greek vase of exquisite form and colour, and then to break it ere it has well been seen ! Age, the hoary head, the tottering frame, activity fulfilled—these, O Death, we yield thee lingeringly as thy due ; what we recollect most bitterly to the last against thee are those instances, of which each of us can reckon up so many, in which thou didst deal thy stroke, unlooked-for, on the young, the dauntless, the brilliant, the peerless ones of the stag eyes and the golden locks.

Several such premature deaths, that seemed so cruel and unaccountable, recur to me yet as I think of my once most familiar companions in this the first stage of my life's recollections. Why should *they* have been taken

and we others, the less worthy, left? Ah! on any of those poor principles which we persist in transferring from ourselves to Nature, it is the same baffling mystery for ever. But, leaving that little group of youthful and unnamed graves which only *my* fancy can see, let me call up a reminiscence or two of a man of whom the world does know something—an Aberdonian of whom, though he was then twice the age of those buried youths when they and I walked together, none of us had then so much as heard, but of whom, when he afterwards flashed out into a brief British celebrity, I had, with others, a few casual glimpses.

WILLIAM THOM OF INVERURY.

I was away from Aberdeen, in lodgings in another city, when, one night in January, 1841, I was reading an Aberdeen newspaper that had been sent me. After looking at the local paragraphs with the kind of interest one has in the doings of a place well-known to one, I turned to the Poet's Corner and read as follows :—

THE BLIND BOY'S PRANKS.

["The following beautiful Stanzas are by a correspondent, who subscribes himself '*A Serf*,' and declares that he has to weave *fourteen hours out of the four-and-twenty*. We trust his daily toil will soon be abridged, that he may have more leisure to devote to an art in which he shows so much natural genius and cultivated taste."]

"I'll tell some ither time, quo' he,
How we love an' laugh in the north country."

Legend.

"Men grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind,
Love kentna whaur to stay.
Wi' fient an arrow, bow, or string,—
Wi' droopin' heart an' drizzled wing,
He fought his lonely way.

"Is there nae mair, in Garioch fair,
Ae spotless hame for me?
Hae politics, an' corn, an' kye,
Ilk bosom stappit? Fie, O fie!
I'll swithe me o'er the sea."

He launched a leaf o' jessamine,
On whilk he daured to swim,
An' pillowed his head on a wee rosebud;
Syne alighted Love awa' did scud
Down Ury's waefu' stream.

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The birds sang bonnie as Love drew near,
But dowie when he gaed by;
Till, lull'd wi' the sough o' mony a sang,
He aleepit fu' soun' as he sailed alang
'Neath Heaven's gowden sky!

'Twas whaur the creeping Ury greets
Its mountain cousin Don,
There wandered forth a weelfaur'd dame,
Wha listless gazed on the bonnie stream,
As it flirted an' played with a sunny beam
That flickered its bosom upon.

Love happit his head, I trow, that time
The jessamine bark drew nigh;
The lassie espied the wee rosebud,
An' aye her heart gae thud for thud,
An' quiet it wadna lie.

"O gin I but had yon wearie wee flower
That floats on the Ury sae fair!"
She lootit her hand for the silly rose-leaf,
But little wist she o' the pawkie thief
That was lurkin' an' laughin' there!

Love glower'd when he saw her bonnie dark
e'e,
An' swore by Heaven's grace
He ne'er had seen, nor thought to see,
Since e'er he left the Paphian lea,
Sae lovely a dwallin' place!

Syne, first o' a', in her blythesome breast
He built a bower, I ween;
An' what did the waefu' devilick neist,
But kindled a gleam like the rosy east
That sparkled frae baith her een?

An' then beneath ilk high e'e-bree
He placed a quiver there.
His bow? What but her shinin' brow?
An' O sic deadly strings he drew
Frae out her silken hair.

God be our guard! sic deeds were done
Roun' a' our countrie then;
An' mony a hangin' lug was seen
'Mang farmers fat, an' lawyers lean,
An' herds o' common men!"

These verses struck me more then than, I suppose, they would do now, though I do not suppose that even now I could meet with such a graceful and fantastic lilt, prefaced with such a note respecting the author, without being interested. Who could he be? I fancied some very young, pale-faced, and eager-eyed weaver, not without a passion for books even in his serfdom—for I could not explain the niceness of the expression, not to speak of the reference to the "Paphian lea," without supposing some culture. What if he were one who might, *longo intervallo*, come after Burns

—one who, belonging to another part of Scotland than Burns's, and writing in a slightly different dialect, *might* one day be the supplementary Scottish poet of his peculiar district, and tell "how they love and laugh in the north countrie"? Not from any morsel of power to be of use, but out of mere curiosity, I wrote to a friend in Aberdeen making inquiries. But many more were already on the alert; many of the Scottish newspapers quoted the verses; and, within a week or two, a certain Mr. Gordon of Knockspock in Aberdeenshire, possessing property also in England, stepped out from the crowd of empty-handed admirers, and forwarded to the author, through a secure channel, a present of five pounds. A certain "George Galloway," of Inverness, I find from an incidental subsequent statement of Thom's own, had previously sent him half a sovereign. And so gradually the unknown was found. Alas! it was not the very young pale-faced weaver of my imagination, who might one day be a supplement to Burns, but a man already five years older than Burns was when they buried him. We began to hear of him as William Thom, a hand-loom weaver, then living in the country-town of Inverury, some fifteen miles from Aberdeen—a small, fair-haired man, with one of his feet slightly clubbed, forty-two years of age, and with three surviving children left him by his wife, then recently dead.

Thom's life up to this point of his sudden flashing into notoriety is best told in the little Autobiography which he wrote to be prefixed to an edition of his Poems, and which, though much is doubtless omitted in it and much slurred over, is, I venture to say, as pathetic a bit of prose literature as there is in the language, and written with a more intense and exquisite power than most of his poems. Should it be reprinted, all that would be necessary to make it perfect, even in point of literary correctness, would be that the printer's reader should amend the punctuation somewhat, and correct a slip of syntax here and there. The weaver that, at

forty-two, could write such a bit of prose narrative, must have had latent in him, all through his life at the loom, the express genius, perfect save in a tittle or two, of a born man of letters. The marvel is that the loom detained him so long—that he had not, in youth, when the tittle or two that were wanting might have been easily acquired, burst away from the weaving-trade, and wriggled himself somehow or other into a place in the composite craft of authorship. In this respect Thom's case is exceptional. In most cases the honest advice of a critic would be that a young man, brought up to the loom or to any other handicraft, should abide by it rather than follow a miserable delusion and addict himself either to poetry or to prose; but, in Thom's case, the clear decision must be that literature ought to have had possession of him as early as possible, and that it must have been owing to some singular weakness and lack of effort on his own part that he had not done what far inferior men had done, and sung himself or written himself before he was thirty into something higher than hand-loom weaving. When the possibility of a release from the loom did come, it was too late for new habits by at least a dozen years.

What a life Thom's had been! If we take only his own account, and do not seek to fill in from other information which might make the representation worse, nothing ever conceived or heard of could well be more abject. The early life of Burns was that of a gentleman compared with it. The Ayrshire ploughman, at least, trod the healthy earth and walked erect in the fresh air of heaven, and he had in his father's house, poor though it was, a training and example in all that was manly. Poor Thom's life had been more like the lives of some of those among whom Burns afterwards moved as their superior, using them as subjects for his satires, and making poetry of their humours—those far-famed weavers of Kilmarnock; or rather (for the weavers of those days were a well-paid class), those wretched tinkers and gan-

grel-bodies of "The Jolly Beggars," whose originals he saw at Pooisie Nancy's. When, in 1809, Thom, a little lint-haired boy of ten, who had been lamed on one foot by an accident from a carriage-wheel in his infancy, was sent by his poor widowed mother to an Aberdeen factory, it was as if he had been flung out into the streets. After four years of apprenticeship, the result was that he found himself, at the age of fourteen, in another factory, of between three and four hundred hands, male and female, in the character of a journeyman-weaver, earning never more, even when in full work, than from five to nine shillings a week. His descriptions of the moral horrors of factory-life at that time, and of that Aberdeen factory in Belmont Street in particular, are terribly real. And yet here he remained seventeen years, or from his fifteenth year to his thirty-second, partaking of the miseries, and, as he hints, of the dissipations of the place, and only, like the rest, snatching such notions of a higher existence as, through song and sociability, the buoyant temperament of man can reach from almost any set of conditions. "I would I were a weaver," says Falstaff; "I could sing psalms or anything"; and, though Falstaff had never seen a factory-weaver, something of that glorious faculty of making everything relevant, that necessity of some song, but no matter what, to accompany the movement of the feet and the shuttle, which Falstaff had detected as the characteristic of the weaver of his days, had come down to the weaver of Thom's. There was jest and hilarity, "psalms or anything," within the Aberdeen factory; and, out of it, there were the Waverley Novels and Byron's poetry to be read by such as could get hold of them, and Scotch songs in abundance, and lax love-making, and ruinously cheap conviviality. Besides occasional reading, Thom had a special source of enjoyment in his delight in song and music. "I play the German flute tolerably in general subjects," he afterwards wrote; "but, in my native melodies, lively or pa-

thetic, to few will I lay it down. I have every Scotch song that is worth singing; and, though my vocal capability is somewhat limited, I can convey a pretty fair idea of what a Scotch song ought to be." He was, indeed, a beautiful flute-player—the finest known, it was thought, in strathspeys; and, within a limited compass, he sang very expressively in a mournful voice of very low pitch. And these accomplishments he must have had in his factory-days. Indeed, he had then written a Scotch song or two himself to airs that he could sing, and had not only sung them and heard them sung in the factory, but had even seen one of them in print. Still, such attempts seem to have been singularly few, and hardly to have been thought of by himself as capable of leading to anything. Till 1831 he remained in the Aberdeen factory; and, when in that year weaving in Aberdeen had become, as he says, "an evendown waste of life, a mere permission to breathe," still the only change resolved on was a migration southwards to the neighbourhood of Dundee to try the chances of weaving there. For some years, in this new neighbourhood, there seems to have been a slight comparative prosperity; and it was during this time, we are given to understand, that Thom married his Jean, and became the father of three children. But in 1837 there comes a commercial crash, silencing in one week six thousand looms in Dundee and its dependencies, and spreading dismay through the county of Forfar. Thom clings to his weaving till it can be clung to no more; and then, through sinking gradations of raggedness, the pawning of rags themselves for bread, starvation and despair, we follow him and his family to the lowest life of all—that of tramps or beggars, strolling through the country by day, and sleeping at night in outhouses, or under hedges, or in haunts like Pooisie Nancy's. All this he tells himself; and let the strongest man try to read the story aloud, and I hardly think he will get through it without a choking of the voice. He tried itinerant flute-playing

and made something by it, but does not seem to have continued even that. One child died and was left buried in a churchyard which the trampers chanced to pass on their weary way. And so Thom came back once more to Aberdeen, bringing his little colony of strangers with him. Thence, after a while, to Inverury, as a convenient place for employment in "customary" or household weaving, which was better paid than factory work. Here his Jean dies in child-birth, adding a third to the two surviving children. In the winter of 1840-41 customary work fails ; and, not knowing what else to do, he writes the poem we have quoted above, and sends it to the *Aberdeen Herald*. It appears there, and that is something ; it is copied into other papers, and that is something more ; but how are he and his children to live ? They are on the move from Inverury to the Aberdeen House of Refuge when Knockespock's five pounds arrive.

Knockespock's kindness to Thom did not stop at the five pounds. After various inquiries by letter, with a view to ascertain more exactly what manner of person Thom was, and, in particular, whether there was any fitness in him for being turned into a schoolmaster, the worthy laird concluded that it might at least be a good thing to give Thom the treat of a visit to London. Accordingly, he had him up to town, with one of his children ; drove him about in his carriage ; let him see the sights ; and introduced him to some of the celebrities. After four months so spent—during which, as I guess, his patron had come naturally to the opinion that there might be inconveniences in having such a shrimp of genius permanently attached to him—Thom returned to Inverury and to his loom, in much better circumstances than before, not only through the continued assistance of Knockespock, but also in consequence of the interest with which he was now regarded by people round about him. For nearly four years, or from the spring of 1841 to the end of 1844, he continued to make Inverury his head-quarters—paying

frequent visits, however, to Aberdeen, where he had now a new class of friends and acquaintances. This was, I should think, the most comfortable period of his life. It was certainly the most productive. He had already followed up the lyric which had brought him so suddenly into notice with one or two more, of less merit, under the same title of "The Blind Boy's Pranks" ; and now from time to time he sent a Scotch song or other trifle to one or other of the Aberdeen newspapers. These, together with a scrap or two of older composition which he had by him, were published collectively, in a thin volume, together with some portion of the autobiographic prose sketch of which I have already spoken ; and the volume reached a second edition, in which additional pieces were inserted. Of the poetical pieces in the volume (surprisingly few in number, but forming all, or nearly all, as it happened, that the world was ever to have from Thom), most were disappointing—with a something uncommon or weirdly in the conception, perhaps, that one could recognise as Thom's, but slovenly in execution, and not readable twice. About half-a-dozen, however, were excellent—either little tissues of a graceful narrative fancy, or snatches of mournful melody ranging back from simple heart-touching pathos to the borders of a haggard woe. Such are "Autumn Winds," "One of the Heart's Struggles," "Ye Dinna Ken Yon Bower," the Address to his Son Willie on the death of his mother, "Dreamings of the Bereaved," "The Mitherless Bairn," and the following mysterious little ditty, entitled "Did They Meet Again ?"—

"Awa', ye weary licht !
Nae moon nor starnie bricht !
Oh ! for thy midwatch, Nicht,
And rayless hour ;
When I may gang alane,
Unmarked by mortal een,
And meet my bosom's queen
In her murky bower.

"I ken she's waitin' there :
She's faithfu' as she's fair :
I'll twine her raven hair
Round her snawy brow,

And vow, by earth and sea,
How dear she's been to me;
And thou, lone Benachie,
Maun hear that vow.

"We loved—alas! sae leal;
But this sad nicht maun seal
The lang, the last fareweel
Tween her and me.
Whaur'er my fate may guide,
Or weel or woe betide,
I'll mind wha dwalls beside
Dark Benachie."

It was during these three or four years of Thom's residence at Inverury, as a recently discovered local celebrity, that, having meanwhile returned to Aberdeen, I had my few glimpses of him. The first occasion of my seeing him was a kind of public dinner or supper (I forget which) given in his honour in the Royal Hotel by a number of the most respectable townsmen. He was neatly dressed, in a peculiarly cut blue coat with bright buttons, and home-made check waistcoat, as a weaver of the old times of good weaving might have been attired on a holiday. As he moved about on his first coming in, a tight, small figure, with short light hair, one noted the slight lameness of his gait, but most of all his face—which was creased and wrinkled all over wherever a wrinkle could be, and had an expression at once shrewd, humorous, insinuating, and woe-begone. Nothing could be easier or in more perfect tact than his manner: and in the little speeches he made from his place at table we had a specimen of a power which some who knew him best afterwards have told me he possessed consciously in a wonderful degree, especially with women—that of fluent, happy, and most persuasive talk. "What a tongue the creature had!" is the phrase in which one who knew him very intimately has conveyed to me his impression of this power of Thom's; "if he had your ear for five minutes, he charmed you." He certainly, on this occasion, even before a considerable audience, spoke admirably and readily. Telling, I remember, of his first venture on song-writing in his juvenile weaving-days, and how, having, with fear and

trembling, dropped his song into the letter-box of the *Aberdeen Journal*, he went, with another boy, on the next Wednesday morning, on the chance of getting an early sight of the newly-published paper, in which he hardly dared hope his song might be—telling this in a very interesting manner, he was interrupted by some one who, in a strange fit of oblivion as to the publishing-day from time immemorial of the oldest Aberdeen newspaper, called out "*Thursday* morning, Mr. Thom; *Thursday* morning"—by way of correcting him. "Wednesday, since ever I mind," said Thom, instantly, "was the day that God ordeened the *Aberdeen Journal* to come out upon." Then, finishing his story, he told us how at the door of the newspaper office the early purchasers of the paper all declined the request of the two ragged boys for a sight of it, till, at last, an errand-boy of their own size coming out with a paper, they overmastered him, and, whipping the paper all wet from his hands, Thom, turning to the Poet's Corner, saw—O! ecstasy!—his own song. "It was the proudest day of my life, gentlemen," wound up the dexterous little rhetorician, "except (here a pause)—except *this*." Altogether, Thom's appearance on the occasion was such as to give one an interest in him as a man from whom there might be far more to come, on due stimulus, than had yet been heard of. Afterwards I saw him more quietly—both in his little weaving-place at Inverury for a few minutes, where there was a tall, dark, sensible-looking man acting as his assistant at the loom, and evidently exercising a tender and admiring care over him; and also in Aberdeen, on his occasional visits. In these visits, I fancy, he avoided general society and had his particular haunts among a few choice spirits that suited him best in every way, and among whom he was always welcome. There was a considerable element then in certain quarters of Aberdeen of that kind of tavern-conviviality, streaked with uncultivated literary enthusiasm and imitative ambition, which the *Noctes*

Ambrosianæ of Wilson had generated. Though he found this element most to his taste, and had a place of power, if not the presidency, accorded to him in the midst of it, my notion is that Thom cared supremely little about the expressly literary topics of its colloquies—what a man Christopher North was, or what any other big-wig in the world of letters was doing or not doing. A strathspey on his flute, a Scotch song sung or listened to, and the unsought humours and suggestions for talk and banter, on the spot, were his sufficient enjoyment. Nor do I think that, beyond a kind of Chartism by mere position, he cared an atom about politics.

Into the sad remainder of poor Thom's life I can follow him only through report. An article in the *Westminster Review*, a paragraph in *Punch*, and other notices, had spread his fame far and wide; Scotchmen in India and elsewhere had begun subscriptions for him; the loom at Inverury did not pay; and, in the end of 1844, he was moved to come to London. Ostensibly his plan was to see whether he could not make a tolerable livelihood in London by a trade in home-made Scotch stuffs, such as he had been accustomed to weave and could still obtain on order or commission—table-cloths, napkins, and the like; but there mingled with this some vague ideas of opportunities of a literary kind. For a time all was glory and prosperity with the weaver-poet in the great Babylon. Pressure round him of the Scotchmen in London with kindness and applause; invitations to the houses of English patrons and patronesses of literature of all ranks, including Lady Blessington, the Howitts, Douglas Jerrold, and others as well known; a public dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, February 26, 1845, at which Mr. W. J. Fox presided; another dinner in his honour by the working-classes, at which Dr. Bowring presided; comparisons in speeches and in print with Burns, and a universal desire to make up, by exuberance of recognition in the case of the small fair-haired Inverury poet,

for all the supposed neglect, by a former hard-hearted generation, of the swarthy and massive bard of Ayrshire; nay, (what was most substantial of all) a sum of 500*l.*, coming in all at once by way of testimonial-subscriptions from India and the colonies—could there possibly be a more encouraging enlargement? Alas! it was but for a season. A London edition of his "Rhymes and Recollections," which had been in preparation at the time of his first welcome among the Londoners, but had been delayed, in order that it might receive antiquarian and philological notes by Knockspeck, was not published till 1847; and by that time the tide had turned, and the demand for the book was small. With a portion of the 500*l.* something had been done for the three children, and especially for the elder boy Willie. But there was now a second Jean, and more children. And so from around Thom—living somewhere near King's Cross, and finding his speculation of a trade in Scotch stuffs a visionary affair, if indeed it had ever been assiduously tried—the means of living, the recognition of the great, the relations even of ordinary acquaintance with the faces of his fellow-creatures, began to ebb and recede. Some I know and could name who were kind to him to the last; but even their kindness passed into the phase of pity, not unmingled with impatience and blame. The real genius of the strange little soul would flash out, I am told, even in those days of his desertion by almost all in the vast London world; and, limping along the New Road, at night, with some faithful friend who still adhered to him and would take a walk with him that way, he would go up to any little mob gathered in dispute and mutual chaff round a cabman, and, listening for a moment on its skirts with his shrewd wrinkled face upturned in the gaslight, would catch the keynote of the disturbance, strike in with voluble mock-sympathy, and amaze the audience and make it roar with a wit they could enjoy, though the mode of it was beyond their calculus. But he wrote nothing, or

nothing that was printed—his care for producing lyrics, never very diligent, seeming utterly gone. Matters soon reached the worst, and he would cry as a heart-broken man, and talk miserably of the prospects of his children. London at last had nothing in it to detain him, and he disappeared back into the Scottish weaving-world, and was heard of no more. Yes, it *was* known that he had gone to Dundee ; and, some time in 1850, a notice ran through the newspapers that Thom, the Inverury Poet, had died and was buried in that town. The moral of his fate seems to be—But

why attempt a moral, if the narrative does not convey it ?

* * * *

By this time my readers, I doubt not, are wishing to bid farewell to Aberdeen. It is exceedingly ungracious of them ; but I will do violence to my own feelings, and comply. And so, like that "uncouth swain," of whom my readers may have heard, who had also "warbled his Doric lay" for a good while,

"At last I rise, and twitch my mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures
new."

A FRENCH ETON.

PART II.

FEBRUARY is beginning ; in a day or two Parliament will assemble ; the report of the Public School Commissioners will, it is said, be presented almost immediately ; and then all the world will have before them Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and the rest of the dissected nine. The probable results of that autopsy I am not going to discuss here. I am sure the exhibition will be very interesting ; I hope it will prove very useful. But, for the champions of the true cause of secondary instruction, for those interested in the thorough improvement of this most important concern, the centre of interest is, I repeat it, not there. At this last hour, before the English mind, always prone to throw itself upon details, has completely thrown itself upon what, after all, in this great concern of secondary instruction, is only a detail, I return to the subject, in order to show, with all the clearness and insistence I can, where the centre of interest really lies.

Let me take for granted that the reader has still in his mind the account which I gave of the Toulouse Lyceum and of the Sorèze College ; or that, if he has not, he will do me the honour to cast his eye over it. Then I say, for

the serious thinker, for the real student of the question of secondary instruction, the knot of that question is here :—Why cannot we have throughout England, as the French have throughout France, as the Germans have throughout Germany, as the Swiss have throughout Switzerland, as the Dutch have throughout Holland, schools where the children of our middle and professional classes may obtain, at the rate of from 20*l.* to 50*l.* a year, if they are boarders, at the rate of from 5*l.* to 15*l.* a year, if they are day-scholars, an education of as good quality, with as good guarantees, social character, and advantages for a future career in the world, as the education which French children of the corresponding class can obtain from institutions like that of Toulouse or Sorèze ?

There is the really important question. It is vain to meet it by propositions which may, very likely, be true, but which are quite irrelevant. "Your French Etons," I am told, "are no Etons at all ; there is nothing like an Eton in France." I know that. Very likely France is to be pitted for having no Etons, but I want to call attention to the substitute, to the compensation. The English public school produces the finest boys in the world ; the Toulouse Lyceum boy, the Sorèze College boy, is

not to be compared with them. Well, let me grant all that too. But then there are only some five or six schools in England to produce this specimen-boy; and they cannot produce him cheap. Rugby and Winchester produce him at about 120*l.* a year; Eton and Harrow (and the Eton school-boy is perhaps justly taken as the most perfect type of this highly-extolled class) cannot produce him for much less than 200*l.* a year. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*—such a business is it to produce an article so superior. But for the common wear and tear of middling life, and at rates tolerable for middling people, what do we produce? What do we produce at 30*l.* a year? What is the character of the schools which undertake for us this humbler, but far more widely-interesting production? Are they as good as the Toulouse Lyceum and the Sorèze College? That is the question.

Suppose that the recommendations of the Public School Commissioners bring about in the great public schools all the reforms which a judicious reformer could desire;—suppose that they produce the best possible application of endowments, the best possible mode of election to masterships; that they lead to a wise revision of the books and subjects of study, to a reinforcing of the mathematics and of the modern languages, where these are found weak; to a perfecting, finally, of all boarding arrangements and discipline;—nothing will yet have been done towards providing for the great want—the want of a secondary instruction at once reasonably cheap and reasonably good. Suppose that the recommendations of the Commissioners accomplish something even in this direction—suppose that the cost of educating a boy at Rugby is reduced to about 100*l.* a year, and the cost of educating a boy at Eton to about 150*l.* a year—no one acquainted with the subject will think it practicable, or even, under present circumstances, desirable, to effect in the cost of education in these two schools a greater reduction than this. And what will

this reduction amount to? A boon—in some cases a very considerable boon—to those who now frequent these schools. But what will it do for the great class now in want of proper secondary instruction? Nothing: for in the first place these schools are but two, and are full, or, at least, sufficiently full, already; in the second place, if they were able to hold all the boys in England, the class I speak of would still be excluded from them—excluded by a cost of 100*l.* or 150*l.*, just as much as by a cost of 120*l.* or 200*l.* A certain number of the professional class, with incomes quite inadequate to such a charge, will, for the sake of the future establishment of their children, make a brave effort, and send them to Eton or Rugby at a cost of 150*l.* or 100*l.* a year. But they send them there already, even at the existing higher rate. The great mass of middling people, with middling incomes, not having for their children's future establishment in life plans which make a public school training indispensable, will not make this effort, will not pay for their children's schooling a price quite disproportionate to their means. They demand a lower school-charge—a school-charge like that of Toulouse or Sorèze.

And they find it. They have only to open the *Times*. There they read advertisement upon advertisement, offering them, "conscientiously offering" them, in almost any part of England which suits their convenience, "Education, 20*l.* per annum, no extras. Diet unlimited, and of the best description. The education comprises Greek, Latin, and German, French by a resident native, mathematics, algebra, mapping, globes, and all the essentials of a first-rate commercial education." Physical, moral, mental, and spiritual, all the wants of their children will be sedulously cared for. They are invited to an "Educational Home," where "discipline is based upon moral influence and emulation, and every effort is made to combine home-comforts with school-training. Terms inclusive and moderate." If they have a child with an awkward temper, and needing special

management, even for this particular child the wonderful operation of the laws of supply and demand, in this great commercial country, will be found to have made perfect provision. "Unmanageable boys or youths (up to twenty years) are made perfectly tractable and gentlemanly in one year" by a clergyman near town, whose "peculiarly persuasive high moral and religious training at once elevates," &c. And all this, as I have said, is provided by the simple, natural operation of the laws of supply and demand, without, as the *Times* beautifully says, "the fetters of endowment and the interference of the executive." Happy country! happy middle classes! Well may the *Times* congratulate them with such fervency; well may it produce dithyrambs, while the newspapers of less-favoured countries produce only leading articles; well may it declare that the fabled life of the Happy Islands is already beginning amongst us.

But I have no heart for satire, though the occasion invites it. No one, who knows anything of the subject, will venture to affirm that these "educational homes" give, or can give, that which they "conscientiously offer." No one, who knows anything of the subject, will seriously affirm that they give, or can give, an education comparable to that given by the Toulouse and Sorèze schools. And why? Because they want the securities which, to make them produce even half of what they offer, are indispensable—the securities of supervision and publicity. By this time we know pretty well that to trust to the principle of supply and demand to do for us all that we want in providing education, is to lean upon a broken reed. We trusted to it to give us fit elementary schools till its impotence became conspicuous; we have thrown it aside, and called upon State-aid, with the securities accompanying this, to give us elementary schools more like what they should be; we have thus founded in elementary education a system still, indeed, far from perfect, but and living fruitful—a system which will

probably survive the most strenuous efforts for its destruction. In secondary education the impotence of this principle of supply and demand is as signal as in elementary education. The mass of mankind know good butter from bad, and tainted meat from fresh, and the principle of supply and demand may, perhaps, be relied on to give us sound meat and butter. But the mass of mankind do not so well know what distinguishes good teaching and training from bad; they do not here know what they ought to demand, and, therefore, the demand cannot be relied on to give us the right supply. Even if they knew what they ought to demand, they have no sufficient means of testing whether or no this is really supplied to them. Securities, therefore, are needed. The great public schools of England offer securities by their very publicity; by their wealth, importance, and connexions, which attract general attention to them; by their old reputation, which they cannot forfeit without disgrace and danger. The existence of the Royal Commission now sitting is a proof, that to these moral securities for the efficiency of the great public schools may be added the material security of occasional competent supervision. I will grant that the great schools of the Continent do not offer the same moral securities to the public as Eton or Harrow. They offer them in a certain measure, but certainly not in so large measure: they have not by any means so much importance, by any means so much reputation. Therefore they offer, in far larger measure, the other security—the security of competent supervision. With them this supervision is not occasional and extraordinary, but periodic and regular; it is not explorative only; it is also, to a considerable extent, authoritative.

It will be said that between the "educational home" and Eton there is a long series of schools, with many gradations; and that in this series are to be found schools far less expensive than Eton, yet offering moral securities as Eton offers them, and as the "educa-

tional home" does not. Cheltenham, Bradfield, Marlborough, are instances which will occur to every one. It is true that these schools offer securities ; it is true that the mere presence, at the head of a school, of a distinguished master like Mr. Bradley, is, perhaps, the best moral security which can be offered. But, in the first place, these schools are thinly scattered over the country ; we have no provision for planting such schools where they are most wanted, or for insuring a due supply of them. Cheltenham, Bradfield, and Marlborough are no more a due provision for the Northumberland boy than the Bordeaux Lyceum is a due provision for the little Alsatian. In the second place, Are these schools cheap ? Even if they were cheap once, does not their very excellence, in a country where schools at once good and cheap are rare, tend to deprive them of their cheapness ? Marlborough was, I believe—perhaps it still is—the cheapest of them ; Marlborough is probably just now the best-taught school in England ; and Marlborough, therefore, has raised its school-charge. Marlborough was quite right in so doing, for Marlborough is an individual institution, bound to guard its own interests and to profit by its own successes, and not bound to provide for the general educational wants of the country. But what makes the school-charge of the Toulouse Lyceum remain moderate, however eminent may be the merits of the Toulouse masters, or the successes of the Toulouse pupils ? It is that the Toulouse Lyceum is a public institution, administered in view of the general educational wants of France, and not of its own individual preponderance. And what makes (or made, alas !) the school-charge of the Sorèze College remain moderate, even with a most distinguished and attractive director, like Lacordaire, at its head ? It was the organization of a complete system of secondary schools throughout France, the abundant supply of institutions with at once respectable guarantees and reasonable charges, fixing a general mean of school-cost which even the most

successful private school cannot venture much to exceed.

After all, it is the " educational home," and not Bradfield or Marlborough, which supplies us with the nearest approach to that rate of charges which secondary instruction, if it is ever to be organized on a great scale, and to reach those who are in need of it, must inevitably adopt. People talk of the greater cheapness of foreign countries, and of the dearness of this ; everything costs more here, they say, than it does abroad ; good education like everything else. I do not wish to dispute, I am willing to make some allowance for this plea ; one must be careful not to make too much, however, or we shall find ourselves to the end of the chapter with a secondary instruction failing just where our present secondary instruction fails—a secondary instruction which, out of the multitude needing it, a few, and only a few, make sacrifices to get ; the many, who do not like sacrifices, go without it. If we fix a school-charge varying from 25*l.* to 50*l.* a year, I am sure we have fixed the outside rate which the great body of those needing secondary instruction will ever pay. Sir John Coleridge analyses this body into " the clergy of moderate or "contracted incomes" (and that means the immense majority of the clergy), " officers of the army and navy, medical "men, solicitors, and gentry of large "families and small means." Many more elements might be enumerated. Why are the manufacturers left out ? The very rich, among these, are to be counted by ones, the middling sort by hundreds. And when Sir John Coleridge separates "tenant-farmers, small landholders, and "retail tradesmen," into a class by themselves, and proposes to appropriate a separate class of schools for them, he carries the process of distinction and demarcation further than I can think quite desirable. But taking the constituent parts of the class requiring a liberal education as he assigns them, it seems to me certain that a sum ranging from 25*l.* to 50*l.* a year, is as much as those whom he enumerates can in general be expected to pay for a son's

education, and as much as they need be called upon to pay for a sound and valuable education, if secondary instruction were organized as it might be. It must be remembered, however, that a reduced rate of charge for boarders, at a good boarding-school, is not by any means the only benefit to the class of parents in question—perhaps not even the principal benefit—which the organization of secondary instruction brings with it. It brings with it also, by establishing its schools in proper numbers, and all over the country, facilities for bringing up many boys as day-scholars who are now brought up as boarders. At present many people send their sons to a boarding-school when they would much rather keep them at home, because they have no suitable school within reach. Opinions differ as to whether it is best for a boy to live at home or to go away to school, but there can be no doubt which of the two modes of bringing him up is the cheapest for his parents; and those (and they are many) who think that the continuation of home-life along with his schooling is far best for the boy himself, would enjoy a double benefit in having suitable schools made accessible to them.

But I must not forget that an institution, or rather a group of institutions, exists, offering to the middle classes, at a charge scarcely higher than that of the 20%. "educational home," an education affording considerable guarantees for its sound character. I mean the College of St. Nicholas, Lancing, and its affiliated schools. This institution certainly demands a word of notice here, and no word of mine, regarding Mr. Woodard and his labours, shall be wanting in unfeigned interest and respect for them. Still, I must confess that, as I read Mr. Woodard's programme, as I listened to an excellent sermon from the Dean of Chichester in recommendation of it, that programme and that sermon seemed to me irresistibly to lead to conclusions which they did not reach, and that the conclusions which they did reach were far from satisfying. Mr.

Woodard says with great truth: "It may be asked, Why cannot the shop-keeper-class educate their own children without charity? It may be answered, Scarcely any class in the country does educate its own children without some aid. Witness the enormous endowments of our Universities and public schools, where the sons of our well-to-do people resort. Witness our national schools supported by State grants, and by parochial and national subscriptions. On the other hand, the 'lower middle class' (Mr. Woodard might quite properly have said the middle class in general), 'politically a very important one, is dependent to a great extent for its education on private desultory enterprise. This class, in this land of education, gets *nothing* out of the millions given annually for this purpose to every class except themselves.' In his sermon Dr. Hook spoke, in his cordial, manly way, much to the same effect.

This was the grievance; what was the remedy? That this great class should be rescued from the tender mercies of private desultory enterprise? That, in this land of education, it should henceforth get something out of the millions given annually for this purpose to every class except itself? That in an age when "enormous endowments,"—the form which public aid took in earlier ages, and taking which form public aid founded in those ages the Universities and the public schools for the benefit, along with the upper class, of this very middle class which is now, by the irresistible course of events, in great measure excluded from them—that in an age, I say, when these great endowments, this mediæval form of public aid, have ceased, public aid should be brought to these classes in that simpler and more manageable form which in modern societies it assumes—the form of public grants, with the guarantees of supervision and responsibility? The Universities receive public grants; for—not to speak of the payment of certain professors¹ by

¹ These professors are now nominally paid by the University; but the University pays

the State—that the State regards the endowments of the Universities as in reality public grants, it proves by assuming to itself the right of interfering in the disposal of them ; the elementary schools receive public grants. Why, then, should not our secondary schools receive public grants ? But this question Mr. Woodard (I do not blame him for it, he had a special function to perform) never touches. He falls back on an Englishman's favourite panacea—a subscription. He has built a school at Lancing and a school at Shoreham, and he proposes to build a bigger school than either at Balcombe. He asks for a certain number of subscribers to give him contributions for a certain number of years, at certain rates, which he has calculated. I cannot see how, in this way, he will be delivering English secondary instruction from the hands of “private desultory enterprise.” What English secondary instruction wants is these two things : sufficiency of provision of sound schools ; sufficiency of securities for their fitness. Mr. Woodard proposes to establish one great school in Sussex, where he has got two already. What sort of a provision is this for that need which is, on his own showing, so urgent ? He hopes, indeed, that “if the public will assist in raising this one school, it will lead to a general extension of middle class education all over England.” But in what number of years ? How long are we to wait first ? And then we have to consider the second great point—that of *securities*. Suppose Mr. Woodard's hopes to be fulfilled—suppose the establishment of the Balcombe school to have led to the establishment of like schools all over England—what securities shall we have for the fitness of these schools ? Sussex is not a very large and populous county, but, even if we limit ourselves to the ratio adopted for Sussex, of three of these schools to a county, that gives

them in consideration of the remission to her, by the State, of certain duties of greater amount than the salaries which the State used to pay to these professors. They are still, therefore, in fact, paid by the State.

us 120 of them for England proper only, without taking in Wales. I have said that the eminence of the master may be in itself a sound security for the worth of a school ; but, when I look at the number of these schools wanted, when I look at the probable position and emoluments of their teachers, I cannot think it reasonable to expect that all of them, or anything like all, will be provided with masters of an eminence to make all further guarantees unnecessary. But, perhaps, they will all be affiliated to the present institution at Lancing, and, in some degree, under its supervision ? Well, then, that gives us, as the main regulative power of English secondary instruction, as our principal security for it, the Provost and Fellows of St. Nicholas College, Lancing. I have the greatest, the most sincere respect for Mr. Woodard and his coadjutors—I should be quite ready to accept Mr. Woodard's name as sufficient security for any school which he himself conducts—but I should hesitate, I confess, before accepting Mr. Woodard and his colleagues, or any similar body of private persons, as my final security for the right management of a great national concern, as the last court of appeal to which the interests of English secondary instruction were to be carried. Their constitution is too close, their composition too little national. Even if this or that individual were content to take them as my security, the bulk of the public would not. We saw this the other day, when imputations were thrown out against Lancing, and our proposed security had to find security for itself. It had no difficulty in so doing ; Mr. Woodard has, it cannot be repeated too often, governed Lancing admirably ; all I mean is—and Mr. Woodard himself would probably be the first to agree with me—that, to command public confidence for a great national system of schools, one needs a security larger, ampler, more national, than any which, by the very nature of things, Mr. Woodard and his friends can quite supply.

But another and a very plausible security has been provided for secondary

instruction by the zeal and energy of Mr. Acland and Dr. Temple ; I mean, the Oxford and Cambridge middle class examinations. The good intentions and the activity of the promoters of these examinations cannot be acknowledged too gratefully ; good has certainly been accomplished by them : yet it is undeniable that this security also is, in its present condition, quite insufficient. I write not for the professed and practised educationist, but for the general reader ; above all, for the reader of that class which is most concerned in the question which I am raising, and which I am most solicitous to carry with me—the middle class. Therefore, I shall use the plainest and most unprofessional language I can, in attempting to show what the promoters of these University examinations try to do, what they have accomplished, wherein they have failed. They try to make *security* do for us all that we want in the improvement of our secondary education. They accept the “ educational homes ” at present scattered all over the country ; they do not aim at replacing them by other and better institutions ; they do not visit or criticise them ; but they invite them to send select pupils to certain local centres, and when the pupils are there, they examine them, class them, and give prizes to the best of them. Undoubtedly this action of the Universities has given a certain amount of stimulus to these schools, and has done them a certain amount of good. But any one can see how far this action falls, and must fall, short of what is required. Any one can see that the examination of a few select scholars from a school, not at the school itself, not preceded or followed by an inspection of the school itself, affords no solid security for the good condition of their school. Any one can see that it is for the interest of an unscrupulous master to give all his care to his few cleverest pupils, who will serve him as an advertisement, while he neglects the common bulk of his pupils, whose backwardness there will be nobody to expose. I will not, however, insist too strongly on this last mischief, because I really

believe that, serious as is its danger, it has not so much prevailed as to counterbalance the benefit which the mere stimulus of these examinations has given. All I say is, that this stimulus is an insufficient security. Plans are now broached for reinforcing University examination by University inspection. There we get a far more solid security: And I agree with Sir John Coleridge, that a body fitter than the Universities to exercise this inspection could not be found. It is indispensable that it should be exercised in the name, and on the responsibility, of a great public body ; therefore the Society of Arts, which deserves thanks for its readiness to help in improving secondary instruction, is hardly, perhaps, from its want of weight, authority, and importance, qualified to exercise it : but whether it is exercised by the State, or by great and august corporations like Oxford and Cambridge, the value of the security is equally good ; and learned corporations, like the Universities, have a certain natural fitness for discharging what is, in many respects, a learned function. It is only as to the power of the Universities to organize, equip, and keep working an efficient system of inspection for secondary schools, that I am in doubt ; organization and regularity are as indispensable to this guarantee as weight and authority. Can the Universities organize and pay a body of inspectors to travel all over England, to visit, at least once in every year, the four or five hundred endowed schools of this country, and its unnumbered “ educational homes ; ” can they supply a machinery for regulating the action of these gentlemen, giving effect to the information received from them, printing their reports, circulating them through the country ? The French University could ; but the French University was a department of State. If the English Universities cannot, the security of their inspection will be precarious ; if they can, there can be no better.

No better *security*. But English secondary instruction wants, I said, two things : sufficient provision of good schools, sufficient security for these

schools continuing good. Granting that the Universities may give us the second, I do not see how they are to give us the first. It is not enough merely to provide a staff of inspectors and examiners, and still to leave the children of our middle class scattered about through the numberless obscure endowed schools and "educational homes" of this country, some of them good, many of them middling, most of them bad; but none of them great institutions, none of them invested with much consideration or dignity. What is wanted for the English middle class is *respected* schools, as well as *inspected* ones. I will explain what I mean.

The education of each class in society has, or ought to have, its ideal, determined by the wants of that class, and by its destination. Society may be imagined so uniform that one education shall be suitable for all its members; we have not a society of that kind, nor has any European country. We have to regard the condition of classes, in dealing with education; but it is right to take into account not their immediate condition only, but their wants, their destination—above all, their evident pressing wants, their evident proximate destination. Looking at English society at this moment, one may say that the ideal for the education of each of its classes to follow, the aim which the education of each should particularly endeavour to reach, is different. Mr. Hawtrey, whose admirable and fruitful labours at St. Mark's School entitle him to be heard with great respect, lays it down as an absolute proposition that the *family* is the type of the school. I do not think that is true for the schools of all classes alike. I feel sure my father, whose authority Mr. Hawtrey claims for this maxim, would not have laid it down in this absolute way. For the wants of the highest class—of the class which frequents Eton, for instance—not *school* a *family*, but rather *school* a *little world*, is the right ideal. I cannot concede to Mr. Hawtrey that, for the young gentlemen who go to Eton, our grand aim and aspiration should be, in his own

words, "to make their boyhood a joyous one, by gentle usage and friendly confidence on the part of the master." Let him believe me, the great want for the children of luxury is not this sedulous tenderness, this smoothing of the rose-leaf for them; I am sure that, in fact, it is not by the predominance of the family and parental relation in its school-life that Eton is strongest: and it is well that this is so. It seems to me that, for the class frequenting Eton, the grand aim of education should be to give them those good things which their birth and rearing are least likely to give them; to give them (besides mere book-learning) the notion of a sort of republican fellowship, the practice of a plain life in common, the habit of self-help. To the middle class, the grand aim of education should be to give largeness of soul and personal dignity; to the lower class, feeling, gentleness, humanity. Here, at last, Mr. Hawtrey's ideal of the *family*, as the type for the school, comes in its due place; for the children of poverty it is right, it is needful to set oneself first to "make their boyhood a joyous one, by gentle usage and friendly confidence on the part of the master;" for them the great danger is not insolence from over-cherishing, but insensibility from over-neglect. Mr. Hawtrey's labours at St. Mark's have been excellent and fruitful, just because he has here applied his maxim where it was the right maxim to apply. Yet even in this sphere Mr. Hawtrey's maxim must not be used too absolutely or too long. Human dignity needs almost as much care as human sensibility. First, undoubtedly; you must make men feeling; but the moment you have done that, lose no time in making them magnanimous. Mr. Hawtrey will forgive me for saying that perhaps his danger lies in pressing the spring of gentleness, of confidence, of child-like docility, of "kindly feeling of the dependent towards the parent who is furthering his well-being" a little too far. The energy and manliness, which he values as much as any one, run perhaps some little risk of etiolating. At least, I think I can see some indications

of this danger in the reports—pleasing, as, in most respects, they are—of his boys' career in the world after they have left school. He does so much for them at St. Mark's, that he brings them to the point at which the ideal of education changes, and the prime want for their culture becomes identical with the prime want for the culture of the middle classes. Their fibre has been supplied long enough; now it wants fortifying.

To do Eton justice, she does not follow Mr. Hawtrey's ideal; she does not supple the fibre of her pupils too much; and, to do the parents of these pupils justice, they have in general a wholesome sense of what their sons do really most want, and are not by any means anxious that school should over-foster them. But I am afraid our middle classes have not quite to the same degree this just perception of the true wants of their offspring. They wish them to be comfortable at school, to be sufficiently instructed there, and not to cost much. Hence the eager promise of "home comforts" with school teaching, all on "terms inclusive and moderate," from the conscientious proprietor of the educational home. To be sure, they do not get what they wish. So long as human nature remains what it is, they never will get it, until they take some better security for it than a prospectus. But suppose they get the security of inspection exercised by the Universities, or by any other trustworthy authority. Some good such an inspection would undoubtedly accomplish; certain glaring specimens of charlatanism it might probably expose, certain gross cases of mishandling and neglect it might put a stop to. It might do a good deal for the school teaching, and something for the home comforts. It can never make these last what the prospectuses promise, what the parents who believe the prospectuses hope for, what they might even really have for their money; for only secondary instruction organized on a great and regular scale can give this at such cheap cost, and so to organize secondary instruction the inspection we are supposing has no power. But even

if it had the power, if secondary instruction were organized on a great and regular scale, if it were a national concern, it would not be by insuring to the offspring of the middle classes a more solid teaching at school, and a larger share of home-comforts than they at present enjoy there (though certainly it would do this), that such a secondary instruction would confer upon them the greatest boon. Its greatest boon to the offspring of these classes would be its giving them great, honourable, public institutions for their nurture—institutions conveying to the spirit, at the time of life when the spirit is most penetrable, the salutary influences of greatness, honour, and nationality—influences which expand the soul, liberalise the mind, dignify the character.

Such institutions are the great public schools of England and the great Universities; with these influences, and some others to which I just now pointed, they have formed the upper class of this country—a class with many faults, with many shortcomings, but imbued on the whole, and mainly through these influences, with a high, magnanimous, governing spirit, which has long enabled them to rule, not ignobly, this great country, and which will still enable them to rule it until they are equalled or surpassed. These institutions had their origin in endowments; and the age of endowments is gone. Beautiful and venerable as are many of the aspects under which it presents itself, this form of public establishment, with its limitations, its preferences, its ecclesiastical character, its inflexibility, its inevitable want of foresight, proved, as time rolled on, to be subject to many inconveniences, to many abuses. On the Continent of Europe a clean sweep has in general been made of this old form of establishment, and new institutions have arisen upon its ruins. In England we have kept our great school and College foundations, introducing into their system what correctives and palliatives were absolutely necessary. Long may we so keep them; but no such palliatives or correctives will ever

make the public establishment of education which sufficed for earlier ages suffice for this, nor persuade the stream of endowment, long since failing and scanty, to flow again for our present needs as it flowed in the middle ages. For public establishments modern societies have to betake themselves to the State; that is, to *themselves in their collective and corporate character*. On the Continent, society has thus betaken itself to the State for the establishment of education. The result has been the formation of institutions like the Lyceum of Toulouse—institutions capable of great improvement, by no means to be extolled absolutely, by no means to be imitated just as they are; but institutions formed by modern society, with modern modes of operation, to meet modern wants; and in some important respects, at any rate, meeting those wants. These institutions give to a whole new class—to the middle class taken at its very widest—not merely an education for whose teaching and boarding there is valid security, but something—not so much I admit, but something—of the same enlarging, liberalising sense, the sense of belonging to a great and honourable public institution, which Eton and our three or four great public schools give to our upper class only, and to a small fragment broken off from the top of our middle class. That is where England is weak, and France, Holland, and Germany are strong. Education is and must be a matter of public establishment. Other countries have replaced the defective public establishment made by the middle ages for their education with a new one, which provides for the actual condition of things. We in England keep our old public establishment for education. That is very well; but then we must not forget to supplement it where it falls short. We must not neglect to provide for the actual condition of things.

I have no pet scheme to press, no crotchet to gratify, no fanatical zeal for giving this or that particular shape to the public establishment of our secondary

instruction. All I say is, that it is most urgent to give to the establishment of it a wider, a truly public character, and that only the State can give this. If the matter is but once fairly taken in hand, and by competent agency, I am satisfied. In this country, we do not move fast; we do not organize great wholes all in a day. But if the State only granted for secondary instruction the sum which it originally granted for primary—20,000*l.* a year—and employed this sum in founding scholarships for secondary schools, with the stipulation that all the schools which sent pupils to compete for these scholarships should admit inspection, a beginning would have been made; a beginning which I truly believe would, at the end of ten years' time, be found to have raised the character of secondary instruction all through England. If more than this can be attempted at first, Sir John Coleridge, in his two excellent letters on this subject to the *Guardian*, perfectly indicates the right course to take: indeed, one could wish nothing better than to commit the settlement of this matter to men of such prudence, moderation, intelligence, and public character as Sir John Coleridge. The four or five hundred endowed schools, whose collective operations now give so little result, should be turned to better account; amalgamation should be used, the most useful of these institutions strengthened, the most useless suppressed, the whole body of them be treated as one whole, destined harmoniously to co-operate towards one end. What should be had in view is to constitute in every county at least one great centre of secondary instruction, with low charges, with the security of inspection, and with a public character. These institutions should bear some such title as that of *Royal Schools*, and should derive their support, mainly, of course, from school-fees, but partly, also, from endowments—their own, or those appropriated to them—and partly from scholarships supplied by public grants. Wherever it is possible, wherever, that is, their scale of charges is not too high,

or their situation not too unsuitable, existing schools of good repute should be adopted as the *Royal Schools*. Schools such as Mr. Woodard's, such as King Edward's School at Birmingham, such as the Collegiate School at Liverpool, at once occur to one as suitable for this adoption ; it would confer upon them, besides its other advantages, a public character which they are now without. Probably the very best medicine which could be devised for the defects of Eton, Harrow, and the other schools which the Royal Commissioners have been scrutinizing, would be the juxtaposition, and, to a certain extent, the competition, of establishments of this kind. No wise man will desire to see root-and-branch work made with schools like Eton or Harrow, or to see them diverted from the function which they at present discharge, and, on the whole, usefully. Great subversive changes would here be out of place ; it is an addition of new that our secondary instruction wants, not a demolition of old, or, at least, not of this old. But to this old I cannot doubt that the apparition and operation of this desirable new would give a very fruitful stimulus ; as this new, on its part, would certainly be very much influenced and benefited by the old.

The repartition of the charge of this new secondary instruction, the mode of its assessment, the constitution of the bodies for regulating the new system, the proportion and character of functions to be assigned to local and to central authority respectively, these are matters of detail and arrangement which it is foreign to my business here to discuss, and, I hope, quite foreign to my disposition to haggle and wrangle about. They are to be settled upon a due consideration of circumstances, after an attentive scrutiny of our existing means of operation, and a discriminating review of the practice of other countries. In general, if it is agreed to give a public and coherent organization to secondary instruction, few will dispute that its particular direction, in different localities, is best committed to local bodies, properly constituted, with a power of

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supervision by an impartial central authority, and of resort to this authority in the last instance. Of local bodies, bad or good, administering education, we have already plenty of specimens in this country ; it would be difficult for the wit of man to devise a better governing body for its purpose than the trustees of Rugby School, or a worse governing body than the trustees of Bedford School. To reject the bad in the examples offering themselves, to use the good, and to use it with just regard to the present purpose, is the thing needful. Undoubtedly these are important matters, but undoubtedly, also, it is not difficult to settle them properly ; not difficult, I mean, for ordinary good sense and ordinary good temper. The intelligence, fairness, and moderation which, in practical matters, our countrymen know so well how to exercise, make one feel quite easy in leaving these common-sense arrangements to them.

I am more anxious about the danger of having the whole question misconceived, of having false issues raised about it. One of these false issues I have already noticed. People say, After all your Toulouse Lyceum is not so good as Eton. But the Toulouse Lyceum is for the middle class, Eton for the upper class. I will allow that the upper class, amongst us, is very well taken care of, in the way of schools, already. But is the middle class ? The Lyceum loses, perhaps, if compared with Eton ; but does it not gain if compared with the "Classical and Commercial Academy ?" And it is with this that the comparison is to be instituted. Again, the French Lyceum is reproached with its barrack life, its want of country air and exercise, its dismalness, its rigidity, its excessive supervision. But these defects do not come to secondary instruction from its connexion with the State ; they are not necessary results of that connexion ; they come to French secondary instruction from the common French and continental habitudes in the training of children and school-boys ; habitudes that do not enough regard physical well-being and play. They may be re-

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medied in France, and men's attention is now strongly drawn to them there ; there has even been a talk of moving the Lyceums into the country, though this would have its inconveniences. But, at any rate, these defects need not attend the public establishment of secondary instruction in England, and assuredly, with our notions of training, they would not attend them. Again, it is said that France is a despotically governed country, and that its Lyceums are a part of its despotism. But Switzerland is not a despotically governed country, and it has its Lyceums just as much as France. Again it is said that in France the Lyceums are the only schools allowed to exist, that this is monopoly and tyranny, and that the Lyceums themselves suffer by the want of competition. There is some exaggeration in this complaint, as the existence of Sorèze, and other places like Sorèze, testifies ; still the restraints put upon private enterprise in founding schools in France, are, no doubt, mischievously strict ; the refusal of the requisite authorization for opening a private school is often vexatious ; the Lyceums would really be benefited by the proximity of other, and sometimes rival schools. But who supposes that any check would ever be put, in England, upon private enterprise in founding schools ? who supposes that the authorization demanded in France for opening a private school would ever be demanded in England, that it would ever be possible to demand it, that it would ever be desirable ? Who supposes that all the benefits of a public establishment of instruction are not to be obtained without it. It is for what it does itself that this establishment is so desirable, not for what it prevents others from doing. Its letting others alone does not prevent it from itself having a most useful work to do, and a work which can be done by no one else. The most zealous friends of free instruction upon the Continent feel this. One of the ablest of them, M. Dollfus, lately published in the *Revue Germanique* some most interesting remarks on the defects of the French school system, as at present

regulated. He demands freedom for private persons to open schools without any authorization at all. But does he contest the right of the State to have its own schools, to make a public establishment of instruction ? So far from it, he treats this as a right beyond all contestation, as a clear duty. He treats as certain, too, the right of the State to inspect all private schools once opened, though he denies the right, and the good policy, of its putting the present obstacles in the way of opening them.

But there is a catchword which, I know, will be used against me. England is the country of cries and catchwords ; a country, where public life is so much carried on by means of parties, must be. That English public life should be carried on as it is I believe to be an excellent thing ; but it is certain that all modes of life have their special inconveniences, and every sensible man, however much he may hold a particular way of life to be the best, and may be bent on adhering to it, will yet always be sedulous to guard himself against its inconveniences. One of these is, certainly, in English public life, the prevalence of cries and catchwords, which are very apt to receive an application, or to be used with an absoluteness, which do not belong to them ; and then they tend to narrow our spirit and to hurt our practice. It is good to make a catchword of this sort come down from its stronghold of commonplace, to force it to move about before us in the open country, and to show us its real strength. Such a catchword is this : *The State had better leave things alone*. One constantly hears that as an absolute maxim ; now, as an absolute maxim, it has really no force at all. The absolute maxims are those which carry to man's spirit their own demonstration with them ; such propositions as, *Duty is the law of human life, Man is morally free*, and so on. The proposition, *The State had better leave things alone*, carries no such demonstration with it ; it has, therefore, no absolute force ; it merely conveys a notion which certain people have generalized from certain facts which have

come under their observation, and which, by a natural vice of the human mind, they are then prone to apply absolutely. Some things the State had better leave alone, others it had better not. Is this particular thing one of these, or one of those?—that, as to any particular thing, is the right question. Now, I say, that education is one of those things which the State ought not to leave alone, which it ought to establish. It is said that in education given, wholly or in part, by the State, there is something eleemosynary, pauperising, degrading; that the self-respect and manly energy of those receiving it are likely to become impaired, as I have said that the manly energy of those who are too much made to feel their dependence upon a parental benefactor, is apt to become impaired. Well, now, is this so? Is a citizen's relation to the State that of a dependent to a parental benefactor? By no means; it is that of the member in a partnership to the whole firm. The citizens of a State, the members of a society, are really a partnership; "a partnership," as Burke nobly says, "in all science, in all art, in every virtue, in all perfection." Towards this great final design of their connexion, they apply the aids which co-operative association can give them. This applied to education will, undoubtedly, give the middling person a better schooling than his own individual unaided resources could give him; but he is not thereby humiliated, he is not degraded; he is wisely and usefully turning his associated condition to the best account. Considering his end and destination, he is bound so to turn it; certainly he has the right so to turn it. Certainly he has a right—to quote Burke again—"to a fair portion of all which society, *with all its combinations of skill and force*, can do in his favour." Men in civil society have the right—to quote Burke yet once more (one cannot quote him too often), as "to the acquisitions of their parents and to the fruits of their own industry," so also "*to the improvement of their offspring, to in-*

struction in life, and to consolation in death."

How vain, then, and how meaningless, to tell a man who, for the instruction of his offspring, receives aid from the State, that he is humiliated. Humiliated by receiving help for himself as an individual from himself in his corporate and associated capacity! help to which his own money, as a tax-payer, contributes, and for which, as a result of the joint energy and intelligence of the whole community in employing its powers, he himself deserves some of the praise! He is no more humiliated than one is humiliated by being on the foundation of the Charterhouse, or at Winchester, or by holding a scholarship or fellowship at Oxford or Cambridge. Nay (if there be any humiliation here), not so much. For the amount of benefaction, the amount of obligation, the amount therefore, I suppose, of humiliation, diminishes as the public character of the aid becomes more undeniable. He is no more humiliated than when he crosses London Bridge, or walks down the King's Road, or visits the British Museum. But it is one of the extraordinary inconsistencies of some English people in this matter, that they keep all their cry of humiliation and degradation for help which the State offers. A man is not pauperized, is not degraded, is not oppressively obliged, by taking aid for his son's schooling from Mr. Woodard's subscribers, or from the next squire, or from the next rector, or from the next ironmonger, or from the next druggist; he is only pauperized when he takes it from the State, when he helps to give it himself!

This matter of State-intervention in the establishment of public instruction is so beset with misrepresentation and misconception, that I must return to it again. I want the middle classes (it is for them, above all, I write), the middle classes so deeply concerned in this matter, so numerous, so right-intentioned, so powerful, to look at the thing with impartial regard to its simple reason and to its present policy.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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THACKERAY.

"COME CHILDREN, LET US SHUT UP THE BOX AND THE PUPPETS, FOR OUR PLAY IS PLAYED OUT."

DOES any one remember the words which form the title to this article? They are the concluding words of "Vanity Fair." Beneath them is a vignette as suggestive and as pathetic as the best of Bewick's. A boy and a girl are looking into a box of puppets, which one knows are the puppets which formed the characters of "Vanity Fair." Dobbin and Amelia are standing up wishing us "Good-bye;" Lord Steyne has tumbled out on the floor; and the boy has his hand on the lid, on which is inscribed "Finis," ready to shut it down. Now it is shut down for ever: And, alas! the master is shut in with his puppets.

How was it that we first came to know him? In recalling a lost friend to our memory, what is the first thing we think of? Almost always we try to bring back our first interview with him. How naturally it comes to our tongue to say, "Well, I remember the day I first saw him." Let us try to do this with the great one who is gone.

Does any one remember the time when one began to hear such sentences as these flying from mouth to mouth—"It is wonderfully clever." "It is so very strange." "One don't know whether to laugh or cry at it." "Is his name really Titmarsh?" "No, his real name is Thackeray, and he wrote 'Cornhill to Grand Cairo!'" Not a very young man either, you say; how strange it is his bursting on us with such stuff as this. He *frightens* one at times."

And so on. If you find in some long neglected Barathrum of waste paper a yellow-coloured pamphlet, on the tattered covers of which is printed "Vanity Fair; or, Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society," you may remember that these were the sort of remarks which went about among non-literary men when the educated world was taken

by storm with the most remarkable novel in the English language; coming from the pen of a man, known certainly to some extent, but who was thought to have had sufficient trial, and to have found his *métier* as a clever magazine writer.

Some knew better, but the general world did not. "Vanity Fair" took the world by surprise. Its appearance was a kind of era in the lives of men whose ages were at that time within four or five years of twenty; and, for aught we know, in the lives of men older and wiser.

One's most intimate and dearest friends before this era were probably Hamlet, Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, My Uncle Toby, or, probably, for tastes vary, Mr. Tom Jones, or Mr. Peregrine Pickle. Latterly, also, we had got to love Mr. Pickwick, the Brothers Cheeryble, and dear old Tom Pinch; and were conceiving an affectionate admiration of Eddard Cuttle, mariner; but when these wonderful yellow numbers were handed eagerly from hand to hand, to be borrowed, read, re-read, and discussed, it became evident that the circle of our acquaintances had been suddenly and singularly enlarged; that we were becoming acquainted with people—strange people, indeed!—who forced themselves on our notice, and engaged our attention, to a degree which none of our former acquaintances had ever succeeded in doing.

These wonderful new people, too, were so amazingly common-place. They were like ourselves in detail. There was nothing whatever about them except that we could not get them out of our heads; that we discussed their proceedings as we would those of the real people our neighbours; that we were amused with their foolishness, and intensely angry at some of their proceedings. Any fool

could have written about such people as these: there was nothing worthy of notice in the book at all, except that it had taken entire possession of us, and of the world. Through the exquisite perfection of the art, the art itself was not only ignored, but indignantly denied.

How melancholy it is to look back at the long line of our sweethearts, loved so dearly for a time, then neglected, then cast off, and only remembered by their names, and by a dull regretful wonder at *that* having been so dear to us at any time. Were we ever so silly as to have wept over the death of Virginia, our first lady-love, when she was shipwrecked in the Mauritius? and how soon after were we furiously indignant at the treatment of Rosamund by her papa about the purple jar and the new shoes? Then it was that impertinent *espègle* little thing, Julia Mannering; then Flora M'Ivor, and, then by a natural reaction from such overstrained sentimentalism, Evelina Burney. And so we went on from one imaginary young lady to another, until we became so *blasé*, so used to the storms of the great passion, that we could love no more, at least, not in the old degree. We understood women. We had been through too much: when at last that queer old-fashioned, dear little body, Jane Eyre, married Fairfax Rochester, we merely said that the girl was a fool, and lit our cigar. We could love no more.

Fools that we were! we were just on the eve of a crisis in our lives, of the greatest passion of all (for an unworthy object certainly)—a passion different from, and more profound than, all which had gone before. At the time that these yellow numbers began to appear, we made acquaintance with one, Miss Rebecca Sharp, and from the moment she threw her "dixonary" out of the window, we loved as we had never loved before. We were fully alive to that young lady's faults; indeed she did not take any vast trouble to conceal them; but in spite of this she simply gave a whisk of her yellow hair, and an ogle with her green eyes, took us by the nose, and led us whithersoever she would.

And did ever woman lead man such a dance as she led us? Never, since Petronius wrote the first novel eighteen hundred years ago. There was one Ulysses, and there is one Becky Sharp, the woman of many experiences and many counsels, the most of them far from satisfactory. There is no killing or shelving her; she always rises to the occasion, save once, and that one time is the only time on which she was really guilty. Then she is prostrated for a period, and shows you accidentally what you were hardly inclined to believe, that she had some sort of a heart.

Is there anything like the rise, the fall, and the rise of this woman, in literature? It is hard to say where. Many other characters in prose fiction, and often, though far less often, in poetry, grow and develop; but we know of none which enlarges and decreases again, like that of Becky Sharp—which alters in quantity and degree, but never in quality, by the breadth of a hair. False, clever, shifty, and passionately fond of admiration in her father's studio, she carries those qualities and no others with her, using them in greater or less degree, according to her opportunities, through her life. One finds her sipping gin and water in her father's studio, and imitating Miss Pinkerton; one finds her entertaining a select audience of Lord Steyne and Lord Southdown, with a wonderful imitation of the Dowager Lady Southdown; and one finds her at last with the plate of sausages and the brandy bottle, entertaining two German students with an imitation of Jos. Sedley, in the later and not so prosperous times when she lived at Numero Kattervang doose. But it is Becky Sharp still. Her mind, her tact, her power, enlarge according to her circumstances, but her character never develops; the pupils of her green cat's-eyes may expand and contract according to the light, but they are cat's-eyes still. Becky Sharp was crystallized and made perfect by her drunken disreputable father and mother in early years; and whether you find her among drunken art-students, talking *their* slang, or among the

dwellers in the gardens of the west, where the golden apples grow, talking *their* slang—whether she does battle with a footman or a marquis—she is still the same dexterous, unprincipled, brilliant, and thoroughly worthless Becky Sharp of old. Any apprentice can make a more or less successful attempt to *develop* a character by circumstances; to make it “grow under his hand,” as the slang goes. It required the hand of an almost perfect master to draw a character which politely declined to develop on any terms whatever. A sort of Lot’s wife of a character, who, though changed into a pillar of salt, persisted in looking back to Sodom, and, what is more, succeeded in the end in getting back there—if not to the old place itself, at least to the most fashionable quarter of Zoar.

Yes, Rebecca Sharp, although she pitched one overboard for the next man she came across, although she debauched one’s moral sense, and played the deuce with one’s property, still holds the first place among one’s ideal lady-loves. Competing even with the last and noblest of them all, with Maggie Tulliver: the girl who wore dark night on her head for a diadem.

And while one made acquaintance with this woman, one began to make acquaintance with other people quite as remarkable as she; with people of whom one had never seen the like exactly, and yet people who were evidently real, and yet could not be sketched from life—with Lord Steyne, for instance.

Some said that Lord Steyne was a sketch from life of Lord A, others of Lord B; the character suited neither. Lord A was accused of being the wicked nobleman, because his house was in a certain square, and Lord B, goodness only knows why. The fact was that Lord Steyne was a result of English History. He may have been as infinitely better than Lord A, as he was infinitely worse than Lord B. But he was the result of ever increasing wealth which passed without disturbance from generation to generation; of five or six

centuries of family tradition—tradition which said that the human race was divided into men, women, and the British Peerage. It is perfectly impossible that Lord Steyne could ever have existed; absolutely perfect characters do not exist. Mr. Pitt must have had his failings (one says nothing of the port wine and water; that was a necessity), but they have not come down to us. Marat must have had his virtues, though we have not heard of them. There are no perfect characters in the world. Lord Steyne is a masterly creation, but he is too perfect a character ever to have existed; he is so perfect, that we have to argue ourselves out of the belief that he is drawn from life. The details are too probable—the bow legs, the red hair, the buck teeth; all telling of latent scrofula; his snarling godless scorn, telling of his familiarity with the delightfully choice spirits of the aristocratic revolutionary party of France—of the men who encouraged the revolution, *pour s’amuser*, and perished in it, with a smile of cynical good humour on their faces, as if their own ruin was the best joke of all; his intense admiration for Becky’s lying, even when it was directed against himself. All these things, and many others, mark Lord Steyne as the imaginary representative of all the vices which proceed from irresponsible wealth, without one of the virtues which come from the desire to keep a great name spotless; able, sensual, witty, and heartless, without God in this world, not even dreading the Devil in the next. People have tried to represent the wicked nobleman often enough. Let them try the more. Lord Steyne is in the field.

If Rebecca Sharp is a perfectly original character, and if Lord Steyne has been often tried, but only now accomplished, we wish to ask you whether there is not another character in the book as wonderful in its way as either of the two others. We allude to the Dowager Lady Southdown.

There never was anything like this old lady. Every one appreciated her; to those who were indignant that such

people as our dear Becky Sharp, and Lord Steyne, should ever be mentioned, Lady Southdown appeared respectable, inimitably ridiculous, and, on the whole, good: those enjoyed the fun of Lady Southdown who had never spoken to a Countess in their lives. Some might fancy that one-half of the amusement one gets out of her proceeds from her pompous "*façons de parler*;" but it is not so. People recognised Lady Southdown, who couldn't in the least appreciate such sentences as "Jane, I forbid you to put pen to paper;" "I will have my horses to-morrow morning;" they delighted in Lady Southdown on her own merits entirely. Other men might have known the habits of the British aristocracy as well as Thackeray, who was brought up among them, but it is Thackeray only who has taken one of the most peculiarly aristocratic of them—one of them whose every word and every thought was exclusive—and made her a character to be understood by every class and for all time.

And, besides the originality of these three great characters, any one of which would form the nucleus of a successful novel, there was another fact about this most wonderful story, which no man of humour can ever forget—we mean the names which the author gives his characters. There was an infinite field of fun and suggestive humour opened to us by those wonderful names. Each name in *Vanity Fair* suggests a history.

Marquis of Steyne, for instance. Not Earl of Steyne—that would be too Saxon; not Duke—that would be too personal, for, although there are more Dukes than Marquises, yet they are better known. Marquis, a title like Viscount, with a slight French smack about it, corresponding to his amateur rose-water whiggery; and then Steyne, a name which rings on the ear as true as Buckingham or Bedford, and yet one which instantly suggests to one Brighton, the Pavilion, George the Fourth and all his set. Then Lord Southdown, gentlest of beings, brought into the world to be shorn; second title Lord Wolsey; family name Sheepshanks; seats, Southdown,

and Trottermore. Again, that gaunt and dreadful person, Lady Grizzle Macbeth, daughter of Lord Grey of Glowry; and the wonderful German dancer whom Becky dances off his legs, the Count Springbok von Hauhen-laufen. If one began to point out the fun of the names in "*Vanity Fair*," one could write a book as big as "*Vanity Fair*" itself. Take the names of the exceedingly doubtful ladies, with whom Becky has to make it up in her fall, after having cut them in her prosperity; when she was attempting the to her impossible task of being good without three thousand a year. Here they are—the Marquise de la Cruche-cassée, Lady Crackenbury, and Mrs. Washington White. Were there ever three such names for slightly unfortunate ladies?

To follow him through the wild jungle of fun into which he gets when he takes us to the German Court of Pumpernickel, with all the infinitely suggestive absurdity of the names which it pleases him to use, would be impossible. The crowning point of this unequalled nonsensical wisdom, is the triumph of British diplomacy, in arranging the marriage between the Prince of Pumpernickel with the Princess Amelia von Humburg Schlippen-Schloppen—the French candidate Princess Potztausend Donnerwetter having been pitched triumphantly overboard, to the confusion of M. de Macabau the French minister. Schlippen-Schloppen must have been sister, one would think, to our own poor dirty, down-at-heels, Queen Caroline; and Princess Potztausend Donnerwetter (Deviltakeyou Thunder-and-lightning, it might be very loosely rendered), what sort of a lady was she?

Another point about this wonderful book—a point which we cannot pass over—is the way in which the author has illustrated it. For the first time we found a novelist illustrating his own books well. At times, nay very often, we could see that the great brain which guided the hand, in its eagerness to fix the images on the paper, made that hand unsteady; that, in seeking after the end also, there had been some impa-

tient neglect of the means: in other words, that Thackeray sometimes drew correctly, but more often did not. But, notwithstanding this, there are very few of the vignettes in "Vanity Fair," which, when once seen, can be forgotten.

One begins to wonder, on looking once more on these vignettes, whether Thackeray knew Bewick, the inventor of these tale-telling wood blocks. Bewick writes you the natural history of the cock-robin, and either the master himself, or Luke Clennel, the great pupil, at the end puts you in, *à propos des bottes*, a little, exquisitely finished, inch-and-a-half vignette of a man who has hanged himself, in the month of June, on an oak bough, stretching over a shallow trout stream, which runs through carboniferous limestone. You can see, by the appearance of the hanging corpse, that everything has gone wrong with him. The very body has a dissipated and hopeless look; he has laid his hat and stick at the foot of the tree, and his dog is whining to get at him. We cannot help wondering whether Thackeray took his idea of introducing suggestive vignettes into "Vanity Fair" from having studied Bewick, and noticed the effects these "tail pieces" in Bewick had upon those who took up a book upon stipes and cock robins, and found themselves face to face with a small school of great humourists; with the men who show us more of the domestic agricultural life at the end of the last century than any others. He most probably saw this—he most probably got from Bewick the idea of small pictures, which, from the very absence of any title, force one to think of them, and puzzle them out. If he got the idea from them, he used it in a way different from their's. He used these wonderful woodcuts, as most novelists use the titles to their chapters, as a key to the text—as a means of forcing home his moral, not only on the ear but on the eye.

There is one of them lying before us now, and, as an illustration of what we mean, we will make, if the reader will allow us, a quotation—the only one we will trouble him with.

The great Lord Steyne, the short, bow-legged man of fierce animal passions, the man with the bald head, the red hair, and the prominent scrofulous buck teeth, had, as Dr. Elliotson or Dr. Bucknill would have told you; the instant they looked at him, a tendency to hereditary madness. He knew it, and it was a spectre to him: he carried his remedy about with him, and defied death. The destroying angel had, for some inscrutable reason, passed over his head without striking, leaving him responsible for his own wickedness; but had stricken down Lord George Gaunt, his innocent son, who went to a mad-house. Lord George Gaunt had children, on whom, in all probability, the curse would fall. Now read what follows, and say where you will find such stuff elsewhere.

"Twice or thrice in a week, in the
"earliest morning, the poor mother went
"for her sins and saw the poor invalid.
"Sometimes he laughed at her (and his
"laugh was more pitiable than to hear
"him cry); sometimes she found the
"brilliant dandy diplomatist of the
"Congress of Vienna dragging about
"a child's toy, or nursing the keeper's
"baby's doll. Sometimes he knew her,
"and father Mole, her director and
"companion; oftener he forgot her, as
"he had done wife, children, love,
"ambition, vanity. But he remembered
"his dinner-hour, and used to cry if his
"wine-and-water was not strong enough.
* * *

"The absent Lord's children mean-
"while prattled and grew on, quite
"unconscious that the doom was over
"them too. First they talked of their
"father, and devised plans against his
"return. Then the name of the living
"dead man was less frequently in their
"mouths—then not mentioned at all.
"But the stricken old grandmother
"trembled to think that these too were
"the inheritors of their father's shame,
"as well as of his honours; and watched
"sickenings for the day, when the awful
"ancestral curse should come down on
"them."

This is terrible enough, but it does

not satisfy Thackeray ; he must use both pen and pencil to drive his moral home. He must draw us a picture in illustration of his awful words ; here it is :—

Lord George Gaunt's children, a pretty, highbred-looking pair, are crouched with their happy heads together, on the floor against the old oak wainscot, in a long-drawn corridor, talking merrily over a great picture-book, which they hold together on their knees. They have taken their place by some accident, under an old trophy of armour, under a cuirass and four straight cavalry swords, probably of Cavalier and Roundhead times. But the swords—the ancestral swords—the swords of Damocles, hang point downwards over the heads of the unconscious prattling innocents below.

What wonder is it that we, trying in our poor way, to lay our wreath on the grave of the great man just dead, should begin our work by trying to bring before you some points of excellence in his first great work. After all, "Vanity Fair" is the book by which he introduced himself to us—the book which first made us love him. We remember, in a later book, "The Newcome's," meeting dear old Dobbin at a party at Colonel Newcome's, with young Rawdon Crawley ; it was like meeting a dear and honoured old friend.

Our task is well-nigh done. It remains for others to write his biography ; we only wish to speak of him as we knew him. We knew him first through his greatest work ; and so we have affectionately recalled it. Of his later works we have nothing to say. No man could possibly be expected to write two "Vanity Fairs ;" and yet "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" are not much inferior. The highest compliment to his beautiful, singular style, lies in the fact that it became a necessity to the public. They demanded of him that he should write them something—anything, only they *must* have *him*. He complied with their demands. He latterly wrote the "Roundabout Papers ;" sat down and wrote the first thing that came into his head, apparently. Many of them are about nothing, or next to nothing—

for instance the first ; but they are exceedingly charming ; every word of them is read and admired by his thorough-going admirers ; and certainly the worst of them is a pleasanter stop-gap for an idle quarter of an hour than one can easily find elsewhere.

The great accusation against him has been cynicism and hardness. In that charge most of us from time to time have joined. But, going into the more solemn and careful account which we must make with the dead, we think that charge should be withdrawn. The charge has been made and sustained, because in his fierce campaign against falsehood, meanness, and vulgarity, he did his work only too thoroughly, and hunted those vices high and low, into every hole and corner where they had taken refuge. If he found a mere soupçon of one of them in his own favourite characters ; if, following out inexorably his own line of thought, he discovered in one of his own creations, one of his own pet children, what should not be there, he dragged it to the light ; and then the world, or part of it, said, "The man cannot understand a perfect character." It was because he understood what a perfect character should be so well that the charge was made against him.

The charge cannot be sustained. To repeat it would be to say that the large majority of common-place people are without faults ; or else to say that the pointing out of minor vices, the detection of a snake in the verandah, or a scorpion in the wood-basket, is the sign of a cynical and bitter mind. His private life is public enough just now ; in that is the answer. His having fought bravely against poverty, after having been brought up in luxury, is no secret, for the *Times* has alluded to it. Other afflictions which he might have had are not the property of the public ; but those who accuse him of cynicism and bitterness little think that they are accusing a man whose life was one long, splendid effort of unselfish devotion. He seems never to have lost a friend, and not to have left one single enemy.

How we devoured with amazed admiration this new view of life, "Vanity Fair." How we wondered what kind of man it was who had written these wonderful words—who had poured out a flood of such strange experiences? To a raw boy of eighteen, we can remember that William Makepeace Thackeray was an awful and mysterious personage—a man whose very clothes would have been interesting, even if he himself had not been inside them.

We remember a raw lad of this sort being asked to dine and meet the great man, by one who is gone also—the good and kind John Parker; and even now that lad remembers the day he was asked to meet him as a red-letter day. There was Goethe Robespierre; there was the Waterloo Chaplain; there was the Sanitary King; and there was somebody else entitled to great veneration; and, last of all, there was Thackeray. But this lad had no eyes for the great men named first, though any one of them would have been a wonder to him at another time. There, before him, was the great man himself, at last; there was the head of hair so familiar afterwards, though not so grey sixteen years ago; there were the spectacles, and the wonderful up-looking face. There was an equal of the great man's at table, but this lad engaged himself entirely in watching Thackeray, and, as he did so, he came to this conclusion—that the man who had written the most remarkable tale he had ever read had the most remarkable face he had ever seen.

And we shall never look on that kind good face again! Just now, while we were writing this poor tribute to him, we were turning over the leaves of "Vanity Fair," and, coming across the wonderful vignette of Lady Southdown bringing in the black dose to Becky Sharp, we burst into a roar of laughter; but it was checked in an instant, for we remembered that the hand which had drawn it was cold and still for ever, and the noble head which had designed it was bowed down to rise no more.

Yes, William Thackeray is dead. He was, as it were yesterday, in the prime

of life, full of new projects, surrounded by friends, quite unexpectant of any change. But in the dull winter's night, while he was alone in his chamber, the Messenger came for him, and he arose and followed it. He has passed quietly from among us, without a word of farewell, and the riddle of this painful earth is redd to him at last.

And those who loved him are left lamenting because he is gone, and because they missed the few last priceless words which he might have spoken. We honour their grief, but let them remember that it is shared by others—that William-Makepeace Thackeray has seventy millions of mourners.

Just now the mails are going out. A hundred splendid steamships are speeding swiftly over every sea, east, west, and north, from the omphalos called London, to carry the fortnight's instalment of British history and British thought into every land where the English language is spoken. But the saddest news they carry—sadder news than they have carried for many a month—is the announcement of the death of William Thackeray.

It will come first to New York, where they loved him as we did. And the flaneurs of the Broadway, and even the busy men in Wall-street, will stay their politics, and remember him. They will say, "Poor Thackeray is dead." Though they may refuse to hear the truth—though they choose to insult us beyond endurance, at stated times—let us keep one thing in mind: the flags at New York were hung half-mast high when Havelock died. Let us remember that.

And so the news will travel southward. Some lean, lithe, deer-eyed, quadroon lad will sneak, run swiftly, pause to listen, and then hold steadily forward across the desolate war-wasted space, between the Federal lines and the smouldering watchfires of the Confederates, carrying the news brought by the last mail from Europe, and will come up to a knot of calm, clear-eyed, lean-faced Confederate officers (Oh! that such men should be wasted in such

a quarrel, for the sin was not theirs after all); and one of these men will run his eye over the telegrams, and will say to the others, "Poor Thackeray is dead." And the news will go from picket to picket, along the limestone ridges, which hang above the once happy valleys of Virginia, and will pass south, until Jefferson Davis—the man so like Stratford de Redcliffe—the man of the penetrating eyes and of the thin close-set lips—the man with the weight of an empire on his shoulders—will look up from his papers and say, with heartfelt sorrow, "The author of 'The Virginians' is dead."

High upon the hill-side at Simla, there will stand soon a group of English, Scotch, and Irish gentlemen, looking over the great plain below, and remarking to one another how much the prospect had changed lately, and how the grey-brown jungle has been slowly supplanted by the brilliant emerald green of the cotton plant, and by a thousand threads of silver water from the irrigation trenches. They will be hoping that Lawrence will succeed poor Lord Elgin, and that he will not be sacrificed in that accursed Calcutta; they will be wondering how it fares with Crawley. Then a dawn will toil up the hill-side

with the mail; and in a few minutes they will be saying, "Lawrence is appointed; Crawley is acquitted; but poor Thackeray is dead."

The pilot, when he comes out in his leaping whaleboat, and boards the mail steamer, as she lies to off the heads which form the entrance gates to our new Southern Empire, will ask the news of the captain; and he will be told, "Lord Elgin and Mr. Thackeray are dead." That evening they will know it in Melbourne, and it will be announced at all the theatres; the people, dawdling in the hot streets half the night through, waiting for the breaking up of the weather, will tell it to one another, and talk of him. The sentence which we have repeated so often that it has half lost its meaning, will have meaning to them. "William Thackeray is dead!"

So the news will fly through the seventy million souls who speak the English language. And he will lie cold and deaf in his grave, unconscious, after all his work, of his greatest triumph; unconscious that the great, so-called, Anglo-Saxon race little knew how well they loved him till they lost him. Vanitas vanitatum! "Let us shut up the box and the puppets, for the play is played out." H. K.

WHILE thinking it most fit that the duty of paying some tribute to the memory of the noble Thackeray should be performed by a contributor, qualified for the duty no less by his practised perception in the subtleties of that species of literature in which Thackeray was a master than by his great reverence for the deceased, I cannot bring myself to part altogether with the right, which I may assume in these pages, of saying a word or two, in my own name, respecting a man whom it was my privilege to know personally of late years, whose writings had been familiar to me long before I saw his kingly form or shook his cordial hand, and the latest scraps from whose pen in the numbers of the *Cornhill* were read by me with something of that punctual avidity with which some scribbler in ancient Rome may be supposed to have bent over the inimitable Latin of each last-published copy of verses from Horace.

Thackeray's special place in British literature is that of a star of the first magnitude, but of a colour and mode of brilliancy peculiarly its own, in the composite cluster known as our Novelists, our Humourists, our Imaginative Prose-writers. As this is, however, a very numerous cluster, including writers of all degrees of importance, from the smallest up to some so great that we rank them among the chiefs of our total literature, and are not afraid to cite them as our British equivalents to such names of a larger world as Cervantes, Rabelais, and Jean Paul, so there are many ways in which, on our examining the cluster, it will resolve itself into groups. More especially, there is one way of looking at

this large order of writers, according to which they shall seem to part, not so much into groups as into two great divisions, each including names of all degrees of magnitude. Now, although, if we view the cluster entire, without seeking to resolve it at all, Thackeray will strike us simply by his superior magnitude, and although, on the other hand, however minutely we may analyse the cluster, we shall find none precisely like Thackeray, and he will continue to strike us still by his intense peculiarity of hue, yet, if we do persuade ourselves to attend to such a general subdivision of the cluster into two main classes as has been hinted at, Thackeray will then, on the whole, seem to range himself rather with one of the classes than with the other.

While all writers of fiction make it their business to invent stories, and by the presentation of imaginary scenes, imaginary actions, and imaginary characters, to impart to the minds of their fellows a more prompt, rousing, and impassioned kind of pleasure than attends the reading either of speculative disquisitions or of laborious reproductions of real history, and while most of them, in doing so, strew a thousand incidental opinions and fancies by the way, and deviate into delightful and humorous whimsies, a considerable number of such writers are found to differ from the rest in respect of the constant presence in their fictions of a certain heart of doctrine, the constant ruling of their imaginations by a personal philosophy or mode of thinking. It is not always in the fictions of those novelists respecting whom we may know independently that they were themselves men of substantial and distinct moral configuration, of decided ways of thinking and acting, that we find this characteristic. Scott is an instance. He was a man of very solid and distinct personality; and yet, at the outset of his fictions, we see him always, as it were, putting on a dreaming-cap, which transports him away into realms far removed from his own personal position and experience, and from the direct operation of his own moralities. And so with others. When they begin to invent, they put on the dreaming-cap; and many cases might be cited in which this extraordinary power of the dreaming-cap might appear to have been all that the writers possessed—in which, apart from it, they might seem to have had no substantial personality at all. Whether Shakespeare, the greatest genius of the dreaming-cap that ever lived, had any coequal personality himself, of the features of which a glimpse is now recoverable, is, as all know, one of the vexed questions of literary history. We have an opinion of our own on this matter. In every case, we hold, there is an unseverable relation between the personality and the poetic genius, between what a man is and what he can imagine. Dreams themselves are fantastic constructions out of the *débris* of all the sensations, thoughts, feelings, and experiences, remembered or not remembered, of the waking-life; all that any power of the dreaming-cap, however extraordinary, can do, is to remove one into remoter wastes of the great plain of forgetfulness whereon this *débris* lies shimmering, and to release one more and more from the rule of the waking will or the waking reason in the fantasies that rise from it, and flit and melt into each other. Yet, just as some dreams are closer in their resemblance to waking tissues of thought, and more regulated by the logic of waking reason, than others, so, though in all cases the imaginations of a writer, the creations of his literary genius, are related by absolute necessity to his personal individuality, there are many cases in which the relation is so much more subtle and occult than in others, that we find it convenient in these cases to suppose it non-existing, and to think of the imagination as a kind of special white-winged faculty that can float off at any moment from its poise on the personality, move to any distance whithersoever it listeth, and return again at its own sweet will. Hence, for example, among our writers of prose-fiction, we distinguish such a writer as Scott from such a writer as Swift. The connexion, in Swift's case, between his fictions and his personal philosophy and mode of thought is direct and obvious. In his inventions and fancies he does

not move away from himself ; he remains where he is, in his fixed and awful habit of mind—expressing that habit or its successive moods in constructions fantastic in form, but of regulated and calculated meaning, and capable at once of exact interpretation. Even his Islands of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, his Laputa, and his country of the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos, are not so much visions into which he has been carried by any power of the dreaming-cap, as fell Swiftian allegories of the stationary intellect. And, though Swift is almost unique among British writers in respect of the degree to which he thus made imagination a kind of architect-contractor for fixed moods of the reason, he may yet stand as, in this respect, an exaggerated exemplar of a whole class of our writers of fiction. In other words, as has been already said, there is a class of our writers of prose-fiction, including writers of as great total power as are to be found in the class that arrive at their fancies by means of the dreaming-cap, but differing from that class by the presence in their fictions of a more constant element of doctrine, a more distinct vein of personal philosophy.

Thackeray was, on the whole, of the latter class. That he may be considered as belonging to it is one reason the more for maintaining its co-ordinate importance with the other class, and for not giving that other class, as has sometimes been proposed, a theoretical superiority as being more entitled, in virtue of their power with the dreaming-cap, to the high designation of creative or imaginative writers. One reason the more, we say—for might it not have been recollected that even Goethe, whose range of dream was as wide as that of most men, made his imagination but a kind of architect-contractor for his reason in his great prose-novel, and that, if we rank among our highest British artists a Sir Joshua Reynolds, we do not put our Hogarth beneath him? A creative writer! Who shall say that Thackeray did not give us creations? What reader of these pages, at all events, will say it, after his memory has been refreshed by our contributor with those recollections of a few of the wondrous creations that took flight from the single novel of "Vanity Fair" into that vast population of ideal beings of diverse characters and physiognomies with which the genius of imaginative writers has filled the ether of the real world? Nay, on the question whether Thackeray *should* be so decidedly attached to the class of writers of fiction with which at first sight we associate him, there may be some preliminary hesitation. In his smaller pieces, for example—some of his odd whims and absurdities in prose and verse—did he not break away into a riot of humour, a lawlessness of sheer zanyism, as exquisitely suggestive of genius making faces at its keeper as anything we have seen since Shakespeare's clowns walked the earth and sang those jumbled shreds of sense and nonsense which we love now as so keenly Shakespearian, and would not lose for the world? The dreaming-cap!—why, here we have the dreaming-cap, and bells attached to it. He moves to any distance out of sight, and still, by the tinkle, we can follow him and hear "the fool i' the forest." We are not sure but that in some of these small grotesques of Thackeray we have relics of a wilder variety of pure genius than in his more elaborate fictions. But, again, even in some of these larger and more continuous constructions of his genius in fiction, we have examples of a power which he possessed of going out of himself, and away from the habits and humours of his own time and circumstances, into tracts where the mere act of producing facsimiles or verisimilitudes of what he had directly seen and known was not sufficient, and he had to move with the stealthy step of a necromancer, recalling visions of a vanished life. When we think, for instance, of his "Esmond," and of passages in his other novels where he gives play to his imagination in the historic, and assumes so easily a certain quaintness of conception and of phraseology to correspond, we seem even to catch a glimpse of what that marvellous dreaming-power of the so-called creative writers may after all in part consist in—to wit, a

wide range of really historic interest in their own waking persons, and a habit of following out their trains of historic speculation and enthusiasm, rather than their passing observations and experiences, in their dreams. Thackeray, at all events, had a remarkable historic faculty within a certain range of time, which it was perhaps owing to the more paying nature of fiction than of history in these days that he did not more expressly use and develop. The Life of Talleyrand, which he once had in contemplation, before the days of his universal celebrity as a novelist, would have been, if done as Thackeray could have done it, a masterpiece of peculiar eighteenth-nineteenth-century biography. Nor is the story, jocularly spread by himself some years ago, that he meant to continue Macaulay's unfinished History of England, taking it up at the reign of Queen Anne, without a certain significance. One of the many distinctions among men is as to the portion of the past by which their imaginations are most fondly fascinated and with which they feel themselves most competent to deal in recollection. Macaulay's real and native historic range began where he began his History—in the interval between the Civil Wars and the Revolution of 1688. Thackeray's began a little later—at the date of Queen Anne's accession, and the opening of the eighteenth century. And, as within this range he would have been a good and shrewd historian, so within this range his imagination moves easily and gracefully in fiction. A man of the era of the later Georges by his birth and youth, and wholly of the Victorian era by his maturity and literary activity, he can go as far back as to Queen Anne's reign by that kind of imaginative second-sight which depends on delight in transmitted reminiscence.

As a Victorian, however, taking for the matter of most of his fictions life as he saw it around him, or as he could recollect it during his own much-experienced and variously-travelled career from his childhood upwards, Thackeray was one of those novelists whose writings are distinguished by a constant heart of doctrine, a permanent vein of personal philosophy. Our long and now hackneyed talk about him as a Realist, and our habit of contrasting him perpetually with Dickens, as more a novelist of the Fantastic or Romantic School, are recognitions of this. It would ill become us here and now to resort again to the full pedantry of this contrast; but, in a certain sense, as none knew better than Thackeray himself, there was a kind of polar opposition between his method and Dickens's in their art as humourists and writers of fiction. With extraordinary keenness of perception, with the eye of a lynx for the facts, physiognomies, and humours of real life, and taking the suggestions of real life with marvellous aptness for his hints, Dickens does move away with these suggestions into a kind of vacant ground of pure fancy, where the relations and the mode of exhibition may be ideal, and there shapes such tales of wonder and drollery, and holds such masques and revels of imaginary beings, as (witness how we use them, and how our talk and our current literature are enriched by references to them) no genius but his has produced in our day. In him we do see, after a fashion entirely his own, that particular kind of power which we have called the power of the dreaming-cap, and which is oftenest named ideality. Thackeray, on the other hand, is sternly, ruthlessly real. Men and women as they are, and the relations of life as he has actually seen and known them, or in as near approach to facsimile of reality as the conditions of invention of stories for general reading will permit—these are what Thackeray insists on giving us. Fortunate age to have had two such representatives of styles of art the co-existence of which—let us not call it mutual opposition—is everlastingly possible and everlastingly desirable! Fortunate still in having the one master-artist left; unfortunate now, as we all feel—and that artist more than most of us—in having lost the other! For in Thackeray we have lost not only our great master of reality in the matter of prose-fiction, but also the spokesman of a strong personal philosophy, a bracing personal mode of thought, which pervaded

all he wrote. Thackeray, it has been well said, is best thought of, in some respects, as a sage, a man of experienced wisdom, and a conclusive grasp of the world and its worth, expressing himself, partly by accident, through the particular modes of story-writing and humorous extravagance. And what was his philosophy? To tell that wholly, to throw into systematic phrase one tithe even of the characteristic and recurring trains of thought that passed through that grave brain, is what no man can hope to do. But the essential philosophy of any mind is often a thing of few and simple words, repeating a form of thought that it requires no elaborate array of propositions to express, and that may have been as familiar to an ancient Chaldean making his camel's neck his pillow in the desert as it is to a sage in modern London. It is that elementary mode of thought which comes and goes oftenest, and into which one always sinks when one is meditative and alone. And so may we not recognise Thackeray's habitual philosophy in a peculiar variation of these words of the Laureate, which he makes to be spoken by the hero of his "Maud"?—

"We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower :
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off the board, and others ever succeed ?
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour ;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame ;
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

A monstrous 'eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth ;
For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,
And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race.
As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man :
He now is the first, but is he the last ? is he not too base ?

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor ;
The passionate heart of the poet is whirled into folly and vice.
I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain ;
For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice."

Such, in some form, though not, perhaps, precisely in this high-rolled and semi-geologic form, was Thackeray's philosophy, breathed through his writings. That we are a little breed—poets, philosophers, and all of us—this is what he told us. Nature's crowning race?—Oh no ; too base for that! Many stages beyond the Eft, certainly ; but far yet from even the ideal of our own talk and our pretensions to each other. And so he lashed us, and dissected us, and tore off our disguises. He did it in great matters and he did it in small matters ; and, that he might draw a distinction between the great matters and the small matters, he generalised the smaller kinds of baseness and littleness of our time, against which he most persistently directed his satires, under the mock-heroic title of Snobism. Anti-Snobism was his doctrine as applied to many particulars of our own and of recent times—Victorian or Georgian. But he took a wider range than that, and laid bare the deeper blacknesses and hypocrisies of our fairly-seeming lives. And we called him a cynic in revenge. A cynic! No more will that word be heard about Thackeray. How, in these few weeks since he was laid in Kensal Green, have his secret deeds of goodness, the instances of his incessant benevolence and kindheartedness to all around him, leapt into regretful light. A cynic! We might have known, while we used it, that the word was false. Had he not an eye for the piety and the magnanimity of real human life, its actually attained and incalculable superiorities over the Eft ; and did he not exult, to the verge of the sentimental, in reproductions of these in the midst of his descriptions of meannesses? And did he not always, at least, include himself

for better or for worse in that breed of men of which the judgment must be so mixed? Not to desire or admire, but to walk all day like a sultan in his garden, was a dignity of isolation to which he had never attained. He did not hold himself aloof. Ah! how he came among us here in London, simply, quietly, grandly, the large-framed, massive-headed, and grey-haired sage that he was—comporting himself as one of us, though he was weightier than all of us; listening to our many-voiced clamour, and dropping in his wise occasional word; nay, not forbidding, but rather joining with a smile, if, in hilarity, we raised his own song of evening festivity :—

Here let us sport,
Boys as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free:
Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Ah! the old tree remains, and the surviving company still sits round it, and they will raise the song in the coming evenings as in the evenings gone by. But the chair of the sage is vacant. It will be long before London, or the nation, or our literature, shall see a substitute for the noble Thackeray.

D. M.

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

SIR,—In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of Dr. John Henry Newman, which I thought were justified by a Sermon of his entitled “Wisdom and Innocence,” (Sermon 20 of “Sermons Bearing on Subjects of the Day”). Dr. Newman has by letter exprest, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

EVERSLEY, Jan. 14, 1864.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1864.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOF," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAMUEL BURTON GOES INTO THE LICENSED VICUALLYING LINE.

As Samuel Burton came, hat in hand, with bent and cringing body, into George Hillyar's office in the barracks at Palmerston, George Hillyar turned his chair round towards him; and when the door was shut behind him, and the trooper's footfall had died away, he still sat looking firmly at him, without speaking.

George could not *turn* pale, for he was always pale; he could not look anxious, for he had always a worn look about his eyes. He merely sat and stared steadily at the bowing convict, with a look of inquiry in his face. The convict spoke first:

"I have not seen your honour for many years."

"Not for many years," said George Hillyar.

"I have been in trouble since I had the pleasure of seeing your honour."

"So I understand, Samuel," said George.

"Thank you, Master George, for that kind expression. You have not forgot me. Thank you, sir."

"You and I are not likely to forget one another, are we?" said George Hillyar.

"I have noticed," said the convict, "in a somewhat chequered career, that
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the memories of gentlefolks were weak, and wanted jogging at times—"

"Look here," said George Hillyar, rising coolly, and walking towards the man. "Let me see you try to jog mine. Let me see you only once attempt it. Do you hear? Just try. Are you going to threaten, hey? D—n you; just try it, will you. Do you hear?"

He not only heard, but he minded. As George Hillyar advanced towards him, he retreated, until at last, being able to go no further, he stood upright against the weather-boards of the wall, and George stood before him, pointing at him with his finger.

"Bah!" said George Hillyar, after a few seconds, going back to his chair. "Why do you irritate me? You should know my temper by this time, Samuel. I don't want to quarrel with you."

"I am sure you don't, sir," said Burton.

"Why are you sure I don't?" snarled George, looking at him angrily. "Why, eh? Why are you sure that I don't want to quarrel with you, and be rid of you for ever? Hey?"

"Oh dear! I am sure I don't know, sir. I meant no offence. I am very humble and submissive. I do assure you, Mr. George, that I am very submissive. I didn't expect such a reception, sir. I had no reason to. I have been faithful and true to you, Mr. George, through everything. I am

B B

a poor miserable used-up man, all alone in the world. Were I ever such a traitor, Mr. George, I am too old and broken by trouble, though not by years, to be dangerous."

The cat-like vitality which showed itself in every movement of his body told another story though. George Hillyar saw it, and he saw also, now that he had had an instant for reflection, that he had made a sad mistake in his way of receiving the man. The consciousness of his terrible blunder came upon him with a sudden jar. He had shown the man, in his sudden irritation, that he distrusted and hated him; and he had sense to see, that no cajolery or flattery would ever undo the mischief which he had made, by his loss of temper, and by a few wild words. He saw by the man's last speech, that the miserable convict had some sparks of love left for his old master, until he had wilfully trampled them out in his folly. He saw, now it was too late, that he might have negotiated successfully on the basis of their old association; and at the same time that he, by a few cruel words, had rendered it impossible. The poor wretch had come to him in humility, believing him to be the last person left in the world who cared for him. George had rudely broken his fancy by his causeless suspicion, and put the matter on a totally different footing.

He clumsily tried to patch the matter up. He said, "There, I beg your pardon; I was irritated and nervous. You must forget all I have said."

"And a good deal else with it, sir, I am afraid," said Burton. "Never mind, sir; I'll forget it all. I am worse than I was."

"Now don't *you* get irritated," said George, "because that would be very ridiculous, and do no good to any one. If you can't stand my temper after so many years, we shall never get on."

"I am not irritated, sir. I came to you to ask for your assistance, and you seem to have taken it into your head that I was going to threaten you with old matters. I had no intention of

anything of the sort. I merely thought you might have a warm place left in your heart for one who served you so well, for evil or for good. I am very humble, sir. If I were ungrateful enough to do so, I should never dare to try a game of bowls with an inspector of police, in this country, sir. I only humbly ask for your assistance."

"Samuel," said George Hillyar, "we have been mistaking one another."

"I think we have, sir," said Burton.

And, although George looked up quickly enough, the sly scornful expression was smoothed out of Burton's face, and he saw nothing of it.

"I am sure we have," continued George. "Just be reasonable. Suppose I *did* think at first, that you were going to try to extort money from me: why, then, it all comes to this, that I was mistaken. Surely that is enough of an apology."

"I need no apologies, Mr. George. As I told you before, I am only submissive. I am your servant still, sir. Only your servant."

"What am I to do for you, Samuel? Anything?"

"I came here to-day, sir, to ask a favour. The fact is, sir, I came to ask for some money. After what has passed, I suppose, I may go away again. Nevertheless, sir, you needn't be afraid of refusing. I haven't—haven't—Well, never mind; all these years to turn Turk at last, with such odds against me, too."

"How much do you want, Samuel?" said George Hillyar.

"I'll tell you, sir, all about it. A man who owes me money, an old mate of mine, is doing well in a public-house at Perth, in West Australia. He has written to me to say that, if I will come, I shall go into partnership for the debt. It is a great opening for me; I shall never have to trouble you again. Thirty pounds would make a gentleman of me just now. I say nothing of your getting rid of me for good—"

"You need say nothing more, Samuel," said George. "I will give you the money. What ship shall you go by?"

"The *Windsor* sails next week, sir, and calls at King George's Sound. That would do for me."

"Very well, then," said George; "here is the money; go by her. It is better that we separate. You see that these confidences, these long *tête-à-tête*s, between us are not reputable. I mean no unkindness; you must see it."

"You are right, sir. It shall not happen again. I humbly thank you, sir. And I bid you good day."

He was moving towards the door, when George Hillyar turned his chair away from him, as though he was going to look out of window into the paddock, and said, "Stop a moment, Samuel."

The convict faced round at once. He could see nothing but the back of George's head, and George seemed to be sitting in profound repose, staring at the green trees, and the parrots which were whistling and chattering among the boughs. Burton's snake-like eyes gleamed with curiosity.

"You watched me to-day in the Post-office," said George.

"Yes, sir; but I did not think you saw me."

"No more I did. I felt you," answered George. "By the bye, you got fourteen years for the Stanlake business, did you not?"

"Yes, sir; fourteen weary years," said Burton, looking inquiringly at the back of George's head, and madly wishing that he could see his face.

"Only just out now, is it?" said George.

"I was free in eight, sir. Then I got two. I should have got life over this last bank robbery, but that I turned Queen's evidence."

"I hope you will mend your ways," said George, repeating, unconsciously, Mr. Oxtan's words to the same man on a former occasion. "By George, Samuel, why don't you?"

"I am going to, sir," replied Burton, hurriedly; and still he stood, without moving a muscle, staring at the back of George Hillyar's head so eagerly that he never drew his breath, and his red-brown face lost its redness in his anxiety.

At last George spoke, and he smiled as though he knew what was coming.

"Samuel," he said, "I believe your wife died; did she not?"

"Yes, sir, she died."

"How did she die?"

"Cold. Caught in Court."

"I don't mean that. I mean, what was her frame of mind—there, go away, for God's sake; there will be some infernal scandal or another if we stay much longer. Here! Guard! See this man out. I tell you I won't act on such information. Go along with you. Unless you can put your information together better than that, you may tell your story to the marines on board the *Pelorus*. Go away."

Samuel Burton put on the expression of a man who was humbly assured that his conclusions were right, and only required time to prove it. It was an easy matter for those facile, practised features to twist themselves into any expression in one instant. There is no actor like an old convict. He sneaked across the yard with this expression on his face, until he came to the gate, at which stood five troopers, watching him as he passed.

He couldn't stand it. The devil was too strong in him. Here were five of these accursed bloodhounds, all in blue and silver lace, standing looking at him contemptuously, and twisting their moustaches: five policemen—men who had never had the pluck to do a dishonest action in their lives—standing and sneering at him, who knew the whole great art and business of crime at his fingers' ends. It was intolerable. He drew himself up, and began on them. It was as if a little Yankee *Monitor*, steaming past our fleet of great iron-clad frigates, should suddenly, spitefully, and hopelessly open fire on it.

I can see the group now. The five big, burly, honest, young men, standing silently and contemptuously looking at Samuel, in the bright sunlight; and the convict sidling past them, rubbing his hands, with a look of burlesqued politeness in his face.

"And good day, my noble captains,"

he began, with a sidelong bow, his head on one side like a cockatoo's, and his eye turned up looking nowhere. "Good day, my veterans, my champions. My bonny, pad-elinking,¹ out-after-eight-o'clock-parade, George Street bucks. Good day. Does any one of you know aught of one trooper Evans, lately quartered at Cape Wilberforce?"

"Ah!" said the youngest of the men, a mere lad; "why, he's my brother."

"No," said Samuel, who was perfectly aware of the fact. "Well, well! It seems as if I was always to be the bearer of bad news somehow."

"What d'y'e mean, old man?" said the young fellow, turning pale. "There's nothing the matter with Bill, is there?"

Samuel merely shook his head slowly. His enjoyment of that look of concern, which he had brought upon the five honest faces, was more intense than anything *we* can understand.

"Come: cheer up, Tom," said the oldest of the troopers to the youngest. "Speak out, old man; don't you see our comrade's in distress?"

"I should like to have broke it to him by degrees," said Samuel; "but it must all come out. Bear up, I tell you. Take it like a man. Your brother's been took; and bail's refused."

"That's a lie," said Tom, who was no other than George Hillyar's orderly. "If you tell me that Bill has been up to anything, I tell you it's a lie."

"He was caught," said Samuel, steadily, "boning of his lieutenant's pomatum to ile his moustachers. Two Blacks and a Chineese seen him a-doing on it, and when he was took his 'ands was greasy. Bail was refused in consequence of a previous conviction again him, for robbing a blind widder woman of a Bible and a old possum rug while she was attending her husband's funeral. The clerk of the bench has got him a-digging in his potato-garden, now at this present moment, waiting for the sessions. Good-bye, my beauties. Keep out of the sun, and don't spile your complexions. Good-bye."

¹ Alluding to the clinking of their spurs.

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: REUBEN ENTER-TAINS MYSTERIOUS AND UNSATISFACTORY COMPANY.

I WAS doubtful, at this time, whether or no Sir George Hillyar knew or guessed that we were relations of Samuel Burton, the man who had robbed him. I think even now that he did not *know*; if he did, it was evident that he generously meant to ignore it. Mr. Compton, who had recommended Samuel, told us to say nothing about it; and we said nothing. Emma surprised Joe and me one night, when we were alone together, by firing up on the subject, and saying distinctly and decidedly that she thought we were all wrong in not telling him. I was rather inclined to agree with her; but what was to be done? It was not for us to decide.

The relations between the two families were becoming very intimate indeed. Sir George Hillyar had taken a most extraordinary fancy for Reuben, which he showed by bullying him in a petulant way the whole day long; and by continually giving him boots and clothes, as peace-offerings. Reuben would take everything said to him with the most unfailing good humour, and would stand quietly and patiently, hat in hand, before Sir George, and rub his cheek, or scratch his head, or chew a piece of stick, while the "jobation" was going on. He took to Sir George Hillyar amazingly. He would follow him about like a dog, and try to anticipate his wishes in every way. He did not seem to be in the least afraid of him, but would even grin in the middle of one of Sir George's most furious tirades. They were a strange couple; so utterly different in character; Sir George so ferociously obstinate, and Reuben so singularly weak and yielding; and yet they had a singular attraction for one another.

"Erne," Sir George would roar out of window, "where the devil is that tiresome monkey of a waterman?"

"I haven't seen him to-day," Erne

would reply. "He has been missing since last night. The servants think he has drowned himself, after the rowing you gave him last night. I think that he has merely run away. If you like, I will order the drags."

"Don't you be a jacknapes. Find him."

Reuben would be produced before the window.

"May I take the liberty of asking how you have been employing your time, sir? The boats are not cleaned."

"Cleaned 'em by nine this morning, sir."

"You have not fetched home that punt-pole, sir, as you were expressly ordered."

"Fetched it home last night, sir."

"And why was it not fetched home before, sir?"

"The old cove as had the mending 'on it," Reuben would answer, going off at score in his old way, "has fell out with his missis, and she hid his shoes in the timber-yard, and went off to Hampton fair in a van, along with Mrs. Scuttle, the master-sweep's lady; and he had to lie in bed till she come back, which wasn't soon, for she is fond of society and calculated to adorn it; and, when she come, she couldn't remember where the shoes was put to, and so—"

"What do you mean, sir?" Sir George would interrupt, "by raking up all this wretched blackguardism before my son Erne?"

Reuben would say, that he had been asked, and supposed that he did right in answering; and by degrees the storm would blow over, and Reuben would in some way find himself the better for it. When Erne told me that he had seen his father sit on a bench and watch Reuben at his work for an hour together: I began to think that Sir George had a shrewd guess as to who Reuben was; and also to have a fancy that there might be two sides to Samuel Burton's story; and that it was dimly possible that Sir George might wish to atone for some wrong which he had done to our cousin. But I said nothing to any one,

and you will see whether or no I was right by-and-by.

However, Reuben's success with Sir George was quite notorious in our little circle. My mother said that it was as clear as mud that Sir George intended to underswear his personalities in Reuben's favour. I might have wondered what she meant, but I had given up wondering what my mother meant, years ago, as a bad job.

I saw Reuben very often during his stay at Stanlake, and he was always the very Reuben of old times—reckless, merry, saucy, and independent—ready to do the first thing proposed, without any question or hesitation. The dark cloud which had come over him the night I went up and slept with him in the ghost-room had apparently passed away. Twice I alluded to it, but was only answered by a mad string of Cockney balderdash, like his answers to Sir George Hillyar, one of which I have given above as a specimen. The third time I alluded to the subject, he was beginning to laugh again, but I stopped him.

"Rube," I said, looking into his face, "I don't want you to talk about that night. I want you to remember what I said that night. I said, Rube, that, come what would, I would stick by you. Remember that."

"I'll remember, old Jim," he said, trying to laugh it off. But I saw that I had brought the cloud into his face again, and I bided my time.

When the boating season was over, the Hillyars went back into the great house at Stanlake, and Reuben came home and took up his quarters once more in the ghost's-room, at the top of the house; and then I saw that the cloud was on his face again, and that it grew darker day by day.

I noticed the expression of poor Reuben's face, the more, perhaps, because there was something so *pitiable* in it—a look of abject, expectant terror. I felt humiliated whenever I looked at Reuben. I wondered to myself whether, under any circumstances, *my* face could assume that expression. I hoped

not. His weak, handsome face got an expression of eager, terrified listening, most painful to witness. Mr. Faulkner had lent Joe "Tom and Jerry," and among other pictures in it, was one of an effeminate, middle-aged forger, just preparing for the gallows, by George Cruikshank ; and, when I saw that most terrible picture, I was obliged to confess that Reuben might have sat for it.

A very few nights after his return, just when I had satisfied myself of all the above-mentioned facts about Reuben, it so happened that Fred, being started for a run in his night-shirt, the last thing before going to bed, had incontinently run into the back kitchen, climbed on to the sink to see his brothers, Harry and Frank, pumping the kettle full for the next morning, slipped up on the soap, come down on one end, and wetted himself. My mother was in favour of airing a fresh night-gown, but Emma undertook to dry him in less time ; so they all went to bed, leaving Fred standing patiently at Emma's knees, with his back towards the fire, in a cloud of ascending steam.

I had caught her eye for one instant, and I saw that it said {"Stay with me." So I came and sat down beside her.

"Jim, dear," she said eagerly, "you have noticed Reuben : I have seen you watching him."

"What is it, sweetheart?" I answered. "Can you make anything of it?"

"Nothing, Jim," she said. "I am fairly puzzled. Has he confided to you?"

I told her faithfully what had passed between us the night I stayed in his room.

"He has done nothing wrong ; that is evident," she said. "I am glad of that. I love Reuben, Jim. I wouldn't have any evil happen to Reuben for anything in the world. Let us watch him and save him, Jim ; let us watch him and save him."

I promised that I would do so, and I did. I had not long to watch. In three days from that conversation, the look of frightened expectation in Reuben's face was gone, and in its place there was one of surly defiance. I saw

that what he had expected had come to pass. But what was *that* ? I could not conceive. I could only remember my promise to him, to stick by him, and wait till he chose to tell me. For there was that in his eyes which told me that I *must* wait his time ; that I must do anything but ask.

He left off coming in to see us of an evening, but would only look in to say "Good night," and then we would hear him toiling up the big stairs all alone. Two or three times Emma would waylay him and try to tempt him to talk, but he would turn away. Once she told me he laid his head down on the banisters and covered his face ; she thought he was going to speak, but he raised it again almost directly, and went away hurriedly.

The house was very nearly empty just now. The lodgers, who had, so to speak, flocked to my father's standard at first, had found the house dull, and had one by one left us, to go back into the old houses, as buildings which were not so commodious, but not so intolerably melancholy. The house was not so bad in summer ; but, when the November winds began to stalk about the empty rooms, like ghosts, and bang the shutters, in the dead of night—or when the house was filled from top to bottom with the November fog, so that, when you stood in the middle of the great room at night with a candle, the walls were invisible, and you found yourself, as it were, out of sight of land ; then it became a severe trial to any one's nerves to live above stairs. They dropped off one by one ; even the Agars and the Holmeses, our oldest friends. They plainly told us why ; we could not blame them, and we told them so.

It used to appear to me so dreadfully desolate for Reuben, sleeping alone up there at the very top of the house, separated from everything human and life-like by four melancholy storeys of empty ghost-haunted rooms. I thought of it in bed, and it prevented my sleeping. I knew that some trouble was hanging over his head, and I thought that there was something infinitely sad and

pathetic in the fact of that one weak, affectionate soul lying aloft there, so far away from all of us, brooding in solitude. Alone in the desolate darkness, with trouble—nay, perhaps with guilt.

One night I lay awake so long thinking of this, that I felt that my judgment was getting slightly unhinged—that, in short, I was wandering on the subject. I awoke Joe. He had never been taken into full confidence about Reuben and his troubles. Reuben was a little afraid of him, and had asked me not to speak to him on the subject, but I had long thought that we were foolish, in not having the advice of the soundest head in the house; so, finding my own judgment going, I awoke him and told him everything.

"I have been watching too," said Joe, "and I saw that he had asked you and Emma to say nothing to me. Mind you never let him know you have. I'll tell you what to do, old man. What time is it?"

It was half-past eleven, by my watch.

"Get up and put on some clothes; go up stairs and offer to sleep with him."

"So late," I said. "Won't he be angry?"

"Never mind that. He oughtn't to be left alone brooding there. He'll—he'll—take to drink or something. Go up now, old man, and see if he will let you sleep with him."

It was the cold that made my teeth chatter. I feel quite sure that it was not the terror of facing those endless broad stairs in the middle of a November night, but chatter they did. I had made my determination, however; I was determined that I would go up to poor Reuben, and so I partly dressed myself. Joe partly dressed himself too, saying that he would wait for me.

Oh, that horrible journey aloft, past the long corridors, and the miserable bare empty rooms, up the vast empty staircases, out of which things looked at me, and walked away again with audible footsteps! Bah! it makes me shudder to think of it now.

But, at last, after innumerable terrors,

I reached Reuben's room-door, and knocked. He was snoring very loud indeed—a new trick of his. After I had knocked twice, he suddenly half-opened the door, and looked out before I had heard him approach it. It was dark, and we could not see one another. Reuben whispered, "Who's there?" and I answered,

"It's only me, Rube. I thought you were so lonely, and I came up to sleep with you."

He said, "That's like you. Don't come in, old fellow; the floor's damp: let me come down and sleep with you instead. Wait."

I waited while Reuben found his trousers, and all the while he kept snoring with a vigour and regularity highly creditable. At last, after a few moments indeed, I made the singularly shrewd guess that there was some one else sleeping in Reuben's room—some one who lay on his back, and the passages of whose nose were very much contracted.

Reuben came downstairs with me in the dark. He said it was so kind of me to think of him. He confided to me that he had a "cove" upstairs, a great pigeon-fancier, to whom he, Reuben, owed money; but which pigeon-fancier was in hiding, in consequence of a mistake about some turbits, into which it would be tedious to go. I *thought* it was something of that kind, and was delighted to find that I was right. I took occasion to give Rube about three-halfpennyworth of good advice about low company, but he cut it short; for he rolled sleepily into our room, where a light was burning, and tumbled into my bed with one of his old laughs, and seemed to go to sleep instantly.

I was glad of this, for I was in mortal fear lest he should notice one fact: Joe was not in the room, and Joe's bed was empty. Joe had been following me to see me through my adventure, as he always did; but, if Reuben had seen that Joe had been watching us, I know he would never have forgiven him, and so it was just as well as it was. I put the light out, and in a few minutes I

heard Joe come into the room and get into bed. Although I was very tired after a hard day's work, I determined to think out the problem of Reuben's visitor. I had scarcely made this determination, when it became clear to me that he was no other than Robinson Crusoe, who had come to insist that all Childs' and Chancellor's omnibus-horses were to be roughed in three minutes, in consequence of the frost. I then proceeded down the Thames in a barge, by the Croydon atmospheric railway ; and then I gave it up as a bad job, and went on the excursion which we all, I hope, go at night. May yours be a pleasant one to-night, my dear reader—pleasanter than any which Reuben's friend, the pigeon-fancier, is at all likely to make.

CHAPTER XXI.

GERTY GOES ON THE WAR TRAIL.

BELOW the city of Palmerston, which was situated just at the head of the tideway, the river Sturt found its way to the sea in long reaches, which were walled in, to the very water's edge, by what is called in the colony teascrub—a shrub not very unlike the tamarisk, growing dense and thick, about fifteen feet high, on the muddy bank, eaten out by the wash of many steamboats. But, above the tideway, the river was very different. If you went up, you had scarcely passed the wharfs of the city before you found yourself in a piece of real primeval forest, of nearly two thousand acres, left by James Oxton from the very first ; which comprised a public park, a botanic garden, and the paddock of the police-station. This domain sloped gently down to the river on either side, and the river was no sooner relieved from the flat tideway than it began to run in swift long shallows of crystal water, under hanging woodlands—in short, to become useless, romantic, and extremely beautiful.

Passing upward beyond the Government Reserve, as this beautiful tract was called, you came into the magnificent grounds of the Government House. The

house itself, a long, white, castellated building, hung aloft on the side of a hill overhead, and was backed by vast sheets of dark green woodland. From the windows the lawn stooped suddenly down, a steep slope into the river, here running in a broad deep reach, hugging the rather lofty hills, on the lower range of which the house was situated.

Immediately beyond the Government House, and on the other side of the river, was a house of a very different character. The river, keeping, as I said, close to the hills, left on the other side a great level meadow, which, in consequence of the windings of the stream, was a mere low peninsula, some five hundred acres in extent, round which it swept in a great still, deep, circle. At the isthmus of the peninsula, on a rib of the higher land behind, a ridge of land ran down, and, forming the isthmus itself, was lost at once in the broad river-flat below : there stood the residence of our friend the Hon. James Oxton.

It was a typical house—the house of a wealthy man who had not always been wealthy, but who had never been vulgar and pretentious. It was a perfectly honest house ; it *meant* something. It meant this : that James Oxton required a bigger house now that he was worth a quarter of a million than he did when he was merely the cadet of an English family, sent here to sink or swim with the only two thousand pounds he was ever likely to see without work. And yet that house showed you at a glance that the owner did not consider himself to have risen in the social world one single step. He had always been a gentleman, said the house, and he never can be more or less. Ironmongers from Bass Street might build magnificent Italian villas, as an outward and visible proof that they had made their fortunes, and had become gentlemen beyond denial or question. James Oxton still lived comfortably between weather-board, and under shingle, just as in the old times when ninety-nine hundredths of the colony was a howling wilderness ; *he* could not rise or fall.

Yet his house, in its peculiar way, was

a very fine one indeed. Strangers in the colony used to mistake it for a great barracks, or a great tan-yard, or something of that sort. Fifteen years before he had erected a simple wooden house of weather-board, with a high-pitched shingle roof. As he had grown, so had his house grown. As he had more visitors, he required more bedrooms; as he kept more horses, he required more stables, consequently more shingle and weather-boards: and so now his house consisted of three large gravelled quadrangles, surrounded by one-storied buildings, with high-pitched roofs and very deep verandahs. There was hardly a window in the whole building; nothing but glass doors opening to the ground, which were open for five or six months in the year.

An English lady might have objected to this arrangement. She might have said that it was not convenient to come in and find a tame kangaroo, as big as a small donkey, lying on his side on the hearthrug, pensively tickling his stomach with his fore paws; or for six or eight dogs, large and small, to come in from an expedition, and, finding the kangaroo in possession of the best place, dispose themselves as comfortably as circumstances would allow on ottomans and sofas, until they rose up with one accord and burst furiously out, barking madly, on the most trivial alarm, or even on none at all. An English lady, I say, might have objected to this sort of thing, but Aggy Oxton never dreamt of it. Mrs. Quickly objected to it, both on the mother's account and on that of the blessed child, not to mention her own; but Mrs. Oxton never did. It was James's house, and they were James's dogs. It must be right.

I mentioned Mrs. Quickly just this moment. I was forced to do so. The fact of the matter is, that at this time—that is to say, on the very day on which George Hillyar had his interview with Samuel Burton in his office—the whole of these vast premises, with their inhabitants, were under her absolute dominion, with the exception of the dogs, who smelt her contemptuously, won-

dering what she wanted there; and the cockatoo, who had delivered himself over as a prey to seven screaming devils, and, having bit Mrs. Quickly, had been removed to the stables, rebellious and defiant.

For there was a baby now. James Oxton had an heir for his honours and his wealth. The shrewd Secretary, the hard-bitten man of the world, the man who rather prided himself at being thoroughly conversant with all the springs of men's actions, had had a new lesson these last few days. There was a sensation under his broad white waistcoat now, so very, very different from anything he had ever felt before, and so strangely pleasant. He tried to think what it was most like. It was nearest akin to anxiety, he thought. He told his wife that he felt it in the same place, but that it was very different. After all, he did not know, on second thoughts, that it was so very like anxiety. He thought, perhaps, that the yearning regret for some old friend, who had died in England without bidding him good-bye, was most like this wonderful new sensation of child-love.

But, whatever it was most like, there it was. All the interlacing circles of politics, ambition, business, and family anxiety had joined their lines into one; and here, the centre of it all, lay his boy, his first-born, heir to 150,000 acres, on his pale wife's knee.

He was an anxious man that day. The party which was afterwards to rise and sweep him away for a time, the party of the farmers and shopkeepers, recruited by a few radical merchants and some squatters, smarting under the provisions of James Oxton's Scab Act, and officered, as the ultra-party in a colony always is, by Irishmen—the party represented in the House by Mr. Phelim O'Ryan, and in the press by the Mohawk—had shown their strength for the first time that day; and, as a proof of their patriotism, had thrown out, on the third reading (not having been able to whip in before), the Government district-building-surveyor's-bill, the object of which was to provide that the town should be built with some

pretensions to regularity, and that every man should get his fair money's worth out of the bricklayer. It was thrown out, wholesome and honest as it was, as a first taste of the tender mercies and good sense of a party growing stronger day by day. James Oxton had cause to be anxious ; he saw nothing before him but factious opposition, ever growing stronger to every measure he proposed ; no business to be comfortably done until they, the Mohawks, were strong enough to take office, which would be a long while. And, when they were—Oh heavens ! Phelim O'Ryan, Brian O'Donoghue ! It wouldn't do to think of.

And George Hillyar ? About this proposition of his going to England The Secretary was strongly of opinion that he ought to go, and to make it up with his father, and to set things right, and to give Gerty her proper position in the world ; but George wouldn't go. He was obstinate about it. He said that his father hated him, and that it was no use. "He is a short-necked man," argued James Oxton to himself, "and is past sixty. He may go off any moment ; and there is nothing to prevent his leaving three-quarters of his property to this cub Erne—the which thing I have a strong suspicion he has done already. In which case George and Gerty will be left out in the cold, as the Yankees say. Which will be the deuce and all : for George has strong capabilities of going to the bad left in him still. I wish George would take his pretty little wife over to England, and make his court with the old man while there is time. But he won't, confound him !"

The poor Secretary, you see, had cause enough for anxiety. And, when he was in one of what his wife chose to call his Sadducee humours, he would have told you that anxiety was merely a gnawing sensation behind the third button of your waistcoat, counting from the bottom. When, however, he came into the drawing-room, and saw his boy on his wife's lap, and Gerty kneeling before her, the sensation, though still

behind the same button, was not that of anxiety, but the other something spoken of above.

The baby had been doing prodigies. He was informed of it in a burst of excited talk. It had wimmicked. Not once or twice, but three times had that child wimmicked at its aunt as she knelt there on that identical floor under your feet. Mrs. Oxton was confirmed in this statement by Gerty, and Gerty by Mrs. Quickly. There was no doubt about it. If the child went on at this pace, it would be taking notice in less than a month !

This was better than politics—far better. Confound O'Ryan and all the rest of them. He said, there and then, that he had a good mind to throw politics overboard and manage his property. "Will you have the goodness to tell me, Gerty," he said, "what prevents my doing so ? Am I not poorer in office ? Is it not unendurable that I, for merely patriotically giving up my time and talents to the colony, am to be abused by an Irish adventurer ; have my name coupled with Lord Castlereagh's (the fool *meant* to be offensive, little dreaming that I admire Lord Castlereagh profoundly) ; and be unfavourably compared to Judas Iscariot ? I'll pitch the whole thing overboard, take old George into partnership, and let them ruin the colony their own way. Why shouldn't I ?"

Gerty didn't know. She never knew anything. She thought it would be rather nice. Mrs. Oxton remarked quietly, that three days before he had been furiously abusing the upper classes in America, as cowardly and unprincipled, for their desertion of politics, and their retirement into private life.

"There, *you* are at it now," said the Secretary. "How often I have told you not to *réchauffer* my opinions in that way, and bring them up unexpectedly. You are a disagreeable woman, and I am very sorry I ever married you."

"You should have married Lesbia Burke, my love," said Mrs. Oxton. "We always thought you would. Didn't we, Gerty ?"

"No, dear, I think not," said simple Gerty; "I think you forget. Don't you remember that poor mamma always used to insist so positively that Mary was to marry Willy Morton; that you were to marry James; and that I was to marry either Dean Maberly, or Lord George Staunton, unless some one else turned up? I am sure I am right, because I remember how cross she was at your walking with Willy Morton at the Nicnicabarla picnic. She said, if you remember, that you were both wicked and foolish—wicked, to spoil your eldest sister's game, and more foolish than words could say if you attempted to play fast and loose with James. I remember how frightened I was at her. 'If you think James Oxton is to be played the fool with, you little stupid,' she said—"

"The girl is mad," said Mrs. Oxton, blushing and laughing at the same time. "She has gone out of her mind. Her memory is completely gone."

"Dear me!" said Gerty, looking foolishly round; "I suppose I oughtn't to have told all that before James. I am terribly silly sometimes. But, Lord bless you, it won't make any difference to him."

Not much, judging from the radiant smile on his face. He was intensely delighted. He snapped his fingers in his wife's face. "So Willy Morton was the other string to her bow, hey? Oh Lord!" he said, and then burst into a shout of merry laughter. Mrs. Oxton would not be put down. She said that it was every word of it true, and that, idiot as Willy Morton was, he would never have snapped his fingers in his wife's face. Gerty couldn't understand the fun. She thought they were in earnest, and that she was the cause of it all. Mrs. Oxton saw this, and pointed it out to the Secretary. He would have laughed at her anxiety, but he saw she was really distressed; so he told her in his kind, quiet way, that there was such love and confidence between him and her sister as even the last day of all, when the secrets of all hearts should be known, could not disturb for one instant.

She was, possibly, a little frightened by the solemnity with which he said this, for she stood a little without answering; and Mr. Oxton and his wife, comparing notes that evening, agreed that her beauty grew more wonderful day by day.

For a moment she stood, with every curve in her body seeming to droop the one below the other, and her face vacant and puzzled; but suddenly, with hardly any outward motion, the curves seemed to shift upwards, her figure grew slightly more rigid, her head was turned slightly aside, her lips parted, and her face flushed and became animated.

"I hear him," she said; "I hear his horse's feet brushing through the fern. He is coming, James and Aggy. I know what a pity it is I am so silly—"

"My darling—" broke out Mr. Oxton.

"I know what I mean, sister dear. He should have had a cleverer wife than me. Do you think I am so silly as not to see that? Here he is."

She ran out to meet him. "By George, Aggy," said the Secretary, kissing his wife, "if that fellow *does* turn Turk to her—"

He had no time to say more, for George and Gerty were in the room, and the Secretary saw that George's face was haggard and anxious, and began to grow anxious too.

"I am glad we are all here together alone," said George. "I want an important family talk. Mrs. Quickly, would you mind going?"

Mrs. Quickly had, unnoticed, heard all that had passed before, and seemed inclined to hear more. She minced, and ambled, and bridled, and said something about the blessed child, whereupon Mrs. Oxton, like a shrewd body, gave her the baby to take away with her, reflecting that if she tried to listen at the keyhole the baby would probably make them aware of the fact.

"I look pale and anxious, I know," said George. "I am going to tell you why. Has Gerty told you what she told me last week?"

Yes, she had.

"I have been thinking over the matter all day, all day," said George, wearily, "and I have come to the conclusion that that circumstance makes an immense difference. Don't you see how, Oxtan?"

"I think I do," said the Secretary.

George looked wearily and composedly at him, and said, "I mean this, my dear Oxtan; I steadily refused to pay court to my father before, partly because I thought it useless, and partly because my pride forbade me. This news of Gerty's alters everything. For the sake of my child, I must eat my pride, and try to resume my place as the head of the house. Therefore, I think I will accede to your proposal, and go to England."

"My good George," said Mrs. Oxtan, taking him by both hands, "my wise, kind George, we are so sure it will be for the best."

"My boy," said the Secretary, "you are right. I cannot tell you how delighted I am at your decision. I wish I was going. Oh heavens! if I could only go. And you will go, and actually see old Leecroft, and Gerty shall take a kiss to my mother. Hey, Gerty! She would know you if she met you in the street, from my description! Shall you be in time to get off by the *Windsor*?"

"Oh Lord, no," said George, speaking fast for an instant; "we couldn't possibly go by that ship. No; we could not be ready by then."

"I suppose you couldn't," said the Secretary. "I was thinking for a moment, George, that you were as impatient as I should be."

"Hardly that," said George. "My errand home is a different sort of one from yours."

So George got leave of absence, and went home; partly to see whether or no he could, now a family was in prospect, get on some better terms with his father, and partly because, since he had the interview with Samuel Burton, everything seemed to have grown duller and blanker to him. His first idea was to put sixteen thousand miles of salt water between him and this man, and

his purpose grew stronger every time he remembered the disgraceful tie that bound them together.

So they went. As the ship began to move through the green water of the bay, Gerty stood weeping on the quarter-deck, clinging to George's arm. The shore began to fade rapidly; the happy, happy shore, on which she had spent her sunny, silly life. The last thing she saw through her tears was the Secretary, standing at the end of the pier, waving his hat, and Aggy beside him. When she looked up again, some time after, the old familiar shore was but a dim blue cloud, and, with a sudden chill of terror, she found herself separated from all who knew her and loved her, save one—alone, on the vast, heaving, pitiless ocean, with George Hillyar.

For one instant, she forgot herself. She clutched his arm and cried out, "George, George! let us go back. I am frightened, George. I want to go back to Aggy and James. Take me back to James! Oh, for God's sake, take me back!"

"It is too late now, Gerty," said George coldly. "You and I are launched in the world together alone, to sink or swim. The evening gets chill. Go to your cabin."

The Secretary stamped his foot on the pier, and said, "God deal with him as he deals with her!" But his wife caught his hands in hers, and said, "James, James! don't say that. Who are we that we should make imprecations? Say, God help them both, James."

CHAPTER XXII

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: VERY LOW COMPANY.

REUBEN'S friend, the pigeon-fancier, never showed in public. I asked Rube, after a day or two, whether he was there still, and Rube answered that he was there still, off and on. I was very sorry to hear it, though I could hardly have told any one why.

Reuben never came in of a night now;

at least, never came to sit with us. Sometimes he would come in for a few minutes, with his pockets always full of bulls'-eyes and rock and such things, and would give them to the children, looking steadily at Emma all the while, and then go away again. He would not let me come up to his room. He seemed not at all anxious to conceal the fact, that there was some one who came there who was, to put it elegantly, an ineligible acquaintance. My father became acquainted with the fact, and was seriously angry about it. But Reuben had correctly calculated on my father's good nature and disinclination to act. Reuben knew that my father would only growl; he knew he would never turn him out.

Very early in my story I hinted that Alsatia was just round the corner from Brown's Row. Such was the fact. In Danvers Street and Lawrence Street, west and east of us, might be found some very queer people indeed; and, as I have an objection to give their names, I shall give them fictitious ones. I have nothing whatever to say against Mrs. Quickly, or of the reasons which led to her emigration. She hardly comes into question just now, for she emigrated to Cooksland not long after Fred was born. I repeat that I personally have nothing to say against Mrs. Quickly; she was always singularly civil to me. That she was a foolish and weak woman, I always thought, but I was surprised at the singular repugnance which Emma showed towards her. And Mrs. C——m again. What could have made *her* fly out at the poor woman in that way, and fairly hunt her out of Sydney? And will you tell me why, in the end, not only Emma and Mrs. C——m, but also my mother, had far more tenderness and compassion for that terrible unsexed termagant Mrs. Bardolph (*née* Tearsheet), than for the gentle, civil, soft-spoken Mrs. Quickly? I asked my wife why it was the other day, and she told me that nothing was more difficult to answer than a thoroughly stupid question.

At the time of which I am speaking now, Mrs. Quickly had gone to Australia,

and the house she had kept in Lawrence Street was kept by Mrs. Bardolph and Miss Ophelia Flanagan. Miss Flanagan was a tall raw-boned Irish woman, married to a Mr. Malone. Mrs. Bardolph was a great red-faced coarse Kentish woman, with an upper lip longer than her nose, and a chin as big as both, as strong as a man, and as fierce as a tiger.

This winter she had returned from a short incarceration. There had been a fatal accident in her establishment. Nobody—neither the dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, nor Nym, nor Bardolph, nor Pistol—had anything to do with it. The man had fallen downstairs and broken his neck accidentally, but neither the Middlesex Magistrates nor the Assistant-Judge could conceal from themselves the fact, that Mrs. Bardolph kept a disorderly house, and so she had to go to Holloway. She had now returned, louder, redder, and angrier than before.

Not many days after the night on which I had gone up into Reuben's room, I had some business in Cheyne Row, and when it was done I came whistling and sauntering homewards. As I came into Lawrence Street, I was thinking how pleasant and fresh the air came up from the river, when I was attracted by the sound of people talking loudly before me, and, looking up, I saw at the corner of the passage which leads by the Dissenting chapel into Church Street, this group—

Miss Flanagan and Mrs. Bardolph, leaning against the railings with their arms folded; Mr. Nym, Mr. Bardolph, and Mr. Pistol (I know who I mean well enough); a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, Bill Sykes, Mrs. Gamp, Moll Flanders, and my cousin Reuben. There was a man also, who leant against a post with his back towards me, whose face I could not see.

As I came near them, they stopped talking, every one of them, and looked at me. To any lad of nearly eighteen, not born in London, or one of the chief towns in Australia, this would have been confusing; to *me* it was a matter of pro-

found indifference. I was passing them with a calm stare, by no means expressive of curiosity, when Mrs. Bardolph spoke :

"Hallo, young Bellus-and-tongs ! What's up?"

I replied to her, not in many words. There was a roar of laughter from the whole gang; she looked a little angry for a moment, but laughed good-naturedly directly afterwards. Then I was sorry for what I had said. But you had to keep your tongue handy in those times, I assure you.

"Never you mind the stirabout, you monkey," she said; "my constitution wanted reducing; I was making a deal too much flesh. Take your cousin home and mind him, you cheeky gonoff; don't you see that the devil has come for him?"

There was another laugh at this, and I turned and looked at the gentleman who was leaning against the corner-post, and who was laughing as loud as any one. I was not impressed in this gentleman's favour; but I was strongly impressed with the idea that this was the gentleman who had snored so loud one night he had slept in Reuben's room. But I only laughed too. I said to Mrs. Bardolph, that Rube knew his home and his friends a good deal better than she could tell him, and so I went on my way, and, as I went, heard Miss Flanagan remark that I was a tonguey young divvle, but had something the look of my sither about the eyees.

I was glad that Erne came to see me that night, for I was terribly vexed and ill at ease at finding Reuben in such company—in company so utterly depraved that I have chosen, as you see, to designate them by Shakespearian names. It was not because I wished to confide in him that I was glad to see him. I had no intention of doing that. If I had, in the first place I should have been betraying Reuben; in the second, I should have been ashamed; and in the third, I should have been telling the difficulty to a person as little likely to understand it and assist one out of it as any one I

know. Erne's childish simplicity in all worldly matters was a strange thing to see.

No. It was for this reason I was glad to see Erne. I was vexed, and the fact of his sitting beside me soothed me and made me forget my vexation. Why? you ask. Well, that I cannot tell you. I have not the very least idea in the world why. I only know that when Erne was sitting with me I had a feeling of contentment which I never had at other times. We never spoke much to one another; hardly ever, unless we were alone, and then only a few words; nothing in themselves, but showing that we understood one another thoroughly. Erne's powers of conversation were entirely reserved for Emma and Joe. But they told me that if I was out when he came, he was quite distraught and absent; that he would never talk his best unless I was present—though he would, perhaps, only notice my coming by taking my hand and saying, "How do, old fellow?" A curious fact these boy-friendships! A wise schoolmaster told me the other day that he should not know what to do without them, and that he had to utilise them. They are, I think, all very well until Ferdinand meets Miranda. After that, they must take their chance. At this time, it was only child Erne who was in love with child Emma. As yet, I was the centre round which Erne's world revolved. I had not gone to the wall as yet.

"Hallo!" said Erne, when he burst in. "I say, is Jim here? I say, old fellow, I want to talk to you most particularly. Where's Emma, old fellow? Fetch Emma for me; I want to have a talk about something very particular indeed. A regular council of war, Joe. You Hammersmith, you needn't say anything; you listen, and reserve your opinion. Do you hear?"

I remember that he shook hands with me, and I remember smiling to see his white delicate fingers clasped in my own black hand. Then Emma came sweeping in, and her broad noble face shaped itself into one great smile to welcome

him; and he asked her to give him a kiss, and she gave him one, and you must make the best of it you can, or the worst that you dare. And then she passed on to her place by the fire with Frank and Harry, and Fred hanging to her skirts, and sat down to listen.

The court was opened by Erne. He said, "My elder brother is come home." There were expressions of surprise from Joe and Emma.

"Yes," said Erne. "He is come home. Emma, I want to ask you this: If you had a brother you had never seen, do you think you could love him?"

Emma said, "Yes. That she should certainly love him, merely from being her brother."

"But suppose," said Erne, "that you had never heard anything but evil about him. Should you love him then?"

"Yes," said Emma; "I wouldn't believe the evil. And so I should be able to love him."

"But," said Erne, "that is silly nonsense. Suppose that you were forced to believe every thing bad against him?"

"I wouldn't without proof," said resolute Emma.

"But suppose you *had* proof, you very obstinate and wrong-headed girl. Supposing the proofs of his ill behaviour were perfectly conclusive. Suppose that."

"Supposing that," said the undaunted Emma, "is supposing a good deal. Suppose that I was to suppose, that you had taken the whole character of your brother from second-hand, and had never taken the trouble or had the opportunity to find out the truth. Suppose that."

"Well," said Erne, after a pause, "that is the case, after all. But you needn't be so aggravating and determined; I only asked your opinion. I wanted you to—"

"To hound you on till you formed the faction against your brother, eh?" said Emma. "Now, you may be offended or not; you may get up and leave this room to-night; but you shall hear the truth. Joe and I have talked over this ever since you told us that your brother was expected a fortnight ago, and I am expressing Joe's opinion and my own. Every prejudice you take towards that man lowers you in the estimation of those who love you best. You sit there, I see, like a true gentleman, without anger; you encourage me to go on to the end and risk the loss of your acquaintance by doing so (it is Joe who is speaking, not I); but I tell you boldly, that your duty, as a gentleman, is to labour night and day to bring your brother once more into your father's favour. It will ruin you, in a pecuniary point of view, to do so; but, if you wish to be a man of honour and a gentleman, if you wish to be with us all the same Erne Hillyar that we have learnt to love so dearly, you must do so."

"I have two things more to say," continued Emma, whose colour, heightened during her speech, was now fading again. "Jim, your dear Hammersmith knew nothing whatever of this speech I have made you. It was composed by Joe, and I agree with every word, every letter of it; and that is all I have to say, Erne Hillyar."

To be continued.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS FOR BOYS: THEIR MANAGEMENT.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

"At what age ought a boy to go to school?" This question can no more be answered definitely than "At what age ought he to leave it?" Circumstances of many kinds will direct both, and determine both; but we will view as the time for the private school, with a free and indefinite margin on either side, the five years lying between the ages of nine and fourteen.

The close superintendence which a master is able to extend to a limited number of pupils embraces all the advantages of home-teaching, and avoids some of its disadvantages; it secures the good government without granting the undue indulgence. It is proverbial that the health of a boy is better at school than at home: and I have known many a pale and weakly child, whom his mother sent forth in fear and trembling, return in six months a ruddy and healthy boy. This may doubtless be attributed in a great measure to the regularity of school life—regularity in hours of study, recreation, meals, rising and going to bed—and also to the increased mental activity which he experiences in his enlarged sphere of life, in the number of his companions, in the novelty and variety of his occupations, and the earnestness and energy with which he engages in them.

If the nursery training has been good, the boy will enter upon school-life with a fair prospect of a free and unbroken advance. There is no portion of life's race so dangerous as that which he has just cleared, and none more safe than that on which he is just entering: with judicious management he may so husband his strength as to come in fit for the next portion—again a trying one. The irritability of the nervous system accompanying early childhood is in a great measure past; several, if not all, of the ailments incidental to that period

of life have been encountered and overcome; the dangers arising from the abuse of some of the agents of growth are greatly lessened, and opportunities for a freer use of others presented.

Almost without exception, indeed, are the agents of growth and development more fully and sensibly administered at school than at home. This is, perhaps, especially the case with that of diet. It is remarkable how soon the pampered appetite of a petted child becomes adapted to the plainer, but more wholesome, fare of school. Let the schoolboy's diet be sufficiently varied and abundant, and the hours between the meals not too far apart, and he will not quarrel with the cooking; for the extreme activity of every organ during his waking hours necessitates a large and regular supply of nutriment. Observe the quantity of food he consumes, and it will be found sufficient for a full-grown labouring man; and rightly so, for there is no labourer in England, in field or at forge, in smithy or at loom, who will undergo so much exertion, in the form of voluntary muscular movement, as a healthy schoolboy.

And yet there is need of supervision on the other side. At school, where the wholesome, well-prepared food is unaccompanied by any artificial provocatives in the shape of sauces or seasonings, or similar inducements to eat after the appetite is satisfied, there is little risk of eating too much; but, where the drink provided is beer, many boys drink much more than is needed, to the acquirement of a taste that will inevitably "grow by what it feeds on." Another pernicious practice, which might advantageously be restricted, is, the wasteful weekly, if not daily, expenditure of pocket-money and allowances upon the trash and abominations vended by confectioners. Many a respectable family in England subsists

upon a smaller income than is spent in this manner by self-indulgent school-boys; and its injurious effect upon the health is far greater than is generally imagined.

Fully appreciating the importance of this agent, schoolmasters have given to it a share of attention greater than to any other affecting the material comfort of their pupils. While I have never observed any neglect or abuse of this one to warrant serious remark, on the other hand I have frequently, on entering a school dormitory, been painfully impressed with the defective arrangements for ventilation. That which is to be secured by a liberal expenditure of the hard-earned fees is liberally supplied; but that which is equally important to the health of the pupils—Air—is doled out to them in the most meagre allotments. That which encompasses the whole earth in one vast ocean, of a depth greater than ever plummet sounded—that which we rightly call the freest of all free things—is forbidden entrance to the place where our children spend their days and their nights: that which a merciful Creator has so constituted that it will rush with horse-power into every square foot of space from which it has been excluded, if we will grant it but entrance—so constituted that, when unfit for our use, it will rise above our heads, if we will only build our dwellings lofty enough to give it space, and rush up our chimneys and out of our windows, if we will only leave them open for its passage—is “cabined, cribbed, confined,” until its very nature is changed.

But, independently of the admission of air, the detail of ventilating the dormitory is not sufficiently understood or practised. It is not enough that its every door and window should be opened when it is vacated by its inmates. They might remain so all day, and still the air in, under and around the bed, be impure—charged with the expired and excreted particles of the sleeper, exhaled from lungs and skin—lurking in the folds of the bed “furniture,” and lingering between blanket, and mattress, and pillow. The only real and effective

mode of bedroom ventilation is to expose each article of bed gear, as soon as the bed is empty, to the action and influence of the atmosphere, admitted through the channels just named; and this should be done regularly, daily, in summer and winter.

The same necessity for complete ventilation exists in the schoolroom, if possible, even more urgently; for pure air is also a valuable stimulus to mental activity—not the stimulus to undue exertion, but the agent chiefly conducive to the natural condition of perfect cerebral activity, which foul air deadens and retards. And yet, how often do we see master and pupil bending over their desks with flushed temples and aching brows, with dizziness in the brain and nausea in the stomach, irritation in the nerves and fever in the blood—all arising simply from the fact that, from carelessness or custom, they are content to breathe an impure instead of a pure atmosphere. The foul air is pressing up against the ceiling to get out; the pure air is rushing round the building, trying to get in; but the exit of the one, and the entrance of the other, are prevented by the closing of every known aperture. Strictly speaking, every schoolroom should be built specially for the purpose, with a well-defined and carefully-arranged system of warming, lighting, and ventilating (for the larger proportion of inmates to the space calls for a much larger provision in these respects than any ordinary dwelling-room): and the time is not far distant when parents will be unwilling to trust their children to any other. But much of the existing evil arising from defective ventilation may be obviated by profiting, to the fullest extent, by the ordinary channels of doors and windows and flues, in the manner I have already recommended when speaking of the nursery;¹ and, where the pupils are numerous, and the schoolroom large, by having ordinary ventilating windows opened in places where they would act most effectively.

¹ Article “Management of the Nursery,” in *Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 30.

In England, water is almost as plentiful and as easily obtained for all sanitary purposes as air, but it must be confessed, is almost as much neglected as an agent of health. How seldom do we find a school with proper provision for bathing. From the beginning of the half-year to the end of it—too often from one year's end to another—does the schoolboy dress himself, day after day, without any attempt to cleanse his skin from the impurities which are hourly accumulating upon it. In some schools the younger boys are washed in warm water once a week, while the elder are left to their own inclinations; and, provided their hands and faces are clean, nothing more is expected, nothing more is desired, and for nothing more has provision been made. Is it not possible to have a lavatory attached to every school, to which the boys could go straight from their dormitories, returning thence after their rapid and brief immersion? The time would be altogether inconsiderable; a few minutes would suffice for the entire operation. The trouble would be equally so; for the single attendant, to see that the established rules and regulations for its government were duly observed, might be one of the ordinary domestics of the establishment; and the expense would almost be limited to the original expense of the bath.

Where a river or inland stream is situated at a convenient distance from the school, open-air bathing may be carried on in the summer months with great advantage. The freshness of the water, the pleasantness of its temperature, and the freedom of motion both in the stream and on its banks, are all advantages over the house-bath. With young boys, however, the bulk of water, the difficulty of maintaining a footing, and the natural fear of drowning, are all apt to be difficulties at first, and will sometimes call for much care and patience. In taking a boy to the river the first object should be to give him confidence; let him be sure that no tricks will be played him; and, where several boys are bathing together, this will require watchfulness. With these

precautions, a boy may be taken to the river at a very early age, and may learn to swim not very long after he has learned to walk. This is a great gain in other points of view than the sanitary one; for swimming is an art, a difficult art—an art requiring much time, and much practice, and much attention—and, unless learned in boyhood, is seldom or never well learned; and, besides the safety and comfort which the power of swimming with ease bestows, it is one of those exercises which cultivate courage and self-confidence in a high degree. I have myself succeeded in teaching boys to swim, and swim well, as early as the sixth or seventh year.

Speaking in general terms, there is no fault to be found with the dress of the schoolboy; it gives sufficient warmth, and admits of complete freedom of movement. Indeed, it is only in the nursery that much evil from improper clothing is incurred. Get the child out of the nursery, get him away from mamma, and he is safe. Whence the danger? It arises from the most amiable of qualities—the love and pride of the parent in and for her darling; the ever-living solicitude for the comfort and beauty of the child, without perceiving in this respect what constitutes either the one or the other; the unsubduable desire to dress it, decorate it, beautify it, up to and beyond the received standard of fashion, that it may outshine and eclipse all other children, and become the observed of all child-observers—although such fashion be the unmeaning device of some ignorant tailor or milliner. But the schoolboy is emancipated from this slavery; the tailor has no powers in the playground. No man-milliner holds jurisdiction in nook or corner of that little healthy republic. Let him make the essay, let him hang on any boy's back a coat, in shape, colour, or material, chosen for ornament and not for use, and it will soon be laid where Raleigh's was—in the mud.

The allotment of the hours of study is, in general, well-chosen, well-distributed, and not exceeding the capacity of a healthy boy. In summer an hour's

study before breakfast may be safely undertaken, but in winter it should not be attempted. Let the body be invigorated by the morning meal, and warmed by a favourite game before the brain-work begins. For this is to be the effort of the day: two or three consecutive hours are to be given to mental toil, unbroken, uninterrupted, save by such break and interruptions as may be obtained in passing from one kind of lesson to another, and in alternating the difficult and irksome with the easy and pleasant—an important point which should never be lost sight of. Some time should be given to recreation before dinner, and a clear hour, at the least, should invariably be allowed to elapse after dinner before the lessons are resumed. The drowsiness so often felt during the afternoon lessons arises entirely from the fact that digestion is still being actively carried on. The master must use the large discretionary power reposed in him for directing the evening's occupations. Five or six hours of mental task-work is as much as any young brain can with advantage undergo; but—inasmuch as mere idleness is as fatiguing and as injurious as labour—when the work of the day is considered ended with the afternoon lessons, pursuits may be devised and encouraged which will give occupation to the mental faculties without straining them; care being taken when they are followed by artificial light, that it is abundant and well-placed. Nothing is so destructive to young eyes as feeble, uncertain, or badly-distributed light.

In an excellent school, with which I am acquainted, the work begins, summer and winter, at eight o'clock, and is carried on till one, an interval of an hour being given from ten till eleven. A single hour is given to study in the afternoon, and an hour and a half in the evening completes the day's work. The younger boys are forbidden access to the schoolroom except during the school-hours—an arrangement which goes far to ensure the proper employment of the play-time, and, as there is plenty of competition going on, very much in-

creases the attention and energy which the little fellows bestow upon their work at the appointed hours. The half-holidays, with both seniors and juniors, are devoted entirely to recreative exercises.

We sometimes find a master permitting, and parents encouraging, a child to devote himself entirely to his studies, and stimulating him by every means in their power to do so, even during the hours set apart for relaxation and exercise. The folly of this is so blind, the sin of it so great, that I would say it ought to be viewed as a delinquency punishable by law, did it not so surely bring of itself a punishment upon all concerned, more severe than any judicial court would, for pity, inflict. The discomfiture of the master's expectations, the annihilation of the parents' hopes, and the utter helplessness and hopelessness of the poor boy's break-down—for break down he must and will, and, once down, be ever after liable to a like fall, however firmly he may seem to have regained his feet—are most pitiable. Not unfrequently the coming disaster is perceived before it reaches actual catastrophe, and then parents, in consternation, are very apt to fly to the opposite extreme. The boy is hurriedly taken from school, all books are removed, all study is forbidden; from that which was his sole occupation he is entirely debarred. What is he to do? Lounge about, listless, purposeless, regretful, a weariness and trouble to himself and to every one about him. This error is scarcely less than the first. If we have gone astray we must retrace our steps footmark by footmark, and they will bring us again to the right track. If on the first indication of the boy's health giving way he had been gently, but firmly, led to apply the hours set apart for recreation and exercise; and, had these, as they became palatable, been augmented, the lost balance might have been restored. Parents are necessarily most anxious for their children's education; a boy's future career, his whole course of life, probably depends upon it, but this is not the way to secure it. Bend the bow till the string

touch the ear, but when the arrow is sped let the bow be unstrung, or the flight of the next arrow will be feeble, and the next more feeble still, for the elasticity and spring of the bow itself has been impaired by your neglect; neither let us forget that it was fashioned from a green and but a sapling yew.

Let it not be from this inferred that I would undervalue the purely mental work of schools, nor let it be for a moment imagined that I would advocate a less active, a less earnest, pursuit of it. On the contrary, it is because I value it at its highest price, and because I would sustain in their most ardent efforts its youthful votaries, and enable them in the aftertime to reap to the full the fruit of their labours, that I plead for a more discriminating indulgence in occupations purely mental and sedentary at this period of life. For there is no error more profound, or productive of more evil, than that which views the bodily and mental powers as antithetical and opposed, and which imagines that the culture of the one must be made at the expense of the other. The truth is precisely the reverse of this. In the acquirement of bodily health, mental occupation is a helpful, indeed a necessary, agent. And so impressively has this been proved to me that, in cases where the acquisition of bodily health and strength was the all in all desired by the parent, and the one thing longed for by the child (and in some cases almost despaired of by myself), I have been careful to allot and mark out a proportion of mental with bodily occupation. For what task, what toil, is so dreary as play, play, and only play, to an intelligent child? What boy can, so to speak, amuse himself for ever? Nothing is more true than the old adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," unless it be its own counterpart, that "All play and no work makes him duller still."

The little colourless bookworm stands high in a leading form—a form seldom reached by a well-grown healthy lad of his years—and master and usher unite in holding him up as an example to the

school, and point him out with pride to every visitor. But every sensible man feels for him but commiseration, and views him but as a warning; for he looks from the boy to the man, and from the schoolroom to the outer world, with its rude encounter and its stern prolonged struggle, and he sees how unfit are such a form and such habits for the task. A warning, too, which urges less considerate minds to an opposite extreme! "My boy shall cultivate his *body*," says an astonished but not admiring Paterfamilias; and the resolve is a wise one, for well worth cultivating are the varied powers of the human body; and beautiful it is, and wonderful as beautiful, to watch the fair and free development of the frame of a shapely child; but the emphasis on the terminating word was meant to indicate that an exclusive culture should be given to the body, and that its twin-sister, its co-ordinate companion, the mind, would be left to shift for herself—disowned, excluded from her rightful share in the educational inheritance.

Now this must be all error—error arising from ignorance of our very selves. Mind and body should be viewed as the two well-fitting halves of a perfect whole, designed in true accord mutually to sustain and support each other, and each worthy of our unwearied care and unstinted attention; to be given with a fuller faith and more reverent trust than those which would argue that He who united in us our twofold nature made them incompatible, inharmonious, opposed. No, no; even blind and blundering man does not yoke two oxen together to pull *against* each other; mind and body can pull well together in the same team.

But it is not alone in this negative form, by exemption from extreme mental efforts, that the growth and development of the schoolboy is secured. Active bodily exercise at regular and frequent intervals must be obtained, and for this special provision must be made, with as serious a purpose as for any school duty. It must be at once admitted that the importance of exercise is, broadly

speaking, fully recognised by school-masters; and, if ample accommodation has not yet been provided for it, this is to be attributed rather to the as yet but partially comprehended nature of the requirement than to any lack of will to meet it. They know from the best of all sources, practical experience, that, unless boys have abundant play-time and play-space the tone and energy of mind and body sink, and the school-work suffers; and therefore an ample playground and a liberal allowance of play-hours are held as important as a commodious schoolhouse, a well-supplied table, or a good system of teaching.

The staple of the half-holiday school exercises are football and cricket, the one dividing the year with the other.

Football, for the healthy and strong, is an excellent exercise; but for the young or weak it is altogether unsuitable and dangerous—not only when they are mingled in the same game with the strong, but absolutely so when playing by themselves; for the exertion, the effort, the strain, is where they are least able at this age to sustain it—in the abdomen, groin and loins.¹ And where strong and weak, light and heavy, are mingled together, the evil is greatly increased; for if the player be but fairly endowed with what we all believe to be the birthright of our boys—pluck—the weakness of his muscles, the looseness of his joints, and the exposedness of his shin-bones, will never be taken into his reckoning when the ball is in view; indeed, his rashness will probably be in an inverse ratio to his strength, as his

nervous excitability will be to his muscular development. This game, when played by young boys, should always be under the superintendence of a master or monitor, because of its comparatively inartistic and skillless character, causing it to depend mainly on the strength, weight, and daring of the player.

Cricket is an exercise of a very different character. Strength, daring, and weight, are not among its requisites; the strong and the weak may here safely enter the lists together; it is altogether a game of skill and dexterity—quick eye, ready hand, and fleet foot. It would be difficult to devise a game better fitted for half-holiday recreation; and, as I have had occasion before to remark, the man who invented cricket as surely deserves a statue to his memory as he who won Waterloo. For the grand old warrior, in the evening of his days, with a glistening eye and trembling lip, confessed, as he watched the Eton boys scoring their innings in *their* field—the field that led to his—"It was here that Waterloo was won."

It is delightful to see with what aptitude and love cricket has been adopted by our schools of all degrees, in town and country. It contains just that amount of exertion, diluted by that amount of rest, which it is desirable to give to boys in a sport extending over several hours, with just sufficient vagueness in its laws and regulations to free them from irksomeness in their observance, to give justification to their semi-fulfilment, and yet to have the law "o' our side;" with an ample margin for that necessary ingredient in all boys' pastimes—disputation. It is pleasant to see the real skill and undoubted dexterity with which the "big fellows" knock the balls about in a cricket-match; but I love still better to witness the early efforts of the little embryo cricketer—the exuberant display of unrequired resources—the prodigal expenditure of strength on acts rightly requiring the slightest effort—the uncheckable and unsubduable enthusiasm at the slenderest point gained—the redoubled resolution, heroic and defiant, to retrieve all

¹ Among the numerous cases of hernia which have come under my notice, caused by this game, I have traced the greatest number, not to over-exertion, or to any collision or bodily encounter with an antagonist, but to the circumstance of missing the ball, of hitting nothing, on a violently aimed kick; the strain on the lower region of the abdomen being, in such cases, very severe and closely localized, and altogether unexpected. The shock is analogous to that experienced in making a false step down a stair—with this difference, that in the latter instance it is a step made without effort, and in the former it is a blow made with the whole concentrated force of the body.

disasters and mishaps at the next innings. A man may get but little real exercise from cricket, but a boy *will* have exercise out of it in one form or another: he runs when, for all purposes of the game, he might be walking—jumps when he might be standing still—is practising leap-frog with the nearest fielder when he should be keeping a look-out for a catch. On the slightest occasion for approval, condemnation, or applause, his voice is ready. In bowling it is difficult to say what he aims at—the wicket or its keeper's legs, and as he enjoys the hitting of the one as much as the other, it would be uncharitable to suppose he has any partiality either way. In batting, if he does not swing himself off his legs, or throw away his bat in the uncontrolledness of his effort, he will get a good six runs for his blow. But fielding is his forte. What a slogan, what a war-dance, accompanies a catch! And the throw in—let his side be well content if the ball goes no farther beyond the wicket, than the distance from which he has thrown it; let them look sharp, too, about recovering it, for he issues his orders to that effect with the promptness and decision of a sea-captain in a gale of wind.

Hare and hounds, and paper-chases, are also excellent recreative half-holiday pastimes; but in these it is well for the master to form one of the pack. He should approve, if not select the ground—should determine the length of the race, and the pace at which it is to be run—should be ready to check undue effort, to stimulate the lazy or careless, to sustain the interest and to give importance to the whole. That master knows but one phase of the character of his boys who only sees them in school; he does but one half of his duty who only directs their studies: he who would know his boys entirely must be with them in all their undertakings.

But even these, in a climate so variable as ours, form but an inadequate and precarious provision for wants so important, and of such regular and frequent occurrence. The seasons and

states of weather which drive boys from their playground and deprive them of their exercise, are precisely those in which they need it most, i.e. in rainy or snowy weather, when the ground is wet and everything on which the hand can be laid is cold and repellent. The close relation which the human body bears to surrounding objects is at no time more clearly shown than now; for, while the cold surfaces with which it comes in contact check the pleasurable action of the nerves, and retard circulation, the dampness of the air alike impedes respiration by the lungs, and transpiration by the skin; all the organs supporting the vital powers labour under the same want for that which is necessary at all times, but urgently so amid vapour and damp—exercise. These, too, are the times when colds are caught—while the boys crowd together in the doorways and windows, unemployed, restless, irritated, missing the physical employment expected, rendering themselves unfit for the mental ones yet to be performed.

What is wanted for every school, in addition to its ordinary playground and field for summer half-holiday sports, is a covered-in playground proportionate in size to the extent of the school. Such a structure might be erected at a trifling expense, with an asphalt or gravel floor, wooden walls and felt roof, fit alike for the hot midday of summer, the dripping afternoon of autumn, and the long winter evening. Let no attempt be made to fit it up with any form of gymnastic apparatus; nothing can be put up in it which would be either useful or safe without an efficient master. I hope in a future paper to show how a properly organized system of bodily training may be safely introduced into every private school in the kingdom; but, in the meantime, I would caution every one against the promiscuous use of any form of fixed apparatus whatever. I do so with an earnestness which I could only feel, and with an emphasis which I could only use, where the good to be obtained was, at best, trifling and uncertain, and

the evil to be hazarded great and undoubted. For what but evil can accrue from the untaught, undirected efforts of a group of boys—strong and weak, indiscriminately mingled—gathered around the cluster of perilous machines sometimes erected in a playground, and styled a gymnasium; the strong improvising tricks which have nothing to recommend them but their danger, the weak emulating the strong. And the evil which is most to be dreaded, namely, **STRAINS**, is precisely the very evil that should not occur—the very evil which, with properly administered gymnastics, *could* not occur; which, in my entire experience, and with the thousands of young and old, weak and strong, who have passed through my hands, has never in the smallest degree occurred—the very evil, in fact, which should be prevented from occurring in other exercises by the resultant benefits of these; because by them the parts liable to injury would be strengthened, and an inherited liability removed. For the universal law regulating growth and development is paramount here—the natural and suitable exercise strengthens, the false or undue exertion weakens and injures. I repeat—falls and broken bones are not the evils to be dreaded from these hazardous exertions. Falls are seen, and broken bones are mended; the thing to be feared is the strain from sudden, unregulated, or over-stimulated effort, an evil which at the time of its actual occurrence may never be known, or, if known, concealed, for the young have a dread of such incapacitating injuries; but which, concealed or avowed, understood or misapprehended, felt late or soon, will surely appear—it may be to mar the hope, and the happiness, and the usefulness of all the life to come.

I am urged to speak thus strongly on this point, because scarcely a week—sometimes, indeed, for weeks together, scarcely a day passes—without bringing me letters seeking to be informed of the cost of such apparatus, and requesting information to guide a carpenter in their construction; but amongst all these letters there is scarcely one in ten which

desires to be informed as to what exercises should be done upon them when erected, or how these should be administered. The plastic frames of growing boys must not be treated in this fashion; they are not things for amateurs to play with.

A very different view of the nature of such exercises was taken by the Military Authorities on adopting them into the army, where, it must be remembered, the learners are all full-grown, able-bodied men, who, after repeated medical inspection, have been reported free from flaw in constitution and physical organization. It is not on a few frail open-air erections that these men are receiving their physical education, but in schools constructed with the utmost care to embrace every sanitary advantage—dry, clean, warm, roomy, lofty, perfectly lighted, perfectly ventilated—with the soft prepared floor to receive them on every slip or mishap. For the construction of these buildings forms an integral part of the system, and has received from me, in all the minutiae of their design, as much care, and has been carried out with as much method and solicitude, as I have given to the preparation of the exercises themselves, or of the code of regulations and directions for their instruction and practice. There, in these gymnasia, the learners, at stated hours on stated days, assemble, and divide into small squads or classes of about a dozen men each; and each class, led by its certified instructor or monitor, the whole under the direction of an officer-superintendent, is conducted through a lesson, which, while it may be varied daily, ranges within one of the graduated courses of exercises composing the system; in which the difficulty of execution steadily increases, and culminates in the last: thus yielding to every learner exercise suited to his powers—thus ensuring that, while the instructor adheres to his book of instructions, neither teacher nor learner can err.

For, in our day gymnastics mean anything—that is, anything worth the

serious thought of parent, teacher or child—they mean a gradual, progressive system of physical exercises, so conceived, so arranged, and so administered, that it will naturally and uniformly call forth and cultivate the latent powers and capacities of the body, even as the mental faculties are developed and strengthened by mental exercises and occupations—such a system as is carried out at Radley and at Magdalen College School—in which the exercises in their different stages of difficulty can be rendered alike suitable to the weak and to the strong, to the delicate and to the hardy ; which will provide varied and suitable employment for the whole body, and for the whole body equally. The mere enumeration of these qualities shows at the same time the good obtainable from such a system, and the uselessness of the pseudo-gymnastics of which I have been speaking, where neither system nor discipline, teaching nor learning, teacher nor learner, exists.

I say again, let every schoolmaster forbid all such erections on his premises. The least artistic, the least attractive, the least valued of our playground games, yields a greater and a more certain good ; all the recreative exercises put together do not aggregate a tithe of its dangers. I know that boys laugh at the word danger ; I have never been able to con-

vince boys that there is danger in anything—and it is well for Old England that it is so ; but it only increases the responsibility of those to whose charge they are committed—to whose keeping their future usefulness and happiness are entrusted.

Therefore, the covered playground which I have been speaking of is for a playground only, and is to be devoted to playground games alone. These have been invented by an intelligence as unerring as instinct, and are cultivated with a devotion which no other exercise can inspire, and with an energy which no other exercise will call forth, and which only boys of this age can exert or sustain. Who shall tell the time, or place, or origin of these games, which are never old, always attractive, always gratifying, practised through the years of schooltime, remembered from generation to generation ; possessing little of art—little at any rate that a bystander would perceive or appreciate—yet defying science to produce or combine anything to supplant them or become substitutes for them. A woeful day for England would be that which saw their abandonment. The conflagration of her finest city, the wreck of her noblest fleet, the loss of her richest colony, would not tell so sadly on her destiny as the loss of her playground games.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER X.—THE “ANGLO-SAXON” PARTY IN INDIA.

May 24, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—You gentlemen of England who stay at home in ease and a temperature of 45°, how little do you appreciate the full weight of the words, “contract law.” You may have heard some bilious old gentleman in the warm corner of a railway-carriage descanting on the increased necessity for a contract law in India, with a vehemence and acrimony which appeared to you excessive and uncalled for. Perhaps at the

time you imagined that some personal motive induced him to advocate a more stringent act of breach of promise, in order to bind those young ladies who come out to Calcutta under the express understanding that they are to marry one man, but with the secret intention of marrying another. To us, however, who live and move in the valley of the shadow of the Development of the Resources of India, these baleful syllables have a far other significance. When

the passions of men are stirred and their interests at stake, they are seldom long about finding a subject on which to quarrel. The Anglo-Saxon party, who consider it essentially English to oppress the native, and the Anglo-Indian party, who consider it essentially English to protect him, have discovered a most convenient battle-ground in the question of a criminal contract law. The matter in dispute may be summed up in a few words. Among all nations, which enjoy the benefit of an enlightened and philosophical system of law, redress for the breach of a contract must, in the great majority of cases, be sought by means of a civil suit. The Anglo-Saxon party ardently desire an act which shall punish breach of contract as a crime, which shall deal with the defaulter as if he were a thief or a smuggler. Their opponents are of opinion that no reason exists for subverting the principles of jurisprudence which, in their eyes, hold good in India as in old times they held good in Athens, in Rome, in Byzantium; as they now hold good in Germany, in France, in England.

Now the clamour for a criminal contract law arose out of the Indigo disturbances, and the result of such a law would be to give the planter a hold upon the ryots which would in practice render them little better than his slaves. For, unfortunately, the Hindoo mind is not firm enough to resist the temptation of a few ready rupees; and the peasant proprietor, in consideration of a small advance in cash, will engage himself to supply indigo at a price which cannot adequately repay his labour and outlay. The poor wretch soon begins to be aware that he has made a most disadvantageous bargain; and, after a great deal of grumbling and hesitation, he sows his land with other crops, the produce of which will keep his family from starving. When the time comes for fulfilling his part of the contract he brings in no indigo at all, or less than the stipulated amount, trusting that the landlord will be deterred from seeking redress by the expense and annoyance

of a civil suit. Hereupon the planter, naturally enough, considers himself a very ill-used man, abuses Sir Charles Wood, Sir John Peter Grant, and the majority of the supreme council, and declares that he and his class have been sacrificed to the laziness and cupidity of the nigger. It never occurs to him that the root of all the evil is his own eagerness to make money, which will not permit him to offer the ryot a fair price for his commodities. In the district of Shahabad, on a rough computation, there are not less than fifty thousand ryots who grow opium. The collector and magistrate of the district informed me that during his tenure of that office only one of these fifty thousand had been brought before him for having neglected to fulfil his contract, and that one was acquitted. Is it not as plain as a proposition of Euclid, and a great deal plainer than some, that the ryots who undertake to grow opium fulfil their engagements because the Government pays them a remunerative price for their opium; and that the ryots who undertake to grow indigo fail in their engagements because the planter pays them for their indigo a price which is not remunerative? Why do the peasants regard as a blessing the privilege of sowing opium, and the obligation to sow indigo as a curse? Because they cultivate the former crop to the profit both of themselves and the Government, and the latter to the profit of the planter and their own most certain loss.

An able writer, in the *Indian Empire*, makes the following very just remarks: "The ryot deals fairly with the European in everything but indigo. The planter has only to make indigo as profitable to the ryot as he has already made silk and sugar, and, if he then finds the ryot dishonest, if he then finds that the ryot takes advances only for the purpose of defrauding the planter, he may then, and not till then, fairly come to Government for protection, and ask for a contract law. We know well the planter's answer, 'for we have had it made to us more

"than once: 'It will not pay us to offer better terms for indigo.' In other words, indigo, to pay the planter, must be ruinous to the ryot. Indigo, to pay the planter, must be grown at the ryot's own proper risk, and sold to the planter at a price about three or four hundred per cent. below its marketable value. Indigo, in short, to pay the planter, must yield a profit unknown to other speculations; whilst all that it yields to the ryot is ruin, oppression, and despair."

The ryot keeps faith towards the silk-planter and the sugar-planter, towards the opium-agent, towards the trader in jute and safflower. In the case of indigo, and of indigo alone, he is a dishonest, rascally, greedy nigger. If he does not deserve these epithets, it would surely be the height of cruelty to pass a law for the special purpose of oppressing and degrading him. If he is, indeed, such as the planters describe—if the peasant who grows indigo necessarily becomes a knave and a liar, then what can be more unjust and immoral than to put into the hands of the very men whose unscrupulous love of gain has made him what he is, a weapon by which they may visit on him those vices and shortcomings, for the existence of which they have only themselves to thank? A special act for the enforcement of indigo contracts, under the criminal law, would bear most severely on a class who are already sufficiently miserable from the consequences of their short-sighted folly, and from the hard dealing of men who are enabled by shrewdness, prudence, and the possession of a little capital to turn that folly to their own advantage.

The Anglo-Saxon party are perfectly aware that it would be vain to ask for a special law relating to indigo contracts. They know well that such a suggestion would not be entertained for a moment by a generation which has read Bentham and John Stuart Mill. They, therefore, take a wider ground. They demand a penal act which shall enforce the fulfilment of all contracts, of whatsoever nature, and they base that demand upon

the low state of morality among the Hindoos, which, in commercial dealings, destroys all confidence between man and man. In fact, they advocate an enactment of which the preamble is to be a declaration, that honesty and self-respect are at such a discount in this country that the law must watch over the farmer and the artizan as at home it watches over the garotter and the skittle-sharper. More than one old fable tells how the gods loved to punish the presumption of mortals by granting their prayers to the letter. Let the Anglo-Saxon party have what they ask, and make the most of it. Give them their criminal contract law, and let them enjoy it to the full.

*"Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Dit faciles."*

Some of the greatest houses in Calcutta would be the first to cry out against the iniquity of a statute which applied to commercial transactions of the nineteenth century a rude and barbarous system of restrictions and penalties.

For observe what the nature of such a statute must be. If one of the contracting parties has received a consideration and subsequently fails wilfully to perform his part of the contract, he is liable to be punished as a criminal. An ensign orders a suit of clothes. He obtains the goods, and in so doing receives a consideration. As time goes on the tailor duns him without success, and at length, in a moment of irritation, determines to have recourse to the strong arm of the law. He ascertains that the young spark has bought a race-horse or paid a debt of honour with the money which should have gone towards discharging his account. The wilful breach of contract is thus established to the satisfaction of the court, and the unfortunate officer has his hair cropped, and is put on a course of rice and hard labour. An insolvent debtor must have been cautious indeed if his creditor could not find means to convict him of wilful breach of contract. If such a law were to come into action, the community would be agitated by a series of petty acts of social tyranny. The prisons

would be gorged with clergymen and captains and esquires. Convicts, with the Victoria Cross on their breast, would be breaking stones along the Grand Dawk Roads; collectors and commissioners, during their visits to the district reformatories, would be pestered by their predecessors with complaints of the bad ventilation of the cells, and the stupidity and importunity of the chaplain; and jail inspectors would learn, by experience, whether the alimentary and fat-producing elements in grain are in the proportion of 15 or 14.37892872. Nor would this be all. Such a law would, in the hands of rival speculators and merchants, become a terrible engine of mutual annoyance and molestation. No one, who observes the bitter jealousies so frequent in the commercial world, can doubt that there are times when men would stick at nothing which could damage or ruin a trader or company of traders whose interests are directly opposed to their own. Calcutta has but lately been convulsed with the feuds and scandals which seem indigenous to all transactions in Turkey red yarn.

"Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

The Turkey red yarn establishments are at war, and the Anglo-Indians of Chowringhee are to suffer for it. Conceive such a trenchant sword as a criminal contract law in the grasp of the hostile Paladins of Dhurrumtollah and the Old Court House Road! Heaven preserve us from such a reign of commercial terror! Heaven preserve us from such a device for restoring confidence between man and man! Could the dispossessed ryot pray for a more complete and appropriate retribution than that the great Anglo-Saxon race should experience for some six months the blessings of a criminal contract law of their own devising?

Another very serious objection to the proposed act is the increased expense which would thereby be thrown upon the public resources. For, whereas the costs of a civil suit come from the pockets of the individual litigants, the costs of a criminal trial are defrayed by

the State. Now the public money is well spent in repressing crimes of theft and violence; but it may be questioned whether it might not be put to a better use than that of frightening young civilians into paying for their buggies, and enabling Baboo Matterjee Bookerjee the money-lender to wreak his vengeance upon Baboo Kissory Mullick the horse-dealer, or upon Muggins and Box the tobacco-nists, appraisers, and general dealers in ironmongery and *bijouterie* on the north side of Tank Square. Above all, it is not well that the proceeds of the land-tax which has been paid by the sweat of the ryots of Bengal should be expended to assist their landlord and employer to fling them into gaol by whole villages at a time.

So blind is rapacity, so short-sighted is the hatred of class against class, that the men who most eagerly push forward the contract law do not perceive that such a law would entirely defeat the end which they have most at heart. Their aim and object is to procure indigo at an unnaturally low price, by forcing the ryots to fulfil a contract in which all the advantage is on one side. Those who best understand the native character, who have studied that character by other lights than those of covetousness and prejudice, are convinced that the effect of a criminal contract law must inevitably be that the peasants will refuse to make any engagement whatsoever. The Hindoo is constitutionally timid and suspicious, and has a most religious horror of any transaction which can bring him within the grasp of the Penal Code. However favourable the terms may be, he will steadily refuse to bind himself to any agreement the violation of which will entail instant and certain punishment. The planter will find to his cost that a contract partially fulfilled is better than no contract at all. The imperfect civilization of India, the poverty of the ryots, the want of a class of trustworthy, substantial middlemen, render indispensable the system of petty contracts and small advances in cash. The Government cannot get opium unless it advances a portion of

the price ; and, until the condition of Bengal and Bahar is very different from what it is at present, the planter must go without his indigo, unless he can induce the peasant-proprietor to conclude an engagement to supply a certain quantity of the commodity in consideration of a few rupees paid down on the nail. Now upon an engagement of that nature no genuine Bengalee, in his wildest dreams, will dare to enter, if once a criminal contract act comes into effect. Should our rulers be cajoled or bullied into passing such an act, the indigo-planters themselves would be the first to suffer. But the evil would not stop with them. There would ensue a rapid and complete demoralisation of the whole community. Confidence and good faith would soon disappear under the influence of an untoward and inauspicious law which thought fit to ignore their existence ; and, when confidence and good faith had been expelled the land, it would go hard indeed with the development of the resources of India.

The Anglo-Saxon party take good care to bring into prominent notice the fact that some ancient Acts of the nature of a criminal contract law are still in force in England. They lay most stress upon the statute which, under certain circumstances, gives a magistrate the right of sending to prison for a short period agricultural labourers who have broken an engagement with their employers. Now it is true enough that such a statute exists, but it is as obsolete as the statute which forbids Oxonians to wear any clothes but those of a subfusc hue. Some six or eight years ago two countrymen in the employment of a country parson (whose name may have been Trulliber, and may not), were tempted from their work by a review in a neighbouring town. The magistrates put the law in force against these unlucky clodhoppers, and were rewarded by being laughed at and abused in every newspaper, from the *Times* downwards. Public opinion expressed itself in such unmistakeable terms that, since that day, no justice has been found "Shallow" or bucolic

enough to revive the odious enactment. Nevertheless, the vast and silent strength of the landed interest has hitherto succeeded in obtaining that the law shall not be expunged from the Statute-book. Because, however, a bad law in England, which has already been virtually abrogated by general consent, has not been annulled by Act of Parliament, is that any reason for enacting a still worse law in India ? Because the Statute-book at home is not always as wise as the voice of the people, is that any reason for defacing the noble and philosophical Penal Code—the greatest and most undoubted benefit of all which we have conferred upon our Eastern possessions.

It must not be forgotten that, in those cases in which breach of contract is still visited as a crime by English law, the defaulters are supposed to have compromised the general weal. Thus sailors who desert from a merchant-vessel are liable to punishment, because the safety of the ship, the crew, and the cargo is endangered by their dereliction of duty. The law relating to agricultural labourers traces its origin to a time when the idea prevailed that the existence of the country depended on the supply of food ; when it was supposed that a strike among her ploughmen and hedgers would be as fatal to England as a mutiny among her seamen to an East-Indiaman or a Greenland whaler. Now, could the editor of the *Hurkaru* himself lay his hand on his Anglo-Saxon heart, and declare that the well-being and security of our Eastern dominions are in peril because European landholders must go into open market for their indigo ? Have we fought Plassey and Sobraon in vain, and in vain besieged Bhurtpore and Mooltan, as long as the planters of Jessore are forced to give the ryot an honest price for his crop ? Let them imitate their brethren of Tirhoot, and deal justly and kindly by the native cultivators, instead of whining and blustering because the Government will not help them to buy indigo cheap and sell it at an extravagant profit.

The anti-native press is very fond of

insinuating that our countrymen at home are in full enjoyment of that criminal contract law which has been so heartlessly denied to oppressed and slighted India. They do not dare directly to affirm that this great boon has been granted to the British Isles, but their columns teem with statements which can only be explained on such a supposition. For instance :—

"Thomas Jones, builder, of Paddington, must stand by his contract, or the law of England will want to know the reason why ; but Gopaul Goorkeewallah, of Burdwan, is of a different order, and requires different treatment. He has no intention of defrauding anybody. He takes money in the innocence of his heart for the express purpose of performing certain work, and then, in equal innocence, spends it in other ways. But he means no harm : it is all innocence, and any interference with him would be tyranny in the eyes of the Rev. Mr. Blowhard Stiggins, who has just sued the Congregational Synod for salary agreed upon, but not paid."

Now if this precious extract means anything at all, it implies that the condition of a defaulting contractor in Paddington is different from that of a defaulting contractor in Burdwan. Unless the whole paragraph is utter nonsense, it signifies that Thomas Jones may be punished as a criminal for breaking his engagement, while Gopaul Goorkeewallah can only be touched by means of a civil suit. Either the writer must be strangely ignorant, or he must have a very low opinion of the good sense of his readers. Again, why drag in the private circumstances of Mr. Blowhard Stiggins ? If the poor man has been hardly used by the Congregational Synod, he surely has a right to bring a civil action against that body, whatever his opinions may be concerning the advisability of punishing breach of contract by a criminal law. Happily the subscribers to the Calcutta journals are not quite such fools as the editors seem to imagine.

The supporters of the contract law are for ever harping on a string which

is singularly rotten and unmelodious. They affirm that the predilection for the Hindoo population at home is supported by "the restless intrigues of a few angry missionaries touting for the signatures of benevolent noblemen and gentlemen, and working Exeter-hall." They sang a triumphant "Te Diabolum" in anticipation of the misery which was about to be inflicted upon our Oriental fellow-subjects by a vote of the Imperial Parliament. Sir Charles Wood was to be bullied and snubbed as an example to all future Indian Ministers. "His refusal of a law for the punishment criminally of fraudulent breaches of contract," was to be "combated in Parliament, after the Easter recess, by a powerful opposition, supported by the whole mercantile community" (including, of course, the Kinnairds and the Buxtons, and other great houses which have been so distinguished by their consistent hatred and contempt for everything with a black skin), "and by every man who has any knowledge of India and her true wants ;" that is to say, by Sir John Lawrence, Sir Edward Ryan, and John Macpherson Macleod. We all know what this came to. There is just as much likelihood that the Commons of England will stigmatize Sir Charles Wood for setting his veto on the Contract-law, as that they will censure Lord Hartington for neglecting to have every private in the British army flogged once a week. In spite of all the jokes about thin Houses, and counting out, and tedious, returned nabobs, the fact is that the people of England take a good working interest in Indian matters. But that interest in the mass of our countrymen is confined to two points. There exists a strong desire to witness the vast productive resources of the East developed to the highest possible point, and a fixed determination to do our duty by the children of the soil. And the latter sentiment is, in the long run, the mightier of the two. Englishmen would be very glad to see the quays of Liverpool heaped with bales of Bombay cotton, but they had far rather behold

the continent of India covered with a thriving, intelligent, free population, who owe to our just and enlightened sway the blessings of civilization, of education, of liberty. Those who need sympathy in their struggle against the rights of the Hindoo, must go elsewhere than to St. Stephen's or to the hustings. They should learn to apply at the right places; at the Vatican, for instance, or the palace at Potsdam, or the board at St. Petersburg, which takes into consideration the affairs of Poland. There are plenty of people of their way of thinking, if they only knew where to look.

And herein Mr. Laing made a great mistake. He appears to have imagined that materials existed in England from which a party might be formed powerful enough to oppose with success the traditional policy of the Home Government—that policy of which protection to the native forms the leading principle. During his residence in Calcutta he had been accustomed to hear the Hindoo, and the friends of the Hindoo, spoken of with contempt and dislike by the press and amongst the non-official society. Whenever he opened a newspaper or dined with a merchant, he was told that the prosperity of India was incompatible with any great display of tenderness towards the population of India. And so he gradually came to be convinced that in England, as out here, the official men and the missionaries were loud and eager enough in the cause of philanthropy, but that the commercial world in general had pretty well made up its mind that the interests of the Hindoo were in direct opposition to the interests of trade and manufacture. At any rate, if he was not fully convinced of this, the planters and their friends were fully convinced of it for him. These gentlemen regarded Mr. Laing as their chosen warrior, sent home to do battle in the holiest and most profitable of causes. To read their effusions you would have supposed that all the capitalists of the Northern counties were ready and eager to place themselves at the disposal of Mr. Laing;

that Lancashire had been yearning for the news of his arrival on British shores as the Sicilians yearned for the coming of Garibaldi in 1860. The moment he set foot in the House of Commons terror and dismay were to spread through the ranks of the philanthropists. Lord Stanley was to collapse at once; Mr. Baring was to shake in his official shoes; and Sir Charles Wood himself, that brazen colossus which has one foot in Westminster and another in Chowringhee, was to topple over at the first breath of the Anglo-Saxon champion, and crush, in its fall, the fond hopes of every damned nigger from the Doceh to the Sunderbunda.

Mr. Laing himself, who knew something more than did his ardent clients of the temper of the English people and the English senate, was well aware that there was something ludicrous in the notion of the planting interest, unsupported and alone, marching to attack Sir Charles Wood in his own stronghold. It would be idle to stand on the floor of the House, and bawl about the "English name" and the "Traditional Policy of the Civil Service." These arguments were all very well in Cossittollah, but there was grave reason to fear that men who listened twice a week to Gladstone might fail to perceive their force. Indigo, after all, was a weak card, and it became necessary to strengthen his hands unless he was willing to throw up the game at once. The public mind being at the time absorbed in the distress of the Lancashire operatives, and ready to adopt any suggestion for their relief, why not judiciously contrive to mix up the contract law with the cotton question? Why not point out to the sufferers that some part, at least, of their misery arose from the unpatriotic obstinacy of the Secretary of State for India, who refused to sanction an Act on which depended the supply of cotton from Bombay? Why not rouse against the friends of the favoured Hindoo the indignation of the friends of the starving Englishman? Why not enlist under the righteous blue banner of the planters all the best as well as all the worst

passions of the human heart? The idea, however little else it had to recommend it, was at least ingenious, and Mr. Laing at once proceeded to carry it into effect. If he could succeed in convincing the Manchester men that their dearest interests were wrapped up in the success of the Criminal Contract Law, he would at once obtain the hearty services of a most efficient and numerous body of allies. In his celebrated pamphlet, entitled "England's Mission in the East," he says, under the head of "Contract Law":—

"The question of Criminal Contract Law was raised with little reference to that of indigo—which, as I have explained, had already passed into a different phase, that of rent—but much more with reference to the impending cotton crisis. It was felt that the more direct contract of the European buyer with the native dealer was the one thing needful to accelerate a large production of Indian cotton, and that some effort should be made by Government to remedy a state of things which raised almost insuperable obstacles to the introduction of such a system."

Again:—

"As far as India is concerned, it is, perhaps, of little importance, for it is only a question of a few years, more or less, and ready money will ultimately make its way. But it cannot be denied that Lancashire has suffered, for it is clearly proved that the establishment of European agencies in the interior, some months ago, to make advances for the cotton crop now growing, would have been the only practical means of greatly accelerating the period of a large supply of Indian cotton; and it is equally clear, after such a declaration as that of the Hon. Mr. Scott, one of the first merchants in Bombay, in the Legislative Council:—'That his firm had tried the experiment for eight years, and given it up after a heavy loss, owing to the impossibility of enforcing contracts;' that the Liverpool and Manchester merchants cannot justly be blamed for failing to

"do what a better law of contracts could alone have rendered possible."

Observe the peculiar nature of this reasoning: "As far as India is concerned,"—Mr. Laing admits that there exists no necessity for overthrowing the fundamental principles of jurisprudence—it is only a question of a few years, "more or less, and ready-money will ultimately make its way"—that is to say, in India, as everywhere else, men will get the commodities of the land if they choose to offer a just and fair price. "But it cannot be denied that Lancashire has suffered"—alas! indeed it cannot. But are we, on that account, to inflict upon the whole continent of India a coercive law which, three lines above, the most able supporter of that law has declared to be unnecessary? And an unnecessary coercive law is among the most fatal scourges under which a country can suffer. Mr. Laing recommends us, as a remedy for the temporary distress of Lancashire, to pass a measure which otherwise is not required, and which is inconsistent with true theories of government and commerce. Can Mr. Laing, on his faith as a political economist, as the countryman of Adam Smith and Macculloch, as the successor of Wilson, declare that he is of opinion that it is the duty of a ruler, in time of pressure, to have recourse to measures which are inconsistent with those theories? Is he, in the three capacities above mentioned, prepared to say that the Committee of Public Safety, in the agony of the French Revolution, were right when they named a minimum price for grain, and forced all farmers to empty their barns before a certain date? Is he, in those three capacities, prepared to say that the Plantagenets were right when, in order to encourage the declining home manufacture of cloth, they forbade, under terrible penalties, the exportation of English wool? Unless he will go as far as this, unless he is willing to swallow restrictive laws and fixed prices, and temporary measures by the bushel, I do not see how he is justified in advising us to palliate the present crisis by an enactment in itself

harsh, impolitic, and illogical—nay, to make the matter worse, to palliate a crisis in the affairs of Lancashire by an enactment, the melancholy consequences of which will fall entirely upon India. Does Mr. Laing imagine that the commerce and agriculture of the East are governed by other laws than the commerce and agriculture of European nations?—that the spirit of competition is dead beyond the Persian Gulf?—that high prices have no charms along the banks of the Jumna?—that, amidst the cotton plantations of Central India and the Vats of Bengal proper, the supply no longer tends to proportion itself to the effective demand with that creditable zeal which it displays in the coal districts of the Tyne and the factories of Blackburn?

However, it is not the case that “the question of a contract law was raised with little reference to that of indigo, but much more with reference to the impending cotton crisis.” When there is an agitation in favour of a particular measure, how do we ascertain what is the class with reference to which the question of that measure was raised? Surely by observing to what order of men belong the majority of the eager supporters of the proposed law, and with reference to the interests of what order of men the advisability of that law is most frequently discussed. Now, nine out of ten of the most prominent advocates of a criminal contract law are indigo planters, or friends of indigo planters, or men personally concerned in the prosperity of indigo planters. They are all more or less blue, though the blueness of some may be of a faint and almost celestial tint. Again, in nine out of ten of the leading articles in which the question of a criminal contract law is debated, allusion is made almost exclusively to the effect of such a law upon the fortunes of indigo. Every man who, to use the favourite expression of the Anglo-Saxon party, “has any knowledge of India and her true wants,” is perfectly aware that we might as well say that the question of protection had little reference to the

farming interest as that the question of a contract law has little reference to the indigo interest. Does Mr. Laing himself believe that, if he succeeded in obtaining a criminal contract law in which a special exception was made in favour of the ryots engaged in the cultivation of indigo, he would meet with any overwhelming amount of gratitude from the non-official society of India? Would he not at once become the most deadly and treacherous of all the enemies of the English name? Would he not almost supplant Sir Charles Wood in his character of Philindus, and quite supplant him in his character of Miso-Britannicus?

It is necessary to accept Mr. Laing's authority on these matters with the most extreme circumspection. In this same pamphlet he commits an error so gross, so palpable, and fraught with such singular consequences, that it is impossible to receive, with confidence, such a statement as that which he has put forward concerning the connexion between the contract law and indigo. I quoted his remark that the indigo question “had already passed into a different phase, that of rent.” He had explained this at length under the heading “Rent and Indigo Questions.” His account is as follows:—The English planter had once been “careless about rents, and let the ryot sit at the old and almost nominal rates, on the condition that he should grow indigo at a certain price.” Then came the disturbances. The ryot proceeded to repudiate his contracts, and refused to grow indigo. Hereupon the affair “passed into a new and more important phase, that of rent. The planters generally gave up their old contracts and advances as lost, and sought to indemnify themselves by raising their rent. The ryots, on the other hand, encouraged by their victory in the case of the indigo contracts, combined to resist all increase of rent.” “In this state of things,” he proceeds to say, “the party in the Bengal Government, favourable to the ryot, passed an act known as Act X. of 1860, with a view

"to strengthen his position, defining
"more exactly his proprietary title."

'Was there ever a prettier story; one more neat and perfect in all its parts; one which it would be a greater pity to spoil by bringing to bear upon it the irresistible battery of fact? What should you say if I told you that this famous statute was not Act X. of 1860, but Act X. of 1859: that it became law, not "in this state of things, when "the indigo question had already passed "into a different phase, that of rent," but in the mid-heat and confusion of the indigo troubles? Yet so it is. This is no slip of the pen; no trifling confusion of dates. The whole gist of this important mass of statements depends on the substitution of '60 for '59. Is not such carelessness almost incredible? Here is a man who took a foremost part in the government of India during the years 1861 and 1862; not only a statesman and financier, but a lawyer of some note, who writes pages of weighty matter on the supposition that the most celebrated and momentous statute of 1859 was passed in 1860! And on such a hook as this he hangs a chain of reasoning with which he expects to refute the members of the Civil Service who know Act X. by heart with all its ins and outs, the causes which motived its introduction, and the consequences which it produced. More extraordinary still, the real Act X. of 1860 ought to have been as familiar to Mr. Laing as the 27th Article to the Bishop of Exeter; for that Act related to the Customs' duties upon various articles, and must have been frequently consulted by him as financial member of council when engaged in the composition of his budgets. A writer, who has been betrayed into so flagrant an inaccuracy, and who has grounded upon that inaccuracy the tenor of his remarks upon the rent question, must not be surprised if we hesitate to receive, as Gospel, his dictum concerning the contract law and the indigo question.

However much we may be disgusted and alienated by the unreasonable violence of the supporters of a contract

law, we must not, however, forget that there is a grievance at the bottom of every wide-spread agitation. A large body of men never agree to fill the universe with their complaints unless they have some genuine wrong to complain of. If we look closely into the matter, we shall find that the planters are not without serious and undoubted ground for discontent. In a country where the poverty of the cultivators necessitates a system of petty advances, it is most essential that every facility should be afforded to those who are obliged to have recourse to a court of law in order to bring to account a lazy or fraudulent neighbour and dependent. An indigo-planter who has dealings with several hundred ryots, as a matter of course, is constantly hampered by the idleness and improvidence of some of their number, and the knavery of others. Is he to take every individual case before a tribunal sitting in a station from which he is divided by sixty or eighty miles of road, which was in decent order before the Central Government took it in hand? He can spare neither the time, nor the money, nor the temper. He prefers to submit to the loss, and to reimburse himself the next season by driving harder bargains than ever all round the list of his tenants. Such being the case, the English settlers are justified in thinking themselves hardly used. Unfortunately, as men are apt to do under the circumstances, instead of endeavouring to obtain a natural and legitimate redress, they claim to be allowed to right themselves by wronging others. The watchword of their party should be, "Cheap and Speedy Justice." It is "a Criminal Contract Law, and damn the niggers!" The state of things in the Mofussil is not unlike that which existed in England before the institution of county courts. Then the proceedings for the recovery of small debts were so tedious and expensive that tradesmen frequently preferred to lose their money, and compensate themselves by charging exorbitant prices. The solvent customers thus suffered for the shortcomings of the in-

solvent, just as an honest ryot gets a lower price for his indigo because his worthless neighbour broke faith with their common employer. If small-cause courts were scattered broadcast over Bengal and Bahar, the planters would find to their surprise, and perhaps a little to their disappointment, that the difficulties of their position had been obviated by a remedy very different from that panacea for which they had clamoured so long and so loudly; the sting would be taken out of the excitement for the contract law; men would at times forget that they were members of the Anglo-Saxon race; Sir John Peter Grant would become a shade less black, and Sir Mordaunt Wells a shade less blue.

With reference to this subject, "England's Mission in the East" contains the following passage:—"The more simple and summary legislation can be made in such matters, the better suited it is for India. The people are naturally litigious, and the introduction of the intricacies of English law too often tends to foster this spirit, and to raise up a race of pettifogging village attorneys, who do infinite mischief. Perjury prevails to a frightful extent, and the law is too often looked upon as an instrument for enabling a man to resist just claims by special pleading and subornation of evidence. To meet these evils, laws in Eastern countries should be as far as possible simple and direct, and, above all things, consonant to the plain common sense and moral feeling of the community. Dishonesty, when palpable, should be punished criminally, and not left to the chance of a tedious civil process." "dure."

Nothing can be more just than these premises, and nothing more unsound than this conclusion. The people of India are naturally litigious. They do take most kindly to the dirty part of English law. Perjury does prevail to a frightful extent, and law is too often looked upon as an instrument whereby a man may resist just claims. Therefore legislation should be simple, summary,

and consistent with the moral feeling of the community; and such the rulers of our Eastern dominions are doing their very best to make it. India is blessed with a criminal code, and codes of criminal and civil procedure, which make a plain Englishman's mouth water; and there is every prospect that before many years have elapsed she will possess a civil code, such as would satisfy even the author of "Orley Farm." But the remedy for a national tendency to litigation and perjury is not the criminal punishment of palpable dishonesty. A man who forswears himself in a civil suit will not speak the truth when he is placed at the bar as a criminal. Because Hindoo witnesses lie and shuffle, there is no reason that English legislators should neglect the principles of jurisprudence. "The intricacies of English law" may, perhaps, have raised up "a race of pettifogging village attorneys;" but a criminal contract law, introduced in defiance of the dictates of justice and good sense, would soon raise up a race of grinding village tyrants. Truly a noble and philosophical idea this of elevating the debased moral sense of a great people by means of an enactment which will degrade them below the level of the population of any civilized country, ancient or modern! Thank God, there are those who have formed quite another conception of England's Mission in the East! Thank God, there are those who have a higher opinion of our Indian fellow-subjects than to imagine that their commerce and agriculture must be regulated, not by the great principles of free competition and individual industry and self-respect, but by the hulks, the jail, and Dr. Mowatt's last revised system of prison diet!

By this time, my dear Simkins, you probably hate the name of "contract law" as much as the most constant reader of the *Bengal Hurkaru*. In order, however, that you may be enabled to appreciate to the full the feelings of that individual of awful experiences, you must be initiated in the mysteries of "waste lands." Know, then (and here again I take the liberty of quoting

Mr. Laing, the most clear and concise of pamphleteers), that, "taken roughly, we may say that one-third of the area of British India is waste land in the fullest sense of the word, which has never been colonized and occupied by the Hindoo or any other civilized race. This is the great area which is destined to become one of our chief sources of supply for tea, coffee, and other valuable colonial produce, benefitting vastly the native labourer as well as the English capitalist, by the extension of trade and the employment given at high wages."

By Lord Canning's resolution a certain price per acre was fixed for all waste land, whatever the quality. A capitalist who wished to buy any portion gave notice of his intention. The Government then announced that such and such lands were to be disposed of, and after the lapse of a month the purchaser paid his money, and took possession of the lot. Now the defects of this method of procedure are obvious. As all lands, bad and good, were sold at the same price, people bought up all the valuable soils at a price much below what they would have fetched in open market, and left the inferior lots on the hands of the state. Worse than this, a vast proportion of the best tracts were taken by land-jobbers, who afterwards disposed of them at their own price. Europeans, therefore, who were desirous of settling in India gained nothing but the very questionable advantage of paying to speculators the purchase-money, which ought to have gone into the pockets of the public. Again, the one month's notice was not long enough to satisfy the demands of equity. It often happened that persons who had an interest in lands advertised for sale were unable to put in their claim in time to prevent the alienation of their rights. A native proprietor who happened to be absent on business at Cocanda or Tanjore might receive the pleasing intelligence that a sharp broker from Calcutta or Delhi had applied six weeks previously for a couple of thousand acres on the frontiers of Ouda, over which the cattle of his fathers

had browsed for generations past; and he might solace himself during his return home with the anticipation of finding a stranger comfortably in possession, perhaps with Mr. Rudd himself as his bailiff and right-hand man.

Sir Charles Wood was deeply impressed with the evils which had resulted, and were likely to result, from so faulty a system. He accordingly modified the resolutions of Lord Canning in a manner which, to unprejudiced eyes, displayed equal regard to the interests of the Treasury, the native population, and the European settler. For the fixed price he substituted sale by auction in open market, and thereby gave the land-jobbers a slap in the face which they can neither forgive nor forget. He extended the period of the notice from one month to three, and in so doing opened an additional account of hatred with those who saw in his conduct only another proof of his partiality for the nigger. And, because he has obeyed the imperious demands of humanity and sound policy, because he has acted as every disinterested and judicious statesman must have acted in the same conjuncture, he is reviled by the Calcutta papers in terms which would be harsh and shocking if applied to such rulers as Sejanus and Strafford. The editors of those papers seem to consider his behaviour in this matter as too palpably iniquitous to need any demonstration. Any allusion to "waste lands" is the text, not for argument and illustration, but for vulgar abuse and contemptible slander.

Here, again, a grievance actually exists, which will doubtless be speedily removed, and which would have been removed long before this if the aggrieved parties had made their complaint in a rational and intelligible strain, instead of scolding like old women whenever the subject is mentioned. By the Modified Resolutions lands cannot be sold until they have been surveyed, and the Government survey proceeds so slowly that persons who desire to purchase certain lots get those lots surveyed at their own expense. It sometimes happens that at the auction another

capitalist outbids them, and the expense of the survey thus becomes a dead loss. This oversight on the part of the Government is, however, hardly grave enough to justify the non-official society in joining the crusade of the land-jobbers against the home authorities. When men are blinded by their passions it is marvellous how low they will stoop for allies.

And now you have both the heads of the indictment brought by the Anglo-Saxon party against Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India—that he has vetoed the contract law, and that he has modified Lord Canning's resolutions concerning the sale of waste lands. Now you have the substance of the preamble to that bill of attainder which, if we are to believe the Calcutta press, will one day be unanimously voted by the Commons House of Parliament. Now you know why Sir Charles Wood is the most tyrannical, the most treacherous, the most unpatriotic; of all the great English statesmen who have had to do with India. And yet he is not alone in his shame. There are two rulers whom in their day the same men hated with the same hate, and reviled with the same unsparing ferocity. There are two names that share his infamy, and diminish the load of execration with which he is to be pursued through generations yet unborn, and those are the names of Lord Macaulay and Lord Canning. The first was guilty of the black and abominable design of raising the Hindoo to the rank of our fellow-citizen by equal laws equally administered. The second, traitor that he was, when the sword of vengeance was drawn and whetted, stepped forward to prevent the extermination of the accursed race. Sir Charles is a worthy member of such a triumvirate. He must console himself with the reflection that, as he partakes the aversion with which his two colleagues are still regarded by the Anglo-Saxon party, so he holds the same place as they in the hearts of the native population of India, in the good opinion of the misguided and ignorant people

of England. But all honour to that discerning and enlightened faction which did not fail to unmask and hold up to eternal reprobation the true characters of Macaulay and Canning!

Each member of this trio is arraigned at the bar of public opinion on a separate indictment. Each is accused of a crime peculiarly his own. The special charge brought against Sir Charles Wood is, that he offers every impediment to the development of the resources of India. Now it so happens that of all Indian ministers Sir Charles Wood has applied himself most eagerly and most exclusively to the advancement of the material prosperity of the country entrusted to his charge. The sums now appropriated for the furtherance of the productive public works far exceed those expended by his predecessors. And yet his call is still for more. More roads, more canals, more tramways, more Sir Arthur Cottons. Open more rivers; connect more trunk-lines; detach more engineers to this undertaking, and lay out more lace on that other. All the daughters of the horse-leech together do not cry "Give! give!" louder than Sir Charles when the question is one which concerns the productive powers of our Eastern dominions. And this is the statesman the principle of whose policy is hostility to the development of the resources of India. This is the ruler but for whose determined opposition Bombay would be a second Carolina and Bahar—a more productive Jamaica. Satire itself is, generally speaking, careful, in the portraits which it etches, to preserve some resemblance to the originals. Though often unjust, it seldom is ludicrously and monstrously absurd. If the marked feature in the character of Cleon had been modesty the "Knights" would have been hooted off the stage. If Shaftesbury had been a timid unenterprising politician, Dryden would hardly have ventured to call him

"A daring pilot in extremity."

Punch does not give Louis Napoleon a snub nose, or adorn Victor Emmanuel

with the beak of an eagle. But the literary champions of the Anglo-Saxon party are not bound by the laws which regulate the ebullitions of satire, and even of burlesque. Their genius soars far above the realms of verisimilitude, and scorns the feeble bonds of probability.

Perhaps the strongest feeling in Macaulay's breast—so strong as almost to amount to a prejudice—was an intense love and admiration of his native land. He was pre-eminently an Englishman. In every page of his writings peeps out the proud consciousness that he was born and bred a Briton. Rapacity, cruelty, falsehood, he could forgive anything to a great Englishman who truly loved his country. His last and greatest work was a noble prose epic composed for the glorification of England. Nor was this mere idle talk. What he said of Lord Chatham was true of himself to the letter:—"He was in the strictest sense a patriot. He loved England as an Athenian loved the City of the Violet Crown, as a Roman loved the City of the Seven Hills." Those who hold Lord Macaulay in the lowest esteem as a statesman; those who were most irreconcilably opposed to him on all vital questions, readily admit that he never allowed place, pelf, or popularity to count in the balance against the duty which he owed to England. And what he showed himself in his public life, such he was at all times and on all occasions. He loved to dwell on every fresh symptom of the increasing wealth and power and fame of England. He hailed with delight every event which gave the lie to those croakers who maintain that she is already in the course of decay. When on foreign travel, he would descant on the pleasure which he felt in reflecting that he was the citizen of no mean city, but of a mighty nation which knew how to make her sons respected in every corner of the inhabited world. Such was Macaulay, and, being such, what was the high crime and misdemeanour charged against him by the Anglo-Saxon party of his day? What was

his besetting sin in the judgment of the bitter foes of the native population of India? This—that he hated England with a deadly hatred; that his heart's desire and prayer was that it might be permitted to him in his generation to inflict some grievous blow, some indelible disgrace upon the English name. Sir Charles Wood may very well be content to be an enemy to the material prosperity of India in the same sense that Lord Macaulay was an enemy to the glory and well-being of England.

It appears, then, that Lord Macaulay and Sir Charles Wood will be acquitted by posterity of the indictments preferred against them. But it is far otherwise with Lord Canning. His crying sin is such as to admit of no defence. He was accused of mercy, of benevolence, of philanthropy; and his fondest admirers must allow that the accusation was well grounded. Time will only confirm the decision of the Calcutta press, which, after a fair hearing, convicted him of humanity and clemency, of having slaughtered with reluctance, and pardoned with pleasure. He may by this time have been found guilty of these crimes before quite another judgment seat.

Sir Charles Wood takes all that the *Hurkaru* gives him with great equanimity, and appears to imagine that the affection of the native population, the esteem of the civil servants of the Crown, and the approbation of public opinion at home compensate for the hostility of the Anglo-Saxon party. Extraordinary to relate, he believes it to be part of his duty to consult the interests of the hundred and eighty millions of our dark fellow subjects; and, more extraordinary still, he is desirous of winning their regard, and expresses great satisfaction at the consciousness that his services are appreciated by the most cultivated and the least damned among the niggers. He was especially gratified by the address which was lately presented to him by the British Indian Association. At a public meeting in Calcutta, thronged by all the most respectable and enlightened Bengalee gentlemen, this

address was carried unanimously, after a series of speeches, all of which acknowledged Sir Charles to be in the foremost rank of the benefactors of India. On this occasion Moulvee Abdool Luteef, a Mahommedan magistrate, said with perfect truth :

"It is doubtless a unique instance in the history of popular assemblies, and, particularly of popular assemblies in India, that we are met not to complain of grievances, or to murmur forth wrongs sustained at the hands of inconsiderate rulers. Our purpose is one which must commend itself to the favour of all rulers as tending to promote good will and understanding between governors and governed, and should convince the people of England that we are able to judge for ourselves in matters affecting our material interests.

"This purely voluntary manifestation of native feeling should be in the highest degree pleasing to every ingenious Englishman, and I have no hesitation whatever in expressing my conviction that it will meet with ready appreciation in the most intelligent circles in England.

"To Sir Charles Wood belongs the peculiar credit, that under his guidance a real and earnest endeavour has sprung up on the part of our rulers to render themselves as understood as possible by us, a sincere desire that we should have an insight into the principles and mode of Government set over us."

One paragraph of the address especially deserves to be quoted : "As an illustration of the beneficial effect of the controlling power in England over Indian affairs, we need not but advert to your now celebrated despatches to his Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General in Council regarding the Breaches of Contract Bill, and the sale of Waste Lands, and the extension of the Permanent Settlement. By your emphatic expression of opinion on the first-named subject, the people of India have been freed from the effects of a project of law, opposed to the principles of civilized jurisprudence, exceptional in its aims and character, and calculated to prove an efficacious engine of injustice, hardship, and oppression, under the peculiar administrative machinery of India."

These expressions were echoed on the shores of England by the vast majority of those who view the present and future of India through another medium than the halo of selfish greed and party prejudice. Such men, at home and abroad, unite to regard the present Secretary of State as a ruler who thoroughly understands the true interests of our Eastern Dominions, and who faithfully, courageously, and laboriously strives to further those interests to the extent of the powers to him committed.

Yours sincerely,

H. BROUGHTON.

OLD MASTER GRUNSEY AND GOODMAN DODD.

(*Stratford-on-Avon, A.D. 1597.*)

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

G. God save you, Goodman Dodd !—a sight to see you !

D. Gramercy, Master Grunsey !—Sir, how be you ?

G. Middlish, thank heav'n. Rare weather for the wheat.

D. Farms will be thirsty, after all this heat.

- G. And so is we. Sit down on this here bench:
We'll drink a pot o' yale, mun. Hither, wench!
My service—ha! I see well enough, i' fegs,
But for this plaguey rheum i' both my legs.
Whiles I can't hardly get about: O dear!
- D. Thou see'st, we don't get younger every year.
- G. Thou'rt a young fellow still. What, "nigh three-score,"—
I be thy elder fifteen year and more.
Hast any news?
- D. Not much. New-Place be sold,
And Willy Shakespeare's bought it, so I'm told.
- G. What, little Willy Shakespeare bought the Place!
Lord bless us, how young folk gets on apace!
Sir Hugh's great house beside the grammar-school!—
This Shakespeare's (take my word upon't) no fool.
I minds him sin' he were so high's my knee;
A stirrin' little mischief chap were he;
One day I cotch'd him peltin' o' my geese
Below the church: "you let 'en swim in peace,
"Young dog!" I says, "or I shall fling thee in."
Will was on t'other bank, and did but grin,
And call out, "Sir, you come across to here!"
- D. I knows old John this five and thirty year.
In old times many a cup he made me drink;
But Willy weren't aborn'd then, I don't think,
Or might a' been a babe on's mother's arm,
When I should cart 'en fleeces from our farm.
I went a coortin' then, in Avon-Lane,
And, tho' bit further, I were always fain
To bring my cart thereby, upon a chance
To catch some foolish little nod or glance,
Or "meet me, Mary, won't 'ee? Charlcote way,
"Or down at Clopton Bridge, next holiday?"—
Health, Master Grunsey.
- G. Thank'ee friend. 'Tis hot.
We might do warse than call another pot.
Good Mistress Nan! Will Shakespeare, troth, I knew;
A nimble curly-pate, and pretty too,
About the street; he grow'd an idle lad,
And like enough, 'twas thought, to turn out bad;
I don't just fairly know, but folk did say
He vex'd the Lucys, and so fled away.
- D. He's warth as much as Tanner Twigg to-day;
And all by plays in Lunnon.
- G. Folk talks big:
Will Shakespeare warth as much as Tanner Twigg—
Tut tut! Be Will a player-man by trade?
- D. O' course he be, o' course he be; and made
A woundy heap o' money too, and bought
A playhouse for himsen like, out and out;
And makes up plays, beside, for 'en to act;
Tho' I can't tell thee rightly, for a fact,
If out o' books or his own head it be:
We'se other work to think on, thee and me.
They say Will's doin' finely, howsomever.

- G. Why, Dodd, the little chap were always clever.
 I don't know nothing now o' such-like toys;
 New fashions plenty, mun, sin' we were boys;
 We used to ha' rare mummings, puppet-shows,
 And Moralities,—they can't much better those;
 The Death of Jndas were a pretty thing,
 "So-la! so-la!" the Devil used to sing;
 But time goes on, for sure, and fashion alters.
- D. Up at the Crown, last night, says young Jack Walters,
 "Willy's a great man now!"
- G. A jolterhead
 What do it count for, when all's done and said?
 Ah! who'll obey, let Will say "Come" or "Go"?
 Such-like as him don't reckon much, I trow!
 Sir, they shall travel first, like thee and me,
 See Lunnon, to find out what great men be,
 Ha, neighbour Dodd?—Good Saints! to see the Court
 Take water down to Greenwich; there's fine sport!
 Her Highness in her frills and puffs and pearls,
 Wi' dukes, and lords, and chamberlains, and earls,
 So thick as midges round her,—look at such
 An thou would'st talk of greatness! why, the touch
 Be on their stewards and lackeys, Goodman Dodd,
 Who'll hardly answer Shakespeare wi' a nod,
 And let him come, doff'd cap and bended knee.
 We knows a trifle, neighbour, thee and me.
- D. We may, Sir, This be grand old Stratford brew;
 No better yale in Lunnon, search it through.
 New-Place ben't no such bargain, when all's done;
 'Twas dear, I knows it.
- G. Thou bought'st better, mun,
 At Hoggin Fields: all ain't alike in skill.
- D. Thanks to the Lord above! I've not done ill.
 No more has thee, friend Grunsey, in thy trade.
- G. So-so. But here's young Will wi' money made,
 And money saved; whereon I sets him down,
 Say else who likes, a credit to the town;
 Tho' some do shake their heads at player-folk.
- D. A civil man he be, to chat and joke;
 I've oftimes had a bit o' talk wi' Will.
- G. How doth old Master Shakespeare?
- D. Bravely still.
 And so doth Madam too, the comely dame.
- G. And Willy's wife—what used to be her name?
- D. Why, Hathaway, fro' down by Shottory gate.
 I don't think she's so much about o' late.
 Their son, thou see'st, the only son they had,
 Died last year, and she took on dreadful bad;
 And so the fayther did awhile, I'm told.
 This boy o' theirs were nine or ten year old.
 —Willy himsen may bide here now, mayhap.
- G. He always were a clever little chap.
 I'm glad o's luck, an 'twere for old John's sake.
 Your arm, sweet sir. Oh, how my legs do ache!

A SON OF THE SOIL

PART V.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE question is, will ye go or will ye stay?" said big Colin of Ramore; "but for this, you and me might have had a mair serious question to discuss. I see a providence in it for my part. You're but a callant; it will do you nae harm to wait; and you'll be in the way of seeing the world at—what do they call the place? If your mother has nae objections, and ye see your ain way to accepting, I'll be very well content. It's awfu' kind o' Sir Thomas after the way ye've rejected a' his advances—but, no doubt he's heard that you got on gey weal, on the whole, at your ain college," said the farmer, with a little complacency. They were sitting late over the breakfast table, the younger boys looking on, with eager eyes, wondering over Colin's wonderful chances, and feeling severely the contrast of their own lot, who had to take up the ready satchel and the "piece," which was to occupy their healthful appetites till the evening, and hurry off three miles down the loch to school. As for Archie, he had been long gone to his hard labour on the farm, and the mother and father and the visitor were now sitting—a little committee—upon Colin's prospects, which the lad himself contemplated with a mixture of delight and defiance wonderful to see.

"It's time for the school, bairns," said the farmer's wife; "be good laddies, and dinna linger on the road either coming or going. Ye'll get apples a-piece in the press. I couldna give ony advice, if you ask me," said the Mistress, looking at her son with her tender eyes: "Colin, my man, it's no for me nor your father either to say one thing or another—it's you that must decide—it's your ain well-being and comfort and happiness—." Here the Mistress stopped

short with an emotion which nobody could explain; and at which even Colin, who had the only clue to it, looked up out of his own thoughts, with a momentary surprise.

"Hoot," said the farmer; "you're aye thinking of happiness, you women. I hope the laddie's happiness doesna lie in the power of a year's change one way or another. I canna see that it will do him any harm—especially after what he was saying last night—to pause awhile and take a little thought; and here's the best opportunity he could well have. But he doesna say anything himself—and if you're against it, Colin, speak out. It's your concern, most of all, as your mother says."

"The callant's in a terrible swither," said Lauderdale, with a smile, "he'll have it, and he'll no have it. For one thing, it's an awfu' disappointment to get your ain way just after you've made up your mind that you're an injured man; and he's but a callant after all, and kens no better. For my part," said the philosopher, "I'm no fond of changing when you've once laid your plans. No man can tell what terrible difference a turn in the path may lead to. It's aye best to go straight on. But there's aye exceptions," continued Lauderdale, laying his hand on Colin's shoulder. "So far as I can see, there's no reason in this world why the callant should not stand still a moment and taste the sweetness of his lot. He's come to man's estate, and the heavens have never gloomed on him yet. There's no evil in him, that I can see," said Colin's friend, with an unusual trembling in his voice; "but for human weakness, it might have been the lad Michael or Gabriel, out of heaven, that's been my companion these glad some years. It may be but sweetness and blessing that's in store for him. I

know no reason why he shouldna pause while the sun's shining, and see God's meaning. It cannot be but good."

The lad's friend who understood him best stopped short, like his mother, with something in his throat that marred his utterance. Why was it? Colin looked up with the sunshine in his eyes, and laughed with a little annoyance, a little impatience. He was no more afraid of his lot, nor of what the next turn in the path would bring, than a child is who knows no evil. Life was not solemn, but glorious; a thing to be conquered and made beautiful, to his eyes. He did not understand what they meant by their faltering and their fears.

"I feel, on the whole, disposed to accept Sir Thomas's offer," said the young prince. "It is no favour, for I am quite able to be his boy's tutor, as he says; and I see nothing particularly serious in it either," the young man went on; "most Scotch students stop short sometime and have a spell of teaching. I have been tutor at Ard-martin; I don't mind being tutor at Wodensbourne. I would not be dependent on Sir Thomas Frankland or any man," said Colin; "but I am glad to labour for myself, and free you, father. I know you have been willing to keep me at college, but you have plenty to do for Archie and the rest; and now it is my turn; I may help myself and them too," cried the youth, glad to disguise in that view of the matter the thrill of delight at his new prospects, which came from a very different source. "It will give us a little time, as you say, to think it all over," he continued, after a momentary pause, and turned upon his mother with a smile. "Is there anything to look melancholy about?" said Colin, turning back from his forehead the clouds of his brown hair.

"Oh, no, no, God forbid!" said the Mistress, "nothing but hope and the blessing of God;" but she turned aside from the table, and began to put away some of the things by way of concealing the tears that welled up to her tender

eyes, though neither she nor any one for her could have told why.

"Never mind your mother," said the farmer, "though it's out of the common to see a cloud on her face when there's no cloud to speak of on the sky. But women are aye having freits and fancies. I think it's the wisest thing ye can do to close with Sir Thomas's proposal, mysel'. I wouldna say but you'll see a good deal o' the world," said the farmer, shrewd but ignorant; "not that I'm so simple as to suppose that an English gentleman's country-seat will bring you to anything very extraordinary in the way of company; but still, that class of folk is wonderfully connected, and ye might see mair there in a season than you could here in a lifetime. It's time I were looking after Archie and the men," said big Colin; "it's no often I'm so late in the morning. I suppose you'll write to Sir Thomas yourself, and make a' the arrangements. Ye can say we're quite content, and pleased at his thoughtfulness. If that's no to your mind, Colin, I'm sorry for it; for a man should be aye man enough to give thanks when thanks are due." With this last admonition big Colin of Ramore took up his hat and went off to his fields. "I wish the callant didna keep a grudge," he said to himself, as he went upon his cheerful way. "If he were to set up in rivalry wi' young Frankland!" but with the thought a certain smile came upon the father's face. He too could not refrain from a certain contempt of the baronet's dainty son; and there was scarcely any limit to his pride and confidence in his boy.

The Mistress occupied herself in putting things to rights in the parlour long after her husband had gone to the fields. She thought Lauderdale too wanted to be alone with Colin; and, with natural jealousy, could not permit the first word of counsel to come from any lips but her own. The mistress had no baby to occupy her in these days; the little one whom she had on her bosom at the opening of this history, who bore her own name and her

own smile, and was the one maiden blossom of her life, had gone back to God who gave her; and, when her boys were at school, the gentle woman was alone. There was little doing in the dairy just then, and Mrs. Campbell had planned her occupations so as to have all the time that was possible to enjoy her son's society. So she had no special call upon her time this morning, and lingered over her little businesses, till Lauderdale, who would fain have said his say, strayed out in despair, finding no room for him. "When you've finished your letter, Colin, you'll find me on the hill," he said, as he went out; and could not refrain from a murmur in his own mind at the troublesome cares of "thae women." "They're sweet to see about a house, and the place is hame where they are," said the philosopher to himself with a sigh; "but oh, such fykes as they ware their hearts on!" The mistress's "fykes," however, were over when the stranger left the house. She came softly to Colin's table, where he was writing, and sat down beside him. As for Colin, he was so much absorbed in his letter that he did not observe his mother; and it was only when he lifted his head to consider a sentence, and found her before him, that he woke up, with a little start, out of that more agreeable occupation, and asked, "Do you want me?" with a look of annoyance which went to the mistress's heart.

"Yes, Colin, I want you just for a moment," said his mother. "I want to speak to you of this new change in your life. Your father thinks nothing but it's Sir Thomas Frankland you're going to, to be tutor to his boys; but, oh, Colin, I ken better! It's no the fine house and the new life that lights such light in my laddie's eye. Colin, listen to me. She's far above you in this world, though it's no to be looked for that I could think any woman was above you; but she's a lady with mony woovers, and you're but a poor man's son. Oh, Colin, my man! dinna gang near that place, nor put yourself in the way of evil, if you havena some con-

fidence either in her or yoursal'. Do you think you can see her day by day and no break your heart; or do you think she's worthy of a heart to be thrown away under her feet? Or, oh, my laddie! tell me this first of a—do you think you could ask her, or she could consent, to lose fortune and grandeur for your sake? Colin, I'm no joking; it's awfu' earnest whatever you may think. Tell me if you've any regard for your mother, or wish her any kind of comfort the time you're away!"

This Mrs. Campbell said with tears shining in her eyes, and a look of entreaty in her face, which Colin had hard ado to meet. But the lad was full of his own thoughts, and impatient of the interruption which detained him.

"I wish I knew what you meant," he said pettishly. "I wish you would not talk of—people who have nothing to do with my poor little concerns. Surely, I may be suffered to engage in ordinary work like other people," said Colin. "As for the lady you speak—"

And here the youth paused, with a natural smile lurking at the corners of his lips—a smile of youthful confidence and self-gratulation. Not for a kingdom would the young hero have boasted of any look or word that had inspired him; but he would not deny himself the delicious consciousness that she must have had something to do with this proposal—that it must have been her suggestion, or at least supported, seconded by her. Only through her intimation could her uncle have known that he was tutor at Ardmartin, and the thought that it was she herself who was taking what maidenly means she could for their speedy reunion was too sweet to Colin's heart to be breathed in words, even if he could have done it without a betrayal of his hopes.

"Ay, Colin, the lady," said his mother; "you say no more in words, but your eye smiles and your mouth, and I see the flush on your cheek. She's bonnie and sweet and fair-spoken, and I canna think she means any harm; but, oh, Colin, my man, mind what a difference in this world! You've nothing to offer

her like what she's been used to," said the innocent woman, "and if I was to see my son come back breaking his heart for a ne that was above his reach, and that mightna be worthy!" said the Mistress, with her eyes full of tears. She could not say any more, partly because she had exhausted herself, partly because Colin rose from the table with a flush of excitement, which made his mother tremble.

"Worthy of me!" said the young man, with a kind of groan, "worthy of me! Mother, I don't think you know what you are saying. I am going to Wodensbourne whatever happens. It may be for good or for evil; I can't tell; but I am going, and you must ask me no further questions—not on this point. I am to be tutor to Sir Thomas Frankland's boy," said Colin, coming back with the smile in his eyes. "Nothing more—and what could happen better to a poor Scotch student? He might have had a Cambridge man, and he chooses me. Let me finish my letter, mother, dear."

"He wouldna get many Cambridge men, or any other men, like my boy," said the mother, half reassured; and she rearranged with her hands, that trembled a little, the writing-desk, which Colin's hasty movements had thrust out of the way.

"Ah, mother, but a Scotch University does not count for the same as an English one," said Colin, with a smile and a sigh; "it is not for my gifts Sir Thomas has chosen me," he added, a little impatiently taking up his pen again. What was it for? That old obligation of Harry Frankland's life saved, which Colin had always treated as a fiction? or the sweet influence of some one who knew that Colin loved her? Which was it? If the youth determined it should be the last, could anybody wonder? He bent his head again over his paper, and wrote, with his heart beating high, that acceptance which was to restore him to her society. As for the Mistress, she left her son, and went about her homely business, wiping some tears from her eyes. "I kenna what

woman could close her heart," she said to herself, with a little sob, in her ignorance and innocence. "Oh, if she's only worthy!" but, for all that, the mother's heart was heavy within her, though she could not have told why.

The letter was finished and sealed up before Colin joined his friend on the hillside, where Lauderdale was straying about with his hands in his pockets, breathing long sighs into the fresh air, and unable to restrain, or account for, his own restlessness and uneasiness. One of those great dramas of sunshine and shadow, which were familiar to the Holy Loch, was going on just then among the hills, and the philosopher had made various attempts to interest himself in those wonderful alternations of gloom and light, but without avail. Nature, which is so full of interest when the heart is unoccupied, dwindles and grows pale in presence of the poorest human creature who throws a shadow into her sunshine. Not all those wonderful gleams of light—not all those clouds, driven wildly like so many gigantic phantoms into the solemn hollows, could touch the heart of the man who was trembling for his friend. Lauderdale roused himself up when Colin came to him, and met him cheerfully. "So, you've written your letter?" he said, "and accepted the new turn in your fortune? I thought as much, by your eye."

"You did not need to consult my eye," said Colin, gaily. "I said as much. But I must walk down the loch a mile or two to meet the postman. Will you come? Let us take the good of the hills," said the youth, with his heart running over. "Who can tell when we may be here again together? I like this autumn weather, with its stormy colours; and I suppose now my fortune, as you call it, will lead me to a flat country—that is, for a year or two at least."

"Ay," said Lauderdale, with a kind of groan; "that is how the world appears at your years. Who can tell when we may be here again together? Who can tell, laddie, what thoughts may be

in our hearts when we *are* here again? I never have any security myself, when I leave a place, that I'll ever dare to come back," said the meditative man. "The innocent fields might have a cruel aspect, as if God had cursed them, and, for anything I know, I might hate the flowers that could bloom, and the sun that could shine, and had no heart for my trouble. No that you understand what I'm meaning, but that's the way it affects a man like me."

"What are you thinking of?" cried Colin, with a little dismay; "one would fancy you saw some terrible evil approaching. Of course the future is uncertain, but I am not particularly alarmed by anything that appears to me. What are you thinking of, Lauderdale? Your own career?"

"Oh, ay, just my ain career," said Lauderdale, with a smile; "such a career to make a work about! though I am just as content as most men. I mind when my ain spirit was whiles uplifted as yours is, laddie; it's *that* that makes a man think. It comes natural to the time of life, like the bright eye and the bloom on the cheek," said Colin's friend; "and there's no sentence of death in it either, if you come to that," he went on to himself after a pause. "Life holds on—it aye holds on—a hope mair or less makes little count. And without the agony and the struggle, never man that was worth calling man came to his full stature." All this Lauderdale kept saying to himself as he descended the hillside, leaping here and there over a half-concealed streamlet, and making his way through the withered ferns and the long tangled streamers of the bramble, which caught at him as he passed. He was not so skilful in overcoming these obstacles as Colin, who was to the manner born; and he got a little out of breath as he followed the lad, who, catching his monologue by intervals in the descent, looked at the melancholy philosopher with his young eyes, which laughed, and did not understand.

"I wonder what you are thinking of," said Colin. "Not of me, certainly; but

I see you are afraid of something, as if I were going to encounter a great danger. Lauderdale," said the lad, stopping and laying his head on his friend's arm for one confidential moment, "whatever danger there is, I *have* encountered it. Don't be afraid for me."

"I was saying nothing about you, callant," said Lauderdale, pettishly. "Why should I aye be thinking of you? A man has more things to consider in this life than the vagaries of a slip of a laddie; that doesna see where he's bound for. I'm thinking of things far out of your way," said the philosopher; "of disappointments and heart-breaks, and a' the eclipses that are invisible to common e'en. I've seen many in my day. I've seen a trifling change that made no difference to the world quench a' the light and a' the comfort out of life. There's more things in heaven or earth than were ever dreamt of at your years. And whiles a man wonders how, for very pity, God can stay still in His heavens and look on—"

Colin could not say anything to the groan with which his friend broke off. He was troubled and puzzled, and could not make it out. They went on together along the white line of road, on which, far off in the distance, the youth already saw the postman whom he was hastening to meet; and, busy as he was with his own thoughts, Colin had already forgotten to inquire what his companion referred to, when his attention, which had wandered completely away from this perplexing tale, was suddenly recalled again by the voice at his side.

"I'm speaking like a man that cannot see the end," said Lauderdale, "which is clear to Him, if there's any meaning in life. You're for taking your chance and posting your letter, laddie? and you ken nothing about any nonsense that an old fool like me may be maundering? For one thing, there's aye plenty to divert the mind in this country," said the philosopher, with a sigh, and stood still at the foot of the long slope they had just descended, looking with a wistful abstract look upon the loch and the hills; at which change of mood

Colin could not restrain himself, but with ready boyish mirth laughed aloud.

"What has this country to do with it all? You are in a very queer mood to-day, Lauderdale—one moment as solemn and mysterious as if you knew of some great calamity, and the next talking of the country. What do you mean I wonder?" said the lad. His wonder was not very deep, but stirred lightly in the heart which was full of so many wishes and ambitions of its own. With that letter in his hand, and that new life before him, how could he help but look at the lonely man by his side with a half-divine compassion!—a man to whom life offered no prizes, and scarcely any hopes. He was aware in his heart that Lauderdale was anxious about himself, and the thought of that unnecessary solicitude moved Colin half to laughter. Poor Lauderdale—upon whom he looked down from the elevation of his young life with the tenderest pity! He smiled upon his friend in his exaltation and superiority. "You are more inexplicable than usual to-day. I wonder what you mean?" said Colin, with all the sunshine of youth and joy, defying evil forebodings in his eyes.

"It would take a wise man to tell," said Lauderdale; "I would not pretend, for my own part, to fathom what any fool might mean—much less what I mean myself, that have glimmerings of sense at times. Yon sunshine's awfu' prying about the hills. Light's aye inquisitive, and would fain be at the bottom of every mystery, which is, maybe, the reason," said the speculative observer, "why there's nae grandeur to speak of, nor meaning, according to mortal notions, without clouds and darkness. Yonder's your postman, callant. Give him the letter and be done with it. I whiles find myself wondering how it is that we take so little thought to God's meanings—what ye might call His lighter meanings—His easy verses and such-like, that are thrown about the world, in the winds and the sky. To be sure, I ken just as well as you do that it's currents of air, and masses of vapour and electricity, and all

the rest of it. It's awfu' easy learning the words, but will you tell me there's no meaning to a man's heart and soul in the like of that?" said Colin's companion stopping suddenly with a sigh of impatience and vexation, which had to do with something more vital than the clouds. Just then, nature truly seemed to have come to a pause, and to be standing still, like themselves, looking on. The sky that was so blue and broad a moment since had contracted to a black vault over the Holy Loch. Blackness that was positive and not a mere negative frowned out of all the half-disclosed mysterious hollows of the hills. The leaves that remained on the trees thrilled with a spasmodic shiver, and the little ripples came crowding up on the beach with a sighing suppressed moan of suspense and apprehension. So, at least, it seemed to one if not both of the spectators standing by.

"It means a thunderstorm, in the first place," said Colin; "look how it begins to come down in a torrent of gloom over Loch Goil. We have just time to get under shelter. It is very well for us we are so near Ramore."

"Ay—" said Lauderdale. He repeated the syllable over again and again as they hurried back. "But the time will come, when we'll no be near Ramore," he said to himself as the storm reached him and dashed in his face not twenty yards from the open door. Colin's laugh, as he reached with a bound the kindly portal, was all the answer which youth and hope gave to experience. The boy was not to be discouraged on that sweet threshold of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

WODENSBORNE was as different from any house that Colin had ever seen before, as the low flat country, rich and damp and monotonous, was unlike the infinitely varied landscape to which his eye had been accustomed all his life. The florid upholstery of Ardmartin contrasted almost strangely with the sober magnificence of the old family-house in

which the Franklands had lived and died for generations, as did the simple little rooms to which Colin had been accustomed in his father's house. Perhaps, on the whole, Ramore, where everything was for use and nothing for show, was less unharmonious with all he saw about him than the equipments of the brand new castle, all built out of new money, and gilded and lackered to a climax of domestic finery. Colin's pupil was the invalid of the family; a boy of twelve, who could not go to Eton like his brothers, but whom the good-natured baronet thought, as was natural, the cleverest of his family.—“That's why I wanted you so much, Campbell,” Sir Thomas said, by way of setting Colin at ease in his new occupation; “he's not a boy to be kept to classics isn't Charley—there's nothing that boy wouldn't master—and shut up, as he has to be, with his wretched health, he wants a little variety. I've always heard you took a wider range in Scotland; that's what I want for my boy.” It was with this that the new tutor was introduced to his duties at Wodensbourne. But a terrible disappointment awaited the young man, a disappointment utterly unforeseen. There was nobody there but Sir Thomas himself, and Charley, and some little ones still in the nursery. “We're all by ourselves, but you won't mind,” said the baronet, who seemed to think it all the better for Colin; “my lady and Miss Matty will be home before Christmas, and you can get yourself settled comfortably in the meantime. Lady Frankland is with her sister, who is in very bad health. I don't know what people mean by getting into bad health—women, too, that can't go in for free living and that sort of thing,” said Sir Thomas. “The place looks dreary without the ladies, but they'll be back before Christmas,” and he went to sleep after dinner as usual, and left the young tutor at the other side of the table sitting in a kind of stupified amazement and mortification in the silence, wondering what he came here for, and where his hopes and brilliant auguries had gone to. Perhaps Colin did not know what

he himself meant when he accepted Sir Thomas Frankland's proposal. He thought he was coming to live in Matty's society, to be her companion, to walk with her and talk with her, as he had done at Ardmartin; but, when he arrived to find Wodensbourne deserted, with nothing to be seen but Sir Thomas and a nursery governess, who sometimes emerged with her little pupils from the unknown regions upstairs and was very civil to the new tutor, Colin's disappointment was overwhelming. He despised himself with a bitterness only to be equalled by the brilliancy of those vain expectations over which he laughed in youthful rage and scorn. It was not to be Matty's companion he had come; it was not to see, however far off, any portion of the great world which he could not help imagining sometimes must be visible from such an elevation. It was only to train Charley's precocious intellect, and amuse the baronet a little at dinner. After dinner Sir Thomas went to sleep, and even Charley was out of the way, and the short winter days closed down early over the great house, on the damp woods and silent park, which kept repeating themselves, day by day, upon Colin's wearied brain. There was not even an undulation within sight, nothing higher than the dull line of trees, which after a while it made him sick to look at. To be sure, the sunshine now and then caught upon the lofty lantern of Earie Cathedral, and by that means woke up a gleam of light on the flat country; but that, and the daily conflict with Charley's sharp invalid understanding, and the sight of Sir Thomas sleeping after dinner, conveyed no exhilaration to speak of to lighten the dismal revulsion of poor Colin's thoughts. His heart rose indignant sometimes; which did him more good. This was the gulf of dismay he tumbled into without defence or preparation after the burst of hope and foolish youthful delight with which he left Ramore.

As for the society at Wodensbourne, it was at the present moment of the most limited description. Colin, who was inexperienced, roused up out of his

dullness a little when he heard that two of the canons of Earie were coming to dinner one evening. The innocent Scotch lad woke himself up, with a little curiosity about the clerical dignitaries, of whom he knew nothing, and a good deal of anxiety to comport himself as became the representative of a Scotch University, about whom he did not doubt the visitors would be a little curious. It struck Colin with the oddest surprise and disappointment, to find that the canons of Earie were perfectly indifferent about the Scotch student. The curate of the parish, indeed, who was also dining at Wodensbourne that day, was wonderfully civil to the new tutor. He told him that he understood the Scotch mountains were very near as fine as Switzerland, and that he hoped to see them some day, though the curious prejudices about Sunday and the whisky-drinking must come very much in the way of closer intercourse; at which speech Colin's indignation and amusement would have been wonderful to see, had any one been there who cared to notice how the lad was looking. On the Sundays, Colin and his pupil went along the level ways to the quaint old mossy church, to which this same curate was devoting all his time and thoughts by way of restoration. The Scotch youth had never seen anything at once so homely and so noble as this little church in the fen-country. He thought it nothing less than a poem in stone, a pathetic old psalm of human life and death, uttering itself for ever and ever, in the tenderest, sad responses, to the worship of heaven. Never anywhere had he felt so clearly how the dead were waiting for the great Easter to come, nor seen Christianity standing so plainly between the two comings; but when Colin, with his Scotch ideas, heard the curious little sermons to which his curate gave utterance under that roof, all consecrated and holy with the sorrows and hopes of ages, it made the strangest anti-climax in the youth's thoughts. He laughed to himself when he came out, not because he was dis-

posed to laughter, but because it was the only alternative he had; and Sir Thomas, who had a glimmering perception that this must be something new to his inexperienced guest, gave a doubtful sort of smile, not knowing how to take Colin's strange looks.

"You don't believe in saints' days, and such like, in Scotland?" said the perplexed baronet; "and of course the sermon does not count for so much with us."

"No," said Colin; and they did not enter further into the subject.

As for the young man himself, who had still upon his mind the feeling that he was to be a Scotch minister, the lesson was the strangest possible; for, being Scotch, he could not help listening to the sermon according to the usage of his nation. The curate, after he had said those passages which are all but divine in their comprehension of the wants of humanity, told his people how wonderfully their beloved Church had provided for all their wants; how sweet it was to recollect that this was the day which had been appointed the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and how it was their duty to meditate a fact so touching and so important. Colin thought of the Holy Loch, and the minister's critics there, and laughed to himself, perhaps a little bitterly. He felt as if he had given up his own career—the natural life to which he was born—and at this distance the usual enchantments of nature began to work, and in his heart he asked himself what he was to gain by transferring his heart and hopes to this wealthier country, where so many things were fairer, and after which he had been hankering so long. The curate's sermons struck him as a kind of comical climax to his disappointments—the curate who looked at himself much as he might have looked at a South-Sea Islander, and spoke of the Scotch whisky and Scotch Sabbaths. Poor curate! He knew a great deal more than Colin did about some things, and, if he did not understand how to preach, that was not the fault of his college; neither did they

convey much information at that seat of learning about the northern half of the British island—no more than they did at Glasgow about the curious specimens of humanity which is known as a curate on the brighter side of the Tweed.

All these things went through Colin's mind as he sat in the dining-room after dinner contemplating Sir Thomas's nap, which was not of itself an elevating spectacle. He thought to himself at that moment that he was but fulfilling the office of a drudge at Wodensbourne, which anybody could fill. It did not require those abilities which had won with acclamation the prize in the philosophy class to teach Charley Frankland the elements of science; and all the emulations and glories of his college career came back to Colin's mind. The little public of the University had begun to think of him—to predict what he would do, and anticipate his success at home; but here, who knew anything about him? All these thoughts came to rapid conclusions as the young man sat watching the fire gleam in the wainscot, and calculating the recurrence of that next great snore which would wake Sir Thomas, and make him sit up of a sudden and look fiercely at his companion before he murmured out a "Beg your pardon," and went to sleep again. Not an interesting prospect certainly. Should he go home? should he represent to the baronet, when he woke up for the night, that it had all been a mistake, and that his present office was perfectly unsuited to his ambition and his hopes? But then what could he say? for after all it was as Charley Frankland's tutor simply, and with his eyes open, that he came to Wodensbourne, and Sir Thomas had said nothing about the society of his niece, or any other society, to tempt him thither. Colin sat in a bitterness of discontent, which would have been incredible to him a few weeks before, pondering these questions. There was not a sound to be heard, but the dropping of the ashes on the hearth, and Sir Thomas's heavy breathing as

he slept. Life went on velvet slippers in the great house from which Colin would gladly have escaped (he thought) to the poorest cottage on the Holy Loch. He could not help recalling his shabby little room in Glasgow, and Lauderdale's long comments upon life, and all the talk and the thoughts that made existence bright in that miserable little place, which Sir Thomas Frankland's grooms would not have condescended to live in, but which the unfortunate young tutor thought of with longing as he sat dreary in the great dining-room. What did it matter to him that the floor was soft with Turkey carpets, that the wine on the table was of the most renowned vintages, and that his slumbering companion in the great easy-chair was the head of one of the oldest commoner families in England—a baronet and a county member? Colin after all was only a son of the soil; he longed for his Glasgow attic, and his companions who spoke the dialect of that remarkable but unlovely city, and felt bitterly in his heart that he had been cheated. Yet it was hard to say to any one—hard even to put in words to himself—what the cheat was. It was a deception he had practised on himself, and in the bitterness of his disappointment the youth refused to say to himself that anybody's absence was the secret of his mortification. What was she to him?—a great lady as far out of his reach as the moon or the stars, and who no doubt had forgotten his very name.

These were not pleasant thoughts to season the solitude; and he sat hugging them for a great many evenings before Sir Thomas awoke, and addressed, as he generally did, a few good-humoured, stupid observations to the lad whom, to be sure, the baronet found a considerable bore, and did not know what to do with. Sir Thomas could not forget his obligations to the young man who saved Harry's life; and thus it was, from pure gratitude, that he made Colin miserable—though there was no gratitude at all, nor even much respect, in the summary judgment which the youth formed of

the heavy 'squire. This was how matters were going on when Wodensbourne and the world, and everything human, suddenly, all at once, sustained again a change to Colin. He had been thus, for six weary weeks—during which time he felt himself getting morose, ill-tempered, and miserable—writing sharp letters home, in which he would not confess to any special disappointment, but expressed himself in general terms of bitterness like a young misanthrope, and in every respect making himself, and those who cared for him, unhappy. Even the verses, which did very well to express the tender griefs of sentiment, had been thrown aside at this crisis; for there was nothing melodious in his feelings, and he could not say in sweet rhymes and musical cadences how angry and wretched he was. He was sitting so one dreary December evening when it was raining fast outside and everything was silent within—as was natural in a well-regulated household where the servants knew their duty, and the nursery was half a mile away through worlds of complicated passages. Sir Thomas was asleep as usual, and, with his eyes shut and his mouth open, the excellent baronet was not, as we have already said, an elevating spectacle; and, at the other end of the table, sat Colin, chafing out his young soul with such thoughts of what was not, but might have been, as youth does not know how to avoid. It was just then, when he was going over his long succession of miseries—and thinking of his natural career cut short for this dreary penance of which nothing could ever come—that Colin was startled by the sound of wheels coming up the wintry avenue. He could not venture to imagine to himself what it might be, though he listened as if for life and death, and heard the sounds of an arrival and the indistinct hum of voices which he could not distinguish, without feeling that he had any right to stir from the table to inquire what it meant; and there he sat accordingly, with his hair thrust back from his forehead and his great eyes gleaming out

from the noiseless atmosphere, when the door opened and a pretty figure, all eager and glowing with life, looked into the room. Colin was too much absorbed, too anxious, and felt too deeply how much was involved for himself to be capable even of rising up to greet her as an indifferent man would have done. He sat and gazed at her as she darted in like a fairy creature, bringing every kind of radiance in her train. "Here they are, aunty!" cried Miss Matty; and she came in flying in her cloak, with the hood still over her head and great raindrops on it, which she had caught as she jumped out of the carriage. While Colin sat gazing at her, wondering if it was some deluding apparition, or, in reality, the new revelation of life and love that it seemed to be, Matty had thrown herself upon Sir Thomas and woke the worthy baronet by kissing him, which was a pretty sight to behold. "Here we are, uncle; wake up!" cried Matty; "my lady ran to the nursery first, but I came to you, as I always do." And the little witch looked up with a gleam at Colin, under which heaven and earth changed to the lad. He stumbled to his feet, while Sir Thomas rubbed his astonished eyes. What could Colin say? He stood waiting for a word, seeing the little figure in a halo of light and fanciful glory. "How do you do? I knew you were here," said Miss Matty, putting out two fingers to him while she still hung over her uncle. And presently Lady Frankland came in, and the room became full of pleasant din and commotion as was inevitable. When Colin made a move as if to leave them, fearful of being in the way, as the sensitive lad naturally was, Miss Matty called to him, "Oh, don't go, please; we are going to have tea, and my lady must be served without giving her any trouble, and I want you to help me," said Matty; and so the evening that had begun in gloom ended in a kind of subdued glory too sweet to be real. Lady Frankland sat talking to her husband of their reason for coming back so suddenly (which was sad enough, being an unexpected

death in the house: but that did not make much difference to the two women who were coming home); Matty kept coming and going between the tea-table and the fire, sending Colin on all sorts of errands, and making comments to him aside on what her aunt was saying. "Only fancy the long dreary drive we have had, and my uncle and Mr. Campbell making themselves so cozy," the little syren said, kneeling down before the fire with still one drop of rain sparkling on her bright locks. And the effect was such that Colin lost himself altogether, and could not have affirmed, had he been questioned on his oath, that he had not enjoyed himself greatly all the evening. He took Lady Frankland her tea, and listened to all the domestic chatter as if it had been the talk of angels; and was as pleased when the mistress of the house thanked him for his kindness to Charley, as if he had not thought Charley a wretched little nuisance a few hours ago. He did not in the least know who the people were about whom the two ladies kept up such an unceasing talk, and, perhaps, under other circumstances would have laughed at this sweet-coined gossip, with all its lively comments upon nothing and incessant personalities; but, at the present moment, Colin had said good-bye to reason, and could not anyhow defend himself against the sudden happiness which seized upon him without any notice. While Sir Thomas and his wife sat on either side of the great fire, and Matty kept darting in and out between them, Colin sat behind near the impromptu tea-table, and listened and felt that the world was changed. If he could have had time to think, he might have been ashamed of himself, but then he had no time to think, and in the meantime he was happy, a sensation not to be gainsaid or rejected; and so fled the few blessed hours of the first evening of Matty's return.

When he had gone up stairs, and had heard, at a distance, the sound of the last good-night, and was fairly shut up again in the silence of his own room, the youth, for the first

time, began to realize what he was doing. He paused, with a little consternation, a little fright, to question himself. For the first time, he saw clearly, without any possibility of self-delusion, what it was which had brought him here, and which made all the difference to him between happiness and misery. It was hard to realize now the state of mind he had been in a few hours before; but he did it, by dint of a great exertion, and saw, with a distinctness which alarmed him, how it was that everything had altered in his eyes. It was Matty's presence that made all the difference between this subdued thrill of happiness and that blank of impatient and mortified misery. The young man tried to stand still and consider the reality of his position. He had stopped in his career, arrested himself in his life; entered upon a species of existence which he felt in his heart was not more, but less, noble (for him) than his previous course—and what was it for? All for the uncertain smile, for the society—which might fail him any time—of a woman so far out of his way, so utterly removed from his reach, as Matilda Frankland? For a moment, the youth was dismayed, and stopped short, Wisdom and Truth whispering in his ear. Love might be fair, but he knew enough to know that life must not be subservient to that witchery; and Colin's good angel spoke to him in the silence, and bade him flee. Better to go back, and at once, to the grey and sombre world, where all his duties awaited him, than to stay here in this fool's paradise. As he thought so he got up, and began to pace about his room, as though it had been a cage. Best to flee—it might hide all the light out of his life and break his heart, but what else had he to look for sooner or later? He sat up half the night, still pacing about his room, hesitating upon his fate, while the December storm raged outside. What was he to do? When he dropped to sleep at last, his heart betrayed him, and strayed away into celestial worlds of dreaming. He woke, still undecided, as he thought, to see the

earliest wintry gleam of sunshine stealing in through his shutters. What was he to do ? But already the daylight made him feel his terrors as so many shadows. His heart was a traitor, and he was glad to find it so, and the moment of indecision settled more surely than ever the bondage in which he seemed to have entangled his life.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM that day life flew upon celestial wings for Charley Frankland's tutor. It was not that any love-making proved possible, or that existence at Wodensbourne became at all what it had been at Ardmartin. The difference was in the atmosphere, which was now bright with all kinds of gladsome charms, and pervaded by anticipations—a charm which, at Colin's age, was more than reality. He never knew what moment of delight might come to him any day—what words might be said, or smiles shed upon him. Such an enchantment could not, indeed, have lasted very long ; but, in the meantime, was infinitely sweet, and made his life like a romance to the young man. There was nobody at Wodensbourne to occupy Miss Matty, or withdraw her attention from her young worshipper ; and Colin, with his poetic temperament and his youthful genius, and all the simplicities and inexperience which rendered him so different from the other clever young men who had been seen or heard of in that region, was very delightful company, even when he was not engaged in any acts of worship. Lady Frankland herself acknowledged that Mr. Campbell was a great acquisition. "He is not the least like other people," said the lady of the house ; "but you must take care not to let him fall in love with you, Matty ;" and both the ladies laughed softly as they sat over their cup of tea. As for Matty, when she went to dress for dinner, after that admonition, she put on tartan ribbons over her white dress, partly, to be sure, because they were in the fashion ; but chiefly to

please Colin, who knew rather less about tartan than she did, and had not the remotest idea that the many-coloured sash had any reference to himself.

"I love Scotland," the little witch said to him, when he came into the drawing-room, to which he was now admitted during Sir Thomas's nap—and, to tell the truth, Lady Frankland herself had just closed her eyes in a gentle doze, in her easy chair—"but, though you are a Scotchman, you don't take the least notice of my ribbons ; I am very fond of Scotland," said Matty ;—"and the Scotch," the wicked little girl added, with a glance at him, which made Colin's heart leap in his deluded breast.

"Then I am very glad to be Scotch," said the youth, and stooped down over the end of the sash till Matty thought he meant to kiss it, which was a more decided act of homage than it would be expedient, under the circumstances, to permit.

"Don't talk like everybody else," said Miss Matty ; "that does not make any difference—you were always glad to be Scotch. I know you all think you are so much better and cleverer than we are in England. But, tell me, do you still mean to be a Scotch minister ? I wish you would not," said Matty, with a little pout. And then Colin laughed—half with pleasure at what he thought her interest in him, and half with a sense of the ludicrous which he could not restrain.

"I don't think I could preach about the twentieth Sunday after Trinity," he said with a smile ; which was a speech Miss Matty did not understand.

"People here don't preach as you do in Scotland," said the English girl, with a little offence. "You are always preaching, and that is what renders it so dull. But what is the good of being a minister ! There are plenty of dull people to be ministers—you are so clever—"

"Am I clever !" said Colin. "I am Charley's tutor—it does not require a great deal of genius—" but while he spoke, the eyes—which Matty did not comprehend, which always went leagues further than one could see—kindled up

a little. He looked a long way past her, and no doubt he saw something; but it piqued her a little not to be able to follow him, nor to search out what he meant.

"If you had done what I wished, and gone to Oxford, Campbell," said Sir Thomas, whose repose had been interrupted earlier than usual; "I can't say much about what I could have done myself, for I have heaps of boys of my own to provide for; but, if you're bent on going into the Church, something would certainly have turned up for you. I don't say there's much of a course in the Church for an ambitious young fellow, but still, if you do work well and have a few friends—. As for your Scotch Church, I don't know very much about it," said the baronet, candidly. "I never knew any one who did. What a bore it used to be a dozen years ago, when there was all that row; and now, I suppose, you're all at sixes and sevens, ain't you?" asked the ingenuous legislator. "I suppose whisky and controversy go together somehow." Sir Thomas got himself perched into the corner of a sofa very comfortably, as he spoke, and took no notice of the lightning in Colin's eyes.

"Oh, uncle! don't," said Miss Matty; "didn't you know that the Presbyterians are all going to give up and join the Church? and it's all to be the same both in England and Scotland? You need not laugh. I assure you I know quite well what I am saying," said the little beauty, with a look of dignity. "I have seen it in the papers—such funny papers!—with little paragraphs about accidents, and about people getting silver snuffboxes!—but all the same, they say what I tell you. There's to be no Presbyterians and no precentors, and none of their wicked ways, coming into church with their hats on, and staring all round instead of saying their prayers; and all the ministers are to be made into clergymen—priests and deacons, you know; and they are going to have bishops and proper service like other people. Mr. Campbell," said Matty, looking up at him with a little emphasis, to mark

that, for once, she was calling him formally by his name—"knows it is quite true."

"Humph," said Sir Thomas. "I know better; I know how Campbell, there, looked the other day when he came out of church. I know the Scotch and their ways of thinking. Go and make the tea, and don't talk of what you don't understand. But, as for you, Campbell, if you have a mind for the University and to go in for the Church—"

But this was more than Colin, being twenty, and a Scotchman, could bear.

"I *am* going in for the Church," said the lad, doing all he could to keep down the excitement at which Sir Thomas would have laughed, "but it did not in the least touch my heart the other day to know that it was the twentieth Sunday after Trinity. Devotion is a great matter," said the young Scotchman. "I grant you have the advantage over us there, but it would not do in Scotland to preach about the Church's goodness, and what she had appointed for such or such a day. We preach very stupid sermons, I dare say; but at least we mean to teach somebody something—what God looks for at their hands, or what they may look for at His. It is more an occupation for a man," cried the young revolutionary, "than reading the sublimest of prayers. I am going in for the Church—but it is the Church of Scotland," said Colin. He drew himself up with a grand youthful dignity, which was much lost on Sir Thomas, who, for his part, looked at his new tutor with eyes of sober wonderment, and did not understand what this emotion meant.

"There is no occasion for excitement," said the baronet; "nobody now-a-days meddles with a man's convictions; indeed, Harry would say, it's a great thing to have any convictions. That is how the young men talk now-a-days," said Sir Thomas; and he moved off the sofa again, and yawned, though not uncivilly. As for Miss Matty, she came stealing up when she had made the tea, with her cup in her hand.

"So you do mean to be a minister?" she said, in a half whisper, with a deprecating look. Lady Frankland had roused up, like her husband, and the two were talking, and did not take any notice of Matty's proceedings with the harmless tutor. The young lady was quite free to play with her mouse a little, and entered upon the amusement with zest, as was natural. "You mean to shut yourself up in a square house, with five windows, like the poor gentleman who has such red hair, and never see anybody but the old women in the parish, and have your life made miserable every Sunday by that precentor."

"I hope I have a soul above precentors," said Colin, with a little laugh, which was unsteady still, however, with a little excitement; "and one might mend all that," he added a minute after, looking at her with a kind of wistful inquiry which he could not have put into words. What was it he meant to ask with his anxious eye? But he did not himself know.

"Oh yes," said Matty, "I know what you would do: you would marry somebody who was musical, and get a little organ and teach the people better;" said the young lady with a piquant little touch of spite, and a look that startled Colin; and then she paused, and hung her head for a moment and blushed, or looked as if she blushed. "But you would not?" said Matty, softly, with a sidelong glance at her victim. "Don't marry anybody; no one is any good after that. I don't approve of marrying, for my part, especially for a priest. Priests should always be detached, you know, from the world."

"Why?" said Colin. He was quite content to go on talking on such a subject for any length of time. "As for marrying, it is only your rich squires and great people who can marry when they please; we who have to make our own way in the world—" said the young man, with a touch of grandeur, but was stopped by Miss Matty's sudden laughter.

"Oh, how simple you are! As if rich squires and great people, as you say,

could marry when they pleased—as if any man could marry when he pleased!" cried Miss Matty, scornfully. "After all, we do count for something, we poor women; now and then, we can put even an eldest son out in his calculations. It is great fun too," said the young lady, and she laughed, and so did Colin, who could not help wondering what special case she might have in her eye, and listened with all the eagerness of a lover. "There is poor Harry—" said Miss Matty under her breath, and stopped short and laughed to herself and sipped her tea, while Colin lent an anxious ear. But nothing further followed that soft laughter. Colin sat on thorns, gazing at her with a world of questions in his face, but the siren looked at him no more. Poor Harry! Harry's natural rival was sensible of a thrill of jealous curiosity mingled with anxiety. What had she done to Harry?—this witch who had beguiled Colin—or was it, not she who had done anything to him, but some other as pretty and as mischievous? Colin had no clue to the puzzle, but it gave him a new access of half-conscious enmity to the heir of Wodensbourne.

After that talk there elapsed a few days during which Colin saw but little of Matty, who had visits to pay, and some solemn dinner-parties to attend in Lady Frankland's train. He had to spend the evenings by himself on these occasions after dining with Charley, who was not a very agreeable companion; and, when this invalid went to his room, as he did early, the young tutor found himself desolate enough in the great house, where no human bond existed between him and the little community within its walls. He was not in a state of mind to take kindly to abstract study at that moment of his existence, for Colin had passed out of that unconscious stage in which he had been at Ardmartin. Then, however much he had wished to be out of temptation, he could not help himself, which was a wonderful consolation; but now he had come wilfully and knowingly into the danger, and had become aware of the fact—and far more distinctly than ever

before—of the difference between himself and the object of his thoughts. Though he found it very possible at times to comfort himself with the thought that this was a very ordinary interruption of a Scotch student's work, and noways represented the Armida's garden in which the knight lost both his vocation and his life, there were other moments and moods which were less easily manageable; and, on the whole, he wanted the stimulus of perpetual excitement to keep him from feeling the false position he was in, and the expediency of continuing here. Though the feeling haunted him all day, at night, in the drawing-room—which was brightened and made sweet by the fair English matron who was kind to Colin, and the fairer maiden who was the centre of all his thoughts—it vanished like an evil spirit, and left him with a sense that nowhere in the world could he have been so well; but, when this mighty stimulus was withdrawn, the youth was left in a very woeful plight, conscious, to the bottom of his heart, that he ought to be elsewhere, and here was consuming his strength and life. He strayed out in the darkness of the December nights through the gloomy silent park into the little village with its feeble lights, where everybody and everything was unknown to him; and all the time his demon sat on his shoulders and asked what he did there. While he strayed through the broken, irregular village-street, to all appearance looking at the dim cottage-windows and listening to the rude songs from the little ale-house, the curate encountered the tutor. Most probably the young priest, who was not remarkable for wisdom, imagined the Scotch lad to be in some danger; for he laid a kindly hand upon his arm and turned him away from the vociferous little tavern, which was a vexation to the curate's soul. "I should like you to go up to the Parsonage with me, if you will only wait till I have seen this sick woman," said the curate; and Colin went in very willingly within the cottage porch to wait for his acquaintance,

who had his prayer-book under his arm. The young Scotchman looked on with wondering eyes while the village priest knelt down by his parishioner's bedside and opened his book. Naturally there was a comparison always going on in Colin's mind. He was like a passive experimentalist, seeing all kinds of trials made before his eyes, and watching the result. "I wonder if they all think it is a spell," said Colin to himself; but he was rebuked and was silent when he heard the responses which the cottage folk made on their knees. When the curate had read his prayer he got up and said good-night, and went back to Colin; and this visitation of the sick was a very strange experience to the young Scotch observer, who stood revolving everything, with an eye to Scotland, at the cottage-door.

"You don't make use of our Common Prayer in Scotland?" said the curate; "pardon me for referring to it. One cannot help being sorry for people who shut themselves out from such an inestimable advantage. How did it come about?"

"I don't know," said Colin. "I suppose because Laud was a fool, and King Charles a —"

"Hush, for goodness sake," said the curate with a shiver. "What do you mean? such language is painful to listen to. The saints and martyrs should be spoken of in a different tone. You think that was the reason? Oh, no; it was your horrible Calvinism, and John Knox, and the mad influences of that unfortunate Reformation which has done us all so much harm, though I suppose you think differently in Scotland," he said with a little sigh, steering his young companion, of whose morality he felt uncertain, past the alehouse door.

"Did you never hear of John Knox's liturgy?" said the indignant Colin; "the saddest, passionate service! You always had time to say your prayers in England, but we had to snatch them as we could. And your prayers would not do for us now," said the Scotch experimentalist; "I wish they could:

but it would be impossible. A Scotch peasant would have thought *that* an incantation you were reading. When you go to see a sick man, shouldn't you like to say, God save him, God forgive him, straight out of your heart without a book?" said the eager lad; at which question the curate looked up with wonder in the young man's face.

"I hope I do say it out of my heart," said the English priest, and stopped short, with a gravity that had a great effect upon Colin;—"but in words more sound than any words of mine," the curate added a moment after, which dispersed the reverential impression from the Scotch mind of the eager boy.

"I can't see that," said Colin, quickly, "in the church for common prayer, yes; at a bedside in a cottage, no. At least, I mean that's how we feel in Scotland, though I suppose you don't care much for our opinion," he added with some heat, thinking he saw a smile on his companion's face.

"Oh, yes, certainly; I have always understood that there is a great deal of intelligence in Scotland," said the curate, courteous as to a South-Sea Islander. "But people who have never known this inestimable advantage? I believe preaching is considered the great thing in the North?" he said with a little curiosity. "I wish society were a little more impressed by it among ourselves; but mere *information* even about spiritual matters is of so much less importance! though that, I daresay, is another point on which we don't agree!" the curate continued, pleasantly. He was just opening the gate into his own garden, which was quite invisible in the darkness, but which enclosed and surrounded a homely house with some lights in the windows, which, it was a little comfort to Colin to perceive, was not much handsomer nor more imposing in appearance than the familiar manse on the borders of the Holy Loch.

"It depends on what you call spiritual matters," said the polemical youth. "I don't think a man can possibly get too much information about his relations with God, if only anybody

could tell him anything; but certainly about ecclesiastical arrangements and the Christian year," said the irreverent young Scotchman, "a little might suffice;" and Colin spoke with the slightest inflection of contempt, always thinking of the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and scorning what he did not understand, as was natural to his years."

"Ah, you don't know what you are saying," said the devout curate. "After you have spent a Christian year, you will see what comfort and beauty there is in it. You say, 'if anybody could tell him anything.' I hope you have not got into a sceptical way of thinking. I should like very much to have a long talk with you," said the village priest, who was very good and very much in earnest, though the earnestness was after a pattern different from anything known to Colin; and, before the youth perceived what was going to happen, he found himself in the curate's study, placed on a kind of moral platform, as the emblem of Doubt and that pious unbelief which is the favourite of modern theology. Now, to tell the truth, Colin, though it may lower him in the opinion of many readers of his history, was not by nature given to doubting. He had, to be sure, followed the fashion of the time enough to be aware of a wonderful amount of unsettled questions, and questions which it did not appear possible ever to settle. But somehow these elements of scepticism did not give him much trouble. His heart was full of natural piety, and his instincts all fresh and strong as a child's. He could not help believing, any more than he could help breathing, his nature being such; and he was half-amused and half-irritated by the position in which he found himself, notwithstanding the curate's respect for the ideal sceptic, whom he had thus pounced upon. The commonplace character of Colin's mind was such, that he was very glad when his new friend relaxed into gossip, and asked him who was expected at the Hall for Christmas; to which the tutor answered by such names as he had heard in the ladies' talk, and remem-

bered with friendliness or with jealousy, according to the feeling with which Miss Matty pronounced them—which was Colin's only guide amid this crowd of the unknown.

"I wonder if it is to be a match," said the curate, who, recovering from his dread concerning the possible habits of his Scotch guest, had taken heart to share his scholarly potations of beer with his new friend. "It was said Lady Frankland did not like it, but I never believed that. After all it was such a natural arrangement. I wonder if it is to be a match?"

"Is what to be a match?" said Colin, who all at once felt his heart stand still and grow cold, though he sat by the cheerful fire which threw its light even into the dark garden outside. "I have heard nothing about any match," he added, with a little effort. It dawned upon him instantly what it must be, and his impulse was to rush out of the house or do anything rash and sudden that would prevent him from hearing it said in words.

"Between Henry Frankland and his cousin," said the calm curate; "they looked as if they were perfectly devoted to each other at one time. That has died off, for she is rather a flirt, I fear; but all the people hereabouts had made up their minds on the subject. It would be a very suitable match on the whole. But why do you get up? you are not going away?"

"Yes; I have something to do when I go home," said Colin, "something to prepare," which he said out of habit, thinking of his old work at home, without remembering what he was saying or whether it meant anything. The curate put down the poker which he had lifted to poke the fire, and looked at Colin with a touch of envy.

"Ah! something literary, I suppose?" said the young priest, and went with his new friend to the door, thinking how clever he was, and how lucky, at his age, to have a literary connexion; a thought very natural to a young priest in a country curacy with a very small endowment. The curate wrote verses, as Colin

himself did, though on very different subjects, and took some of them out of his desk and looked at them, after he had shut the door, with affectionate eyes, and a half intention of asking the tutor what was the best way to get admission to the magazines, and on the whole he thought he liked what he had seen of the young Scotchman, though he was so ignorant of church matters; an opinion which Colin perfectly reciprocated, with a more distinct sentiment of compassion for the English curate, who knew about as much of Scotland as if it had lain in the South Seas.

Meanwhile Colin walked home to Wodensbourne with fire and passion in his heart. "It would be a very suitable match on the whole," he kept saying to himself, and then tried to take a little comfort from Matty's sweet laughter over "Poor Harry!" Poor Harry was rich, and fortunate, and independent, and Colin was only the tutor; were these two to meet this Christmas-time and contend over again on this new ground? He went along past the black trees as if he were walking for a wager; but, quick as he walked, a dogcart dashed past him with lighted lamp gleaming up the avenue. When he reached the Hall-door, one of the servants was disappearing up stairs with a portmanteau, and a heap of coats and wrappers lay in the hall.

"Mr. Harry just come, sir—a week sooner than was expected," said the butler, who was an old servant and shared in the joys of the family. Colin went to his room without a word; shut himself up there with feelings which he would not have explained to any one. He had not seen Harry Frankland since they were both boys; but he had never got over the youthful sense of rivalry and opposition which had sent him skimming over the waters of the Holy Loch to save the boy who was his born rival and antagonist. Was this the day of their encounter and conflict which had come at last?

To be continued.

CONCERNING THE ORGANIZATION OF LITERATURE.

THE chronicles of the year 1863 record two incidents little noticed by the public or its instructors of the press, but which possess a certain importance, from their relation to what is called the Organization of Literature. In one of these incidents, the publication of the remodelled programme of the Guild of Literature and Art, lurks the admission of a failure, or at least of the inability of its promoters to perform the most important of the promises contained in their original plan. The other incident exhibits the germ of a new and fruitful project, which also aims at introducing an organic principle into the literary chaos. It is Lord Stanhope's speech at the dinner of the Literary Fund, when he deplored the present isolation of men of letters from each other, the absence among them of class-combination and concert, and when he indicated the desirability of organizing out of them an English body more or less resembling the French Academy.

The Guild of Literature and Art was founded in or about 1851, more than twelve years ago. Its founders were prominent authors and artists; Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton was and is its President, with Mr. Charles Dickens for Vice-President. Its members were to consist of persons following Literature or the Fine Arts as a profession, and mere membership was to be easily attainable. When the needful funds had been raised, the Guild was to be organized in quasi-collegiate fashion. There was to be a Warden, with a house and a salary of 200*l.* a year, presiding over two classes of recipients of the bounty of the Guild. One class was to consist of "members for life," elected by the Council from the ordinary members; they were to be persons who had achieved some distinction in Literature or Art, and each was to receive an annuity of 200*l.* without a house, or of 170*l.* with it. The other class, also elected by the

Council, was to consist of "Associates,"—men rather of literary or artistic promise than of distinction or note; each of these was to receive an annuity of 100*l.* for life, or for a term of years, according to circumstances. As a condition attendant on the receipt of his annuity, each Life Member was to deliver annually three Lectures at Mechanics' Institutions in town and country; the Associates, again, were to employ a portion of their time "in gratuitous assistance to any "learned bodies, societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, &c., or, as funds increase, and the utilities of the "Institution develop themselves, in co-operating towards works of national interest and importance, but on subjects "of a nature more popular, and at a "price more accessible, than those which "usually emanate from professed "Academies."¹ Such was the original scheme of the Guild of Literature and Art.

Now, let us suppose that the needful funds had been collected for carrying out, on a scale of tolerable magnitude, this well-meant project. What, in that case, would have been the new, important, fruitful, principle in the scheme, distinguishing it from all others in operation, and claiming for it the sympathy and support of the public? Certainly not that involved in the granting of annuities to authors and artists of some distinction; for, out of funds provided by Parliament, the State, through the Pension-fund, already grants such annuities to such persons. I am speaking of the principle merely, as one already recognised and acted on by the State. I do not mean to say that every author and artist of merit who both needs and deserves a pension, receives one; but simply, that in granting pensions, the Government does so befriend such per-

¹ Prospectus of the Guild of Literature and Art. 1851.

sons, and that there was, therefore, nothing novel in this part of the scheme of the Guild of Literature and Art, which simply proposed to do, with its own machinery and funds, what the State already attempted to do through the Government of the day, by the application of a parliamentary grant. The striking and original item in the project of the Guild of Literature and Art, was its proposal to pension the more promising of younger authors and artists, and to require from them in return, useful and honourable labour, with pen or pencil, on "works of national interest and importance." This, and this alone, removed the aid to be given by the Guild from the category to which belongs the eleemosynary bounty of the Pension Fund, and of the Royal Literary Fund. It thus became to them, in some measure, what a system of reproductive employment is to the operatives of the New Poor Law. In return for slender, but acceptable pecuniary assistance, the juniors of Literature and Art were to perform profitable and worthy tasks, prescribed to them by their more experienced seniors; and here, at last, it might be fondly hoped, was a kind of Organization of Literature.

Alas, it is precisely this and its kindred items which make no appearance in the remodelled programme of the Guild of Literature and Art! The Guild received its charter of incorporation in 1854; and after nine years of a delay, caused, it is said, by some legal difficulty or obstruction, its matured scheme of operations, to be executed at early convenience, was shaped and published a few months ago. The warden has disappeared, and with him the old classification of members and associates. We see and hear nothing now of lectures to be delivered at mechanics' institutions, nothing of "gratuitous aid to learned societies," nothing of "co-operation in the production of works of national interest or importance." In the remodelled programme, under the rubric of "Objects," there are two paragraphs which thus define the present aims of the Association:—"The Guild shall, in

"the first instance, confine its operations
"to the foundation and endowment of
"an institution to be called the 'Guild
"Institution.' And then:—"The
"Guild shall grant annuities, to which
"professional members of either sex,
"and the widows of professional mem-
"bers, shall be eligible. It will also
"erect a limited number of free resi-
"dences, on land to be presented for
"this purpose by Sir Edward Bulwer-
"Lytton, and which will be occupied
"by members elected on this founda-
"tion. The several annuitants shall be
"elected by the Council," &c. &c. This
is all. The members of the Guild are
now in number fifty. After twelve
years or so its funds amount to £3,694,
of which £3,334 were "received for
"copyright and performance of Sir E.
"Bulwer-Lytton's play of 'Not so Bad
"as we Seem.'" When the free residences
have been built, and a few slender an-
nuities awarded, what is there to make
the public or men of letters zealously
promote the further working of the
scheme? Duly recognising the disin-
terestedness and kindly motives of its
founders, one may predict, with some-
thing very like certainty, that the world
is not destined to hear much more of
the Guild of Literature and Art.

I turn now to Lord Stanhope's proposal for the formation of an English Academy or Institute, somewhat resembling the famous *Académie Française*. Lord Stanhope is entitled to a hearing, were it only as a man of letters, who has done good service to his untitled order. Recently the parliamentary originator of the National Portrait Gallery, it was he who conducted, years ago, through the House of Commons the Literary Copyright Act, on which the relations between authors and publishers are still based. His career has been one of considerable official as well as of continuous literary labour. He is a man of business, and not merely a man of letters; no young enthusiast, but an experienced legislator, he is not likely to make a practical suggestion without having weighed all difficulties of execution and detail. There needs no demon-

stration of the truth of his assertion respecting the unorganized state of literature and its cultivators in England. The fact is patent to all the world. But what, it may be asked, could be gained by the foundation in England of an Academy, or Institute, resembling the *Académie Française*? It will be partly answering the question to give some account of the constitution and functions of the French Academy. First, however, a few words on the composition of the French Institute, of which the French Academy forms but a single section.

Five smaller bodies, with very different aims and occupations, make up the French Institute, to belong to which is considered a high honour by men of letters and science throughout Europe. These five bodies are (1) the *Académie Française*, (2) the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, (3) the *Académie des Sciences*, (4) the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, (5) the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The oldest of them, the *Académie Française*, was founded by the great Cardinal Richelieu, with the special function of watching over the condition of the French language, in consonance with which trust the well-known Dictionary of the Academy has been produced by it. The *Académie des Inscriptions* deals with archaeology and philology. Students of Gibbon may remember how frequently its *Mémoires*—"Transactions," as we should say—are cited in the notes of the "Decline and Fall." The *Académie des Beaux Arts*, of course, devotes itself to the fine arts; the *Académie des Sciences* to the physical sciences; the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* to ethics, philosophy, and politics, but, above all, to that wide department of things which in this country we call Social Science. Each of these five bodies has a special organization of its own, governs itself, and is perfectly independent of its neighbours. Together, however, they compose the Institute, and a member of any one of them is a member of the Institute, which also in its collective capacity has a constitution and office-

bearers. They have all of them analogues in England. If an attempt were made to realize what is understood to have been at one time a project of the late Prince Consort, namely to collect the accredited "Societies" of London under one roof, and, while leaving each its independence, to organize them into one body, for the purposes of general utility, the five bodies which compose the French Institute would thus find analogues in England:—The Royal Society would be the analogue of the *Académie des Sciences*; the Royal Academy, of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*; the Society of Antiquaries, of the *Académie des Inscriptions*; the modern Social Science Association, of the also modern *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*; and, with a slight stretch of imagination, the Royal Society of Literature might pass for the analogue of the *Académie Française*—the French Academy itself.

Analogy, however, is one thing; identity, another. These five English Societies and those five French Academies may be analogous, but they lack anything like identity of constitution. The English Societies are composed of members paying subscriptions, and, virtually, not limited as to number. I suppose that any person of respectable position and attainments, with fair social connexions, may become a member of any of the learned societies of London, if he is prepared to pay the needful entrance fee and subscription. It is not so with the French Academies. The number of members in the case of each of them is strictly limited, and no new member is elected but to fill up a vacancy caused by death. The expenses of the French Academies are not defrayed by the subscriptions of the members, but by the State, which, while leaving them complete self-government, adopts them as National Institutions. Instead of making an annual payment, every member of the Institute receives an annual salary of 1,500 francs, which marks his connexion with the State, but is not large enough to make him feel himself dependent on its bounty.

Generally, I believe, the French budget contains an allocation of a sum of money to be devoted to medals and other prizes placed at the disposal of the Institute, or to defray the expenses of such of its members as are sent on scientific and literary missions by the Government. Possessing, from the incontestable eminence and high character of their members, the confidence of the nation, the Institute and the Academies which compose it have acquired large corporate funds, the result of the bequests and donations of private individuals, and applied to the specific purposes named by the testators and donors. Of these, more hereafter. Suffice it for the present to say that the funds thus acquired by the Academies which make up the Institute yielded in 1848 an annual revenue, now doubtless much increased, of upwards 130,000 francs, say 52,000*l*.¹ Even in England this would be no inconsiderable sum to be devoted yearly to prizes for literary merit and scientific achievement.

To indicate more clearly the difference between the London "Societies" and the French Academies of the Institute, let me compare the constitution and functions, the *status* and condition of the *Académie Française* with those of what I have called its English analogue, the Royal Society of Literature. This Society was founded, in the words of its own prospectus, "to promote literature in its most important branches, with a special attention to the improvement of the English language," and it was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1825. His Majesty George IV. gave it annually, out of his private purse, the sum of eleven hundred guineas. A thousand of these were to be divided among Associates "of approved learning;" the remaining hundred went to purchase two gold medals, presentable to the authors of new and distinguished works—Hallam and Washington Irving were, I think, the last, or about the last recipients of them. The Royal Society of Literature, says a

sympathetic chronicler of its cause,² "has the merit of rescuing the last years of Coleridge's life from complete dependence on a friend, and of placing the learned Dr. Jamieson above the wants and necessities of a man fast sinking to the grave." But unfortunately the sympathetic chronicler is obliged to add:—"The annual grant of 1,100 guineas was discontinued by William IV., and the Society has since sunk into a Transaction Society, with a small but increasing library." Let me add, however, that even in its decadence, it contributed to a useful result. The liberality of some of its members enabled Mr. Thomas Wright to produce and to publish two volumes, comprehending the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman periods, of his learned and accurate *Biographia Britannica Literaria*. But that useful enterprise has gone no further. The Royal Society of Literature "has sunk into a Transaction Society." It publishes an occasional volume of Transactions, containing papers on all sorts of subjects, from Hellenic inscriptions to the breed of Merino sheep. That is all it does. The world knows little and hears nothing of it.

Contrast this state of things with that presented by the French Academy. It consists of forty members only. Any vacancy which death causes in its ranks is filled up by a careful vote of the survivors. The honour of belonging to it is coveted by the highest in the land—if report speak truly, by the present Emperor himself. It contains a small proportion of men of rank and dignified ecclesiastics—a Duke de Broglie, a Duke de Noailles, a Bishop of Orleans; but even members of those classes must have done something in authorship. The list of its forty members in 1862 contained the following twenty names:—Villemain, Barante, Lamartine, Thiers, Guizot, Mignet, Victor Hugo, Saint Marc Girardin, Sainte Beuve, Mérimée, Alfred de Vigny, Charles de Remusat, Ampère, D. Nisard, Monta-

¹ *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France*, &c. 1846. (Published by authority.)

² Mr. Peter Cunningham, *Handbook of London* (1850). § Royal Society of Literature.

lambert, S. de Sacy, Legouv , Ponsard, Emile Augier, Jules Sandeau—the flower of French literature, historical, aesthetic, critical, journalistic. Men like these are entitled to sit in judgment on the literary performances of their juniors and contemporaries, to praise here, and to reward there. This is exactly what the French Academy does. The English public knows it chiefly as a body, admission into which is keenly sought and is accompanied by great glorification of the dead and of the living; each new member on taking his seat bestowing a formal eulogium on his predecessor, and receiving in return an elaborate address of congratulation and praise from some one of his new colleagues. There are, however, other and much more important functions than this discharged by the French Academy. I do not attach so much importance to the two prizes of 2,000 francs (or so) each, which, apparently from funds supplied by the State, are annually awarded by the Academy to the authors of two pieces of prose and verse on subjects named beforehand, the competition being open to all comers,—I attach more to the result of the Academy's vigilant inspection of the current literature of France, with the view of distinguishing those published works in which a high or pure ethical element is directly or indirectly prominent. Once a year, at the great annual meeting of the Academy in May, an elaborate report is read by its perpetual Secretary. This document contains, among other things, the names and characteristics of some of the works recently published most remarkable for their ethical tone or moral usefulness. Money-prizes or medals, varying in amount and value (generally from 2,000 to 3,000 francs each) are awarded to the authors, and their works are said to be "crowned" by the Academy—itsself an honourable and welcome distinction in a country singularly jealous of social inequalities, but enthusiastically cognisant of the gradations of proved intellectual ability. The deficiencies, oversights, and caprices of newspaper and

periodical criticism are to some extent compensated for and corrected by the elaborate examination to which the Academy subjects the literature of the day, and many a worthy book of an obscure and modest author has thus attention pointed to its merits. These prizes are defrayed out of the proceeds of a legacy left by the Baron de Monthyon to be devoted to rewarding the works of French authorship "most useful to morals;" and, in the survey made by the Academy before awarding them, it includes all departments of literature. The famous "prize of virtue" was also bequeathed by the Baron de Monthyon (1733—1820), a distinguished member of the *noblesse* of the gown in the pre-revolutionary period, and a munificent benefactor to more than one of the Academies which compose the Institute. The Monthyon prize of virtue, too, is awarded by the French Academy; but, as it is not connected with literature, it does not fall within the scope of my present article. Otherwise is it with the *priz* Gobert, which the Academy likewise awards. This was founded by Baron Gobert (1807—1833), and amounts annually to upwards of 11,000 francs, say 450*l*; nine-tenths to be given to the author of the best, one-tenth to the author of the second best, work in French History, actually and recently published. In awarding this historical prize, the Academy exerts a certain discretion of its own, and prolongs the principal grant for a series of years to the author of one and the same work, if the non-appearance of any better or greater one seems to authorize such a continuance. It is evident of what assistance a grant like this may be to a historical writer, of limited means, during the composition of some long, elaborate work. The *priz* Gobert was held for many years by Augustine Thierry, one of the founders of the Modern French Historical school. After his death, it was awarded for two years to M. Poirson, the author of a well-known history of Henri Quatre. It has now been held for years, I believe, by Henri Martin, the author of the best

recent history of France—at least the best produced by any French writer not of the Institute, whose members voluntarily debar themselves from competing for such prizes. These, then, are some of its functions discharged by the French Academy, and I may add that no murmur of complaint, or whispered charge of partiality, is ever heard to throw a doubt on the sense or justice of its verdicts and awards.

Had the French Academy been founded in modern times, under a political system of even comparative freedom, in an age full of social problems calling for discussion and solution, very probably it would have been so constituted as to include what now forms a separate section of the Institute—the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. This body, for the discussion of political and ethical questions, more especially those belonging to the large domain of Social Economy, was founded in the time of the First French Republic. It was suppressed by the first Napoleon, in his hatred of ideologists and of the public discussion of matters bearing on the action of the State. After the Revolution of 1830, it was resuscitated by Guizot, when Minister of Public Instruction, and it has since been one of the most quietly useful departments of the Institute. It consists of forty French members, and is divided into five sections. The section of *Philosophie* included in 1862 Cousin, Damiran, Barthélemy, St. Hilaire, and Charles de Remusat;—that of *Morale*, Villenné, Gustave de Beaumont, and Louis Reybaud;—that of *Economie, Politique et Statistique*, Charles Dupin, Passy, Duchâtel, Michel Chevalier, Wolowski, and Léonce de Lavergne;—that of *Histoire Générale et Philosophique*, Guizot, Mignet, Michélet, Thiers, and Amédée Thierry;—Schelling was, Lord Brougham and Leopold Ranke are, among its foreign members. It publishes copious Transactions; and, since its resuscitation, various of its members have been commissioned by itself and by successive governments to investigate, at home and abroad, the con-

ditions of special sections of industrial populations. It was through this Academy that, in earlier years, Blanqui prosecuted his remarkable inquiries into the state of the manufacturing populations of the Continent, and that, in recent years, M. Louis Reybaud (known to English readers chiefly as the author of the amusing *Jerome Paturot*) was stimulated to produce his social monographs on the condition of the operatives employed in the silk and cotton manufactures of France. It is seemingly from the State chiefly that the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* derives the funds to provide for its rather numerous prizes. These are given not so much to the authors of works already published, as in the case of the *Académie Française*, but rather to the successful competitors in the composition of Essays on subjects proposed by the Academy. Dipping casually into the *Comptes Rendus* of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, I find that in one particular year the following were the subjects given out to the competing essayists:—in the section of "Philosophy," (1) a critical examination of the Scholastic Philosophy, (2) an investigation of the influence exercised on the morality of a nation by the progress and the love of material well-being; in the section of "Legislation, Public Law, and Jurisprudence," the Theory and Principles of Life Assurance, its History, and the useful applications of which it is susceptible; in the section of "Political Economy," the Laws that ought to regulate the proportionate relations of note-circulation to a metallic currency, so that the State may enjoy all the advantages of credit without suffering from its abuses; in the section of "General and Philosophical History," to show how the progress of Criminal Justice in the prosecution and punishment of offences against the person and property follow and mark the progress of civilization from the savage state to that of the best governed nations. These are all subjects more or less interesting and impor-

tant; and the elucidation of them is at least as profitable to society as the production of "sensation novels," so abundantly encouraged, without prizes, on both sides of the Channel. The money-value of the prizes awarded to the successful competitors averages 1,500 francs each. Small as is this amount, the adjudicating sections are very critical and not easily pleased. Sometimes, year after year, I observe, the same subject is declared still open to competition, the essays sent in having fallen short of the standard required by the adjudicators. This Academy publishes Transactions of considerable worth, consisting of disquisitions contributed by its eminent members. Its peculiar influence on the intellectual culture of France must be valuable. Should a British Academy ever be founded, certainly it would be well to combine in it the functions of both of these French Academies, the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. In a practical country like ours, an Academy which included men of eminence in social, legislative, economical, and political science would have more weight and greater prospects of usefulness than one composed exclusively of poets, novelists, critics, and historians.

But do these French Academies, then, embody in their constitution and functions principles generally applicable, true and valuable in England as in France? Surely yes! There is the principle that in the world of intellect differences of capacity and power of labour exist, and that, when these are proved by their results, the upper and the under should be formally recognised and duly ranked. There is the principle that the young and aspiring deserve reward and encouragement when, through talent and toil, they have achieved success, and that none are so well fitted as the more wise and more experienced of their own order to reward and to encourage. The literary and socio-economical criticism of the periodical and newspaper press does much; but, from the very nature of

the case, it must be hurried, or perfunctory, or limited. It would be something to have, in one Academy in England, as France has in these two Academies, the men of the highest proved and realized intellect collected, and formed into a conspicuous, honourable, and honoured body—after the heat of the battle and a victorious struggle, taking their seats in a House of Peers of their own. It would be something to have them, as in France, judging, rewarding, encouraging, guiding, their younger or less experienced brethren, when these did not disdain to be so subordinated. The proud and self-sufficing might hold aloof, while the modest, yet aspiring would profit alike by encouragement and by discouragement. If it were thought desirable to copy the prize-systems of France, the small funds needful would not long be wanting, were the body once extant to which they could be safely entrusted. The wealthiest and most generous of nations has not less than France its Monthyons and Goberts, but it has no Institute to receive, to accumulate, and to apply their thoughtful bounty. Once let there exist a British Institute, comprising the most eminent men, as do the two French Academies which have been sketched—and with a guarantee in its constitution that only the distinguished—all the rest will follow. There are even important national objects which such an Institute might subserve and which would make a wise premier thankful for its existence and advice. It would be a body which he might consult in the disposal, for instance, of the Pension Fund; and its counsel would preserve him from becoming the official patron of a Poet Close. The time must arrive, too, when our purely party-antagonisms—now fast dying—will be dead, buried, and forgotten. Then governments will be able, as well as willing, to prosecute, with concentrated energy the work of internal reform—social, legal, educational. Then will be undertaken extensive inquiries into the state of our population at home

and throughout our vast empire, and into what can be learned from or suggested by foreign nations. For such a task, men of trained intelligence and the gift of clear and vivid expression will be needed; and it may be that to a National Institute an English government will turn to supply then, just as successive French governments have so applied to the French Institute, and more particularly to the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. Even as it is, compare a report by Mr. Tremenhare—brief, lucid, suggestive, conclusive—on a mining district or a baking trade with an average blue-book—*rudis indigestaque moles*—entombing the thousands upon thousands of questions and answers produced by a select committee of the House of Commons and the cloud of witnesses which it examines—the useful and the useless jumbled together in inextricable confusion, and yielding frequently no result of any kind—for how often is the committee's report rendered colourless and neutral by the disagreement of its members? Tell me in what parliamentary or official document or statement—and there have been very many tons of them printed—the relations between Europeans and natives in our Indian empire have received as much light and been made as clearly and generally intelligible as in the few letters which Mr. Wingrove Cook despatched from Bengal when returning home from his newspaper-mission to China, or in the communications with which a "Competition Wallah" at once entertains and instructs the readers of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Such possible results, however, of the existence of a National Institute, recognized and honoured by the State, perhaps belong to a rather distant future. Perhaps, too, even although the suggestion of it comes from Lord Stanhope, a British Institute will not be founded until after many years. Yet even now, and without the creation of any new body, the claims of eminent men of letters could be partly recognised by entrusting them with useful, honourable, and dignified functions, which

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might in time develop into a government and direction of their distinguished juniors. Some years ago an Edinburgh Reviewer, discussing the subject of an Order of Merit, for the reward and recognition of men eminent in literature and science, made the following remarks, which, from one point of view, have a certain truth and pertinence:—"An order created solely," he said, "for men of science and letters, as has been more than once suggested, would wholly fail in its object. There is no reason why they should be separated from others who deserve well of their country. On the contrary, it is to amalgamate them with their fellow-citizens in honours as in labours that we desire, and to suffer them to rank (when their reputation so entitles them) with whomsoever be the other claimants to social consideration. There is not a city knight who would not jest at an order consisting only of authors, to whose united rent-roll he would prefer even half-a-dozen railway debentures. If any practical honours ever be accorded to authors, philosophers, or artists, agreeably to the usual principles of our aristocratic monarchy, we fear, strange though it may appear to say, that they must be honours shared with dukes and earls, ambassadors and generals."¹ Now, there is one body, fulfilling all the requirements of the Edinburgh Reviewer, and to which eminent men of letters have belonged, do belong, and are entitled to belong in much more considerable numbers than at present. I mean the Board of so-called Trustees which governs our great national institution, the British Museum.

The British Museum is supported wholly by the British nation, and the British Parliament possesses the right, rarely exercised hitherto, of supreme control over its affairs. The grant of money annually voted by Parliament for the support of the Museum, amounts to 100,000*l.*; 10,000*l.* seems to be the amount of the ordinary annual grant for

¹ *Edinburgh Review*, lviii. 220 (July, 1848 Art. Goldsmith).

the department of printed books alone. The Parliamentary grant and the whole affairs of the Museum are administered by the Board of Trustees, at present fifty in number, and in which there are four constituent elements. One section of them is hereditary, and consists of what are called "Family Trustees," representing the families of personages who have made magnificent bequests of collections of various kinds to the Museum. These are the Sloane, Cotton, Harley, Townley, Elgin, and Knight families. The Family Trustees are nine in number, and among them is the present Earl of Derby. One trustee, called the Royal Trustee, is appointed by the Sovereign, in recognition of George IV.'s gift of the Royal Library to the Museum and the nation. Then there are twenty-five Trustees who are members of the Board, *ex officio*. These, called Official Trustees, include the chief dignitaries of the State and Church, from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the First Lord of the Treasury to the Solicitor-General, while with them are associated the Presidents of the Royal Society, the College of Physicians, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Academy. We have now thirty-five out of the fifty Trustees. The remaining fifteen are called Elected Trustees, and are chosen by the thirty-five. The elected trustees are trustees for life, and, with one important exception, share all the rights and privileges of their colleagues. This important exception is that, when a vacancy occurs in their own number, they have no voice or vote in filling it up. The choice of a new elected Trustee is made by the thirty-five without the intervention of the Trustees already elected.

In the existence of a body of Elected Trustees, we seem to have a provision for the recognition of some of the claims of men eminent in literature, archæology, and science. The honour of a seat at the Board is one which they would share, as the Edinburgh Reviewer expressed it, "with dukes and earls, ambassadors and generals." Eminent men of letters, moreover, are precisely the persons best fitted to superintend the

management of a vast library of books and manuscripts, kept up and augmented chiefly for the sake of the very class to which they belong: as elected trustees they would be called on to perform, with advantage to the public, functions pleasant to themselves. Accordingly, the elective trusteeship of the British Museum has been termed "the Blue Riband of Literature," and as such it was bestowed on Hallam and on Macaulay. Let us note, however, the collective results of a system which throws the choice of the fifteen Elected Trustees exclusively into the hands of the nine Family Trustees, of the Royal Trustee, and of the thirty-five Official Trustees. You have seen that out of the forty members of the French Academy, in 1862, at least twenty—one-half of the whole—were among the most eminent men of letters in France. Here is the list of the Elected Trustees of the British Museum as it stood at the beginning of 1863:—The Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir David Dundas, Sir Philip Egerton, the Duke of Somerset, *Sir Roderick Murchison*, *Dean Milman*, Earl Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Sir G. C. Lewis, Mr. Walpole, Lord Eversley, *Mr. Grote*, Lord Taunton, the Duke of Northumberland, and Sir Thomas Phillips. In this list, the claims of literature and science are represented by one-fifth of the body—Sir Roderick Murchison, Dean Milman, and Mr. Grote. It may be said that Sir G. C. Lewis was an author, and that Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone are authors, of more or less note. But when it is observed that with them are associated, as Elected Trustees, officials and ex-officials—the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Taunton, Lord Eversley, Mr. Walpole—who have no such pretensions, one is led to surmise that they would have been elected Trustees had Mr. Gladstone never written on Homer, Earl Russell on the History of Europe in the eighteenth century, or the late Sir G. C. Lewis on the Credibility of Early Roman History. The hardship is that official personages like the Duke of Somerset, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, are at this moment trustees in virtue of their

respective offices, and that by sitting as Elected Trustees they simply displace men intellectually eminent, but without high political position. To such an extent has this accumulation of the same honours on the same head been carried, that from the evidence given before the Royal Commission, appointed in 1850 to inquire into the management of the Museum, the late Lord Abenden, it appears, was once a Trustee in a three-fold capacity. He was a Trustee as Secretary of State, a Trustee as President of the Society of Antiquaries, and he was also an Elected Trustee! It is worth noting that Her Majesty has set the electing Trustees of the Museum an example which they might lay to heart. Until recently, the solitary Royal Trustee had always been one of the highest personages in the kingdom, generally a member of the Royal Family. The royal trusteeship was held by the late Duke of Cambridge at his death in 1850. Lately, however, it has been conferred by the Crown on Dr. Cureton, who is, at least, an eminent Syriac scholar, and who, having been formerly an officer of the Museum, has a practical acquaintance with the details of the establishment which he is called upon to co-operate in governing.

The Royal Commission of 1850 saw the injustice and the evils of the present system, and recommended a sweeping change in the government of the Museum. According to the scheme of the Commission, the government of the Museum was to be entrusted to an Executive Council, consisting of a chairman and six members. The Trustees were to elect from their own body four members of the Board of Government; the Crown was to appoint the chairman, with the two remaining members of the Board—one of them to be distinguished for his literary attainments, the other for his attainments in natural history. No action has been taken upon this Report, and the constitution and government of the Museum remain in 1863 much the same as they were in 1850. The leaders of the two great political parties in the State have been adroitly

conciliated and gained over by being chosen Elected Trustees,¹ and no organic change will be proposed by them. It is to the House of Commons that we must look for a reform: and, strange to say, in the matter of the National Collections, literary, artistic, and scientific, the House of Commons has more than once of late years shown a singular independence, and refused to follow the advice of its accredited party-leaders. It has rejected by large majorities the proposal, supported by the leaders of parties on both sides of the House, to break up the Museum and scatter its collections. It remains for the House of Commons to make amends for the inertia displayed by successive Governments, whether Liberal or Conservative, in carrying into effect neither the spirit nor the letter of the recommendations of the Royal Commission of 1850. The House of Commons could easily pass a resolution recommending that all vacancies among the Elected Trustees should be filled up from men eminent in literature, scholarship, archæology, and science, and that the Elected Trustees should themselves have a voice in the election of their colleagues. As the whole constitution of the Museum depends on the will of the House of Commons, which votes the funds for its support, such a resolution, though merely recommendatory, would, doubtless, have the force of a command. Parliamentary and public opinion steadily operating, we should in course of time have in the Elected Trustees of the British Museum a British Institute, comprehending the intellectual notabilities of the country, possessing the confidence of the nation, appealing successfully for funds to Parliaments and Governments, and worthy to be appointed the executors of the British Monthyons and Goberts. They would find the objects of the Institution which they governed capable of being expanded and varied. Presiding over the State Paper and the Record Offices, the Master of the Rolls has developed enterprises wider than the customary calen-

¹ Mr. Disraeli has been lately elected a trustee.

daring and cataloguing, useful and indispensable as they are. We owe to him, among other benefits conferred, the publication, at an expense insignificant to the country, of the series of "Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages"; important contributions, which could or would never have been made by private publishing enterprise, to the political, ecclesiastical, social—nay, to the intellectual and scientific history of mediæval England, for the series includes a careful edition of the works of Roger Bacon. Men of originality and intelligence, of experience and energy, placed at the head, or in the headship, of the Museum, with that vast library of books and manuscripts under their care, might soon find the example of the Master of the Rolls worthy of imitation, and Government as ready in their case as in his to give the needful preliminary aid. What "Materials for English History" of the post-mediæval ages lie buried in the manuscript masses of the Museum that might be made to yield new gold to skilful "prospectors" wisely directed and suitably equipped! As regards the reproduction of books, take but a single

instance. If the student wishes to consult a collection of the memoirs, illustrating the history of the great civil war of the seventeenth century, and edited with even a glimmer of modern light, he must betake himself to the twenty-six volumes of the French translation of them, which Guizot published forty years ago! Such a collection, edited by competent Englishmen, would not only be a boon to the student, but would enrich the historic literature of the country, and claim the aid of a parliamentary grant surely not less strongly than the chronicles of mediæval England. Many are the enterprises of this kind, from which the ordinary publisher naturally holds aloof, that would reward the encouragement of the State, and, if well-managed—wisdom above directing intelligent industry below—would entail but slight, if any, pecuniary loss in the long run. Thus a reform in the government of the Museum might be the precursor of an important step towards the solution of the hard problem with which this article started—the organization of literature itself.

SIT DOWN IN THE LOWEST ROOM.

LIKE flowers sequestered from the sun
And wind of summer, day by day
I dwindled paler, whilst my hair
Showed the first tinge of grey.

"Oh what is life, that we should live?
Or what is death, that we must die?
A bursting bubble is our life:
I also, what am I?"

"What is your grief? now tell me,
sweet,
That I may grieve," my sister said;
And stayed a white embroidering
hand
And raised a golden head:

Her tresses showed a richer mass,
Her eyes looked softer than my own,

Her figure had a statelier height,
Her voice a tenderer tone.

"Some must be second and not first;
All cannot be the first of all:
Is not this, too, but vanity?
I stumble like to fall.

"So yesterday I read the acts
Of Hector and each clangorous king
With wrathful great Æacides:—
Old Homer leaves a sting."

The comely face looked up again,
The deft hand lingered on the
thread:

"Sweet, tell me what is Homer's sting,
Old Homer's sting!" she said.

- "He stirs my sluggish pulse like wine,
He melts me like the wind of spice,
Strong as strong Ajax' red right hand,
And grand like Juno's eyes.
- "I cannot melt the sons of men,
I cannot fire and tempest-toss :—
Besides, those days were golden days,
Whilst these are days of dross."
- She laughed a feminine low laugh,
Yet did not stay her dexterous hand :
"Now tell me of those days," she said,
"When time ran golden sand."
- "Then men were men of might and
right,
Sheer might, at least, and weighty
swords ;
Then men, in open blood and fire,
Bore witness to their words,
- "Crest-rearing kings with whistling
spears ;
But if these shivered in the shock
They wrenched up hundred-rooted
trees,
Or hurled the effacing rock.
- "Then hand to hand, then foot to foot,
Stern to the death-grip grappling
then,
Who ever thought of gunpowder
Amongst these men of men ?
- "They knew whose hand struck home
the death,
They knew who broke but would
not bend,
Could venerate an equal foe
And scorn a laggard friend.
- "Calm in the utmost stress of doom,
Devout toward adverse powers
above,
They hated with intenser hate
And loved with fuller love.
- "Then heavenly beauty could allay
As heavenly beauty stirred the
strife :
By them a slave was worshipped more
Than is by us a wife."
- She laughed again, my sister laughed,
Made answer o'er the laboured
cloth ;
- "I rather would be one of us
Than wife, or slave, or both."
- "Oh better then be slave or wife
Than fritter now blank life away :
Then night had holiness of night,
And day was sacred day.
- "The princess laboured at her loom,
Mistress and handmaiden alike ;
Beneath their needles grew the field
With warriors armed to strike ;
- "Or, look again, dim Dian's face
Gleamed perfect through the at-
tendant night ;
Were such not better than those holes
Amid that waste of white ?
- "A shame it is, our aimless life :
I rather from my heart would feed
From silver dish in gilded stall
With wheat and wine the steed—
- "The faithful steed that bore my lord
In safety through the hostile land,
The faithful steed that arched his
neck
To fondle with my hand."
- Her needle erred ; a moment's pause,
A moment's patience, all was well.
Then she : "But just suppose the
horse,
Suppose the rider fell ?
- "Then captive in an alien house,
Hungering on exile's bitter bread,—
They happy, they who won the lot
Of sacrifice," she said.
- Speaking she faltered, while her look
Showed forth her passion like a glass :
With hand suspended, kindling eye,
Flushed cheek, how fair she was !
- "Ah well, be those the days of dross ;
This, if you will, the age of gold :
Yet had those days a spark of warmth,
While these are somewhat cold—
- "Are somewhat mean and cold and
slow,
Are stunted from heroic growth :
We gain but little when we prove
The worthlessness of both."

"But life is in our hands," she said :
 "In our own hands for gain or loss :
 Shall not the Sevenfold Sacred Fire
 Suffice to purge our dross ?

"Too short a century of dreams,
 One day of work sufficient length :
 Why should not you, why should
 not I
 Attain heroic strength ?

"Our life is given us as a blank ;
 Ourselves must make it blest or
 curst :
 Who dooms me I shall only be
 The second, not the first ?

"Learn from old Homer, if you will,
 Such wisdom as his Books have
 said :
 In one the acts of Ajax shine,
 In one of Diomed.

"Honoured all heroes whose high
 deeds
 Thro' life till death enlarge their
 span :
 Only Achilles in his rage
 And sloth is less than man."

"Achilles only less than man ?
 He less than man who, half a god,
 Discomfited all Greece with rest,
 Cowed Ilium with a nod ?

"He offered vengeance, lifelong grief
 To one dear ghost, uncounted price :
 Beasts, Trojans, adverse gods, himself,
 Heaped up the sacrifice.

"Self-immolated to his friend,
 Shrined in world's wonder, Homer's
 page,
 Is this the man, the less than men,
 Of this degenerate age ?"

"Gross from his acorns, tusked boar
 Does memorable acts like his ;
 So for her snared offended young
 Bleeds the swart lioness."

But here she paused ; our eyes had
 met,
 And I was whitening with the jeer ;
 She rose : "I went too far," she said ;
 Spoke low : "Forgive me, dear.

"To me our days seem pleasant days,
 Our home a haven of pure content ;
 Forgive me if I said too much,
 So much more than I meant.

"Homer, tho' greater than his gods,
 With rough-hewn virtues was suf-
 ficed
 And rough-hewn men : but what are
 such
 To us who learn of Christ ?"

The much-moved pathos of her voice,
 Her almost tearful eyes, her cheek
 Grown pale, confessed the strength of
 love
 Which only made her speak :

For mild she was, of few soft words,
 Most gentle, easy to be led,
 Content to listen when I spoke
 And reverence what I said ;

I elder sister by six years ;
 Not half so glad, or wise, or good :
 Her words rebuked my secret self
 And shamed me where I stood.

She never guessed her words reproved
 A silent envy nursed within,
 A selfish, souring discontent
 Pride-born, the devil's sin.

I smiled, half bitter, half in jest :
 "The wisest man of all the wise
 Left for his summary of life
 'Vanity of vanities.'"

"Beneath the sun there's nothing new :
 Men flow, men ebb, mankind flows
 on :

If I am wearied of my life,
 Why so was Solomon.

"Vanity of vanities he preached
 Of all he found, of all he sought :
 Vanity of vanities, the gist
 Of all the words he taught.

"This in the wisdom of the world,
 In Homer's page, in all, we find :
 As the sea is not filled, so yearns
 Man's universal mind.

"This Homer felt, who gave his men
 With glory but a transient state :
 His very Jove could not reverse
 Irrevocable fate.

"Uncertain all their lot save this—
 Who wins must lose, who lives
 must die :
 All trodden out into the dark
 Alike, all vanity."

She scarcely answered when I paused,
 But rather to herself said : "One
 Is here," low-voiced and loving, "Yea,
 Greater than Solomon."

So both were silent, she and I :
 She laid her work aside, and went
 Into the garden-walks, like spring,
 All gracious with content,

A little graver than her wont,
 Because her words had fretted me ;
 Not warbling quite her merriest tune
 Bird-like from tree to tree.

I chose a book to read and dream :
 Yet all the while with furtive eyes
 Marked how she made her choice of
 flowers
 Intuitively wise,

And ranged them with instinctive
 taste
 Which all my books had failed to
 teach ;

Fresh rose herself, and daintier
 Than blossom of the peach.
 By birthright higher than myself,
 Tho' nestling of the self-same nest :
 No fault of hers, no fault of mine,
 But stubborn to digest.

I watched her, till my book unmarked
 Slid noiseless to the velvet floor ;
 Till all the opulent summer-world
 Looked poorer than before.

Just then her busy fingers ceased,
 Her fluttered colour went and came ;
 I knew whose step was on the walk,
 Whose voice would name her
 name.

* * * *

Well, twenty years have passed since
 then :

My sister now, a stately wife
 Still fair, looks back in peace and sees
 The longer half of life—

The longer half of prosperous life,
 With little grief, or fear, or fret :
 She loved, and, loving long ago,
 Is loved and loving yet.

A husband honourable, brave,
 Is her main wealth in all the world :
 And next to him one like herself,
 One daughter golden-curbed ;

Fair image of her own fair youth,
 As beautiful and as serene,
 With almost such another love
 As her own love has been.

'Yet, tho' of world-wide charity,
 And in her home most tender dove,
 Her treasure and her heart are stored
 In the home-land of love :

She thrives, God's blessed husbandry ;
 She like a vine is full of fruit ;
 Her passion-flower climbs up toward
 heaven

Tho' earth still binds its root..

I sit and watch my sister's face :
 How little altered since the hours
 When she, a kind, light-hearted girl,
 Gathered her garden flowers ;

Her song just mellowed by regret
 For having teased me with her talk ;
 Than all-forgetful as she heard
 One step upon the walk.

While I I sat alone and watched
 My lot in life, to live alone,
 In mine own world of interests,
 Much felt but little shown..

Not to be first : how hard to learn
 That lifelong lesson of the past ;
 Line graven on line and stroke on
 stroke ;
 But, thank God, learned at last.

So now in patience I possess
 My soul year after tedious year,
 Content to take the lowest place,
 The place assigned me here.

Yetsometimes, when I feel my strength
 Most weak, and life most burden-
 some,

I lift mine eyes up to the hills
 From whence my help shall
 come :

Yea, sometimes still I lift my heart
 To the Archangelic trumpet-burst,
 When all deep secrets shall be shown,
 And many last be first.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE LAW AND THE CHURCH.

BY A LAY CHURCHMAN.

THE great case of the "Essays and Reviews" has at last reached its termination, and no matter of equal importance has been decided by an English court of justice for a great length of years. The charges against Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson were scotched before Dr. Lushington; they have been fairly killed by the Committee of Council, and, notwithstanding the tone taken by the greater part of the public press, the gravity of this step cannot be overrated.

The tone which it is fashionable to take upon the subject—the tone of the *Times*, which in this instance is oddly enough at one with the *Record* and the *Guardian*—is, that the defendants escaped "by the skin of their teeth,"—an expression, by the way, which is also to be found in the observations of that important organ, the *Morning Post*—that they have won a merely legal victory, that the significant abstinence of the Court from expressing any opinion on the merits of the "Essays and Reviews," and the dissent of the two Archbishops from the judgment on the subject of the Scriptures give the moral victory to the prosecutors; that, in short, a verdict of not proven has been returned, and that the defendants ought to make a good use of their escape by taking care not to repeat their offence. In short, the general tone of the press is, "Not guilty, but do it not again." The writer in the *Times*, indeed, goes a little further than this. He tells us that the fact remains that the defendants have established their right to criticise the Bible freely, but this is rather by the way. The prominent part of the article is the rebuke to the prisoners who have had such a fortunate escape, and the exhortation to them not to presume upon their good luck for the future. All this may be soothing and satisfactory to people who, above all things, hate to have cherished

convictions disturbed, and who, whatever may be their own faith, have no belief at all that the great bulk of mankind will ever have their creed based on reasonable conviction. It is the natural language of those who are orthodox from idleness, or who affect orthodoxy because they are hopelessly sceptical.

To people who really believe that there is any truth in religion at all, and that that truth is to be discovered in the same way as truth on other subjects, namely, by free and patient inquiry, the judgments in question will bear altogether a different aspect. In the first place they will observe, that the tone of lecture and grave rebuke which is adopted towards the defendants is altogether out of place. If there had been any question of fact in the case, if the defendants had been acquitted because there was a difficulty in proving publication, or because there might be a doubt as to the precise meaning of their expressions (and this, no doubt, was the case as to one of the charges, and especially as to one of the defendants, Dr. Williams), there might have been some propriety in the language used, but with respect to the really important part of the charges it is simply childish to speak in this way. Mr. Wilson clearly dissented from the widely spread belief that every word in the Bible is true in fact and sound in morals. He spoke of "the dark crust of human error" which surrounded the "bright centre of spiritual truth." He also expressly denied his belief in the eternity of future punishments, in the common meaning of the word eternal. The question before the Court was whether or not this was legal—in both cases the Court held broadly that it was. The material part of the judgment is comprised in a very few lines, but they are lines which form the Magna Charta of honest inquiry in

the Church. "The question is, whether 'in them' (i. e. the 6th and 20th of the Thirty-nine Articles, the Ordination Service, and the Nicene Creed) 'the Church has affirmed that 'every part 'of every book of Scripture was written 'under the inspiration of the Holy 'Spirit and is the word of God?'"

"Certainly this doctrine is not involved in the statement of the 5th Article, that Holy Scripture containeth 'all things necessary to salvation. But 'inasmuch as it doth so' (i. e. inasmuch as Holy Scripture does contain all things necessary to salvation) 'from the revelations of the Holy Spirit, the Bible 'may well be denominated 'Holy,' and 'said to be 'the Word of God,' 'God's 'Word written,' or 'Holy Writ,' terms 'which cannot be affirmed to be clearly 'predicated of every statement and representation contained in every part 'of the Old and New Testament.

"The framers of the Articles have not 'used the word inspiration as applied 'to the Holy Scriptures, nor have they 'laid down anything as to the nature, 'extent, or limits, of that operation of 'the Holy Spirit."

This is the net result of the whole controversy relating to the Bible. It has established beyond the possibility of doubt that, as far as legal penalties go, the clergy are fully at liberty to criticise every part of the Bible, and to inquire into not merely the truth of, but the morality of any part which may to them appear doubtful. The legality of what have often been stigmatized as rationalistic views of the Bible is now legally established. The right of clergymen holding these views to a place in the Church of England stands on the same footing as the right of the opponents and maintainers of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The judgment on the "Essays and Reviews" completes the work which was begun by the judgment on Mr. Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter.

It is easy enough for the *Times* and other journals to depreciate the importance of such an event. Radically sceptical minds may feel a pleasure in asking whether anybody will care to

follow out such speculations as those of the "Essays and Reviews," or of Dr. Colenso, after the excitement of doing an illegal act has been removed; but the cynical and *blasé* view of the matter is in reality absurdly shallow. It springs from ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that the religious faculties form a part of human nature, and one of its most important and most deeply-seated parts; that these faculties never can, or will, or ought, to be satisfied until they have been brought into harmony with the other faculties, and especially with those of the intellect; and that this cannot be until it has been ascertained by the application of appropriate methods what is the truth respecting the object of these faculties, or what, if truth is not obtainable, is the most probable view. Depreciate the seven Essayists, still this fact remains, and will remain, that the bulk of the people of England have always been accustomed to believe that the Bible is all equally true; that these writers have attracted their attention to arguments of the most pointed kind, but not generally known to ordinary people till very lately, to prove that this is a vulgar error; that the public are anxious and uneasy on the subject, and are rapidly becoming more anxious and more uneasy, and that that anxiety and uneasiness will not and cannot and ought not to be set at rest until the whole truth is fairly stated, and the matter discussed to the very bottom.

To those who care to be honest and consistent in their own eyes; to those who have to educate children, and to take the responsibility of putting the Bible into their hands, with instructions as to its character; to those who feel that there is a vital connexion between morality and theology, and that a false theology cannot lead to a true morality; to those who attach deep importance to prayer, public and private, and cannot bear to go before their God with a lie in their mouths; to every one, in a word, to whom religion is a matter of solid and awful importance—and of such persons the great bulk of the

nation is composed—it is, and ought to be, an awful and even a horrible thing to love darkness rather than light, to turn away from truth because it disturbs cherished convictions, and to disown obligations to those who, in fact, have been their teachers, by the paltry assertion that all that was to be said on the subject was known to others long before, or by the false assertion that they knew it themselves. The bulk of the English nation will say to this contemptuous minority, “If you really knew all this, which we very much doubt, the more shame to you for never telling us. It is new to us, if it is old to you; and, however you may make light of the importance of truth, or of the possibility of attaining it, we feel that we must know how these matters stand, if our religion is to be of any practical use at all.”

To persons of this mind the judgment of the Privy Council ought to be a great relief. The plain common sense of the matter, which has also been declared by the highest authority to be the law, is, that at the time when the Articles were settled these questions had not arisen, and were therefore not decided by those who framed the Articles. If they had framed an Article on the question *in their then state of knowledge*, no doubt they would have affirmed the truth of the whole Bible equally. Probably with our lights they would have done no such thing, at all events; most happily for every one who cares either for truth or for the maintenance of the Church of England, they did nothing of the kind. The legal effects of this are now decided, but the public at large will say with reason, We look more to the moral than to the legal aspect of the case; and is a clergyman morally justified in criticising, with this degree of freedom, what has hitherto been held to be beyond the reach of criticism, and what all the principal dignitaries of the Church still view in that light?

The answer is, that not only is he morally justified in doing so, but he is under the strongest moral obligation to do so, according to his lights and oppor-

tunities. No one who has anything like a competent acquaintance with the history and tenets of the Church of England can fail to know that great difference of opinion has been tolerated amongst the clergy ever since its first establishment. Lutherans and Calvinists; men who differed from Rome principally on points of Church government; men who differed from Socinians only by a line not very easily traceable; Hooker and Cartwright; Laud, Chillingworth, and Baxter; Beveridge and Tillotson; Samuel Clarke, Hoadly, Waterland, Middleton, and Warburton; Venn, Wesley, Herbert Marsh, and Horsley; Dr. Pusey, Dr. Stanley, and Dr. McNeile, are, or have been, ministers of the Church of England. It is not unfrequently said that these and other eminent divines differed only on secondary points, and that in essentials they were agreed; but this is a complete delusion. They agreed in the practical inference that the form of worship in the Common Prayer-book was one which ought to be used, and each would probably have said in general terms that he believed in a certain set of doctrines; but, when they came to explain their views, and state more particularly the sense which they attached to the doctrines, it would be found that each man had an entirely different view of his own, and that the systems formed by putting together their different opinions differed in important particulars, and still more in the proportion between the parts and in the general effect and result of the whole.

Can any two systems relating to the same subject-matter differ more widely than the Calvinistic and semi-Romanist doctrines? They differ in their views of God, in their views of man, and in their views of the relation between God and man; and these three subjects make up collectively the whole of religion. So, too, the creed of such men as Bishop Tillotson, Warburton, and Paley (who differed widely amongst themselves), differs irreconcilably both from the High Church and the Low Church theology. In short, the phraseology and the doc-

trine of the Church of England—and the same might be said of the Church of Rome—is wide enough to cover fundamental differences. Human nature is too strong for dogmas. So long as there are many men, there will be many minds, in theology as well as in everything else. It is the great merit of the Church of England, that for a great length of time it has been in the habit of doing openly what all ecclesiastical bodies have been obliged to do, and what most of them have done secretly. It has avowedly allowed great differences of opinion amongst the clergy; but, if this is so, what conscientious obligation lies upon any clergyman to adopt the opinions of any other clergyman or set of clergymen? Would any one, a few years ago, have cared to know whether Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson agreed or differed with Dr. Longley and Dr. Thompson, and what difference is made in the intrinsic value of the men, by the fact that the Prime Minister appointed the two last-named doctors to be Archbishops of Canterbury and York? No one is specially troubled at the difference between the Archbishops and the Bishop of London, and it is highly probable, if that is a matter of any importance, that, if the Archbishops were separately cross-examined as to their own private opinions on the Bible, and as to their reasons for holding them, they would be found to differ widely from each other.

What, then, is the conscientious obligation of a clergyman who has no formularies to guide him, no general consent of eminent divines, and who is not in any way bound to respect or share in the opinions of any contemporary authority whatever? Any one who faces the question candidly will be obliged to own that it is absolutely impossible to discover any other test than that of legality. A clergyman no doubt is bound to teach the doctrines which he has promised to teach. At any rate he is bound not to contradict them; but what has he promised to teach or not to contradict? The Thirty-

nine Articles. And who is to say what they mean? In the last resort the Queen in Council, for it must never be forgotten that the supremacy of the Crown in all causes, civil and ecclesiastical—that is, in the present case, the supremacy of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—is itself one of the Articles of the Church of England. It is in this sense perfectly true, as Mr. Wilson said—and the Bishop of St. David's has since said the same thing—that the legal obligation is the measure of the moral obligation. The phrase may sound harsh, and to inaccurate observers it no doubt has a harsh appearance. It sounds as if those who used it meant to say that they cared nothing for the moral character of their conduct, that they paid no attention to the degree in which they might deviate from the standard which they were bound in honour and conscience to maintain, that they feared nothing but legal punishment, and would submit to no compulsion less rough than that of an ecclesiastical court and the legal process at its disposal. In fact, the phrase in question seems by many persons to have been understood as if those who used it had said, "No doubt, in honour and conscience, I owe you 20*l.*; but, as you have no memorandum in writing to satisfy the Statute of Frauds, I will not pay, and you cannot make me; 'the legal obligation is the measure of the moral one.'"

This is an entire misapprehension. The meaning of the phrase in question is, that it is impossible to specify any set of opinions which a clergyman is under any obligation whatever to hold, except those contained in the Thirty-nine Articles—a document which, as every one knows, is in many parts incomplete. To what, then, is he bound, as to the ambiguous and incomplete parts of this document? He is bound to that which the highest authority (declared by the document itself to be the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council) shall decide to be the meaning. As to matters which the document so interpreted does not decide,

he is in the position of an independent inquirer into truth, and is under a moral obligation to discover and uphold it by every means in his power. It is in this sense that the legal measures the moral obligation. This often happens in private life, and in matters unconnected with theology. A family finds that a distant relation has left a large property amongst them by a will, of which the meaning is altogether obscure, and which was obviously made in ignorance or forgetfulness of the state of the family, and of the chronology of the births and deaths of its members. What would the most united and affectionate family do under the circumstances, if they wished to act with the most perfect regard to honour and morality? Would they not say, "No one of us has more claim to this property, apart from the will, than any other, and, honestly, we do not know what the will means. Let us take the opinion of eminent lawyers, or, if necessary, of the Court of Chancery, as to the legal effect of the will, and be bound by the result; 'the legal obligation is the measure of the moral obligation.'" The moral obligation imposed on a clergyman with respect to his belief arises from his subscription, from his individual promise, and the exact meaning of this can be decided only by a court of law.

If this view is the true one, it hardly admits of a doubt that the judgment is a great happiness for every honest member of the Church of England. Let any one consider for a moment what would have been the result of an opposite decision. Suppose it had been decided that the clergy were to be excluded from all *bonâ fide* criticism of the Bible; that they were not to be allowed to say this or that statement is not accurate; this or that book has usually been assigned to a wrong author, or to a different period from that at which in fact it was written. Such a decision, of course, would have been a great triumph for the stricter classes of the clergy. They would have been able to say, with perfect truth, to the liberal party in the Church, "You may be right, or you may be wrong, but honest pro-

fessors of your real opinions you are not, and cannot be, so long as you retain your preferment." This most formidable of all weapons is now taken out of their hands, and, if the clergy are but true to themselves, they have the power of discussing, as it never has yet been discussed, at least in this country, with perfect freedom, and in the calmest and most deliberate way, one of the most interesting questions that ever engaged human attention—the question, namely, What is the Bible really? This, of course, will lead by degrees to a free and full re-examination of much of our existing theology, and, it may be hoped without any extreme rashness, to its settlement on a sound basis. That this will have to be done some time is as clear as the sun at noonday; that it had better be done by friendly hands in the Church than by rough and unfriendly critics outside of it, must be obvious to every one who can in the least degree appreciate the difference between reform and revolution.

The conduct of those who are most bitterly opposed to the recent decisions affords an instructive and conclusive proof of the fact, that they agree with the general principle that the question is, after all, a legal one; and that, like it or like it not, room cannot be denied to those who have now established their right to a standing-ground in the Church. If the archbishops who dissented from the judgment of the Privy Council, and the bishops who joined in condemning the "Essays and Reviews," had been able to go further, if they had firmly believed in any coherent system of their own, based on grounds which challenged inquiry and would command the assent of the reasonable and devout, their course would have been clear. They would have said, The law has decided against us. We bow to its decision, but we will use that freedom which is open to us as to all other English subjects. We will throw off from the Church that which makes it appear to sanction what we know, and can prove, to be damnable errors, destructive of the souls of those who

entertain them. We will lay down our mitres, we will resign our palaces, our incomes, and our seats in the House of Lords; we will set up the pure and true doctrine of the Church independently of all State trammels, and leave the Judicial Committee to rule over willing and degraded slaves. They do not say this, or anything like it. As yet we have heard nothing of secession, and why not?¹ Is it because of an ignoble preference of place, power, and money over truth and the Gospel? To answer yes would be, to the last degree, unjust and untrue. There is no reason whatever to suppose that the accomplished and pious men who hold the high offices of the Church are mercenary or incapable of making sacrifices in a good cause. They have, in

a high degree, the honourable qualities of Christians and gentlemen. Many of them have given strong proofs of disinterested zeal in all good and charitable causes. The late Bishop of London gave away what might have constituted a princely fortune for his family. The late Bishop of Durham, who was attacked with the most vindictive acrimony for giving a living to his son-in-law, died poor. No man in his senses could charge the Bishop of Oxford with caring for money; nor has any one a right to suppose that the members of the Bench would shrink from any duty which conscience distinctly imposed upon them. What, then, does their acquiescence prove? It proves that they have no strong convictions on the points settled by the Privy Council, no clear, plain system of doctrine on which they can appeal to the country against the law as now established.

¹ See however a letter from Dr. Pusey to the Editor of the *Record* (Feb. 19, 1864), which looks in the direction indicated.

MEMORANDUM ON A "STORY OF THE GREAT MUTINY."¹

COMMUNICATED BY MAJOR-GENERAL VINCENT EYRE, C.B.,
LATE ROYAL ARTILLERY (BENGAL).

It is to be regretted that the able and entertaining writer of the above "story" should not have been content to accept the plain, unvarnished tale of the "Relief of Arrah" as originally delivered in official despatches published at the time, and the truth of which has never been impugned, but has wandered into the uncertain regions of romance in quest of "telling incidents" wherewith to season a pleasant dish for the public palate, not, perhaps, duly considering the injurious tendency of these dangerous embellishments, as far as they are calculated to affect the soldierly reputations of the principal actors.

That he must be acquitted of any *malus animus* against anybody concerned is sufficiently evident from the pervading tone of the writer's graphic sketches of

men and things in India generally, which betoken the generous, high-minded English gentleman, whose main object it is to inspire a kindly interest for the land of his adoption in the minds of his countrymen at home.

It is, therefore, in no unfriendly spirit that I feel myself imperatively called upon, at the earliest practicable moment after my return from India, to correct the statement made in the following extract, descriptive of the crisis of the struggle between Major Eyre's small band of British soldiers and the formidable host of mutineers and rebels who opposed their progress to the relief of Arrah, on the 2nd of August, 1857.

The "Competition Wallah" writes thus:—"Our troops began to be disheartened, and to be painfully aware of the overwhelming odds against which they were contending. It was

¹ See *Macmillan's Magazine*, for September, pp. 351, 352.

"trying work receiving twenty bullets for every one they fired. At such a moment the man of sterling stuff feels that things cannot go well unless he personally exerts himself to the utmost. It is this state of mind that wins football matches, and boat-races, and battles. A young officer, by name Hastings, not relishing the idea of standing still to be shot down, ran forward, sword in hand, towards the point where the enemy stood thickest, with a dozen volunteers, and twice as many soldiers at his heels. This appeared to the sepoys a most unaccountable proceeding, but they were ignorant of the great military truth, that when two hostile parties find themselves on the same ground, one or the other must leave it; and, as Hastings and his companions kept coming nearer and nearer, with the expression on their faces which the Sahibs always wear when they don't intend to turn back, they had no choice but to run for it. That charge saved Arrah. When once the natives have given way it is almost impossible to bring them again to the scratch. Coer Sing retreated, leaving on the ground six hundred of his followers, most of whom had been killed in the attack upon the battery, and our poor little force, which he had expected to devour, gathered together the wounded, limbered up the guns, and with lightened hearts pressed forward on the mission of deliverance."

The reader of this story must naturally wonder what Captain L'Estrange and the other officers of the 5th Fusiliers were about, when a young stranger thus assumed the command of their men and led them to the charge in this abrupt and disorderly manner, and why Major Eyre did not place *himself* at the head of the force at so critical a moment?

Now, it is curiously illustrative of the obstinate vitality of error, that Captain Hastings, the hero of the above pleasantly-told tale, and who was the officiating staff-officer of the Force, actually took the trouble to address a letter to one of the leading Calcutta

papers, wherein he publicly and emphatically *denied* having acted, on the above occasion, otherwise than in *strict obedience to the orders of his immediate superior*, viz. Major Eyre, whose personal presence, it must be remembered, was, at that critical moment, absolutely indispensable *with the guns*, there being no other artillery officer in the field. The great object of the enemy throughout the action had been to gain possession of these guns, and twice had the sepoys charged most desperately almost to their very muzzles, but had been driven back with great slaughter. Our ammunition was, however, falling alarmingly short, and it was necessary jealousy to husband every round until the proper moment arrived for delivering fire with effect. In the excitement of action, nothing is more difficult than to restrain gunners from wasting their ammunition in mere random shots. Had these guns been taken, we were all doomed men, and all hope of relieving the Arrah garrison was for ever gone. Hence it was that Major Eyre, though commanding the whole party, felt that his own proper post was, just then, with his guns; feeling as he did every confidence in the ability of his second in command, Captain L'Estrange of the 5th Fusiliers (than whom a braver or better officer never existed), to carry out his wishes with regard to the infantry portion of the force, consisting simply of 160 men (first-rate marksmen all) of his own admirable regiment, distributed in skirmishing order along a front of 300 yards.

Now, Captain L'Estrange's operations being partially concealed by trees and by the nature of the ground, Major Eyre was obliged to employ his staff-officer, Captain Hastings, who was well mounted, to maintain communication with the second in command during the action. At the critical period alluded to by a "Competition Wallah," Hastings had galloped across the field with a message from L'Estrange, to the effect that he feared his men could not much longer retain their present ground, and requesting fresh instructions how to

act in such case. Major Eyre's reply to this was an order to *collect his men forthwith in line, and charge the enemy*, while he himself would support the movement with a brisk cannonade. At this very moment the two guns on the left flank were themselves in imminent peril from a line of sharpshooters, who had gradually crept up under cover of the rough ground and thick bushes, and within a radius of eighty yards were deliberately aiming at the gunners, while a fresh column of sepoys stood ready to rush forward to another attack. Therefore not a moment was to be lost. What took place is *accurately* recorded in the despatch penned by Captain L'Estrange on the following morning. He writes:—

"Our line was then about 300 yards in length, and the enemy came pouring down on us in large numbers. At this time we were in imminent danger, when Major Eyre ordered us to charge the enemy. The movement was perfectly successful, and, our line advancing at the charge, the mutineers fled from the woods, from whence emerging, Major Eyre opened on them with grape, and the enemy cleared off in all directions."

Major Eyre's own account of the matter, as communicated to Government, ran as follows:—

"Finding at length that the enemy grew emboldened by the superiority of their numbers and the advantage of their position, I determined on trying the effect of a general charge of infantry, and sent the Hon. E. P. Hastings to Captain L'Estrange, with orders to that effect. Promptly and gallantly he obeyed the order," &c.

With regard to the personal bearing exhibited by Captain Hastings, in carrying out the orders he had received, it is unnecessary to add a word to the very cordial recognition of his bravery, already rendered by Major Eyre in his public despatch. But Hastings himself would have been the very last to sanction the version of the affair now given by the "Competition Wallah," after a lapse of six years, whereby an invidious attempt is made to exalt that

officer's reputation at the expense of his responsible superiors. It may be safely asserted that Captains L'Estrange and Scott, of the 5th Fusileers, were quite capable of leading their own men at such a crisis; yet no mention is made of those officers in the "Story." Like most fictions, however, this one seems to have been founded on a basis of fact. Mixed up with our fortunes on this occasion were about a dozen British volunteers, chiefly railway officials and merchants, who had, from generous and patriotic motives, accompanied the force from Buxar, and who looked to Hastings (himself a volunteer from the same locality) as their natural chief. In galloping along the line to transmit the order to L'Estrange, it is undoubtedly true that Hastings waved his sword and shouted to the volunteers and skirmishers to prepare for a charge, and nothing could be more natural than that one of them, in writing to his friends in Calcutta, should make Hastings his prominent hero. But Hastings was far too thorough-bred a soldier and gentleman to accept the well-meant, though dubious compliment, and lost not a moment in stating the exact truth in the most public and unmistakable manner.

It would seem as though the "Competition Wallah" had, in the course of his travels, come across this old piece of gossip, which savoured too much of romance to be resisted. My sole object in noticing it thus seriously is to prevent what is, in reality, an incomplete and injurious statement from being accepted as reliable material for history. Happily, both Major Scott and Captain Oldfield, of the 5th Fusileers, still survive, and are now in England, to corroborate, if need be, the facts I have stated. They can also state whether, at the most critical period of the battle, their men were really like a flock of frightened sheep, without a leader of their own, as represented, or whether, on the contrary, the utmost order and calmness had not prevailed among all ranks from first to last of that trying day. Our struggle, be it remembered, had been carried on, at in-

tervals, from daybreak until nearly the dusk of evening, during which we had made good our advance towards Arrah several miles, in the face of all opposition. Our band consisted of 160 of H. M. 5th Fusileers, 13 volunteers, and 36 gunners with three field guns; while opposed to us were an armed multitude having three of the best fighting regiments in the native army for their nucleus. It was no easy matter to succeed in such an enterprise; yet more easy, perhaps, and certainly far more to a soldier's taste, than battling in the field of literature, as I am now doing, in defence of whatever reputation may have been (I hope not undeservedly) acquired by myself and coadjutors.

It happened, a few days after this battle, that the course of events took the same force, under the same leader, to encounter one of the most formidable chiefs of the mutiny, in his jungle stronghold at Jugdespore, and, in reporting the successful result of our operations, Captain L'Estrange expressed himself as follows:—"Under all the circumstances, a feeling of doubt, if not of apprehension, as to the success

"of our expedition, might have pervaded "troops *less* confident than ours were "in the judgment, talent, and courage "of our leader."

Had the "Competition Wallah's" story been literally true, such a feeling of confidence as that here described could scarcely have existed.

Should these explanations be found inconveniently long, it may be urged in extenuation that, while it requires only a very few words to make an erroneous assertion, it can seldom be refuted effectually without entering into minute details. A soldier's best and often his only wealth is his reputation, which must be beyond suspicion. Probably few military men, with their correct ideas of discipline, will have been misled in this matter; and I hope that those of my friends who deemed some explanation desirable may now be satisfied, and that the general reader will not grudge the space occupied by so stale a topic.

V. E.

ATHENÆUM CLUB,
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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS AMONG THE TOMBS.

MY brother Joe had at one time made a distinct request to my father that he should learn the trade, in which he was backed up by my mother, for the rather inscrutable reason that any trade was better than coopering. It was a perfectly undeniable proposition, but was somewhat uncalled-for, because the question with Joe was not between smithwork and cooper-work, but between hand-work and head-work—whether he should become an artizan or a scholar.

It was that busybody Emma that persuaded him in the end, of course, by quietly depreciating me, and by flattering Joe's intellect. During the time that the matter was in debate, she assumed a pensive air, and used to heave little sighs when she looked at Joe, and was so misguided once as to dust a chair I had been sitting in. After this I was taken with a sudden affection for her, and, having made my face seven times dirtier than usual, had embraced her tenderly. I also put a cinder in her tea, which brought matters to a crisis, for we both burst out laughing; and I called her a stuck-up humbug, which thing she acknowledged with graceful humility, and before I had time to turn round had made me promise to add my persuasion to hers, and persuade Joe to become a scholar.

I did so, and turned the scale. Joe
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continued at school, first as pupil, and secondly as an underteacher, until he was sixteen, at which time it became apparent to Mr. Faulkner that Joe was giving promise of becoming a very first-rate man indeed.

He expressed this opinion to Mr. Compton, who called upon him one day for the purpose of asking him his opinion of Joe. A very few days after he came to my father, and said that Sir George Hillyar begged to take the liberty of advising that Mr. Joseph Burton should remain where he was a short time longer; after which Sir George "would have great pleasure in undertaking to provide employment for those extraordinary talents which he appeared to be developing."

"Well," said Joe, with a radiant face; "if this ain't—I mean is not—the most extra-ordinary, I ever."

I said that I never didn't, neither.

My father whistled, and looked seriously and inquiringly at Mr. Compton.

"I don't know why," answered Mr. Compton, just as if my father had spoken. "Erne's —, I mean," continued he, with a stammer, at which Miss Emma got as red as fire, "I mean Erne's friend's brother there, Reuben's cousin—Law bless you! fifty ways of accounting for it. But, as for knowing anything, I don't, and, what is more, old Morton the keeper don't know, and, when he don't know, why, you know, who is to?"

"Certainly, sir," said my father. "So

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old Morton he don't know nothink, don't he? Well! Well!"

However, this was very good news indeed. We should have Joe with us for some time longer, and the expectation of the first loss to the family circle was lying somewhat heavy on our hearts. And then, when he did leave us, it would be with such splendid prospects. My mother said it would not in the least surprise her to see Joe in a draper's shop of his own—which idea was scornfully scouted by the rest of us, who had already made him prime minister. In the meantime I was very anxious to see Erne and thank him, and to know why Miss Emma should have blushed in that way.

Erne evidently wanted to see me for some purpose also, for he wrote to me to ask me to meet him at the old place the next Sunday afternoon.

The "old place" was a bench which stood in front of Sir Thomas More's monument, close to the altar rails of the old church. We promised that we would all come and meet him there.

It is so long ago since we began to go to the old church, on Sunday afternoon in winter, and in the evening in summer, that I cannot attempt to fix the date. It had grown to be a habit when I was very, very young, for I remember that church with me used at one time to mean the old church, and that I used to consider the attendance on the new St. Luke's, in Robert Street, more as a dissipation, than an act of devotion.

My mother tells me that she used first to take me there about so and so—meaning a period when I was only about fourteen months old. My mother is a little too particular in her dates, and her chronology is mainly based on a system of rapidly-recurring eras: a system which, I notice, is apt to spread confusion and dismay among the ladies of the highly-genteel rank to which we have elevated ourselves. However, to leave mere fractions of time, of no real importance, to take care of themselves, she must have taken me to the old church almost as soon as my retina began to carry images to my brain, for I can remember Lord and Lady Dacre, with

their dogs at their feet, before I can remember being told by Mrs. Quickly, that the doctor had been for a walk round the parsley bed, and had brought me a little brother from among the gooseberry bushes: which was her metaphorical way of announcing the fact of my brother Joe's birth.

At first, I remember, I used to think that all the statues were of the nature of Guy Fawkes, and were set up there to atone for sins committed in the flesh. From this heretical and pagan frame of mind I was rescued by learning to read; and then I found that these images and monuments were not set up for warning, but for example. I began to discover that these people who had died, and had their monuments set up here, were, by very long odds, the best people who ever lived. I was, for a time, puzzled about those who had their epitaphs written in Latin, I confess. Starting on the basis, that every word in every epitaph was strictly true, I soon argued myself into the conclusion that the Latin epitaphs were written in that language for the sake of sparing the feelings of the survivors; and that they were the epitaphs of people about whom there was something queer, or, at all events, something better reserved for the decision of the scholastic few who understood Latin. At a very early age I became possessed with the idea that when Mrs. Quickly died it would become necessary, for the sake of public morality, to write her epitaph in Latin. I can't tell you how I came to think so. I never for a moment doubted that such an excellent and amiable woman would have a very large tomb erected to her by a grateful country; but I never for a moment doubted that it would become necessary to have a Latin inscription on it.

But conceive how I was astonished by finding, when I was a great fellow, that the Latin inscriptions were quite as complimentary as the English. Joe translated a lot of them for me. It was quite evident that such people as the Chelsea people never lived. So far from Latin being used with a view of hiding

any little *faux pas* of the eminent deceased from the knowledge of the ten-pound householders, it appeared that the older language had been used merely because the miserable bastard *patois*, which Sakespeare was forced to use, but which Johnson very properly rejected with decision, was utterly unfit to express the various virtues of these wonderful Chelsea people, of whom, with few exceptions, no one ever heard. It used to strike me, however, that, among the known or the unknown, Sir Thomas More was the most obstinately determined that posterity should hear his own account of himself.

My opinion always was, that the monuments which were in the best state were those of the Hillyars and of the Duchess of Northumberland. There are no inscriptions on these, with the exception of the family names. The members of the family are merely represented kneeling one behind the other with their names—in the one case above their heads, in the other, on a brass beneath. The Dacres, with their dogs at their feet, are grand; but, on the whole, give me the Hillyars, kneeling humbly, with nothing to say for themselves. Let the Dacres carry their pride and their dogs to the grave with them if they see fit; let them take their braches, and lie down to wait for judgment. Honest John Hillyar will have no dogs, having troubles enough beside. He and his family prefer to kneel, with folded hands, until the last trump sound from the East, or until Chelsea Church crumble into dust.

I always loved that monument better than any in Chelsea Old Church. 'Tis a good example of a mural monument of that time, they say, but they have never seen it on a wild autumn afternoon, when the sun streams in on it from the south-west, lights it up for an instant, and then sends one long ray quivering up the wall to the roof, and dies. What do they know about the monument at such a time as that? Still less do they know of the fancies that a shock-headed, stupid blacksmith's boy

—two of whose brothers were poets, and whose rant he used to hear—used to build up in his dull brain about it, as he sat year after year before it, until the kneeling figures became friends to him.

For I made friends of them in a way. They were friends of another world. I found out enough to know that they were the images of a gentleman and his family who had lived in our big house in Church Street three hundred years ago; and, sitting by habit in the same place, Sunday after Sunday, they became to me real and actual persons, who were as familiar to me as our neighbours, and yet who were dead and gone to heaven or hell three hundred years before—people who had twenty years' experience of the next world to show, where I had one to show of this present life; people who had solved the great difficulty, and who could tell me all about it, if they would only turn their heads and speak. Yea, these Hillyars became real people to me, and I, in a sort of way, loved them.

I gave them names in my own head. I loved two of them. On the female side I loved the little wee child, for whom there was very small room, and who was crowded against the pillar, kneeling on the skirts of the last of her big sisters. And I loved the big lad who knelt directly behind his father, between the knight himself, and the two little brothers, dressed so very like blue-coat boys, such quaint little fellows as they were.

I do not think that either Joe or Emma ever cared much about this tomb or its effigies. Though we three sat there together so very often for several winters, I do not think it ever took their attention very much; and I, being a silent lad, never gave loose to my fancies about that family monument even to them. I used to find, in the burst of conversation which always follows the release of young folks from church, that we all three, like most young people, had not attended to the sermon at all; but that our idle fancies, on those wild winter afternoons,

had rambled away in strangely different directions. I always used to sit between the two others, upright, with my head nearly against the little shield which carries the date, "Anno, 1539." Soon after the sermon had begun I used to find that Joe's great head was heavy on one shoulder, while Emma had laid her cheek quietly against the other, and had stolen her hand into mine. And so we three would sit, in a pyramidal group, of which I was the centre, dreaming.

I used to find that Joe would be building fancies of the dead who lay around us, of what they had done, and of what they might have done, had God allowed them to foresee the consequences of their actions; but that Emma had been listening to the rush of the winter wind among the tombs outside, and the lapping of the winter tide upon the shore—thinking of those who were tossed far away upon stormy seas, only less pitiless than the iron coast on which they burst in their cruel fury.

I cannot tell how often, or how long, we three sat there. But I know that the monument had a new interest to me after I made Erne Hillyar's acquaintance, and began to realize that the kneeling figures there were his ancestors. I tried then to make Erne the living take his place, in my fancy, among the images of his dead forefathers and uncles; but it was a failure. He would not come in at all. So then I began trying to make out which of them he was most like; but he wasn't a bit like any one of them. They none of them would look round at you with their heads a little on one side, and their great blue-black eyes wide open, and their lips half-parted as though to wait for what you were going to say. These ancestors of his were but brass after all, and knelt one behind the other looking at the backs of one another's heads. Erne would not fit in among them by any means.

But one day, one autumn afternoon, as I sat with Emma on one side, and Joe on the other, with my back to Sir

Thomas More's tomb and my face to Sir John Hillyar's, thinking of these things, I got a chance of comparing the living with the dead. For, when the sermon was half way through, I heard the little door, which opens straight from the windy wharf into the quiet chancel, opened stealthily; and, looking round, I saw that Erne had come in, and was sending those big eyes of his ranging all over the church to look for something which was close by all the time. I saw him stand close to me, for a minute, moving his noble head from side to side as he peered about him, like an emu who has wandered into a stock-yard; but, as soon as he had swept the horizon, and had brought his eyes to range nearer home, he saw me. And then he smiled, and I knew that he had come to find us.

And after service we walked out together. And the sexton let us into that quiet piece of the churchyard which overlooks the river, and we stood there long into the twilight, talking together as we leant against the low wall. Erne stood upon the grave of the poor Hillyar girl who had died in our house, as his habit was, talking to me and looking at Emma. The time went so quick that it was dark before we got home; but we all discovered that it was a very capital way of having a talk together, and so, without any arrangement at all, we found ourselves there again very often. Once Emma and I went along with Frank; but Frank, having eaten a dinner for six, went to sleep, and not only went to sleep but had the nightmare, in a manner scandalously audible to the whole congregation, in the first lesson. Emma had to take him out, and, when I came out at the end of the service, I found that Erne and Emma were together by the river-wall, and no one else but Frank. He had seen her coming out, and had stayed with her for company. It was very kind of him, and I told him so. He called me an old fool.

The Sunday afternoon on which we were to meet Erne was a wild and gusty one, the wind sweeping drearily along the shore, and booming and rush-

ing among the railings around the tombs. My sister and I went alone, and sat on the old bench : but no Erne made his appearance, and soon I had ceased to think much of him.

For there came in and sat opposite to me—directly under the Hillyar monument—the most beautiful lady I had ever seen. She was very young, with a wonderfully delicate complexion, and looked so very fragile, that I found myself wondering what she did abroad in such wild weather. She was dressed in light grey silk, which gave her a somewhat ghostly air ; and she looked slightly worn and anxious, though not enough to interfere with her almost preternatural beauty. When I say that I had never seen such a beautiful woman as she was, I at once find that I can go farther, and say, that I have never since seen any one as beautiful as she by a long interval. My wife was singularly handsome at one time.¹ Mrs. Oxtou, when I first saw her, was certainly beautiful. Lady Hainault, my namesake, as I reminded her once, was, and is, glorious ; but they none of them could ever have compared, for an instant, with that young lady in grey silk, who came and sat on the bench, under the Hillyar monument, opposite my sister and me, on that wild autumn afternoon.

She came in by the little side door which opens from the chancel on to the river. She sat down on the bench opposite me, beside a poor cracked old sempstress, whose devotions were disturbed every five minutes by her having to put down her prayer-book and hunt spiders, and old Smith the blind man, who used to say his responses in a surly, defiant tone of voice, as if every response was another item in a bill against heaven, which had already run too long, and ought to have been paid long ago.

But she sat down in this fantastic company, and seemed glad to rest. Mrs. Smith, the pew-opener, the blind man's wife, caught sight of a strange sail in the offing, bore down, and would

have brought her into a pew. But the strange lady said that she was tired, and would sit where she was.

There was a gentleman with her, by-the-bye. A tall gentleman, very pale, rather anxious-looking, without any hair on his face. He asked her, wasn't she afraid of the draught ? And she said, "No. Please, please dear, let me sit here. I want rest, dear. Do let me sit here." And when she said this two ideas came into my head. The first was that the beautiful lady was, for some reason, afraid of the pale, anxious gentleman ; and the second was that they were Americans, because—although they both spoke perfectly-good English, yet they seemed to have no hesitation about speaking out loud in church ; which they most decidedly did, and which, as I am informed now, the Americans, as a general rule, do not.

No Erne made his appearance. Emma and I sat on our accustomed bench, with the beautiful, weary lady opposite. The wind rattled at the old casements, and when the sermon began a storm of sleet came driving along from the westward, and made the atmosphere freezing cold. The strange beautiful lady seemed to cower under it, to draw herself together and to draw her shawl closer and closer around her, with a look almost of terror on her face. The poor lunatic woman, who sat beside her, put up her umbrella. The pew-opener saw her, and came up and fought her for it, with a view to making her put it down again. The cracked woman was very resolute, and Mrs. Smith was (as I think) unnecessarily violent, and between them they drove one of the points of the umbrella into Smith's eye ; which, as Smith was blind already, didn't matter much, but which caused him a deal of pain, and ended in shovings and recriminations between Mrs. Smith and the cracked woman. And the beautiful lady, in the middle of it all, finding no rest anywhere, came across wearily and feebly and sat beside Emma. She did not faint or make any scene ; but when I looked round soon after I saw her head on Emma's shoulder, and Emma's arm

¹ The Hon. Mrs. Burton presents her compliments to the Editor, and begs to inform him that this is the first she ever heard of it.

round her waist. She was very poorly, but the pale gentleman did not see it.

After service she took his arm, and while the people were crowding out of church I kept near them. I heard her say—

"I cannot stay to look at the monument to-day, dear ; I am very tired."

"Well," said the gentleman, "the carriage won't be long. I told them to meet us here."

She stood actually cowering in the cold blast which swept off the river round the corner of the church. She crouched shuddering close to the pale man and said—

"What a dreadful country, love. Is it always like this in England ? I shall die here I am afraid, and never see Aggy any more, and poor James will be so sorry. But I am quite brave and resolute, George. I would not change my lot with any woman," she continued rather more hastily ; "only there is no sun here, and it is so very dark and ugly."

I was glad to hear him speak kindly to her and soothe her, for I could not help fancying that she would have been glad of a gentler companion. But I had little time to think of this, for Erne, coming quickly out the open gate of the churchyard, came up to them and said—

"Mr. George Hillyar ?" I think.

George Hillyar bowed politely, and said, "Yes."

"We ought to know one another," said Erne, laughing ; "in fact, I am your brother Erne."

I did not like the look of George Hillyar's face at all ; he had an ugly scowl handy for any one who might require it, I could see. But Erne was attracted suddenly by his sister-in-law's beauty, and so he never saw it ; by the time he looked into his brother's face again the scowl had passed away, and there was a look of pleased admiration instead. Poor Mrs. Hillyar seemed to brighten up at the sight of Erne. They stood talking together affectionately for a few minutes, and then the George Hillyars drove away, and left Erne and me standing together in the churchyard.

"What a handsome *distingué*-looking fellow," said Erne. "I know I shall like him."

I hoped their liking might be mutual, but had strong doubts on the point.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

SECRETARY OXTON was a wise and clever fellow, but he was liable to err, like the rest of us. Secretary Oxtton was an affectionate, good-hearted, honourable man, a gentleman at all points, save one. He was clever and ambitious, and in the grand fight he had fought against the world, in the steady pluckily-fought battle, the object of which was to place him, a younger son, in a position equal to that of his elder brother, to found a new and wealthy branch of the Oxtton family, he had contracted a certain fault, from which his elder brother, probably from the absence of temptation, was free.

He had seen that wealth was the key to the position. He had seen early in the struggle, that a fool with wealth was often of more influence than a wise man without it. And so he had won wealth as a means to the end of power. But the gold had left a little of its dross upon him, and now he was apt to over-value it.

Acting on this error, he had put before him, as a great end, with regard to George and Gerty Hillyar, that George should go to England and win back his father's favour. His wife, good and clever as she was, was only, after all, a mirror to reflect her husband's stronger will ; consequently there was no one to warn him of the folly he was committing, when he urged George so strongly to go to England—no one to tell him of the danger of allowing such a wild fierce hawk as George to get out of the range of his own influence ; of the terrible peril he incurred on behalf of his beloved Gerty, by sending him far away from the gentle home atmosphere, which had begun to do its work upon him so very well, and throwing him headlong

among his old temptations, with no better guide than a silly little fairy of a wife.

He could not see all this in his blindness. He did not calculate on the amount of good which had been wrought in George's character by his wife's gentle influence and his own manly counsel. He was blinded by the money question. He did not see that it would be better for Gerty's sake, and for all their sakes, to keep Sir George Hillyar near him with two thousand a year, a busy, happy man, than to have him living in England without control, amongst all his old temptations. He could not bear the idea of that odd eight or nine thousand a year going out of the family. He had worked at money-getting so long that that consideration outweighed, nay, obscured every other.

And so he encouraged George to go to England. And, when the last grand forest cape was passed, and they were rushing on towards Cape Horn before the west wind, and the dear peaceful old land had died away on the horizon, and was as something which had never been; and when Gerty got penitent, and sea-sick, and tearful, and frightened, and yellow in the face, and everything but cross—then all the good influences of James and Agnes Oxton were needed, but were not at hand; and such mischief was done as would have made the Secretary curse his own folly if he could have seen it. And there was no one to stay the course of this mischief, but tearful silly sea-sick Gerty.

Poor little child of the sun! Poor little bush princess! brought up without a thought or a care on the warm hill-side at Neville's Gap, in the quiet house which stood half-way up the mountain, with a thousand feet of feathering woodland behind, and fifty miles of forest and plain before and below. Brought up in a quiet luxurious home, among birds and flowers and pet dogs; a poor little body, the cares in whose life were the arrivals of the pianoforte-tuner on his broken-kneed grey, supposed to be five hundred years old; who had, never met with but two adventures in her life

before marriage, the first of which she could barely remember, and the second when James and Aggy carried her off in a steamer to Sydney, and Aggy chaperoned her to the great ball at Government House, and she had wondered why the people stared at her so when she walked up the room following in Aggy's wake, as she sailed stately on before towards the presence, until she was told next morning that James had won 500*l.* on her beauty, for that Lady Gipps had pronounced her to be more beautiful than young Mrs. Buckley *née* Brentwood, of Garoopna, in Gippsland.

But here was a change. This low sweeping grey sky, and the wild heaving cold grey sea, and then the horrible cliffs of bitter floating ice, at whose base the hungry sea leaped and slid up, gnawing caverns and crannies, yet pitifully smoothing away, with their ceaseless wash, a glacia, to which the finger of no drowning man might hope to clutch that he might prolong his misery. The sun seemed gone for ever, and as they made each degree of southing, Gerty got more shivering and more tearful, and seemed to shrink more and more into her wrappers and cloaks.

But all this had a very different effect on Mrs. Nalder. On that magnificent American woman it had a bracing effect; it put new roses into her face, and made her stand firmer on her marine continuations—had I been speaking about an English duchess I should have said her sea legs. She wasn't sick, not she; but Nalder was, and so it fell to George's lot to squire Mrs. Nalder, an employment he found to be so charming that he devoted himself to it. Mrs. Nalder got very fond of George, and told her husband so; whereupon Mr. Nalder replied that he was uncommon glad she had found some one to gallivant her round, for that he was darned if he rose out of that under forty south. And, when forty south came, and Gerty made her appearance on deck with Mrs. Nalder, she found that dreadful Yankee woman calling George about here and there, as if he belonged to her. Gerty got instantly

jealous, although Mrs. Nalder was kind and gentle to her, and would have been a sister to her. Gerty repulsed her. Mrs. Nalder wondered why. The idea of anybody being sufficiently insane to be jealous of her never entered into her honest head. She asked her husband, who didn't know, but said that Ostrellyan gells were, as a jennle rule, whimsical young cusses.

No. Gerty would have nothing to do with the kind-hearted American woman, for she was bitterly jealous of her. And Mr. Nalder frightened her, that honest tradesman, with his way of prefacing half his remarks by saying "Je-hoahaphat," which frightened her out of her wits for what was coming. His way of thwacking down his right or left bower at eucure, his calling the trump card the deck-head, his way of eating with his knife, and his reckless noisy *bonhomme*, were all alike, I am sorry to say, disgusting to her; nothing he could do was right; and, after all, Nalder was a good fellow. George got angry with her about her treatment of these people, and scolded her; and he could not scold by halves; he terrified her so that he saw he must never do it again. He put a strong restraint on himself; to do the man justice, he did that; and was as tender and gentle with her as he could be for a time. But his features had been too much accustomed to reflect violent passion to make it possible for him to act his part at all times. Her dull fearful submission irritated him, and there came times when that irritation, unexpressed in words and actions, would show itself too faithfully in his face; and so that look of pitiable terror which had come into Gerty's great eyes the first time he had sworn at her, that restless shifting of the pupil from side to side, accompanied by a spasmodic quivering of the eyelids, never, never wholly passed away any more. "That he could have cursed her, that he could have snarled at her, and cursed her. It was too horrible. Could James have been right? And Neville's Gap so many thousand miles away, and getting further with every bound of the ship!"

George saw all this, and it made him mad. He found out now that he had got a great deal fonder of beautiful Mrs. Nalder than he had any right to be, and after a week's penitential attention to Gerty he went over to Mrs. Nalder, and begun the *petits soins* business with her once more. But, unluckily for him, Mrs. Nalder had found him out. George, poor fool, thought that the American woman's coolness towards him arose from jealousy at his having returned to his wife. He found his mistake. The brave Illinois woman met him with a storm of indignation, and rated him about his treatment of his wife. She had no tact, or she would not have done so, for she only made matters worse.

Of all the foolish things which James Oxton ever did, this was the worst: sending these two out of the range of his own and his wife's influence.

Gerty revived a little in the tropics. The sun warmed her into something like her old self. But all Mrs. Nalder's kindness failed to win her over. She suspected her and was jealous of her; and, besides, the great handsome woman of the Western prairies was offensive to the poor little robin of a creature. She was coarse and loud, and her hands were large, and she was so *strong*. She couldn't even make Gerty comfortable on a bench without hurting her. And, besides, Gerty could see through all this affected attention which she showed her. Gerty, like most silly women, thought herself vastly clever. Mrs. Nalder was a most artful and dangerous woman. All this assumed affection might blind her poor husband, but could never blind her.

But the good ship rolled and blundered on, until it grew to be forty north, instead of forty south, and the sunny belt was passed once more, and Gerty began to pine and droop again. George would land at Dover; and he landed in a steamer which came alongside. And the last of the old ship was this—that all the crew and the passengers stood round looking at her. And Mrs. Nalder came up and kissed her, and said, very quietly, "My dear, we may never

meet again, but, when we do, you will know me better than you do now." Then Gerty broke into tears, and asked Mrs. Nalder to forgive her, and Mrs. Nalder, that coarse and vulgar person, called her a darling little sunbeam, and wept too, after the Chicago style (and when they do things at Chicago, mind you, they do 'em with a will). Then Gerty was on the deck of the little steamer, and, while she was wondering through her tears why the sides of the ship looked so very high, there came from the deck a sound like a number of glass bells ringing together and ceasing at once; then the sound came again, louder and clearer; and as it came the third time, George raised her arm, and said—"Wave your handkerchief, Gerty; quick, don't you hear them cheering you?"

And, directly afterwards, they stood on the slippery, slimy boards of the pier at Dover, on the dull English winter day; and she looked round at the chalk cliffs, whose crests were shrouded in mist, and at the muddy street, and the dark coloured houses, and she said, "Oh, dear, dear me. Is this, this England, George? What a nasty, cold, ugly, dirty place it is."

CHAPTER XXV.

GERTY'S FIRST INNINGS.

A VERY few days before Sir George Hillyar received the note which told him of his son's arrival in England, he happened to be out shooting alone, and his keeper saw that he was very anxious and absent, and shot very badly indeed. He conceived that it was Sir George's anxiety about his son's arrival, and thought little about it; but, as the day went on, it became evident that Sir George wanted to broach some subject, and had a hesitation in doing so.

At last he said—"What state are the boats in, Morton?"

"They are in very good repair, Sir George."

"I think I shall have them painted."

"They were painted last week, Sir George."

"I shall get new oars for them, I fancy."

"The new oars, which you ordered while staying at Kew, came home last Thursday, Sir George."

"H'm. Hey. Then there is no work for a waterman about the lake, is there?"

"None whatever, Sir George."

"Morton, you are a fool. If I had not more tact than you I would hang myself before I went to bed."

"Yes, Sir George."

"Send for the young waterman that we had at Kew, and find him some work about the boats for a few days."

"Yes, Sir George."

"You know whom I mean?"

"No, Sir George."

"Then why the devil did you say you did?"

"I did not, Sir George."

"Then you contradict me?"

"I hope I know my place better, Sir George. But I never did say I knew who you mean, for I don't; in consequence I couldn't have said I did. Maark! caawk! Awd drat this jawing in cover, Sir George! Do hold your tongue till we're out on the heth agin. How often am I to tell you on it?"

So he did. At the next pause in the sport old Morton said, "Now, Sir George, what do you want done?"

"I want that young man, Reuben Burton, whom we had at Kew, fetched over. I want you to make an excuse for his coming to mend the boats. That's what I want."

"Then why couldn't you have said so at once?" said old Morton to his face.

"Because I didn't choose. If you get so impudent, Morton, I shall be seriously angry with you."

"Ah! I'll chance all that," said Morton to himself; "you're easy enough managed by those as knows you. I wonder why he has taken such a fancy to this young scamp. I wonder if he knows he is Sam Burton's son. I suspect he do."

But old Morton said nothing more, and Reuben was sent for to Stanlake.

Sir George was going out shooting again when Reuben came. The old butler told him that the young water-man was come, and Sir George told him that he must wait; but, when Sir George came out, he had got a smile on his face ready to meet the merry young rascal who had amused him so much.

"Hallo! you fellow," he began, laughing; but he stopped suddenly, for the moment he looked at Reuben Burton he saw that there was a great change in him. Reuben had lost all his old vivacity, and had a painfully worn, eager look on his face.

"Why, how the lad is changed!" said Sir George. "You have been falling in love, you young monkey. Go and see to those boats, and put them in order."

Reuben went wearily to work; there was really nothing to do. Sir George merely had him over to gratify a fancy for seeing him again. It may have been that he was disappointed in finding the merry slangy lad he had got to like looking so old and anxious, or it may have been that his nervous anxiety for the approaching interview with his son put Reuben out of his head; but, however it was, Sir George never went near Reuben after the first time he had looked at him, and had seen the change in him. No one will ever know now what was working in Sir George's heart towards Reuben Burton. The absence of all inquiries on his part as to who Reuben was decidedly favours James Burton the elder's notion, that Sir George guessed he was the son of Samuel Burton, and that he did not, having conceived a strange affection for the lad, wish to push his inquiries too far. It may have been this, or it may have been merely an old man's fancy; but even now, when he seemed to have passed the lad by himself, he made Erne go and see him every morning.

"Erne," he said, "that boy is in trouble. In secret trouble. Find his secret out, my child, and let us help him."

But kind and gentle Erne couldn't

do that. Reuben went as far as telling him that he was in trouble; but also told him that he could say nothing more, for the sake of others.

"I say, old Rube," said Erne, as he sat lolling against the side of a boat which Reuben was mending, "I have found out the whole of the business from beginning to end."

"Have you, sir?" said Reuben, with a ghost of a smile. "I am glad of it."

"You have been getting into bad company," said Erne.

"Very bad," said Reuben.

"And you are innocent yourself?"

"Yes," said Reuben. "Come. I couldn't say as much to every one, Master Erne; but I know, when I say a thing to you, that it won't go any further. Therefore I confide this to your honour, for if you betray me I am lost. I am innocent."

Erne laughed. "That is something like your old familiar nonsense, Reuben. Tell me all about it."

"It would be awkward for you if I did, sir."

"Well! well!" said Erne. "I believe in you, anyway. I say, does Emma know about it?"

"God bless you, no," said Reuben. "Don't tell her nothing, for God's sake, Master Erne."

"You haven't told me anything, Reuben; so how could I tell her?"

"I mean, don't let her know that Sir George noticed how I was altered. I should like her to think the best of me to the last. If trouble comes, the bitterest part of it will be the being disgraced before her. Don't say anything to her."

"Why should I be likely to?" said Erne.

"Why," said Reuben, "I mean, when you and she was sitting together all alone, courting, that you might say this and that, and not put me in the best light. Lord love you, master, I know all about that courting business. When the arm is round the waist the tongue won't keep between the teeth."

"But I am not courting Emma," said Erne. "At least—"

"At least or at most, master, you love the ground she walks on. Never mind what your opinion about your own state of mind is. Only be honourable to her. And, when the great smash comes, keep them in mind of me."

"Keep who in mind?" said Erne.

"Jim and Emma. Help 'em to remember me. I should be glad to think that you three thought of me while I was there."

"While you are where?" said Erne, in a very low voice.

"In Coldbath Fields, master," said Reuben. "Now you've got it."

One need not say that Erne was distressed by the way in which Reuben spoke of himself. He was very sorry for Reuben, and was prepared to die for him; but—

He was seventeen, and Reuben had accused him of his first love. Poor Reuben, by a few wild words, had let a flood of light in on to his boy's heart. Reuben was the first who had told him that he was in love. One has, in chemistry, seen a glass jar full of crystal clear liquid, clear as water, yet so saturated with some salt that the touch of any clumsy hand, will send the spiculae quivering through it in every direction, and prove to the sense of sight that the salt, but half believed in before, is there in overpowering quantities. So Reuben's words crystallized Erne's love; and he denied it to himself no longer. And in this great gush of unutterable happiness poor Reuben's trouble and disgrace were only a mere incident—a tragical incident, which would be a new bond in their love.

So Erne, leaving poor Reuben tinkering at the boats, walked on air. He had determined, as he walked through the wood, that the first thing he would do would be to go off to Chelsea—to get Jim Burton, the blacksmith's eldest son (with whom you have already some acquaintance), and to tell him all about it; when, walking through the wood, he met his father.

"Have you been to see that young waterman, Erne?" said his father.

"I have," said Erne. "We ought to be kind to that fellow, dad. He is in trouble, and is innocent."

"I think he is," said Sir George. "I have a great fancy for that fellow. I know what is the matter with him."

"Do you?" said Erne. "I don't."

"Why, it's about this Eliza Burton," said Sir George, looking straight at him; "that's what is the matter."

"You don't happen to mean Emma Burton, do you?" said Erne.

"Emma or Eliza, or something of that sort," said Sir George. He is in love with her, and she is playing the fool with some one else."

"He is not in love with her, and she has been playing the fool with nobody," said Erne.

"So you think," said Sir George; "I, however, happen to know the world, and, from the familiarities which you have confessed to me, as passing between this girl and yourself, I am of a different opinion. I have allowed you to choose what company you wished for above a year; I have been rewarded by your full confidence, and, from what you told me about this girl, I believe her to be an artful and dangerous young minx."

"Don't talk in that light way about your future daughter-in-law; I am going to marry that girl. I am seventeen, and in three years I shall marry her."

"How dare you talk such nonsense? Suppose, sir, that I was to alter—I mean, to stop your allowance, sir, hey?"

"Then the most gentlemanly plan would be to give me notice. Her father will teach me his trade."

"You are impertinent, undutiful, and, what is worse, a fool——"

"And all that sort of thing," said Erne. "Having fired your broadside of five-and-forty sixty-eight pounders, perhaps you will let off your big swivel gun on deck. I tell you I am going to marry Emma Burton."

"You know, you undutiful and wicked boy, all the consequences of a *mésalliance*——"

"That's the big gun, hey?" said Erne. "Why, yes; your *mésalliance*

with my mother having been dinned into my ears ever since I was five, as the happiest match ever made, I *do* know ; you have put your foot in it there. A blacksmith's daughter is as good as a gamekeeper's, any day."

"Her relations, sir ! Her relations !"
"My Uncle Bob, sir ! My Uncle Bob !"

Old Compton the lawyer had warned Erne, on one previous occasion, against what he called "hard hitting." But Erne, as Reuben would have said, could never keep his tongue between his teeth. His Uncle Bob was a very sore subject. His Uncle Bob had not borne the rise in circumstances consequent on his sister becoming Lady Hillyar with that equanimity which is the characteristic of great minds. The instant he heard of the honour in store for him, he got drunk, and had remained so, with alight lucid intervals ever since—a period of eighteen years. Having the constitution of a horse, and the temper of his sister, he had survived hitherto, and was quoted from one doctor to another as the most remarkable instance ever known of the habitual use of stimulants. They used to give clinical lectures on him, and at last made him uncommonly proud of his performances. Such, combined with a facility for incurring personal liabilities, which was by no means impaired by his intemperate habits, were some of the characteristics of Uncle Bob, now triumphantly thrown in Sir George's face by Erne.

He was very angry. He said that such an allusion as that, on Erne's part, revealed to him such an abyss of moral squalor beneath the surface as he was not prepared for in the case of one so young.

"Now, mark me, sir. Once for all. I do not oppose your fancy for this girl. I encourage it. You distinctly understand that once for all. Your brother dines here to-day."

"So I hear," said Erne, seeing it would not do to go on with any more nonsense.

"I hope sincerely that you and your brother will remain friends. I do not

purpose your seeing much of him. His wife has, I hear, some claims to beauty."

"She is the sweetest little rosebud you ever saw in your life."

"Where have you seen her ? I *know* you didn't go to seek them, because you promised me you would not."

"I did not, indeed. I guessed who they were from a few words they said in church, and, as I came out, I introduced myself."

"Where were you ? At what church ?"

"At the old church, Chelsea."

"What a singular thing. Is Compton come ?"

It was with intense eagerness that Mr. Compton, knowing what he knew, watched the face of father and son, when they met after so many years estrangement. He knew perfectly how much, how very much, each of them had to forgive the other ; and he knew, moreover, that neither of them had the least intention of forgiveness. He guessed that George had come over to try to win back his father's good graces with the assistance of his wife ; but he knew far too much to hope much from her assistance. One thing he knew, which others only guessed, that Sir George Hillyar had made a will, leaving Erne eight thousand a year. This was the paper, which (if your memory will carry you back so many months) he had exhibited such an anxiety to take to his office, but which Sir George insisted on keeping in his old *escritoire*.

He was in the library, and Sir George was out when he heard them drive up. He knew that there was no one to receive them, and saw from that that their reception was to be formal. He did not hurry at his dressing, for he was in some small hopes that George and his wife might have a short time, were it only a minute, together alone with Sir George, and that either of them might show some gleam of affection towards the other, which might bring on a better state of things than the cold, cruel course of formality which Sir George had evidently planned.

"It will be a bad job for Erne, possibly," said the old man. "But my

young friend must take his chance. I won't stand between father and son, even for him."

When he came into the drawing-room he found Erne and his father dressed and waiting. They were standing together at the very end of the third drawing-room, before the fire, and Sir George was talking to Erne about one of the horses. When he joined them, a question was put to him on the subject; and they went on discussing it. There was not the smallest sign of anxiety or haste about Sir George's manner.

He had not been talking with Erne many minutes, when the door by which he had entered, which was at the very farthest end of the three rooms, was opened again; and Mr. and Mrs. George Hillyar came in, and began making their way through the vast archipelago of grand furniture which lay between the opposing parties. Sir George took out his watch, clicked it open, and told Erne to ring the bell and order dinner.

The three rooms were well lighted up, and, great as the distance was, old Compton saw in one instant that Mrs. George was very beautiful. And, as she came steadily and quietly towards them, dressed in a cloud of white, he saw at every step she took that she was more beautiful still — the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Sir George trod three steps forward, and said, "How d'ye do, George? I am glad to see you. And how do *you* do, my dear daughter-in-law? I am afraid you must find this country very cold after Australia."

Old Compton watched the father and the son as their eyes met. Neither of them moved a muscle. George *was* very *distingué*-looking; there was no doubt about that. Nay, more, he was in a way very handsome. His features had not lost their regularity, in spite of all his dissipation. "He is wonderfully true-bred," thought old Compton. "Half wild cat like his mother, and half bull-terrier like his father. His chance aint worth twopence. The will in the *escritoire* is the will. No new job for me."

The old man was right. There was no mistake about George's paternity to any such close observer as old Compton, though a stranger might have thought that there was no resemblance between them — no resemblance whatever between the thickset figure, the sleek bullet stupid grey-head, the square gladiator features, and the clear brown red complexion of Sir George; and the slender lithe frame, the more refined features, and the pale complexion of his son. In these respects there was *no* resemblance. George's physique was that of his wild, fierce gipsy-looking mother. But he had, in common with his father, a queer contemptuous trick of eye and mouth, which showed a close observer whose son he was in a moment. Old Compton saw it in both their faces, when their eyes met. If you had told him that those eager, fierce women, through the very force of their nature, as a rule reproduced some eighty per cent. of their own characteristics in their sons, but that a quiet and gentle wife would sometimes produce an almost actual facsimile of the father, in this case the old man would have rather pooh-poohed you. But, once begin to talk to the old lawyer about the breeding of racehorses, a matter he was well up in, and he would soon have showed you that trainers and stud-grooms now and then made fortunes by following, among horses, rules of breeding *practically* treated as being ridiculous among human beings.

Mrs. George Hillyar, in reply to her father-in-law, said that she *did* find it cold. That she liked getting near the fire best, for it warmed her. And then she asked Sir George whether he hadn't got a glasshouse full of flowers in full bloom, and whether he would show them to her to-morrow.

Her powers of conversation were not large, evidently. George was very angry at what he was pleased to call to himself her hopeless silliness. Yet the highest tact could not have done more, for Sir George, as he took her into dinner, said,

"I am afraid you are an innocent little babe in the wood, Gertrude."

"Yes," she said, "and I am so

terribly afraid of you. Don't scold me. I am not near so silly when I am not scolded."

"My poor little redbreast," said Sir George. "Who do you think would be likely to scold *you*? You may depend on it that I will not. You must trust me and get fond of me, my child. George, will you take the end of the table, if you don't mind sitting with your back to the fire. Get Mr. Hillyar a screen, Simpson. You'll be hotter than you were in Australia, George. You are sure you don't mind."

George, who didn't want for a certain unregulated sort of humour, looked at his father, and said quietly, "that he had not found himself in so comfortable a position for many a year;" which made the old man laugh not ill-humouredly.

Old Compton talked loudly to Erne and George, and raised a wall of sound before Gerty and Sir George. He was anxious for her to see what she could do; he was all for fair play. Erne saw what he wanted, and nobly assisted him, so that the other two were perfectly isolated. Gerty had some dim idea that she was to make herself agreeable to her father-in-law, and she began her little game. As thus—

"I don't think you at all odious now. I am sure, if they all of them saw more of you, they would not call you an odious tyrant."

"I am sure they wouldn't," said Sir George, who, though he might be cruel and unjust to his son, was so much of a gentleman that he was in a state of chivalrous terror lest he should lead the beautiful little idiot into committing any one. He said—

"Do you think you shall like England, my love?"

"I don't like it now," said Gerty. "I always want to be near the fire. When I get cold I cry, and that makes George cross."

"You will like it better in the summer, my love."

"I don't know whether we shall be here in the summer or not. Aggy said it would be no use for George to stay dawdling here, away from his work, if you weren't going to do something for

him, or, at all events, to define his prospects. Therefore, I suppose, as soon as I am confined, and well enough to move, we shall go back again, unless you do something decided for us. George says you will see him hanged first; but I don't think that. I don't think so badly of you as I did. Are these pink cups ice-cream? I wonder whether I dare eat some. I have never seen iced cream before in my life. Perhaps I had better not; it might make me cry."

And so she went on, twittering like one of her own zebra parrakeets. But, in spite of her utter simplicity, Sir George did what every one else, young or old, rich or poor, did, who came near her; that is to say, he fell in love with her.

The other three got on amazingly well. Erne was as difficult to resist in his way as Gerty in hers. They were to go shooting on the morrow, and George, with the assistance of the other two, was refreshing his memory on the localities. They got on very well, indeed, and George became quite affectionate with Erne. They had been talking about a certain larch belt, as containing game, and old Compton had said—

"Confound the game. If you will take my advice, Mr. Hillyar, you will have it down, and let the sun in."

"Then I *am* to have Stanlake, at all events," thought George, flushing. "There is two thousand a year any way."

So the George Hillyars stayed at Stanlake, and Erne and George shot and hunted, and played billiards together, and Gerty sat crouched over the fire, and saw the sunny woods and crags of Neville's Gap among the burning coals. And day by day George saw Erne petted, caressed, and consulted, while he himself was treated with a calm politeness which was infinitely exasperating. Each day he began to see more clearly that a very large portion of the property was lost to him, and every day, alas! his dislike and jealousy towards Erne grew stronger and stronger.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY : JAMES AND HIS
SISTER FALL OUT.

SIR GEORGE HILLYAR sent for Reuben to go to Stanlake and see after some waterman's work. And I was very glad of it; for anything, I argued, which took Reuben away from the bad company with which he seemed to be so suddenly and mysteriously involved, must be for the better.

He came down, as he went, to leave the key of his room with my father. Erne had come over to see us: to see Emma, indeed. *I began* to see that much, and was talking with her in the window. They turned and came towards us again when Reuben came in, and so we four were together once more, for the last time for a long while.

Reuben came whistling in, nodded a good-bye to all of us, and said to Erne, "I shall see you to-morrow, sir, I dare say," and sauntered out.

"Say a kind word to him for us," said Emma; "go to him sometimes at Stanlake, and cheer him up a little. He can't reward you for any kindness, but I will answer for him that he is grateful."

Erne promised, and very shortly after Joe came clumping in, all radiant.

"Jim," he said, "Jim! Here, such a jolly lark on. I mean," he said, getting rather red, and looking at Erne, laughing, "that I anticipate considerable entertainment."

"What's up?" I asked, simply; for it was no use trying to get fine words out of me at that time without considerable preparation.

"Why," he said, "they are going to have the *Harvest Home* at the Victoria to-night, with Wright and O. Smith from the Adelphi. Come on, let's go."

"Of course," I said; or we should no more have thought of missing such a dainty treat as that in those times than of losing our dinner. "But we had better go early. We had a terrible fight for a place last time, remember, and you lost all your oranges, and a cotton

handkerchief worth three halfpence, and that sort of thing makes the amusement come dear."

"I say," said Erne, suddenly; "I'll tell you what; *I'll go*. I've never been to the play in my life."

Joe and I were delighted at the idea. "But," I said, "you can't come dressed like that; you'd have to fight in a minute."

"Lend me some of your clothes and a cap," said Erne. "This is the greatest lark I ever knew. What do you think, Emma; hey?"

"I was wondering what Sir George would say if he knew where you were going, and how!"

"There is no need he should," said Erne.

"I should have thought there was," she replied, quietly. "Pray don't do anything so insane."

"There can't be any harm in it," said Erne.

"I should have said," replied Emma, "that there was the very greatest harm in a young gentleman dressing himself like a blacksmith, and going to the gallery of the Victoria Theatre. I confess I should think so. More particularly when that young gentleman has been so generously trusted by his father to associate with people so far below him in rank. I don't know why that young gentleman's father has shown such blind trust in him. It may be because he has such full and perfect confidence in him, or it may be that his great love for him has made him foolish. Whichever way it is, for that young gentleman to abuse his father's confidence so utterly as to go masquerading in a dress which he has no right to wear, in the lowest parts of the town, with two common lads, is a degree of meanness which I don't expect at all."

As she said this I saw Joe's magnificent, Byron-like head turned in anger upon her, and I saw a wild, indignant flush rise upon his face, and go reddening up to the roots of his close, curling hair; I saw it rise, and then I saw it die away, as Joe limped towards her, and kissed her. Whether she had

seen it, or not, it was hard to say, but she had guessed it would be there: she put her arm round his neck, and then drew his face against hers, saying,

"Ask my brother Joe, here, what he thinks."

"He thinks as you do, and so do I," said Erne, quietly. "If you were always by me I should never do wrong."

"Ask Jim what he thinks about it," said Emma, laughing. "Ask that great stupid, dear old Jim, how he would like to see his noble hero, with a greasy old cap on, sucking oranges in the gallery of the theatre in the New Cut. Look how he stands there, like a stupid old ox. But I know who is the best of us four, nevertheless."

The "stupid old ox—" that is to say, the Honourable James Burton, who is now addressing you—had thrown his leather apron over his left shoulder, and was scratching his head. I am afraid that I did look very like a stupid ox. But think that, if you had taken the cobwebs out of my brain, and wound them off on a card, you would have found that I was making a feeble effort to try to think that my brother and sister were two rather heroic and noble persons. After all, I only fancy that I remember that I was trying to think that I thought so. I am no fool, but that fierce flush on Joe's face had confused and frightened me. I saw very great danger. I had not seen that look there for a long time.

Erne gave up his project, and soon went away in the best of humours; Joe went to his school; and I was left alone with Emma.

Though I still had my apron over my shoulder, and might, for all I can remember, have still been scratching my head, yet still all the cobwebs in my brain were drawn out into one strong thread, stronger than silk, and I knew what to say and what to do. I turned on Emma.

"You were perfectly right," I said, "in stopping him going. You were right in every word you said to him; but you had no right to speak of Joe and myself as you did."

She folded her hands, sweet saint, as if in prayer, and took it all so quietly.

"It was not good to speak of your brother so," I went on, with heightened voice and an angry face. "You may speak as you please of me, but, if you speak in that way of Joe, before his face, you will raise the devil in him, and there will be mischief. You should measure your words. Let me never hear that sort of thing again."

I was right in every word I said to her. And yet I would give all my great wealth, my title, everything I have, except my wife and children, to unsay those words again. Oh, you who use hard words, however true they may be, when will you be persuaded that every hard, cold word you use is one stone on a great pyramid of useless remorse?

How did she answer me? She ran to me and nestled her noble head against my bosom, and called me her own sweet brother, and begged me not to scold her, for that she loved him, loved him, loved him. That Erne's name was written on her heart; but that he should never, never know it on this side of the grave; for she would devote herself to Joe, and be his sister and friend to death; and that she was so sorry for what she had said.

What could I do? What I did, I suppose. Soothe her, quiet her, and tell her I had been in the wrong (which was not altogether true). That is what I did, however; and so I had said the first and last harsh word to her. It cannot be recalled, but there is some comfort in thinking that it was the first and the last.

To be continued.

SUBSCRIPTION NO SECURITY.

IN the discussions that have taken place respecting the Subscriptions and Declarations imposed upon all clergymen, and at Oxford on all candidates for the higher degrees, lay or clerical, two distinct things have been more or less confounded—the Formularies to which Subscription is required, and the requirement of Subscription. It is easy to dispense with the requirement, and to leave the Formularies untouched. The truth of the Formularies is one thing, the expediency of requiring Subscription to them is another.

The petition, which was signed last year by 106 members of the University of Oxford, all of whom were, or had been, Professors or Tutors and Fellows, asked for the abolition of Subscription as a test for Academical Degrees, but disclaimed all intention of interfering with the theological teaching of the University, and expressed a desire to preserve the religious character of academical education. The letter of Dean Stanley advocated a relaxation of the present Subscriptions and Declarations imposed upon the clergy, but left altogether untouched the question of revising the Formularies.

The distinction here insisted on is very lucidly expressed in a passage from the Life and Times of Bishop Burnet. The Bishop proposed to *leave the Articles as the Law of the Church, but not to require any person to bind himself beforehand by a Subscription.* "Churches "and Societies," he says, "are better "governed by laws than by Subscriptions; it is a more reverent, as well "as a more easy mode of government." No one doubts the proposition in regard to society in general, or in regard to particular societies, save those which are concerned with theological opinion. No society requires teachers of Natural Science to subscribe to Articles embodying the doctrines of gravitation, of the reflection and refraction of light, and so forth. Judges and Magistrates are bound

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to administer the law of the realm, and are subject to penalties for wilful maladministration; but no one ever proposed that a provision should be added to the statute-book requiring Judges and Magistrates to subscribe a set of Articles comprising the leading principles of the law. The Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons require no subscription to medical Articles from their members. Even clergymen are not called on to make a profession of faith with respect to the principles of morality.

It is reasonable to ask why ecclesiastical bodies exact Declarations or Subscriptions from persons invested with authority in the Church, while other societies find it unnecessary to take such precautions.

Waiving this inquiry for the present, we will simply say that the *avowed* purpose of Confessions and Subscriptions is to prevent discord and promote agreement. The Convocation, which settled the Articles, says that they were designed "for the avoiding diversities of "opinions, and for the establishing "of consent touching true religion." History shows that the political object of those who imposed Subscription was, first, to expel from the Church ecclesiastics who held what were judged erroneous opinions; and, secondly, to prevent those who remained in the Church from holding such opinions. It is alleged that these ends can only be gained in one of two ways—either by exacting promises and taking engagements beforehand, or by penalties enforced in a Court of Heresy. We now propose to inquire whether, in fact, the peace and harmony desired have been secured by Subscriptions; and whether ecclesiastical authorities have, by Subscriptions, been enabled to dispense with constraints and penalties.

To clear the way, it will be useful to have before us a brief account of the imposition of the various Subscriptions and Declarations required in the Church of England.

H H

Elaborate Confessions of Faith took their origin in Germany after the Reformation. "The common-place and "shallow argument," says Dr. Pusey, in his account of German Theology, "drawn from the variations of the evangelical statements of doctrine against "the truth of their system . . . was met [by the Reformers] not by the "easy task of retort upon the Romish Church, nor by the obvious principle "that all human discoveries of truth "must . . . be effected by the slow and "toilsome passage through error, nor "by showing that these discrepancies in "collateral points . . . were consistent "with the truth and harmony of the "general system, but by *drawing still "closer the limits of the Church's pale, "and by excluding as heretics all who "departed from the strictest letter of "the symbol."* And then he goes on to describe vividly "the unhappy, un-"practical, and frequently presumptuous "polemics," which arose from a pertinacious resolution to exclude every conceivable deviation from uniformity of creed, and to require Subscriptions, Declarations, and Oaths, as a means of enforcing unity. We, in England, went more cautiously to work. Articles of Faith, forty-two in number, had been drawn up in the last part of the reign of Edward VI. They were revised in the early times of Elizabeth by the Convocation, and reduced to the present form; yet for some years they were not employed as a test. It would, indeed, have been dangerous to enforce Subscription. The greater number of the Articles were levelled against the old religion; and, in the early days of Elizabeth, it was calculated by Cecil that the Catholics formed two-thirds of the whole population of England. Some few were directed against the new Puritanic party, which looked to Geneva for guidance; and this party was rapidly increasing in influence and numbers. Elizabeth herself was disposed to temporize; her inclinations led her to the Roman, rather than to the Puritan, opinions, in all points that did not touch the supremacy. In vain, she was solicited by the Reforming Divines; in vain, she

was twitted by the Spanish Ambassador as to the variations of the Protestants in regard to matters of Faith;—"he "should like to know what the religion "was to be; so far as he could hear, "there were as many opinions in "England as in Germany."¹ She remained firm to her conciliating policy. In 1566, the Puritan majority in the Commons sent up a Bill to enforce Subscription on all preachers; but the Queen quietly interfered and stopped the Bill. At the close of the Session, the Speaker took credit for the attempt; but Lord Keeper Bacon (specially instructed by Her Majesty) told the Commons roundly that "in the Bill of Religion, "*with which they meant to tyrannize over "consciences, they deserved reproof."*²

But the course of events rapidly weakened the Catholic party, and gave corresponding strength to their opponents. The vacillation of Philip, caused by natural temperament, by jealousy of France, by distance from the scene of action, and by determination to pull all the wires with his own hand, virtually deprived the Catholics of his support. The miserable fall of the Queen of Scots blasted their hopes for the future. The moderation of Elizabeth herself inclined them to maintain their allegiance. Lastly, the insurrections and conspiracies in favour of Mary, and the Bill of Excommunication launched by Pius V., compelled Elizabeth more and more to take part with the enemies of Rome. She at length consented to the Act of 1571, by which all beneficed clergy were obliged to sign the Articles, with a provision intended to exempt the Puritans from subscribing to those few which laid down principles relating to Episcopacy and civil supremacy which were repugnant to the tenets of Geneva.

The rule thus established for the clergy was, a few years later, extended to the University of Oxford. Leicester, who, when he thought the Catholic interest strong enough to assist his ambitious schemes, had offered to accompany English Bishops to the Council of Trent,³

¹ Froude, vol. vii. p. 82, cf. 66.

² Froude, vol. viii. pp. 328 sqq., 327.

³ Froude, vol. vii. p. 328.

had now become leader of the Puritan party. He had been elected Chancellor of Oxford. In 1580 he addressed Letters to the University, which required them to ordain that all Academic Preachers should subscribe; and in the following year the requirement was extended to all Graduates and to all Undergraduates above a certain age.

Subscription to the Articles, however, was not found sufficient. Archbishop Whitgift perceived that these tests were not calculated to exclude the Puritan party from the Church. He, therefore, exacted from all clergymen a subscription to the three Articles afterwards embodied in the Thirty-sixth Canon, and thus bound them, first, to recognise the Royal Supremacy; secondly, to express their readiness to use all the offices of the Liturgy; thirdly, to assent to the doctrines contained in the Thirty-nine Articles. The Canon itself was not passed by Convocation till some twenty years later. And in 1616, King James sent letters both to Oxford and Cambridge, requiring them to adopt this additional test for all the higher Graduates. This order was obeyed.

It only remains to notice the well-known Uniformity Act of Charles II., by which all beneficed clergy, as well as all heads and fellows of colleges, professors, lecturers, and tutors, are required to declare their "unfeigned assent and consent to all and every thing contained and prescribed in and by the Book of Common Prayer."

It appears, then, that the same reasons which determined Parliament to exact subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles from the clergy, determined the Chancellor of Oxford to exact this subscription from all academics, lay and clerical, at every stage of their career; that the same reasons which led Whitgift and the clerical Convocation to require subscription to the three Articles from the clergy, induced James I. to require this subscription from all candidates for the higher degrees at Oxford and Cambridge, both lay and clerical, although (as has been often pointed out) the second of these Articles refers to the use of the

liturgy and administration of the sacraments, and, therefore, can only concern the clergy; and, lastly, that the same reasons which induced the parliament of Charles II. to enforce the Declaration of the Act of Uniformity on all beneficed clergy, induced them to impose the same Declaration on all persons, lay and clerical, holding any beneficial place in the Universities.

It is plain, therefore, that it was intended to treat the Universities as ecclesiastical bodies.

Bearing these facts in mind, we now return to our question, and ask how far the purposes of those who imposed these multiplied tests were answered?

I. The first purpose was, as has been said, to expel dissentients, especially Crypto-Catholics, from the Church of England. At the accession of Elizabeth, the whole body of the clergy was attached to the old religion. Yet, even the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, though they involved repudiation of Papal jurisdiction, were not refused by any large number of the clergy. According to the report of the visitors, about 200 out of 9,400 beneficed clergy refused these oaths and lost their benefices. The enforcement of subscription to the Articles, thirteen years later, seems to have produced little result. "*Several ministers*," says Strype, were deprived for refusing to subscribe. Nor, again, does the test of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles appear to have purged the Church of Puritans; nay, even the three Articles of the thirty-sixth canon seem to have been accepted without much demur. This state of things presents a striking contrast to the effects produced by the stringent Declaration of the Act of Uniformity, together with the requirements of Episcopal ordination for all the Presbyterian clergy. Every one knows the story of Bartholomew's day, 1662, when about 2,000 beneficed clergymen of that persuasion resigned their benefices rather than conform.

With these facts may be instructively compared the history of the Comprehension Bill of 1689, as it has been

told by Lord Macaulay. By that Bill it was proposed to substitute for Subscription to the Articles a Declaration from clerics and academics that they approved of the doctrine, worship, and government of the Church of England, and would preach and practice according thereunto; and, further, to enable ministers to dispense, *conscientiæ causâ*, with certain forms in the Church services. The objections raised to the Bill in the House of Lords related, so far as appears, wholly to the latter provisions. "It does not appear," says the historian, "that . . . a single high churchman raised his voice against the clause which relieved the clergy from the necessity of subscribing the Articles. . . . Nay, the Declaration which, in the original draught, was substituted for the Articles, was much softened down on the report. As the clause finally stood, the ministers of the Church were required to declare, not that they approved of her constitution, but merely that they submitted to it."

The inevitable conclusion is that it was not subscription to the Articles, but questions half ecclesiastical, half political,—questions regarding Church government and Church ritual, Royal supremacy and Episcopal ordination, which had the effect of expelling from the Church those who dissented from her principles. All inquiry confirms the remark of Lord Macaulay, that "the easy manner in which the zealous friends of the Church gave up her confession of faith presents a striking contrast to the spirit with which they struggled for her polity and ritual."

II. If, then, Subscription had little effect in expelling those whom the rulers of the Church wished to expel, let us inquire, in the next place, whether it had the effect of so acting on the conscience as to produce a general reign of peace within the Church, and to supersede the need of external force and constraint.

It will be most convenient here to confine ourselves to the University of Oxford. We have seen that the Universities, Oxford especially, were treated as ecclesiastical microcosms; and, if we

are able to trace the success or failure of Subscription in this smaller sphere, the results may be extended with tolerable certainty to the larger society. Anthony Wood's Annals supply an easy means of applying this test to Oxford, for the period between the first imposition of Subscription in 1580 and the Meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640.

First, it is to be observed that every Chancellor who held office during this period, excepting Laud, finds it necessary to write formal Letters, complaining of the "secret and lurking Papists," who still maintained themselves in the University; and to give orders that such persons should be "sought out, suppressed, and punished," that "the University should be purged" of all such, and that "justly-suspected persons or known Papists should not be suffered in anywise to have the tuition and leading of young scholars." Complaints and commands of this kind imply that Subscription, which had failed (as we have seen) to expel even "known Papists," was also ineffectual to produce even outward obedience and submission.

Further, it is to be observed that external force was freely used to constrain opinion during this period. In 1589, a commission of Nine was named to inquire the opinions of Thos. Crompton, when he wished to proceed to the Degree of Bachelor of Civil Law. Crompton had already subscribed the Articles twice, perhaps thrice; but a judicial inquiry was deemed necessary. He made a public apology, was then allowed to proceed, and was elected a few years later to be one of the first burgesses to represent the University in Parliament. The whole proceeding indicates strong theological party spirit, and that in no wise quelled by Subscription.⁹ In 1591, Chancellor Lord Buckhurst issued the order already quoted, "to seek out, suppress, and punish" concealed Papists. It does not seem that external constraint was as yet superseded by an appeal to the conscience at Subscription; more especially when we find that in the next year one of the theses for disputation before Queen Elizabeth, was, "whether it be lawful to dissemble in matters of

"religion." This ominous question implies that there were some at least who might take the affirmative side. In 1602, several persons were required to recant doctrines advanced in sermons; and one of them, refusing to produce his sermon, was imprisoned. So serious was the matter considered, that the Government issued a high commission, comprising the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Chancellor, and others, and they compelled the recusants to make public submission. Not long after, Mr. Corbet, a well-known wit, was, for his Good Friday sermon, so "rattled up by the preacher" on Low-Sunday (not without the "encouragement of the Reg. Professor of Divinity), that, if he had not been "a person of great courage, he would "have been driven out of the University." About this time, indeed, public censures and punishments became the rule. The Arminian controversy was warmly carried on in Oxford. Subscription had no power to restrain it, and the penal powers of the University were vigorously put forth to supply the insufficient power of Subscription. The Articles were formally issued, with a Royal Declaration prefixed, commanding "all curious search to be laid aside." But in vain. Zealous preachers persisted in trespassing. Laud himself was twice summoned before the Vice-Chancellor for "preaching Popery." Humfrey Leech of Christ Church, "for "preaching scandalous and erroneous "doctrine," was silenced and discom-muned. From 1610 to 1640 there may be counted no less than sixteen persons publicly censured for heretical preaching and teaching; and these not young men, hasty and impetuous, but Bachelors of Divinity, Canons of Christ Church, even a Professor of Divinity. They are sometimes summoned before the Vice-Chancellor, sometimes before a tribunal of Doctors, sometimes before the Professor of Divinity himself. Sometimes they are ordered to preach sermons refuting their own doctrines; sometimes to make submission in open Convocation on their bended knees; and in case of refusal they are liable

to imprisonment and expulsion. These few particulars enable us to understand the despairing letter addressed, in 1631, by Dr. Duppa, the Vice-Chancellor, to the Chancellor. "Such," he says, "has been the height of our late "disorders both within and without the "pulpit, that, should I not express how "I am troubled with it, I might be "thought an insensible member of the "body which you govern." The impression derived from the annals of this period is not that of a Society in which external force had been made unnecessary by an appeal to the conscience, and in which subscription to Articles had produced an epoch of peace and concord.

Space forbids the continuation of this inquiry. Nor is it necessary. The troubles of the Civil War and the long supremacy of the High Church Party which followed the Restoration made the subsequent history of the Church, at Oxford at least, uneventful and otiose. And, though a pendant to the picture already exhibited might be furnished by an analysis of the history of the last thirty years, this could not be done without introducing the names of living persons, and referring to matters that cannot yet be spoken of without heart-burning and recrimination. But it is hardly possible to omit notice of the fact that at this very moment a Committee of seven clergymen are urging their brethren, "for the love of God," to subscribe to two new Articles, one of them (perhaps inevitably) couched in ambiguous language, the other affirming a dogma which was deliberately struck out of Cranmer's Articles by the first Convocation of the Church of England.

Indeed, Subscriptions and promissory engagements to believe have been so far from producing concord and preventing discord, that one is tempted to assert that open dissension or covert scepticism has been, and must be, in direct proportion to the stringency with which such engagements are enforced.

At Oxford we have seen the effects which followed the introduction of Subscription in the early years of the seventeenth century, and we might have described a similar course of events in

the nineteenth;—war, continued war, except in times of reaction and lassitude following on political excitement, when the united power of Church and State has borne down all opposition, and created a state of torpid acquiescence, which was called peace.

At Cambridge tests have played a much less important part in Academic History. The sagacity and moderation of her Chancellor, Lord Burleigh, refrained from imposing on Cambridge the tests imposed on Oxford by Leicester. No Subscription was there required till James I. exacted Subscription to the three Articles of the Canon; and this Subscription was, in the case of candidates for the inferior degrees, exchanged for a Declaration of *bonâ fide* membership in the year 1772, about the time when the Feathers' Tavern petition brought the question of Subscription before the House of Commons in a most infelicitous form. And even before the Act of 1856 extended the same relief to candidates for the higher degrees, the University itself had taken the matter into serious consideration.¹ Yet, though Subscription at Cambridge was introduced thus late, and relaxed thus early, it does not appear that heterodox opinion was so rife, or controversy so bitter, or external force so much employed, as in the sister University, which has never yet, except under compulsion, relaxed one turn of the rope by which all its members, lay and clerical, have been equally and indifferently bound.

In Germany, the Confessions of Faith were most complete and manifold, and the rigour with which promissory engagements were enforced was greatest. "Nothing," says Dr. Pusey, "could be hoped from measures so little in unison with the Reformation as the attempt to re-establish a minute uniformity by the oppressive accumulation of new formulas of Faith, or by the infliction of civil, sometimes the severest, penalties for minute declensions even from the human system." Strigel, he tells us, was imprisoned for three years

for maintaining "that man was not merely passive in the work of his conversion;" Hardenberg was deposed and banished, and his followers excommunicated, for teaching "that the body of Christ was distributed *with*, but not *in*, the bread;" the physician Peucer was imprisoned for ten years for some equally shadowy deviation from Lutheran doctrine; the jurist Cracau died under the torture for a similar offence; Crell's whole congregation was banished or imprisoned, and Crell himself put to death for imputed Calvinism. These over-strained severities produced their natural result. The attempt to punish all differences of opinion caused men to shrink from attempting to punish any differences. The Symbolical Books lost reverence; Rationalism was pushed to its furthest limits; and for many years past theological inquirers, lay and clerical, have been allowed a liberty, or (call it) licence, of speculation greater and more complete than in any other country. Yet Subscription to the Symbolical Books has, in most parts of Protestant Germany, never been formally dispensed with. All clergymen, either at ordination or on appointment to clerical office, are required to pledge themselves to the doctrines embodied in the Symbolical Books of their respective countries; and in some countries the minute decrees of the so-called Formula of Concord are still retained as the test.

Happily, our Articles are less precise and rigorous. The vague comprehensiveness with which some dogmas are expressed, and the total omission of other dogmas, leaves a latitude unknown in most Protestant Confessions. But the enforcement of Subscription turns this very comprehensiveness to evil use. It not only allows communion between those who choose to differ without disagreeing, but it leads dissatisfied persons to put on words an interpretation which those words were never intended to bear. When our Articles were framed, the Puritan party was rising into importance; but the Catholics, as we have seen, were still powerful in England, and some of their tenets were still dear to the people. Hence the Confession of Faith was so

¹ See Report of Cambridge Commissioners, p. 44.

framed that those who incline to a Romanizing creed, still find shelter in some of the Articles, while those who repudiate high sacerdotal principles appeal confidently to the self-same documents. Arminians and Remonstrants defended their respective tenets with arrows drawn from the same quiver. Teachers, inclined to Lutheranism, claim the Articles as Lutheran; while Calvinistic doctors appeal to them as undoubtedly Calvinistic. Touching the controversies of the present day, the Articles give an uncertain sound. Now, there might be advantage in this if men would agree to differ. But many men insist on so differing as to make their differences paramount; and they maintain, each for himself, that they find these differences countenanced by the Articles. Precise and prolix Formularies involve greater evils, but those evils are less durable. For a time such Formularies do their work and exclude all dissentients; presently, human nature revolts, and the barrier is broken down. But Articles which are comprehensive because they are ambiguous leave the hostile armies in view, and neither will acknowledge defeat. Hence arise recriminations and imputations of bad faith—cast out freely by one party, retorted as freely by the other.

These are not edifying spectacles. One who loves Christ and his true Church winces when he hears Bentham indignantly declaiming against the immorality to which young men are tempted by Subscription, and alleging that "the stronger party says to the weaker: *'Stand forth and lie in the sight of God, or give up the choicest advantages of society, that we may engross them to ourselves.'*" or, when he finds the historian of Elizabeth remarking with refined sarcasm, that "the Thirty-nine Articles, strained and cracked by three centuries of evasive ingenuity, scarcely embarrass even the feeblest of consciences, and the clergymen of the nineteenth century subscribe them with such a smile as might have been worn by Samson when his Philistine mistress bound his arms with the cords and withes;"

or, when he follows the ingenious argumentation by which Dr. Hey attempts to show that, from the nature of veracity and the difficulty of interpreting ancient laws, subscription to our Articles must be regarded as a negative promise to abstain from contradiction, rather than a positive engagement to believe.

It is to Subscription, not to the Articles themselves, that these scandals are due. Leave the Articles untouched, and substitute for Subscription a simple and general form of Declaration; and these assaults, these sarcasms, this casuistry, these recriminations, will cease. For they gather strength from the fact that young men bind themselves beforehand to engagements, under which many of them at a more mature age feel galled and uneasy. In times of quiet orthodoxy little inconvenience is felt. But the moment that inquiry is set afoot and interest excited, sharp attacks revive, and these miserable disquietudes follow. And many a man, who, in tranquil times, subscribed thoughtlessly, because all around him were without thought, finds that in middle life the engagements he contracted by subscription are interpreted with a stringency heretofore unknown.

These are indications of the practical hardships with which it behoves statesmen to deal. The whole theory of promissory engagements to observe laws belongs to a by-gone age. Formerly, every petty detail of academic life was maintained by promissory oaths. A multitude of them was swept away by the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1656 (Wood, II. part 2. p. 671). But the oath to observe the University statutes was exacted from all Undergraduates till a very recent date; and these oaths were defended at Oxford as strenuously as Subscription to Articles is defended now. It was a patent fact that these oaths were not observed, and could not be observed; nay, the fact was recognised more than two centuries ago. But, instead of abrogating the oath to observe the statutes of the University (oaths in Colleges gave occasion to yet greater scandal, but were more difficult to deal with), and substituting a simple address

to the young men, the University employed her most eminent casuist to draw up an epinomis or qualification of the oaths, by which the youths were instructed that, though they swore to obey the statutes, the oath meant nothing more than that they must submit to punishment when they were found out. Now these oaths were wholly within the power of the University to alter or to abolish. And one would have thought that the natural course would have been to put the statutes of the University on the same footing as the laws of the realm; to require obedience without exacting any previous engagements. Yet no step was taken in this direction; and it was not till all such promissory oaths, on the part of the University and in colleges, were prohibited by the act of 1854, that they ceased to be exacted. The University of herself made no sign. Nor has she made any sign towards relaxing her requirements of Subscription. Subscription is a promissory engagement of like nature with these oaths; and Oxford clings to it with the same tenacity. Even while we write, she is petitioning against the moderate provisions of Mr. Dodson's Bill, which proposes indeed to abolish Subscription for the M.A. degree, but takes care that all offices hitherto tenable only by members of the Church of England shall henceforth be held only by members of that Church. When it is remembered that the vast majority of Masters of Arts are and will be clergymen, that in most colleges at least two-thirds of the fellows must be clergymen, that all heads of colleges save one or two must be clergymen, the fear of introducing a few nonconformist members of Convocation seems so extraordinary as to be almost absurd; especially when it is remembered that Presbyterians, and some others, who would not and could not declare themselves *bonâ fide* members of the Church of England, do at present subscribe the Articles; and, therefore, that the consequences which are expected from admitting persons to Convocation without the use of tests do already actually exist with and notwithstanding tests.

If for Subscription, lay and clerical, a simple and general Declaration were to be substituted we should be sensible of little or no change. Laymen would become free: clergymen would still be liable to prosecution for controverting the Articles or Liturgy. But, we repeat, the miserable recriminations incident to the present state of things, the qualifications and the casuistry, the sarcasms and invectives, the charges of evasion and bad faith, would lose their sting and fall pointless on the ear.

No Subscription is required from lecturers at the Royal Institution. Yet the lecturers do not offend the religious sensibilities of their hearers. If Subscription were abolished, why should academical lecturers offend their audiences? Why should preachers offend their congregations? It is not Subscription that prevents offence now; it would not be the absence of Subscription that would instigate teachers and preachers to give offence then. *They* would be withheld then, as other persons are withheld now, by the force of public opinion, by the known sentiments of their hearers, by the reluctance which good men feel to engage in strife without provocation or urgent need.

Would any stricter Court of Heresy be necessary? Not unless stricter Articles and more precise confessions were framed. If it were desirable, and if public opinion would suffer it, this might be done;—at all events, it might be done just as well after Subscription was abolished as before. But it may be assumed that things would remain as they are, the Articles and the Liturgy as the law, the Courts to enforce the law. But, since the abolition of Subscription would diminish the bitterness and rancour of theological disputes, it is not likely that the law would be so often appealed to, or the courts so often put in motion. Probably many doubtful and disputable points would be allowed to sleep; controversy would become less personal; inquiry would be freer and fairer; the essential things of religion, righteousness, love of truth, piety, would be less disturbed by the jarring discords of speculative strife.

Inferential theology would fall into the back-ground. The Bible would be studied more faithfully, more devoutly, more fruitfully. It might be hoped that many conscientious dissenters would no longer feel scruples in communion with their brethren of the Church ; and that

some good and able men would lend us their aid, both in the Universities and the Church, who are now kept apart by causes that could not separate men in heaven, and ought not to separate them on earth.

HENRY G. LIDDELL.

ON SLEEP AND DREAMS.

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THERE are some things which baffle not only definition but even explanation. They are so simple that they cannot be resolved into anything simpler. They are so entirely things *per se* that we can only say they are what they are. It is the things we understand best—or, at least, think we understand best—which we can explain least ; for it is their very simplicity which defies us. What is time ? We cannot tell. What is life ? It is a great mystery. What is sleep ? We must confess our ignorance. Though we sink into sleep every twenty-four hours, though we spend a third of our whole time in sleep, and though, as Shakespeare says, "our life is rounded by a sleep," we do not know what sleep is. Some physiologists have gone so far as to declare that sleep is our normal state, out of which we only waken at intervals into a condition of abnormal activity, and then naturally sink back again into it ; and that, therefore, it were wiser to inquire what is wakefulness than what is sleep. I suspect that both are normal conditions of all animal life : but what is the difference between them ? There seems, at first sight, to be a great and easily-recognisable difference ; but, when we come to examine it it eludes our grasp. It is not that the one is a conscious and the other an unconscious state, for we shall presently see that in the profoundest sleep there is consciousness. It is not that there is, necessarily at least, less activity during sleep than during wakefulness ; for our dreams are often more brilliant than our waking thoughts, and the feats of the somnambulist rival the feats of

the wide-awake athlete. In truth, there is almost nothing deemed peculiar to wakefulness which does not sometimes occur in sleep. In sleep we think and feel, we may be sorry or glad, we may smile or weep, we may be profoundly happy or petrified with horror. There have been cases of men reading aloud while they were fast asleep. Soldiers have continued their march, postillions have ridden their horses, seamstresses have proceeded with their sewing, and even, it is said, clergymen have written on at their sermons after sleep had overtaken them. In what, then, does sleep differ from wakefulness ? Physiologists and psychologists alike have been forced to confess they cannot tell. There is a difference, but they cannot exactly indicate it.

The difficulty of distinguishing between sleep and wakefulness is increased by the fact that the one gradually merges into the other. There appears to be no well-defined line where wakefulness ends and sleep begins. Wakefulness imperceptibly gives way to sleep ; sleep, in like manner, yields to wakefulness. If there be any boundary between them, it is a debateable land—a dream-land—where lights and shadows, day-thoughts and night-thoughts, confusedly mingle. Sleep and wakefulness, in this respect, follow a general law. There are few sharp boundary lines in nature. Things which at their extremes are widely different approach till they meet and melt into one another. Who will separate between the organic and the inorganic, between the sentient and the insentient, between the living and the

dead? Every one may satisfy himself by personal experience how gradually wakefulness gives way to sleep. Any night he may make the experiment and watch the process. He will observe that his thoughts become more and more dis severed from outside influences—the sensational yields to the ideal—the laws of association act uncontrolled by material objects, everything becomes shadowy, and so he glides into perfect sleep; but he never discovers the moment when he sleeps, both because there is no such moment, and because the farther he advances into the region of somnolency the more the attention relaxes, till at last it is swept away by the dreamy thoughts which now occupy the brain. It is thus we have every possible degree of sleep, from the light sleep of the nurse—which the slightest movement of her patient will interrupt—to the deep sleep of the worn-out man, which almost nothing will disturb.

The most opposite causes seem to pre-dispose to sleep. Heat creates drowsiness, and drowsiness leads to slumber. Cold—at least, severe cold—has the same effect. The traveller in Arctic regions is frequently assailed by a desire to sleep, so strong that he cannot resist it, though he should be quite aware that it will be the “sleep which knows no waking.” Vacuity of thought is generally regarded as favourable to sleep, and yet intense thought, and even intense anxiety, have the same result. It is thus that felons not unusually sleep soundly the night before their execution. The explanation of this, however, most probably is, that the mind is worn out by the violence of its own emotions, and kind nature comes to its relief. Physicians tell us that anything which determines the blood to the brain induces sleep, and also that an excessive loss of blood has the same effect. From such opposite quarters does sleep come: but at the same time we must remember that it is a normal condition of our being; that it has a tendency to recur periodically; and that weariness is undoubtedly its great pre-disposing cause. When we are wearied and jaded with the duties of the day,

by a kind law of our being, “tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep” comes and lays us to rest.

Sleep introduces us to the region of dreams, and dreams have ever been a subject of mysterious interest. Almost all primitive peoples have regarded dreams as Divine intimations. It was God whispering within them. “In slumberings upon the bed,” says Elihu, “God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction.” Homer frequently introduces the gods as inspiring dreams both good and bad; and in this he is followed by almost all the ancient poets, who so far only gave a poetic utterance to the popular faith. Philosophers, in more recent times, have adopted the belief of these ancient bards. Baxter, in his *Essay on the Phenomena of Dreaming*, after rejecting all the theories which represent dreams as originating in the mind itself, and debarred by his Christianity from calling into play mythological deities, resorts to the supposition that they are suggested to us by spiritual beings of some kind or other. In no other way, as he thinks, can they be accounted for. And, as dreams have thus been attributed to a supernatural origin, so have they very generally been regarded as possessing a prophetic character. The farther back we ascend, this belief becomes stronger, but it is far from extinct in the present day. In the courts of the ancient eastern kings there was always to be found an interpreter of dreams: Joseph held the office in the court of the Egyptian Pharaoh; and Daniel in that of the Chaldean Nebuchadnezzar: and, though the function has now declined from its pristine dignity, the “spey-wife” still explains to credulous maidservants the meaning of their dreams. Nor need we wonder that our dreams have thus been ranked with the supernatural. There is the gloom of night, and the mystery of sleep; and, when our eyes are closed upon the world, and we no longer hear the voices of our fellow-men, then mysterious voices whisper within us and weird-like shapes move before us; we visit strange countries, converse with old comrades, get a glimpse of things not yet come to pass;

and everything is so real, so life-like, and at the same time so unlike our usual thoughts, that we readily accept of any explanation which refers our dreams to the Divine.

But there has always been a sceptical philosophy in the world, which repudiates the supernatural, and traces all things to the operation of ordinary law. The Greeks, who speculated about everything, speculated about dreams, and had their ways of accounting for them. Democritus taught that all material things were constantly throwing off filmy *simulacra* of themselves, and that these assailed the soul, while it lay helpless in sleep, and formed the images of our dreams. The Latin Lucretius afterwards worked up this idea in his great poem. The Platonists, on the other hand, held that the mind itself might evolve dreams; and Cicero, whose tendencies were all toward the Academy, defends this opinion, in his interesting book on Divination. Many other old theories about dreams might be quoted; but, instead of getting ourselves entangled in these ancient speculations, I think it better to follow the track of modern thought.

One of the questions which has at all times been greatly agitated is—Do we always dream during sleep? This question is as old as the days of Aristotle; and equally illustrious names can be quoted on either side of the controversy. Hippocrates, Leibnitz, Des Cartes, Cabanis, Abercrombie, and Sir W. Hamilton, maintain that we always dream: Locke, Reid, Macniah, Carpenter, and Brougham, are of opinion that sound sleep is dreamless. In order to reach a satisfactory solution of the question, I shall endeavour first to answer it in this simpler and more definite form—Are we ever perfectly unconscious during sleep? I imagine that, when the question is thus put, few will hesitate to answer that we are never entirely unconscious even during the profoundest sleep. I question, indeed, how far utter unconsciousness is compatible with the existence of mind. I cannot think the mind is like a piece of mechanism, which may exist though

it does not move: the essence of mind is thought; and therefore the cessation of consciousness seems to be tantamount to the cessation of mind. I therefore apprehend that even in swoons there must be some remnants of consciousness, though we may not be able to reach them. There must always be a feeble glimmer of light, if it is to be blown again into a flame: there must always be a trace of life, however faint, if reanimation is to take place. But there are more specific arguments which greatly strengthen these general ones. It is allowed on all hands that sensation is greatly blunted by sleep. The eyes are closed, the ears are partially stopped, the whole surface of the body loses some of its sensitiveness, and even the sensations which reach us from other parts of our system are not so vivid as when we are awake. The famished escape from the pangs of hunger; and those who are perishing for thirst forget for a little the agony of the parched throat. But, though sensation is blunted, it is not destroyed. If the sleeper has assumed an uncomfortable position, he feels the discomfort, and turns himself in bed. If a whisper fails to awaken us, a cry will; if we do not hear a step softly treading our room, we cannot help hearing if, perchance, the tongs rattle on the fender. A hand gently laid on the bed-clothes may not disturb us, but a hand somewhat roughly laid on our shoulder will make us quickly start up with confused thoughts about thieves. This proves there is sentience, though it is not so sharp-edged as when we were awake. If there were no consciousness, no sentience—(as Macniah in his *Philosophy of Sleep* unguardedly affirms)—a cannon might be exploded in our room without awakening us. Indeed, when once we were sound asleep, there would be no possibility of rousing us at all. It is because consciousness and sense remain that the connexion is maintained between the sleeper and the external world.

We have thus a basis for dreams. But a dream, in the usual sense of the term, is something more than a state of dull, sluggish, consciousness. It is a

lively train of thought, resembling our waking reveries, but at once more vivid and more incoherent. If the question be—Are such trains of thought constantly passing through our minds during sleep?—I think there can be no hesitation in answering in the negative. I do not see why we should not believe that in sleep, as in wakefulness, the mind is sometimes more and sometimes less active. In neither state is it ever entirely without thought and consciousness, and in both it is sometimes intensely busy, and at other times in almost perfect repose. In short, there may be every gradation of thought and feeling, from the highest consciousness down to the very verge of unconsciousness. There is reason to believe that in deep sleep the latter state is approached—thought lies still, and fancy, so lively at other times, folds her wings, and partakes of the universal repose. It is certain that those who sleep soundly seldom remember their dreams, and I apprehend that we remember our night-thoughts just as we remember our vivid day ones, and quickly forget all others. We shall be confirmed in this belief if we watch a person in profound sleep. The whole frame lies motionless, every feature is in perfect repose; there is nothing to indicate that thought is busy within; and energetic thought generally works its way out, and manifests its presence. It is very different in broken sleep, and in the transition-state between sleep and wakefulness, which, I suspect, is the true dream-land. The frequent changes of position, the shades of expression which pass over the countenance, as with men in a reverie; sometimes the mutterings, sometimes the uneasy groans—all indicate that thought is earnestly at work, giving pleasure or reflecting pain. This opinion is greatly strengthened by the following curious case, stated by Dr. Pierquin. It fell under his notice in one of the hospitals of Montpellier, in 1821. A young woman had lost, from disease, a large portion of her scalp, skull-bone, and *dura mater*, and a corresponding portion of her brain was consequently bare and open to inspection. “When she was in

“a dreamless sleep,” as he relates, “her brain was motionless, and lay within the *cranium*. When her sleep was manifest, and she was agitated by dreams, her brain moved and protruded without the *cranium*, forming *cerebral hernia*. In vivid dreams, reported as such by herself, the protrusion was considerable; and, when she was perfectly awake, especially if engaged in active thought or sprightly conversation, it was still greater. Nor did the protrusion occur in jerks, alternating with recessions, as if caused by the impulse of the arterial blood. It remained steady while the conversation lasted.” This singular case is very interesting, as not only illustrating the action of the brain under the influence of thought, but also as leading to the inference that the mind is nearly quiescent in certain stages of sleep.

The facts of somnambulism are frequently quoted in opposition to the opinion I have maintained. The somnambulist may be in a sleep so profound that almost nothing will awaken him; he may show the current of his thoughts by his actions—by dancing, singing, climbing to house-tops, performing a hundred extraordinary freaks, for hours together, and in the morning have not the slightest recollection of his night's adventures. Such cases there undoubtedly are, but they must be regarded as abnormal, and as proving little regarding the phenomena of ordinary sleep. In ordinary sleep the body is generally motionless, in somnambulism it is active; and the same may be true in regard to the mind. Somnambulism appears, in some respects, to be like the mesmeric sleep, in which there is perfect agility of body, and a certain alertness of mind, though coupled with a subjectivity to every kind of hallucination and imposture. In truth, it almost looks like a misnomer to speak of these states as sleep at all—the mind seems simply to be in some degree detached from the senses, and thrown into a new frame of thinking, as an organ, by the different arrangement of the stops, may be made to emit a new set of sounds.

But Sir William Hamilton quotes his

own experience as evidence that the mind is busy with dreams during the soundest sleep. He caused himself to be wakened at different periods of the night and always found himself dreaming. It might be said in answer to this that Macnish tried the same experiment upon himself, and with the very opposite result; as he wakened he could not catch the least trace of a receding dream. But, though there were not such opposing testimony, the case of Sir William Hamilton would not be decisive. A person going to bed with the knowledge that he was to be operated on—aware that he was to be wakened at some period of the night, and that, to make the experiment successful, he must start from sleep as quickly as possible, and turn his eyes in upon himself, would not be likely to enjoy that deep sleep which dreams do not invade, but would almost to a certainty have his mind agitated and filled with thoughts about the business on hand, thus destroying the necessary conditions of a testing experiment. But, besides, could Sir William Hamilton be certain that the dreams which he found in possession of his brain when he awoke were not confined to the short period of transition from sleep to wakefulness? There are plenty of dreams on record—dreams which appeared long to the dreamers and embraced a multitude of scenes and circumstances—and which yet could not have occupied many seconds. And, moreover, as has already been said, the transition-period seems to be the most fruitful of dreams. But Sir William Hamilton acknowledges that on some occasions when he was thus suddenly roused, he was “scarcely certain of more than the fact that he was not awakened from an unconscious state,” which corroborates the opinion that consciousness exists in very various degrees of activity. We may therefore rest in the conclusion that in sleep we are always conscious, though not always imaginative.

But how comes it that our night thoughts are so different from our day thoughts? Why should the same mind act so differently in sleep and wakeful-

ness? These questions I think admit of a satisfactory explanation. The two chief characteristics of dreams are the substitution of ideas for sensations, and incoherency without any perception of it. Let us look at each of these characteristics.

Dreams are nothing more than trains of thought. We think when we are asleep as well as when awake, and these sleeping-thoughts we call dreams. But there appears to be something more than mere thoughts. We see, we hear, we smell, we taste, touch, handle. We pass through the streets of a great city, gaze at the noble buildings, admire the splendid equipages, hear suddenly the salutation of a friend, walk with him, talk with him, part with him; and every thing is as real to us, and as firmly believed, as if it were actual. How is this? How do we manage to impose upon ourselves? How do our thoughts contrive to cheat the conscious mind out of which they spring? To penetrate the mystery we must remember that the mind has two states of consciousness—sensations and ideas. Sensations are the pictures of outward nature, and ideas are the pictures of sensations. Sensations are the images of objects thrown upon the mind with every shade of brilliant colouring, but fading the moment these objects are gone; ideas are the photographic light-and-shade impressions of these left on the memory: and as, when photographs are placed in the stereoscope, the effect of reality is produced, so there are circumstances in which ideas, by a wonderful illusion, produce all the effects of sensation. We seem to see not mere pictures but the actual scenes. I have already shown, in a previous paper (see *Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 30, April 1862), that even in our waking state ideas are sometimes mistaken for sensations, that we believe ourselves to see or feel what we merely imagine, and that all ideas as well as sensations bring their outward objects before the mind. When we think of anything it is always as of something outside of ourselves. What we think of—what we are conscious of—is not the thought itself, but its object. When

we think of objects of sight we mentally see them. We recollect the Cathedral of Cologne; that implies that its lofty towers, its proportions, its exquisite tracery are, more or less, definitely present to the mind. The memory revives the faded pictures of sensation. All our thoughts of visual objects are therefore visions—seen with the mind's-eye. In our waking hours these visions are dimly seen, because the visions of sensation by their greater brilliancy throw them into the shade; in reveries, however, they acquire considerable force; and in sleep, when sensation is in a great measure shut out, they startle us by their vividness, just as the stars which where unseen during the day shine brightly in the darkness of the night.

If we reflect upon the limit which sleep imposes on our field of consciousness, we shall not wonder at the change which it produces in our thoughts. When awake we are constantly confronted by the outer world. Our eyes are open, and objects of sight fill our mind and modify all our other mental states. Sensation is the dominant element in our consciousness. But in sleep the mind is in a great measure isolated from the outer world. The avenues of sense are closed. The mind is left with its own thoughts; and these, though dim when in conjunction with sensations, are now bright, and, as they are, as I have already said, representations of outward things, we see in our own imaginings all the phantasmagoria of our dreams—towers and castles and towns, monsters and men, all named and all nameless things.

It is worthy of observation, however, that our dreams sometimes suddenly break down, from our ideas being unable to simulate violent sensations. Dr. Abercrombie tells us of a friend of his, a keen sportsman, who frequently dreamed he was in the turnip-fields with his gun. He saw his dog pointing; he saw the game rising; he took his aim and felt the trigger, but the fowling-piece never went off. It was because he could not realize in idea the sudden, sharp and loud report. In like manner, we frequently dream that we are falling

off a precipice, but never that we have reached the ground, because thought fails to realize the fatal crash.

The other characteristic of dreams to which I alluded is incoherency. Our day thoughts are generally consistent with themselves and with the probability of things. When it is otherwise—when the mind loses its ballast; when hallucinations take possession of it; when thought abandons the usual track, and flies in the face of possibility—we say it is insanity. But all this takes place when we dream; which has led eminent physicians to speak of dreams as a temporary insanity. At one moment we are in England, and the next hunting tigers in the jungles of India; we are speaking to a friend, and while we speak he is metamorphosed into a totally different person, and we scarcely mark the change; we are placed in the most ludicrous and even unnatural circumstances,—but, instead of being surprised, it seems all natural and right. So far indeed does this go that at times we forget not only the difference between the *meum* and *tuum*, but even between the *ego* and the *non-ego*, and confound ourselves with other persons. There is nothing too fantastic, too monstrous, too improbable for dreams. Our imagination, when holding its high revels, abolishes space, annihilates time, jumbles together deities and demons, friends and foes, darkness and light, truth and falsehood, possibility and impossibility. Why should this potent power when emancipated by sleep be restrained within the narrow bounds of reason and sense?

We have here, then, two things to explain, the incoherence of our dreams, and the fact that we are, apparently at least, not aware of their incoherency at the time. I suspect that the same circumstance which gives to dreams their scenic effect creates their incoherence. When we are wide awake, and our mind is divided between sensations and ideas, its true balance is preserved. When sensations are shut out, its balance is lost. The one keep the other in their proper place. So long as the reality of things is ever staring us in the face, our

ideas are kept from wandering into absurdity ; but, when everything real is removed, and our ideas are left to follow their own laws of association uncontrolled, a strange medley of sense and non-sense is the result. For, by the laws of association, not only does like suggest its like, but frequently things suggest their opposites, and thus the most incongruous scenes and circumstances are brought together. We are hurried along as on a steed without a bridle. There is nothing to correct our extravagances ; nothing to keep the current of our thoughts within the bounds of probability ; nothing to bring us back to reality when once we have wandered into the region of fables. But the wonder is not so much that we imagine all monstrous things, as that we believe them, and, in general, are in no way surprised at them. Even when awake, our thoughts sometimes run riot. What castles in the air do we build in our reveries ! What insane thoughts sometimes enter sane minds ! What an absurd tissue of the possible and the impossible is sometimes woven by froward fancies ! But then we generally perceive the absurdity of our revelling thoughts, and do not for a moment believe them. Why do we believe them in our dreams ? The reason is, when awake the world is ever before us, recalling us to the rigid truth so contradictory sometimes of our fond fancies ; whereas in sleep the world is annihilated, and we see a new heaven and a new earth. When awake, sensation maintains its dominancy, and fancies are known to be but fancies ; but, when sleep overpowers us, sensation becomes dull and indistinct, and our thoughts take the shape of outside realities,—they move before us as men and women ; they tower up around us as mountains and battlements ; they stretch out before us as woods and fields, and we believe what we see, by a law of our being, just as we do when awake. When men see spectres they generally believe in the outside reality till something occurs to destroy the belief.

But, when in our dreams we meet with a friend whom we know to be dead, why are we not at least surprised ? It is

because at the moment we do not recollect that he is dead—we simply see him before us, and we accept the fact. Memory may bring up before us the images of the departed without recalling their death ; the train of thought may sweep onward, and the very rapidity and intensity of our mental action exclude reflections and reminiscences, which might otherwise occur. It is so when we are awake. Archimedes was not surprised at the tumult in the streets when Syracuse was taken, because he was otherwise so intently engaged that it did not occur to him what the tumult might mean. But, besides this, do we not often, when we are fully awake, sit and converse for hours together with the distant and the dead. We wander together to the old haunts, we re-enact the old scenes, or we lead them to our present places of resort, introduce them to our new associates, open up to them our future plans ; and it must be remembered that our dreams are just our wayward thoughts, without any rigid reality at hand to tell us they are false.

But it is not always the case that we are not surprised at the metamorphosis and strange adventures of our dreams. We are sometimes both surprised and sceptical. In some of our dreams, beneath the appearance of reality, there is an under-current of unbelief ; we know they are dreams. This is more especially the case with our morning lucubrations, which are also more rational and coherent than those which we have when sinking into sleep—which evidently arises from our approaching the land of wakefulness, and a stream of day thoughts mingling with our night ones.

If all that has been said is true, there is nothing extraordinary about dreams. They are referable to the ordinary laws of thought. They are night reveries, in which there is simply such a change in the character of the mental train as we should expect from the change of the conditions. Our day experiences furnish the materials out of which they are woven, "A dream," saith Solomon wisely, "cometh through much business." Let us reflect on what actually

happens. As we gradually pass into slumber, we are still thinking; but some of our sensations, especially the important ones of vision, are now entirely shut out, and others become dim and still dimmer; we pass from the world of sense to the world of ideas, and our ideas, being no longer eclipsed by the superior splendour of sensation, shine out with greater apparent brilliancy; the ordinary laws of association go on in full operation, idea suggesting idea, but no longer controlled by the presence of outside realities; sometimes a dull sensation reaches the mind, and either mingles imperceptibly with the current of thought, or alters altogether its direction; it creates a *hitch* in the dream,—and thus the mental theatre-show proceeds till we sink into deep sleep, where even fancy slumbers; or open our eyes at morn and look out upon these hard facts which banish the spectres of the night—for all ghosts disappear at cock-crowing.

The thoughts of the day, as I have already said, reappear in the visions of the night. The man of business is again seated at his desk, calculating his profits and his loss. The gay beauty is waltzing as vigorously as she did two hours before, and she hears yet again the soft speeches of her admirers. The mother who has lost a child watches by its bedside during its great agony, or visits its little grave, or perhaps dandles it once more on her knee, and listens to its prattle and rejoices in the bloom of the rosy cheeks. But sometimes dreams are perverse. There are women who have been bereaved of their husbands, who mourn over them all the day, and earnestly long to see them again in their dreams—to meet them, as it were, in the Shades; but the sleeping thoughts uniformly take a different direction. If the day reveals the dead, the darkness of night comes to bury them out of their sight. This may, perhaps, arise from the fact that the mind cannot dwell incessantly on the same subject without being worn out, and instinctively seeks for relief in change. Of course our natural dispositions also give their peculiar tinge to our dreams just

as they give to our waking thoughts: and we are quarrelsome, loving, avacious, or benevolent, according to the stamp which Nature has impressed upon us.

Though dreams are in general incoherent and nonsensical, yet there are many cases on record in which the most splendid conceptions have been furnished by them. Tartini is said to have composed his Devil's Sonata from the inspiration of a dream, in which the devil appeared to him and challenged him to a trial of his skill on his own fiddle. Coleridge declares he composed his splendid poetical fragment of *Kubla Khan* when asleep. Condorcet relates that, more than once, having retired to bed jaded with intricate calculations which he had left unfinished, he completed them in his dreams. Franklin states that he sometimes saw the bearing of political events more clearly during sleep than he had done when awake. Dr. Gregory mentions that thoughts sometimes occurred to him in dreams which were so good that he used them in his college lectures. Sir Benjamin Brodie tells us of a friend who had more than once invented an apparatus for an experiment he wished to make in a dream, and of another who had solved mathematical problems when asleep which had baffled him when awake. It is certain that events frequently recur to us in sleep which we had entirely forgotten, and probably should never otherwise have recalled. But this is easily explicable, for not only do our sleeping thoughts wander free and far from being unshackled by sense, but they become much more vivid. When we dream of those not seen for long years we see them with a distinctness of detail which our waking memory could never have reproduced. But, while there can be no doubt that some fine thoughts and remarkable reminiscences have issued from dreams, we must remember that this is a matter in which we are very apt to be deceived. While we dream we are in general vastly enamoured with our own ideas and arguments, but when we awake we find them silly and senseless in the extreme.

Though dreams essentially consist of trains of thought, many of them are determined by the presence of a sensation. Sir Walter Scott mentions a nobleman whose arm during sleep was accidentally exposed to the cold night air and became numb, and he awoke from a frightful dream, in which he supposed a corpse had seized him by the arm, and was dragging him from bed. Dr. Gregory, having had a hot bottle placed to his feet, dreamed that he was ascending to the crater of Mount Etna, and felt the ground burning beneath him. Dr. Reid, having had a blister applied to his head, dreamed that he was being scalped by Indians. During the threatened French invasion a gentleman in Edinburgh dreamed that the landing had taken place, that the volunteers were mustering, that the signal-gun from the castle was fired, and awoke. His wife awoke at the same instant, having had a similar dream; and it was discovered that the cause of both was the falling of a pair of tongs, acting upon the thoughts about invasion, which were then dominant in their minds. But there are cases on record in which dreams of any kind could be excited by merely whispering into the sleeper's ear.

If the account here given of dreams be true, we need not ascribe to them either a supernatural origin or a prophetic power. Yet many dreams are undoubtedly fulfilled: and it is easy to see why they should be. We anticipate a certain event, dream about it, and it comes to pass. A disease begins to develop itself in our system; it is still too obscure to be detected by the ordinary observer; but it affects the highly sensitive mind, and we have uneasy dreams about illness and death; and, when these occur, it is thought there has been a revelation of the future. It is the same circumstance which creates, what we call, presentiments. There are other dreams which fulfil themselves in a different way. An Italian merchant, travelling between Rome and Sienna, dreamt he was murdered, and in confession told this to a priest, and at the same time revealed the wealth which

he carried about with him; the priest's cupidity was excited, and he fulfilled his dream. A Hamburgh apprentice, who was to be despatched on the following day to a distance with a considerable sum of money, had frightful dreams of robbery and murder, and accordingly, in passing through a village which lay on the edge of a wood, he revealed his fears and his errand to the magistrate, in presence of some workmen, and begged for a guide. The magistrate sent one of the workmen who had heard the story, and the poor youth was afterwards found murdered in the wood; and the guide had fled.

But by far the greatest number of those cases which appear prophetic undoubtedly arise simply from coincidences. Coincidences frequently occur betwixt our waking thoughts and future facts; why should it not be so with our sleeping ones? How many dreams prove false, compared with the few which prove true? In London alone, more than three millions of dreams must be dreamt every night; what marvel though one of these, which pointed to the future, should afterwards be realised, and if so, it is quite sure to be remembered, quoted, perhaps chronicled, while all the others are forgotten for ever. Do those who believe in these dreams as prophetic reflect as to what is involved in the belief? It involves that a miracle has been worked in their case. It involves that the Deity has specially interfered with the ordinary laws of Nature, to reveal perhaps some trifling event to them. No sound thinker, indeed no pious man, will readily admit such a supposition.

Dreams do enough without laying open to us the future. They fill with beautiful forms those night-hours which otherwise would be a solitary waste; they double our amount of consciousness, and thus in effect double our sum of enjoyable life. Who would not be a dreamer of dreams? From how much high pleasure should we be cut off if we were deprived of them! The beggar, who every night dreams he is a king, is not very far removed from royalty.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER XI.—CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

DEAR SIMKINS,—On my return from a visit to Chandernagore, I found two letters full of your reflections on the question of the advisability of our keeping India. One had come through Bombay, and the other by Point de Galle, and I am anxiously expecting another round the Cape. The problems which you select for discussion are certainly rather antiquated. Some three months ago you gave me your opinion about the annexation of Oude, in a treatise that displayed profound political wisdom, which more than compensated for a slight want of familiarity with the details of your subject. At first I was surprised and gratified to find that you had turned your attention to an event so recent; but it gradually began to dawn upon me that the annexation of Oude, which you had undertaken to justify in the sight of God and man, was not that accomplished by Lord Dalhousie, in 1856, but the arrangement which was effected by Lord Wellesley, as far back as 1801. While reading your letters I seem to resemble the traveller, who, during a tour in Southern Russia, in the year 1819, came to a Cossack village, somewhere between the Don and the Volga. He found the population in a state of wild excitement and exhilaration. Bonfires were blazing, and oxen roasting whole. The gutters ran with raki and train-oil. Peasants who had never tasted anything daintier than a rushlight now had their fill of long sixes. It was evidently some great occasion. Perhaps the birthday of an archduke. Perhaps a victory over the Circassian. Possibly the return of an influential member of the tribe from a temporary sojourn in Siberia. The tourist inquired what had given rise to these demonstrations. "Haven't you heard?" was the answer. "Napoleon has abdicated! The allies have

"entered Paris! Our brethren are living
"at free-quarters in a land flowing with
"lard and tallow. Hourah! Alexander
"for ever!"

Now, you are at least as much behind the world as these honest Cossacks. Some four or five years ago, when the financial state of our Eastern Empire seemed desperate to the most sanguine of political economists, there was some little talk about the inconvenience and danger of retaining our hold upon India. Men might reasonably question the advantage of a possession which cost more than it brought in. No one will thank you for leaving him an estate encumbered with mortgages, and entailing on him a yearly lawsuit; and the condition of such an estate was much that of our dominions in Asia, loaded with a debt of a hundred millions, surrounded by such litigious neighbours as Burmese and Afghans, thronged with tenants as turbulent and impracticable as Sikhs and Santhals. India might be the brightest jewel of the English crown, but she certainly was one of which the cutting and setting came uncommonly expensive. There was very little encouragement and satisfaction in the prospect of a budget which showed a pretty steady annual deficit of five millions; or, worse than that, in the prospect of an annual deficit of five millions without any budget at all. Until the appointment of poor Mr. Wilson, the public resources of India were administered on the most happy-go-lucky system that perhaps ever existed in any civilized country. That grand old Company displayed very little mercantile accuracy in the management of the finances. It would almost seem as if the Anglo-Indian government was ashamed of its commercial origin, and sought to rival the majestic profusion of ancient and time-honoured dynasties.

Then the work of conquest and annexation went on so briskly, there were so many independent princes to be turned into allies, and so many allies to be degraded into subjects, that our rulers had neither time nor inclination for the manufacture of financial statements. They found it easier to pay their contractors and their mercenaries with the first money that came to hand, and borrow whenever the treasury was not in cash—a contingency of by no means rare occurrence. Even if the powers that then were had been overtaken by a fit of economy, even if they had felt the paramount necessity of effecting a comprehensive and minute survey of the resources and expenses of the State, it is doubtful whether they would have found in the ranks of the Civil Service men endowed with the experience and knowledge which such a task would demand. As long as there were vast conquests to be organized and governed, mighty potentates to be cajoled into friendship or bullied into vassalage, justice to be administered, codes to be digested, no one cared to descend from the rôle of a governor, an envoy, a judge, a lawgiver, and assume the less splendid, but certainly not less useful, character of an accountant or an auditor. Who would condescend to the office of quæstor, when he might be a proctor or a pro-consul? Napoleon the Great acted on a very different principle. He knew well that a power which owes its origin to a period of general confusion, and its grandeur to successful and successive wars, can least of all afford to neglect the finances. Nothing short of the most rigorous economy, the most anxious and constant scrutiny into details, could have kept afloat through so many eventful years a Government at once revolutionary and aggressive, whose chief was hated by all the monarchs of Europe as a usurper and a *parvenu*, and by all the nations of Europe as a grasping and unscrupulous Jupiter Scapin. While with his terrible right hand he was dealing home-thrusts to the heart of Austria and Brandenburg, his left hand was for ever in his

breeches-pocket jingling the francs and centimes. Unfortunately there was no Buonaparte in India. Things went as providence chose to order them—providence, that is to say, represented by Armenian stockjobbers and Hindoo contractors. The budget made itself as best it could. Acting Governors-general wrote home by one mail in a flurry to announce a deficit of forty lacs of rupees, and by the next mail informed the honourable Court that a slight error had been detected in the accounts, and that instead of a deficit there turned out to be a surplus. Unfortunately in far the greater number of instances the case was reversed, and instead of a surplus there resulted a very tangible and palpable deficit. By the year 1859, the prospects of India were so hopeless, as far as the financial eye could reach, that even those who could view our occupation of this country from other points than that of pounds, shillings, and pence, began seriously to doubt whether we were not paying too dearly for the privilege of governing and civilizing the East.

Now everything is changed. Mr. Wilson brought in the first Indian budget; and, before two years were out, the astonished world beheld the last Indian deficit. Three years ago a certain Governor of Madras prophesied that the vast resources of the country, fostered by judicious economy and administered by trained financiers, regulated and adjusted by means of an exact and sweeping annual estimate, would more than suffice to meet all demands. And yet we may well believe that even he would have been astounded could he have foreseen the state of things which it has fallen to his lot to announce. In 1859-60 the Revenue was Rupees 39,705,822, and the Expenditure Rupees 50,475,683. In 1862-63 the Revenue was Rupees 45,105,700, and the Expenditure Rupees 43,825,104. The questions which occupy our Eastern Chancellor of the Exchequer are no longer how this deficit is to be met, how that loan is to be negotiated; but whether an increased grant may be allotted to

education, whether an oppressive monopoly may be abolished with advantage, whether the surplus should be absorbed in repealing taxation, paying off debt, or advancing reproductive public works.

It appears, then, that we can afford to hold India; but how do we establish our right of tenure? There is no need to justify our occupation in the eyes of the world in general. The commercial interests of all nations imperatively demand that the Government of Hindostan should be in the hands of a great and enlightened power. As long as Bombay and Calcutta are free ports; as long as the navigation of the Ganges and the Indus is as safe as the navigation of the Elbe and the Rhone; as long as the tea-plantations in Assam are as secure as the sugar-plantations in Jamaica, and the cotton-fields of Central India a great deal more secure than the cotton-fields of South Carolina; so long the merchants of Marseilles, of Hamburg, of Baltimore, of Manila will thank us for taking upon ourselves the trouble of keeping the Ghorkas out of Bahar, and the Burmese out of Silhet. Monsieur Thiers may grumble, and Monsieur Lesseps may rant, but almost every Frenchman of sense would be very sorry to see our commissioners and collectors succeeded by prefects and receivers-general. During the crisis of the mutiny we enjoyed the hearty sympathy of the civilized world; and we may say with pride, and without ingratitude, that that sympathy was not entirely disinterested. The Americans of the North, who see a parallel between their present position and that of England in 1857, bitterly complain that we have requited their good-will with our cold neglect. As far as India is concerned, we do our duty by the commonwealth of nations. It remains to inquire whether we do our duty by the inhabitants of India.

We are, as a nation, agreed that the greatest benefit we can confer upon our subjects is Christianity. Our heart's desire and prayer for India is, that she may be saved. Is that desire soon to be accomplished? Is that prayer in

the course of fulfilment? Let us ask our missionaries who, with true Protestant honour and fidelity, publish to the light the results of their labours, be they great, or be they insignificant. The Report of the Church Missionary Society for 1862-63 contains the following summary:—

"Taking the statistics of the three presidencies of India, we find that, besides hundreds of thousands of listeners to the Gospel message, there were ten years ago 94,145 registered Christians, and that there are now 138,543."

That is to say, there is something less than one Christian to every thousand heathen, and this after European missionaries have been sixty years in the country.

As I know, by personal observation, nothing at all of the presidency of Bombay, and little of Madras, I will confine my remarks on the progress of Christianity to the North of India. The Report of the Church Missionary Society places the number of native Christians in the North India Mission at 8,523; that is to say, at barely one Christian to every ten thousand heathen.

Like brave and worthy Englishmen, the labourers in this ungrateful vineyard are not afraid of acknowledging their failure. Let us take the three Mofussil missions of Bengal. The Rev. S. Hasell, of Burdwan, owns in his report that, "but very few converts have been baptized from the Zillah itself."

The Rev. R. P. Greaves, in his annual review of the mission at Kishnagur, writes:—

"One of the most unsatisfactory characteristics of the congregations in this district at present is their non-expansion. They are showing but little light, and producing but little good around. For a series of years they have been stationary, not to say stagnant."

The Rev. E. L. Puxley, of the Bhau-gulpore and Santhal mission, furnishes a statement containing the following passage:—

"As to future prospects, humanly speaking, I feel much less hope now for the rapid conversion of the Santhals than I did at the beginning of last year. I was then new to the work, and judged more by reason than experience. The religion of the Santhals is a religion which they cherish as derived from their fathers, and to which they cling with far greater tenacity than I had expected. I cannot help expressing my hope that I am totally in the wrong concerning our future prospects, and that events may prove that my original opinion was the most exact. We derive courage from the thought of the unseen things—God's power, and the promises which are behind."

Gallant words these, and good words, but what a hopeless state of things do they imply! The cause of Faith must, indeed, be in a bad way when such men despair. To fight an uphill fight; to finish his course without joy; to sow where he cannot reap; to strew where he may not gather; to work honestly and stoutly to the end, and to work in vain; such is the fate of the English missionary in the Northern Provinces of India. It is idle to close our eyes against the fact, that with all the advantages of civilization and domination, we have hitherto succeeded in converting to our own creed only one in ten thousand of the subject-people. Why is the most pure and consistent of religions powerless against the most foul and fanciful of superstitions? Why is Truth worsted in the battle, though science and authority, the power of the intellect, and the power of the sceptre, are ranged at her side in close alliance? Why, under the very shadow of the Christian churches and colleges, do men cry aloud to Seeva, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushes out upon them? Why does Christ count his followers by units, while Vishnu numbers his worshippers by myriads? The failure is due partly to defects inherent in our system of evangelization; partly to overwhelming obstacles without,

against which the most perfect organization would unsuccessfully contend.

The very excellence and perfection of our religion constitutes our first and most serious difficulty. The creed which our missionaries preach would be far more readily adopted if it were not so much too good for the men to whom they preach it. The days of wholesale conversion are long gone by. It is natural to regret the golden age when tribes of Huns and Vandals embraced, with easy unanimity, the faith of the empire which they had invaded—when strings of captive Danes were led from the field of battle to the nearest stream before the blood had dried upon the weapons of the victors. But we must not forget that our Christianity differs from the Christianity of the dark ages, at least as much as the belief of Socrates differed from the belief of Homer. Ours is an elevated and philosophic religion, adapted to the wants of an enlightened and progressive society: and a philosophic religion cannot be a proselytizing religion. The Church of Rome, in old time, offered very different attractions to converts of rank and power, and demanded from them a far easier test than do the Protestant missionary societies of our own day. The bounty was so high, and the discipline in her ranks so lax, that she found no difficulty in procuring recruits. St. Cuthbert's bishop knew well what he was about when he undertook to enlist the old northern rover.

"Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
To be held of the Church by bridle and spear:

Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tyndale part,
To better his will, and soften his heart.
Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for his Faith than the lands which he

won;
The High Church of Durham is dressed for
the day,
And the clergy are ranked in their solemn
array.

There came the Count in a bearskin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm:
He kneeled before St. Cuthbert's shrine
With patience unwonted at rites divine;
But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale
and shook."

Nor did the churchman demand any very marked outward manifestation of the good work that was going on within the breast of his convert. Sir Walter tells us how—

“— E'en the good bishop was forced to endure
The scandal which time and instruction might cure.
It were dangerous, he deemed, at the first to restrain
From his wine and his wassail a half-christened Dane.
The mead flowed around, and ale was drained dry,
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry;
With Kyrie Eleison came clamorously in
The war-song of Danesman, Norweyan, and Fin.”

He must have been a very thick-headed old Viking who could not appreciate the advantages of a conversion of which the only drawback consisted in a short rite followed by a long drinking-bout, and the practical result was a fat fief in Durham or Northumberland. If he had been required to give up habits of brutality and self-indulgence; to stint himself in mead and ale, and make Hilda an honest woman; to become charitable, devout, and unselfish; to have a decided opinion on the doctrine of the Real Presence, and an undecided opinion on the question of Eternal Punishment; to profess, and at the same time to profess with reservation, his belief that, if his ancient brethren in arms held that the Holy Ghost was not proceeding, but either made, created, or begotten, without doubt they would perish everlastingly—if such were the conditions exacted of him by his new teachers, he would probably be not quite so ready to renounce the pleasing prospect of tipping through all eternity in the congenial society of Odin.

As a general rule, the religion of a people is ceremonial in inverse proportion to their advance in knowledge and civilization. Among rude and degraded nations the outward and visible sign is regarded far more than the inward and spiritual grace. Ruskin has well said that the social and moral condition of the Alpine populations may be gauged

by the amount of blood on the crucifixes at the cross-roads. There is, perhaps, no country in the world where the devout Roman Catholics are superior in intelligence to the devout Protestants. The preponderance of the spiritual element in the national religion of Scotland is, in no small measure, due to the canniness of her inhabitants; while poor Ireland still seeks after a sign as she sought after one in the days of St. Patrick. Weak human nature craves for a rite, until by thought and effort it has attained to the power of seeing God through, and not in, his creatures. Our Lord was not unmindful of this craving when He bade His disciples, in remembrance of Him, do as He had done on the last sad night in that large upper room within the city. The very simplicity which, to the educated mind, constitutes the chief grace and virtue of Protestantism, renders it distasteful to the Oriental. How can we expect that men glutted with the coarse and grotesque pomp of the Brahminical worship can be attracted by the unadorned ritual of our Church? How can we expect that men who have been encouraged by their priests to run riot in debauchery and crime can submit to bring their bodies into subjection, and their minds into true devotion? What is there in common between the faith of Heber and Martin and a creed which enjoins suicide and self-mutilation, prostitution and murder; whose monks are fakeers; whose knights-errant are Thugs; and whose temples are little better than consecrated brothels?

In these regions the Romish Church has always been more successful than our own, for she has ever been wont to construe with considerable latitude the boast of St. Paul, and to make herself all things to all men with a versatility more to be admired than approved. One day my servant came to me in high glee, and said that, as he was passing a church, a padre who was standing in the doorway had given him a gold mohur, stamped with a figure of the Queen, and told him to come to Poojah that afternoon. On inspection the gold

mohur turned out to be a gilt copper medal with the image and superscription of the Virgin Mary. I had the curiosity to visit the ceremony to which Abdool had been invited, and found it in all essential points neither better nor worse than an ordinary Hindoo festival. There were some huge idols, which the congregation appeared to appreciate under the titles of St. Christopher and St. Lawrence as readily as if they had been called by the more familiar names of their own mythology. No element of Heathendom was wanting. Torches were flaring, tomtoms rumbling, fanatics howling, policemen bullying, stray Europeans forcing their way through the throng by dint of Anglo-Saxon energy and blasphemy. Except that the incense was somewhat better, and the priests somewhat cleaner, I might have fancied myself in the Black Town during the Doorga Poojah. It was indeed a very different picture from that presented by a gathering of native Protestants—from the white-washed walls, the modest deal benches, the homely tunes, the plain black and white costume of the officiating clergyman, the row of dull brown prayer-books inscribed with the device of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

There can be little doubt that, if we would consent to return to the system of the Church in past ages, we might Christianize the Hindoos as fast as our clergymen could get through the Ministration of Baptism to such as are of riper years. If we were to entice the great chiefs by liberal grants of waste lands, and intimidate them with threats of fine and confiscation; if we were to attach no conditions to admission into the fold save the mere naked rite of baptism; if we were to permit the neophytes to indulge to their hearts' content in lust, and perjury, and bang, and litigation; if we were to wink at their marrying a plurality of wives during life, and burning their favourites after death; if we were to encourage them to smoke opium and abstain from beef, to class Krishna with St. John, and Cali with the Holy Virgin—I do

not hesitate to assert that we might convert Maharajas by the dozen, and Zemindars by the hundred: and the populace would soon follow the example of their natural leaders. But, thank God, we have not so learned Christ. We do not profess to do evil that good may come; least of all, so certain an evil for a good so illusory. Better one true convert to ten thousand heathen, than a whole continent of mongrels, Brahmins in heart and in deed, and Christians only in name.

Our missionaries would succeed better if they were in certain respects inferior men. According to one theory very generally received, the nature of the land in India does not repay deep-soil ploughing; and the character of the people seems to resemble that of the soil which they till. In the moral world, as well as the agricultural, work may be done too scientifically. It is to be feared that we are using tools of too fine an edge. The men to impress and influence Oriental populations are not scholars and gentlemen, but devotees. The mass of the people of Hindoostan are of much the same grade intellectually and morally as the mass of the Western populations in the darkest centuries of the Christian era—those centuries which produced such an abundant crop of saints and martyrs. The peasant of Bengal could appreciate the self-humiliation of St. Paul of Thebes, the self-torment of St. Simeon of the Pillar; but logic and learning, argument and illustration, are yet, and will long be, to him but the dead letter. If an English clergyman chose to stand for twenty years at a stretch on the top of the Ochterlony monument, or take up his abode under a cocoa-nut tree in the Sunderbunds, he would have thousands of worshippers and millions of admirers; but the Bishop of Oxford or Doctor Guthrie might preach through all the cities in the north of India without making two dozen proselytes. In what terms can you appeal to the conscience or the good sense of men who canonize a bloated sensual scoundrel for no other reason than because he has never been

known to wash himself or to wear a rag of clothing? What can you do with people who see virtue and merit in the performances of a fakeer? The highest phase of earthly existence, according to the Menu books, is the contemplation for seven years of the divine essence as represented by the tip of your own nose. If our priests would conduct the service with their right foot held over their left shoulder, if our bishops would make their visitations by rolling along the Grand Trunk Road from one station to another, we should soon have converts enough and to spare; the high festivals of our religion would be among the most popular Poojahs of the year; our churches would reek with frankincense, and glitter with the offerings of wealthy baboos; and the doors would be too small to admit the same painted, drunken, perspiring, yelling mob which crowds the temples of Juggernaut and Tripety.

However, it is possible for those who recognise this defect in the native character to make a worthy use of their knowledge. From time to time there have been men who have not hesitated to sacrifice comfort, society, so-called respectability, to the chance of doing some great thing for the cause of Christ. Sleeping in native huts, living on native food, going afoot from village to village through the sun of June and the exhalations of September, talking of Jesus to the ryots in the field, to the women at the well, under the gipsy tent in the lonely jungle, beneath the eaves of the coffee-shop in the crowded bazaar, they have shown to the heathen, and shown not in vain, that a Christian apostle may equal a Hindoo eremite in endurance and devotion. Such a man need not fear the rival influence of the most punctilious Brahmin or the most disgusting fakeer. When once the people of the country have learnt to revere him as one who courts privation and suffering, his humility and disinterested zeal give him an unspeakable advantage over the ostentatious, self-seeking professors of the baser religion.

I speak not my own opinion, but that of men who have gained by long ex-

perience the most intimate acquaintance with the native population, when I say that our missionaries will never obtain a thorough hold on the Hindoo mind until they renounce that way of life which is considered essential to the health of the European in this climate. The barbarous people around us refuse to submit their belief to instructors who live in spacious houses hung with punkahs to cool the air, and muslin netting to keep off the mosquitoes; who eat fish, and flesh, and fowl, and drink beer and wine; who bathe and change their linen twice in every twenty-four hours. We are well aware of the devotion of these our countrymen. We know that their poor little luxuries only render this country something less miserable and unwholesome to men brought up in the Sixth Form Rooms of Rugby and Marlborough, and the quadrangles of Merton and Balliol. But the people for whose sake they have come into willing exile understand none of these things. The man they go out to the wilderness to see must not be clothed in soft raiment. He must carry no silver in his purse, nor bread, nor change of coat; but, into whatsoever village he enters, he should abide in the house of the most worthy, eating and drinking such things as are set before him—boiled rice, and peas, and coarse river fish, and water from the tank; and then he need not fear lest he should find occasion to shake the dust off his feet for a testimony against that village. Our Saviour did not preach abstinence and self-mortification. He placed no merit in fasting or penance. But he knew that, when simple souls are to be won, it does not do to count the cost too closely. It was but seldom in those three years that the Son of Man had where to lay His head.

Certain societies of German Lutherans have obtained a remarkable influence over the people of the country. These men bear up the battle under the pressure of the most abject poverty, and a very good fight they make of it. At Chupra, the children of these goodfolk live on rice and curried lentils like the

young Hindoos among whom they are brought up. The parents are most thankful if the collector sends them a parcel of half-worn white trousers, or if the judge's wife looks up some frocks belonging to her little girl who sailed for England at the end of the last cold weather. Very touching are the stories which peep through the records of these small communities—how brother Friedrich was carried off by the epidemic of March; and brother Bernard, whom we had hoped to be able to afford to send to the hills during the rains, sank under a third attack of dysentery in the last week of August. But the lives of these men, and their deaths, are not without their due effect. Talking the vernacular languages with admirable fluency and precision; sympathizing with the sorrows and joys of the children of the soil; fearing nothing; doubting nothing; they go everywhere, and are everywhere welcome. A friend of mine was present at the baptism of a Brahmin of high rank, who had been convinced by the exertions and example of the German missionaries. The proselyte publicly renounced his religion in the presence of a large assembly of his friends and retainers amidst general and profound emotion. When, at a certain stage in the ceremony, he snapped with his own hands the Brahminical cord which hung about his neck, the sacred badge of his faith and grade, a long and deep moan of horror and wrath ran through the multitude. That very night the convert's house was burnt to the ground.

The searching and incessant oppression to which a native Christian is subjected by his countrymen at present forms an insurmountable impediment to the efforts of our missionaries. Among the hardy nations of the North of Europe, persecution which stops short of extermination would seem to be the most favourable condition under which a young religion can develop itself. But the mild and flexible nature of the Hindoo shrinks from an ordeal which would only add zest to the religious emotions of a Scotchman. The Free Church nowhere counts among its vota-

ries so large a proportion of the population as in the districts where, at the period of the secession, the secular authority was in the hands of violent opponents of the movement. In a village, where the attendance at the worship of the Establishment is exceptionally thin, the chances are that you will be told, on inquiry, that the father of the present laird, honest man, had always steadily refused to grant a site for a Free Kirk. But it may be questioned whether even an ardent Free Kirker would not think the most unpremeditated discourse, from the mouth of a preacher of his own choosing, dearly purchased at the cost of the suffering undergone by a converted Hindoo. The poor fellow is exposed to a subtle and constant social tyranny, which might well break a heart of sterner stuff than his. The words, "loss of caste," convey to an English gentleman's mind no more terrible idea than that of marrying his laundress; while to an English lady they imply the consequences attached to an elopement with her music-master. But they have a far more ominous sound in the ears of a Hindoo Christian. In the dark hour of obloquy and outrage he does not possess the sweetest and most effective of consolations, the sympathy of those who are the nearest to him, and who should be the dearest. The Covenanters who gave testimony to the death before his own hearthstone looked boldly down the barrels of the Southron carbines, because he was secure of the respect, the love, the compassion of his neighbours; because his widow would cherish the memory of her goodman with proud sorrow; because his children would never tire of telling how their sire played the man in the time of the great troubles. But the Hindoo martyr has no more bitter foes than they of his own household. His parents disown him. His wife is taught to loathe him. His very children rise up and call him cursed. It would be vain for him to ask his new masters to suffer him to go and bury his father, for the unconscious form of the sire would almost shrink on the

funeral pile from the defiling touch of the outcast son. He has not with whom to eat or drink ; with whom to sit down or stand up ; with whom to go on a journey or rest at an inn. If he offers to smoke or chat with the loungers in the bazaar, the meanest coolies would refuse to squat in the same circle as the Christian. It is hard to be unable to appear in public without being hailed as an eater of pig, and a wearer of hata, by men with whom he lived, but a month ago, in intimate converse. It is hard to be pelted through the street of the village in which he was born and nurtured with showers of dried mud and broken pottery, and unsavoury and most ungrounded assertions concerning his female connexions of many generations back. Such a trial would be severe enough for the most strong-willed Teuton ; but to the native, whose childish mind, singularly tenacious of associations, dotes upon "dustoor" or custom, this sudden breach of all the ties of family and social life is especially painful.

A native convert of rank and wealth may perhaps have no cause to dread personal violence, but his position is none the less most trying and melancholy. It is not too much to say, that the condition of an English barrister or clergyman who had turned Brahmin would be enviable compared with that of a Brahmin who had turned Christian. If it was to be announced in all the daily papers that a peer of the realm or a bishop of the Church intended to submit on a certain day to the rite of circumcision, and publicly to testify his adherence to the Mahomedan faith, we should only have a faint idea of the horror, the scandal, the indignation occasioned by the baptism of a rich and high-born Hindoo. In fact, it may be questioned whether a swell who had adopted the Brahminical creed would not find his position in society improved by his conversion ; whether his betel-box and turban would not be considered essential ingredients in every evening party of note ; whether the beauties of the season would not treat

him to the nauteh of his adopted country as he puffed his bubbling hookah among the cushions of many a back drawing-room in May-fair. The native society of India, however, has not yet arrived at such a pitch of civilization as to consider singularity synonymous with fashion, and the proselyte must be prepared to surrender everything which he once held dear—the company of his equals, the respect of his inferiors, social distinction, home affection. Unless he is ready to own whosoever shall do the will of his Father which is in Heaven as brother, and sister, and mother, he must go through the dreary remainder of life uncheered by friendship and unsoothed by love.

The penalty attached to conversion is so awful, the loss of status and reputation so certain, that the majority of converts belong to that class which has little or no reputation or status to lose. The missionaries acknowledge with grief the inferior character of many among their congregations. Small as the flock is, they scorn to reckon the black sheep among the valuable stock. Mr. Greaves, of Kishnagur, says : "By withdrawing unwise and indiscriminate temporal aids from our Christians, we shall be able much better to discern the wheat from the chaff. Among our people there are not a few on whom it is worse than useless to spend our time, labour, and money. They never have been Christians, but in name. The pity is that they ever received the name." Hence arises the unfortunate prejudice against native Christians, so general in Anglo-Indian society. It is a positive disadvantage to a servant who is looking for an engagement to give himself out as a Christian. I well remember hearing some members of the Civil Service discussing the identity of a Hindoo. One of the number, a most religious and estimable man, made use of the following expression : "The fellow I mean was an awful blackguard. He turned Christian ;" and the sentiment appeared so perfectly natural that it passed without comment either from the speaker or his audience.

There remains one stumbling-block in the path of them who would bear to the Hindoo the good tidings of great joy—a stumbling-block which we have placed there with our own hands, and which we do not seem in a hurry to remove. How can the heathen appreciate the blessings of English Christianity while the practice of English Christians is what it is? Here is a peasant who, under a Hindoo landlord, has lived on the produce of a plot of ground which has been in his family for generations, who has paid a moderate rent, fixed by custom more revered than any law, and has learnt under the mild and equitable rule of his countrymen to respect himself as an independent yeoman. The estate is purchased by an Englishman, who, bragging all the while of Anglo-Saxon energy and public spirit, twists to the ruin of his tenant some one clause in a law which was compiled for his protection; and before twelve months have passed the poor fellow is a homeless pauper. With what face can an Anglo-Saxon missionary preach to that man in the name of the Teacher who warned His followers to lay not up for themselves treasures upon earth? Here is a village, whose inhabitants, time out of mind, have grown indigo for a Hindoo capitalist with profit to themselves and satisfaction to their employer. An Englishman buys the factory—an Englishman, strong in the consciousness of the great principle of the development of the resources of India—and within a few short years the thriving little community finds itself changed into a society of poverty-stricken hopeless serfs, bound to their new masters by indissoluble bonds, forged by unscrupulous shrewdness and selfish foresight. Let an Anglo-Saxon evangelist go down to that village, and stand under the ancient peepul-tree at the hour of the evening meal, and proclaim that our God is love, and that our most cherished virtue is that charity which doth not behave itself unseemly, and seeketh not her own! Here is the widow of a poor shepherd who has been butchered by the wanton violence of a European loafer, and whose

cries for vengeance are answered by the statement that the murderer was as respectable, as humane, as singularly amiable, as the murderers of natives always are in the eyes of some of our countrymen, and by the complaint that those brutes of niggers have such delicate spleens. Go to her and tell that our religion is too pure to take count of murder, because we hold that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause is in danger of his immortal soul!

In vain do the missionaries preach the gospel of love, and humility, and self-sacrifice, as long as the *Bengal Hurkaru* preaches the gospel of national hatred, national insolence, and national cupidity. In vain do one class of our countrymen call the converts "Christian brethren," as long as another class persist in dubbing them "damned niggers." To undertake the great charge of governing an alien population, and to fulfil that charge by abusing our subjects as if they were our most bitter foes; to coin their sweat into rupees, and speak of them all the while in private and public as a pack of treacherous, worthless scamps; to revile those who protect them; to hunt down and fling into jail any poor missionary who may strive to interest the people of the mother country in their behalf—a worthy comment this upon the words of Him who bade us love our enemies, bless them that curse us, and do good to them who requite that good with hate!

Even in those cases in which the errors of Hinduism have been extirpated by a liberal education there seems to be little or no disposition to admit the truths of Christianity in their place. The most ignorant and debased ryot is a more hopeful subject for the missionary than a young Brahmin loaded with prizes won at a Christian college, who talks like Samuel Johnson, and writes like Addison, and will descant by the hour upon the distinction between Original Grace and Prevenient Grace. For the Hindoo mind is singularly acute and subtle, and dearly loves to disport itself in the intricate mazes of Western controversy. The cultivated native is

irresistibly attracted by the curious and complicated theological problems which at present occupy so much of the attention of all our most earnest men. He regards the doctrines of Eternal Punishment and verbal inspiration much as the Christian schoolmen regarded Plato's doctrine of ideas; that is to say, as a training-ground for the intellect, as an excellent field for mental gymnastics. While the mass of the people, like the Jews of old, desire a sign, the upper classes seek after wisdom as eagerly and insatiably as the Greeks of Athens and Alexandria. The missionaries have not failed to observe this trait. The Rev. James Vaughan, of Calcutta, writes:—"Perhaps the saddest feature of all " which strikes us in dealing with the " educated classes is the extent to which " European infidelity influences them. " Newman and Parker have long been " household words with them. German " and English rationalism also wonderfully strengthen their position of unbelief; and now they triumphantly point to a mitred head, and cry, "Behold, a bishop of your own church cannot believe the Bible as inspired!"

The nature of the process by which the weeds of Brahminism are rooted out and cleared away does not prepare the ground favourably for the reception of the seed of Christianity. The most effective spell with which to exorcise the demons of the Hindoo mythology is physical science. A native who has taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine, or who has learnt at the Presidency College all that can be taught him by a crack Cambridge Wrangler, must regard the astronomy and geography of his old religion with a contempt which will very soon include that religion itself. But, when he has surrendered his ancient creed because the priests of that creed are at strife with the European astronomers, is he likely to accept a new creed whose priests are at strife with the European geologists? Until our clergymen make their peace with Huxley they must not expect to meet with any success among the educated Hindoos. To aggra-

vate the evil, the leading Anglo-Saxon journals are furious partisans of orthodox geology. The *Bengal Hurkaru* seems unable to make up its mind which is the most heinous crime—to express sympathy with an evicted Bengalee peasant, or doubts on the extent of the Noachian Deluge. The doctrines of Sir Charles Lyell are but one degree less damnable than the doctrines of Sir Charles Wood, and the name of Professor Owen is only less execrable than the memory of Lord Canning. So that there occurs the extraordinary phenomenon of a Hindoo journalist praising the leading geologists of the day as men of profound learning and acute insight, and an English journalist sneering at them as shallow, conceited, impious blockheads.

It is most unfortunate that the present Governor of Madras should have so warmly and openly espoused the cause of the clergy against the geologists. When a man who, from his position and ability, holds so great a place in the eyes of India, goes out of his way to proclaim that the dearest interests of the Church are incompatible with the newest theories of Science, his subjects naturally enough trust him to the extent of believing that it is impossible for them to serve two masters between whom such an antipathy exists, and hasten to make their choice between Science and the Church. And how can men who have but just cast off one faith, because the tenets of that faith are inconsistent with Physical Truth, accept another faith whose tenets are declared, by the Englishman who but lately held the highest rank in our Eastern dominions, to be inconsistent with what is held to be Physical Truth by the most eminent savans of the day? What is now passing among the upper classes in India is an admirable illustration of that glorious simile by which a great and good man rebukes those who stake the truth of religion on the event of a controversy regarding facts in the physical world. "Like the Israelites in their battle with the Philistines, they have presumptuously, and without warrant, brought down the ark of God

"into the camp as a means of ensuring victory;—and the consequence is, that "when the battle is lost, the ark is "taken."

The struggle which must be gone through before a man can expel a crowd of false, but cherished, opinions, and abandon a host of idle, but familiar, ceremonies, is so intense and painful, as to leave the mind languidly incredulous, and, for a time at least, incapable of new and prolonged exertion; and the exertion of ascertaining, sifting, and accepting the varied and involved doctrines of English Protestantism, is no slight one. For Protestantism insists that her doctrines shall be judged separately on their own merits, and finally swallowed in the lump—a process which requires a peculiar conformation of intellect, which, unfortunately, is rare indeed. If we put the Bible into the hands of a man who was brought up a Brahmin, and now has no faith at all, can we, humanly speaking, be confident that such a man will evolve from the pages of the Sacred Book exactly the creed which we profess? Will he, after an unprejudiced study of the Word of God, be absolutely certain to light upon all the doctrines held by the Church of England, and miss all the doctrines which she eschews? Will he, without fail, hit off exactly that theory of the Eternity of Punishment which will put him out of danger of the Council—exactly that distinction between the conversion of the Godhead into flesh and the taking of the Manhood into God which will put him out of danger of hell-fire? Rome has this immeasurable advantage, that she can say to the weary, wounded soul: "I am the true and ancient "Church, whose authority has descended "in unbroken stream from the rock on "which Christ himself built. Do not "trouble yourself to weigh and investigate this rite and that tenet. Perform "faithfully whatever I bid; believe "humbly whatever I enjoin; and it can "not but be well with you. Come unto "me, all ye that labour and are heavy "laden, and I will give you rest." Beautifully, indeed, has this idea been ex-

pressed by one in whose conversion she may well take pride:—

"What weight of ancient witness can prevail
If private reason holds the public scale?

But, gracious God, how well dost Thou
provide

For erring judgments an unerring guide!

Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory, that forbids the sight.

Oh, teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And seek no farther than Thyself revealed;
But her alone for my director take

Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain
desires;

My manhood, long misled by wandering
fires,

Followed false lights; and, when their
glimpse was gone,

My pride struck out new sparkles of her
own.

Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory, and be mine the
shame!"

The immediate prospects of missionary enterprise in India are, indeed, discouraging; but it does not follow that there is no hope for the future. However little we may have succeeded in doing towards introducing Christianity, we have done a great deal towards driving out Brahminism. The fresh air of European civilization circulates freely through every pore of this vast community. That gross and grotesque system of religion which has prevailed through so many ages of semi-barbarism, cannot hold its ground in the face of our art and science, our energy and good sense, our liberal views and purer morality. The gigantic edifice of class exclusiveness is shaken to the very foundation. The Government School had already done much, and the railroads seem likely to complete the work. A Brahmin who travels from Burdwan to Calcutta cheek by jowl with a butcher, in order to see his son go up to receive a prize at the Presidency College in company with the offspring of a sweeper, is likely to go home with some new ideas on the question of caste. Striking symptoms of the great change which is working itself out in the minds of men meet us at every turn. The ladies of one of the most ancient and respected Hindoo houses in Calcutta lately exchanged visits with the families of the

leading English public servants ; and at the Agricultural Exhibition of Alipore a day, or rather a night, will be set apart for the native women who can prevail on their lords to trust them away from the Zenana amongst Christian prize-cattle and steam-ploughs. A school has been set up for female children, to which Brahmins, of high consideration among their fellows, have promised to send their daughters ; and the more enlightened natives are agitating for the abolition of the time-honoured custom which condemns the Hindoo widow to life-long solitude and retirement, than which the genial and exciting martyrdom of the Suttee would be hardly more terrible.

The missionaries have noticed this state of things, particularly in the more immediate neighbourhood of European influences. Mr. Vaughan says : " I have " at different times preached east, west, " north, and south of Calcutta, and the " same grand features strike one every- " where. Hinduism is dying ; yea, is " *well-nigh dead*, as respects the hold " which it has upon the minds of the " people. It is no longer the battle- " ground. During the whole tour, I " have hardly met with a man who " stood forth as its champion ! "

It is not too much to say that an educated Hindoo almost inevitably becomes a Deist. Even the great sect of Dissenters who began by professing to extract a rational religion from the sacred books of the Veda, soon gave over playing Niebuhr, and confined their belief to the pure and eternal God. The introduction of western learning has produced upon the Hindoo religion the same effect that was produced upon the ancient classical creeds by the progress of civilisation. The leading men of old Rome preserved as much of the outward forms of Paganism as their social standing and comfort might demand. They canvassed vigorously for the offices of Pontiff and Flamen. In their parliamentary harangues they used the Immortal Gods copiously enough for purposes of allusion and appeal. They never hesitated to accept a legacy on account of the sacrifices and ceremonies with which it

might be saddled. They drove triumphal cars along the Via Sacra, and annual nails into the wall of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. But, in secret, their allegiance was given to the Academy, the Porch, the Garden, or the Tub. When the day came to dine their brother augurs, it may be doubted whether the conversation ever turned on the mysteries of the art. It would be much if the master of the feast uttered the name of some favoured deity by way of preface to the first toast, as he dashed along the tessellated pavement a libation of wine drawn from a cask which remembered the Marsian war—if, indeed, any good liquor had succeeded in escaping the notice of Spartacus the Contraband. When Lentulus and Atticus entertained their colleagues of the Sacred College, the talk ran fast and free concerning the nature of pain and pleasure, the Acatalepsy of Arcesilaus, and the Cataleptic Phantasm of Zeno. The Wheel of Ixion, or the Elysian Fields, were matters which concerned such men as little as the Jewish Sabbath or the prophecies of Isia. In the same manner, a Brahmin is unwilling to surrender the estimation which he holds in the eyes of his countrymen in virtue of his religious rank and dignity. That he may not shock his weaker brethren, he continues to perform the family rites, to wear the prescribed dress, and abstain from the forbidden meats. At the great festivals he keeps open house, and fills his corridors with garlands and torches, and hires the crack dancer from Rajpootana for five hundred rupees and a pair of Cashmere shawls. But at heart he cares for none of these things. His creed is drawn, not from the rolls of the Veda, but from the pages of Locke, and Adam Smith, and Buckle. As Cicero said of the augurs of his day, it is hard to conceive how one Calcutta Brahmin can look another in the face without a smile.

And herein lies the best hope for those whose desire is set upon Christianizing India. Not in our lifetime, nor mayhap in the lifetime of our sons, will the good work come to its accom-

plishment. It will require many a decade to batter down the stronghold of tradition, and cut away the barriers of caste. When that end is attained ; when a new generation has arisen that knows not Vishnu ; when men who have emancipated themselves from the trammels of Brahminism rear up sons who know of those trammels only by hearsay ; then, if that crisis finds us still in possession of the reins of government, we may trust that the majority of cultivated Hindoos will not be averse to accept the creed of their rulers.

To educate, to enlighten, to strike off the fetters of custom and superstition, this is the grand duty the fulfilment of which we must further by all honest means. Colleges and railroads, libraries and newspapers, national justice and moderation, national charity and conscientiousness—such are the forces with which the battle of Truth is at present to be fought. The time will surely come when we may bring up our reserves with happy effect ; but that time is not now,

and to anticipate the favourable moment would be to secure us nothing save disappointment, chagrin and despondency. Let us not despair because India is not yet ripe ; because, being men, we must stoop to human means ; because the wind bloweth where it listeth, and not where we list. The world is so ordered that we cannot Christianize the heathen of Bengal as the Apostles Christianized the heathen of Greece and Asia Minor. To none of us is given the working of miracles, nor prophecy, nor discerning of spirits, nor divers kinds of tongues. We must labour in the way in which it is given us to labour, or not at all. And at those times when our soul grows faint within us, when the toil seems excessive, and the end remote and doubtful, we may comfort ourselves with the thought that, though there be differences of administrations, there is the same Lord, and, though there be diversity of operations, it is the same God that worketh all in all.

Yours ever,

H. BROUGHTON.

INAUGURAL LECTURE ON POLITICAL ECONOMY,

(Delivered before the University of Cambridge, February 3rd, 1864).

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

IN an inaugural lecture on Political Economy, I can hope to do little more than give a general description of the laws or truths which the science professes to expound. I shall endeavour to point out the only method of investigation which will enable us satisfactorily to prove the principles of this science. I also hope to remove some of the popular prejudice which too often is felt towards Political Economy.

Political Economy, as you are doubtless aware, is most usually defined to be the science which investigates the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth. A moment's consideration will at once show you that this definition is much too vague. The

words employed in it are so general that, unless a distinct signification is given to them, this so-called definition only serves to convey a somewhat misty idea of the scope and aims of the science. For instance, it is not too much to say that almost every discovery in physical science has exerted a very decided influence both upon the production and the distribution of wealth. This fact may be illustrated by a profusion of examples. Numerous philosophers, amongst whom Watt achieved the most signal success, gradually succeeded in applying the expansive force of steam as a motive power of almost universal applicability, and we all know that, as the steam-engine has thus been, step by step,

brought to its present state of perfection, an influence of stupendous magnitude has been exerted upon the production and the distribution of wealth. This question, therefore, is at once suggested : Is it intended that Political Economy, because it investigates those laws which determine the production and distribution of wealth, should explain all those discoveries which have enabled the steam-engine so powerfully to promote the efficiency of man's industry ? Now, it must be manifest that Political Economy cannot embrace such investigations as these ; for, if it did do so, it would be almost an encyclopedia of human knowledge. It therefore becomes necessary to place some restrictions upon the meaning of the general terms which are employed in the ordinary definition of this science. We are able to obtain this necessary restriction, if in a treatise on Political Economy all the physical circumstances which affect the production and distribution of wealth are assumed to be known. Thus, Political Economy must not be permitted to encroach upon the domain of chemistry in order to discuss whether this or that manure may be the most efficient fertilizer, although the national wealth and the general economy of a nation may be greatly influenced by cultivating the land in such a manner as to raise the maximum of produce. Political Economy assumes the ascertained results of chemistry, and then undertakes the important task of showing how the interests of different classes of the community will be affected, and how also the price and value of various commodities may be changed by any discovery in agricultural chemistry which may cause an increase in the productiveness of the soil. If, therefore, we bear these considerations in mind, we are able to enunciate a more precise definition, for we can now say that Political Economy investigates the production as well as the distribution of wealth, the physical facts which affect this production and distribution being assumed. Let not my hearers suppose that the limitation which is thus imposed upon the scope

of our science detracts from its utility and importance, by restricting it within a too narrow frame. It will soon be found that within this boundary problems are to be solved and questions discussed almost unlimited in number and of surpassing interest and importance. This will be immediately perceived if we take a single example, and dwell for one moment upon some of the salient features in the material condition of such a country as England.

The wonderful progress in the wealth of our country has been vaunted so frequently that it has become as familiar as a household word. During the present century the inventions of Watt, of Arkwright, and of many others who have become immortalized in the annals of physical discovery, have so powerfully aided the development of the material resources of this country that we have around us, on every side, abundant proofs of the vast accumulation of national wealth. But to this glowing picture there is a gloomy and sorrowful background. A large section of the people still live in depressing poverty, which too frequently brings acute physical suffering, and which stints the development of those intellectual faculties which give the highest nobility and greatest happiness to man. Here, then, is one problem amongst countless others for Political Economy to solve ! Why does not constantly increasing wealth bring with it a happier distribution ? How is it that the rich, and those who have already enough, are still becoming richer, whilst at the same time the poverty of those who are miserably poor remains undiminished ? This is a problem which Political Economy can readily explain. Before a cure can be effected the remedy must be known ; and, if Political Economy by discovering the remedy should assist the cure, this one great purpose achieved ought to make the science welcomed and respected by every one who has a particle of sympathy for his fellow man. I will not here further stay to vindicate the utility and importance of this study ; I shall presently have to dwell on this topic

again, when I refer to the antipathy which is sometimes expressed towards Political Economy by those whom we should scarcely expect to participate in an ignorant popular prejudice ; but as I have now, and as I hope with sufficient exactness, defined the scope and objects of the science, I will next proceed to consider the method of investigation which ought to be pursued in order to establish its principles.

A discussion as to the philosophic method which ought to be applied to any science must always be reduced to an inquiry as to whether its principles can be most successfully and completely established by a deductive or by an inductive method of investigation. I need scarcely tell you that the majority of the most distinguished writers on Political Economy—such as Hume, Adam Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, and Mill, as well as J. B. Say, who is, certainly, the most accomplished of French political economists—have all treated the science deductively. The late Richard Jones, the successor of Malthus at Haileybury, is almost the only political economist of any eminence who has advocated the adoption of the inductive method. His works are fragmentary. Public attention has, however, been again directed to them, from the fact that they have been lately collected and edited by Dr. Whewell. He, of course, can speak with almost unequalled authority on every question concerning inductive philosophy ; and he has expressed a most positive opinion that Mr. Jones has adopted the correct method, and that all those writers who produce systematic treatises on Political Economy, based on deductive reasoning, are in error. I will endeavour, as briefly and as candidly as I can, to state the leading arguments which are advanced by these rival schools ; and I will then, with confidence, leave you to judge between them.

Even if I had the time this would be scarcely the proper occasion to describe the general points of difference between the deductive and the inductive method of reasoning. I had, perhaps, better

attempt to show, by an example, how the principles of Political Economy must be established according as the one or the other method is adopted. Suppose, for instance, we wished to enunciate any general maxim with regard to the effect of protective tariffs on national wealth. The political economist who should reason deductively would start with the simple hypothesis—that man prefers a larger gain to a smaller one. From this first simple hypothesis various principles can be established ; and, at length, a sufficient number of principles will be laid down to demonstrate the proposition that a protective duty must be detrimental to national wealth. If, however, Political Economy is treated as an inductive science, an entirely different method of investigation must be adopted. The proof of a general principle must then be based upon experience, or, in other words, must rest upon a collection of particular facts. Thus, it may be said, A and B are two countries which have no protective duties ; C and D, on the other hand have protective tariffs. A and B advance in wealth much more rapidly than C and D ; therefore it follows that protective duties diminish the wealth of a nation. But mark how this method would be at fault, if it were to be found that another country E, whose tariff was quite as protective as that of either C or D, should advance in wealth as rapidly as either of the two free-trade countries. A and B. Those who have not studied Political Economy no doubt generally reason in this inductive way, when they talk about economic questions ; and consequently they may, at any time, be placed in the dilemma which has just been suggested. The English free-trader, for instance, will confidently say that the remarkable progress of this country in wealth since 1848 exemplifies the advantage to be realised by the abolition of protective duties. The American protectionist may meet him with an opposite experience, and may, with a similar show of reason, assert that his own country with a protective tariff has advanced in wealth as rapidly as England,

It is easy to understand that, in all those departments of knowledge in which experiments cannot be applied, reasoning upon the experience of special facts will lead us into inextricable difficulty, such as that we have just pointed out. Any phenomenon, such as an advance in national wealth, is due to a great variety of different causes. Thus, from many other circumstances which will produce such an effect, we may select three: a tariff free from protective duties; an improvement in the means of communication; and a large expanse of fertile land always available, to supply an increasing population with cheap food. The two first of these three causes have been in active operation in England for the last fifteen years, and have exerted a most powerful influence in augmenting the national wealth. The last two of these three causes, namely, improvements in the means of communication, and an almost unlimited supply of fertile land, have produced an equally powerful effect in advancing the national wealth of America. It therefore appears that any phenomenon concerning the wealth of a nation is due to a great variety of causes, all acting simultaneously, and many of them exerting opposite influences, and thus tending to counteract each other; hence it follows, that it is possible correctly to ascertain what is the precise effect due to any one of these causes, by observing a phenomenon which it has only partly contributed to produce, unless it were possible to select two instances, which should resemble each other in every respect, with the exception that the cause whose effect we are endeavouring to ascertain, should be absent in the one instance and present in the other. Experience and observation would conclusively solve the problem of protective duties if two countries could be found whose whole economy was identical with the exception that the one had a protective and the other a free-trade tariff. If it should be observed that the latter country advanced in wealth more rapidly than the former, it would be legitimate to conclude that protection impeded the production of

wealth. In all those sciences in which the inductive method has achieved such brilliant results, the skilful investigator can create an experiment exactly adapted to evolve the truth or principle he is seeking. The chemist, for instance, if he wishes to ascertain the effect of oxygen on any combination of elements, can easily take two compounds exactly similar in every respect, except that oxygen is absent in the one and present in the other, and if he finds that the former compound is more combustible than the other, he can at once conclude that oxygen assists combustion. But, as we have before said, a political economist has none of these resources at his command. He cannot manipulate nations at his will—he cannot freely take away or add this or that circumstance to a society, and observe the consequences which ensue. But, although I have been anxious to point out that the principles of Political Economy must be ascertained by deductive reasoning from some simple hypothesis, that they cannot be established by arguing up, as it were, from special facts, yet let it not for one moment be supposed that the political economist ought to be a mere abstract thinker, isolating himself as a closet student from all the social phenomena with which he is surrounded, and the laws of which it is his business to explain. Those political economists who have committed this error—and they are not a few—have done much to impede the progress and to diminish the influence of their science. The general public are prone to say, “We have little concern with the speculations of these men, who live in a high abstract region of their own. We want political economists, not to indulge in ideal investigations, but to throw some light on the facts of every-day life.” To this desire, which is so frequently either tacitly or explicitly expressed, a political economist is certainly bound to pay particular deference. The principles of his science will never receive general acceptance, unless they are illustrated and also verified by those facts concerning the economy of a nation, with which

various sections of the community may happen to be most familiarized. I shall therefore endeavour to enforce the principles which it will be my duty to expound by showing how they explain the economic phenomena of every-day life.

Political Economy requires to be popularized, perhaps, more than any other branch of knowledge. No science is more frequently talked about; none is so intimately connected with the business of life; and yet, perhaps, none is so imperfectly understood. Those who discourse on geology and mathematics usually have some knowledge of these sciences; but you can scarcely listen to a conversation at a dinner-table, you can scarcely read an article in the daily press, or peruse the speech of a statesman, without finding that some glaring economic fallacy is unconsciously asserted and recklessly repeated. For instance, it is impossible for the slightest progress to be made in the science without understanding the nature and functions of capital; and there is not a more fundamental proposition concerning capital than that it is a fund from which the wages of the labourers are paid. Capital is the result of saving—consequently any circumstance which promotes the saving of wealth will *pro tanto* increase the capital of the country, and will, therefore, also augment the wage-fund of the country. It therefore follows that the remuneration of the labourer is increased by a saving of wealth, which tends to augment capital. Yet how few there are who clearly understand this simple truth. How often, for instance, have we heard it said that he is the best friend of the poor who spends his money freely, and thus does what he can to make trade active. The spendthrift will always receive the homage due to a popular favourite. His improvidence is half excused because people fail to see that he cannot both consume his wealth and at the same time distribute it amongst others. On the other hand, the individual who, with prudent foresight, accumulates wealth, and thus by increasing the capital of the country augments the wages of the labourer, is

not unfrequently disliked because he is supposed to be selfish. He is treated as an enemy to the poor, because people fail to understand that wealth saved as capital is intended to be employed productively, and is, therefore, destined to be distributed in wages to productive labourers. It is all the more extraordinary that fallacies as simple as the one we have pointed out should be repeated by generation after generation, when it is remembered that few sciences have a more distinguished literature than Political Economy. Adam Smith's great work, which was the first systematic treatise on the subject, was published eighty years since, and it is so perfect a model of clear exposition and felicitous illustration, that the progress the science has made since then has scarcely detracted from the interest or advantage with which this immortal work may still, and will perhaps for ever, be read. Some important truths in the science Adam Smith certainly failed to comprehend. Chief amongst these was the doctrine of rent, the true theory of which was in after years worked out by several investigators, amongst whom were Anderson, Malthus, and Ricardo. The latter's name will be for ever associated with the theory which has thrown such important light upon the speculations of modern political economists. The leading proposition of Ricardo's theory was that rent is not an element of the cost of raising agricultural produce. It is curious to remark how often Adam Smith seemed to be on the point of grasping this great truth. In fact, it affords another illustration that a discovery which immortalizes the name of one man has always been more or less dimly seen by other great men who have gone before him. It seems almost certain that the theory of rent which is associated with the name of Ricardo would have been enunciated by Hume, and would, if he had lived a few years longer, have given another proof of his remarkable genius. Adam Smith and Hume were intimate friends through life, and each felt the greatest respect for the other's intellect. "The Wealth

of Nations" was finished in 1776, and Adam Smith was anxious that the first to peruse his work should be his old friend Hume. The great metaphysician was then in his last illness. He, however, although on his death-bed, read his friend's work with all the avidity and interest of one in the prime of intellectual power, and it is a singular illustration of Hume's prescient genius that he instinctively detected the chief error which subsequent writers have pointed out in "The Wealth of Nations." Although he expressed genuine and almost unbounded admiration, yet he said to Smith, "I cannot help remarking that many of your speculations are vitiated, because you have failed to perceive that rent is not an element of the cost of raising agricultural produce." Although later writers have corrected various imperfections and errors in "The Wealth of Nations," yet I believe that he who intends to study Political Economy cannot do better than commence with this book. It is easy to point out those chapters which may, with advantage, be omitted; but the work, from its almost perfect style, will always possess a peculiar fascination, and the student may thus be induced to take a permanent interest in the science which, in the hands of less happy writers, has too frequently been made unattractive.

I would, for these reasons, strongly advise that the greater part of "The Wealth of Nations" should be carefully read; yet, when the student has obtained a certain familiarity with the elementary principles of the science, I should recommend him at once to commence a diligent study of the great work of Mr. John Stuart Mill. This is, undoubtedly, the most complete and the most perfect treatise that has ever been written on the science. Its excellence, its merits, have now received almost universal recognition. It has been translated into most European languages, and the French, who have many eminent writers on Political Economy of their own, have adopted Mr. Mill's work as the standard book on the science. It is not alone

because I wish to make you sound political economists that I shall urge you to study Mr. Mill's work. I have confidence that, if you take him as your guide in one science, he will soon become your instructor in those other departments of knowledge which his genius has so greatly illustrated and adorned, and I full well know that, if you become his disciples, you will have a master who will not only teach you with consummate skill, but, who will also animate you with the best aspirations and with the noblest sentiments. If it be true, as Lord Bacon has said, "that a knowledge of the speculative opinions of the men between twenty and thirty years of age is the great source of political prophecy," the existence of Mr. Mill will show itself by no slight or ambiguous traces in the coming history of our country; for no one has contributed more to shape the opinions of those among its younger men who give the greatest promise of future eminence and distinction.

And now that I have given you a few brief hints as to the course of study which I think you may with most advantage pursue, I will next proceed to guard you against a misconception which is repeated with unceasing pertinacity, and which is the source of much of the antipathy that is so constantly expressed towards Political Economy. "Hard-hearted and selfish" are the stereotyped phrases which are applied to this science; and a political economist exists vaguely in the haze of popular prejudice as a cold, calculating being, whose only desire is to make nations and individuals rich, and who has no sympathy with those higher motives and those tenderer feelings which most ennoble man. It will not be difficult to show that those who indulge in these animadversions upon Political Economy, would not talk more foolishly if they should be pleased to pronounce that the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid was hard-hearted, and that he who should expound the principles of Chemistry must necessarily lose sight of those mental qualities which no chemical analysis will ever explain.

We can readily trace the origin of the general misconception which exists with regard to the objects and aims to be attained by Political Economy. It is known to be a department of knowledge which is concerned with wealth; hence it is supposed that Political Economy embodies the precepts and rules for making nations and individuals wealthy; and it is then further concluded that the person who propounds and investigates these rules must believe that the accumulation of wealth ought to be the main object both of a nation's and an individual's existence. Let us proceed to disentangle this remarkable confusion of ideas. In the first place it must be remembered that Political Economy does not enunciate rules or precepts. It is a science, and not an art. A science affirms principles or truths; it states what will happen if a particular thing is done. It is a law of physical science, that a cubic foot of water, raised to a certain temperature, will be converted into a certain number of cubic feet of steam. In the same way, it is a principle established by the science of Political Economy that, if a proper division of labour is adopted, the productiveness of that labour will be greatly increased. An art, on the contrary, is a collection of rules or precepts giving instructions how a particular thing is to be done. The mechanical art would lay down rules as to the best mode of constructing a machine; and in the same way you might have an art of Political Economy, which would propound rules as to the best mode of becoming rich. Since, therefore, Political Economy is a science, and not an art, its sole object ought to be to ascertain what will be the effect upon the production and distribution of wealth of any particular cause which may be brought into operation; and Political Economy departs from its proper sphere, if it ever lays down rules, as if it were an art, and affirms that this ought to be, or that ought not to be, done. The proper business of Political Economy is not to advocate the doing, or abstaining from doing, this or that particular act;

its sole object ought to be to explain the influence which any circumstance may exert upon the production and distribution of wealth. Various other results not connected with wealth may ensue, but the investigation of these belongs to other departments of knowledge. As an example, let us consider what Political Economy has to do with the discussion of such a question as a compulsory system of national education. The legislature might propose to extend to all employments those provisions of the Factory Act which prohibit children of less than ten years of age being employed, and which compel those who are at work between the ages of ten and thirteen to attend school a certain number of hours per day. It will be most important to know what would be the effect of such a measure upon the cost of producing commodities, and upon the wages of those whose labour was subject to these restrictions. It would be the appropriate business of Political Economy to make these investigations; but suppose, when they have been made, that it should be conclusively proved by the principles of Political Economy that these restrictions increased the cost of producing commodities, and also diminished the aggregate wages received by the labourer, who may happen to have a certain number of his own children employed. Political Economy would consequently show that this compulsory system of education would offer some impediment to the production of wealth, and would also lessen the aggregate remuneration received by those labourers who have children to send to work. It would, however, be extremely irrational thence to conclude that Political Economy was opposed to the introduction of such a system of education. This science is only concerned with the question in one of its aspects; it has only to investigate the effects which may be exerted upon the production and distribution of wealth. Other consequences of far greater moment than a slight hindrance to the production of wealth may be secured if the labouring

population of this country were better educated. The political economist may be amongst the warmest advocates of compulsory national education, for he may with reason say, Although my science tells me that the production of wealth may be in some slight degree impeded, and the wages received by some labourers may be to a small extent diminished, if very young children were compelled to spend a certain time at school, yet I full well know that these advantages will be abundantly compensated by any improvement in the education of the people.

Again, let us take another example, and let us consider in what way Political Economy was concerned with such a question as the emancipation of our West Indian slaves. It must be at once evident that slavery could not be suddenly abolished in a country in which there was previously scarcely a single free labourer, without exerting a very decided influence upon the production and the distribution of wealth. It, therefore, became the appropriate business of Political Economy carefully to explain this influence. The principles of this science in the hands of a skilful investigator would have enabled him to predict that the negro race, degraded by slavery, would not, as free labourers, continue industrious, until new tastes and desires were implanted in them, as they gradually advanced towards civilization. It would, therefore, follow that the emancipation of the slaves would denude the West Indian Islands of labour, and would, therefore, for a time at least, prevent the production of wealth, by rendering the cultivation of the land almost impossible. It would also belong to the province of Political Economy to show that this destruction of the industry of the West Indian Islands would, by diminishing the supply, increase the cost of such a commodity as sugar, for the growth of which these islands possess such peculiar natural advantages. After these politico-economical investigations had been made, it would have been easy to show that the emancipation of the slaves would, temporarily, cause an

immense loss of wealth. The cultivation of fertile islands would cease, their commerce would be ruined, the cost of slave-grown commodities would be increased to the English consumer, and West Indian proprietors, in spite of the compensation which the English Government most justly proffered them, would be reduced from great affluence to comparative poverty. But, although Political Economy might have predicted all these results, would any one have had a right to assert that Political Economy was opposed to the emancipation of the slaves? As has been before said, this science expresses no opinion, enforces no rule; all that it professes to do is to trace the effect which any cause may exert upon the production and distribution of wealth. Political economists did this successfully with regard to that great measure of emancipation, which is the most glorious amongst English achievements; but, although they fully recognised the loss of wealth which would, at any rate in the first instance, ensue, yet many of them were amongst the foremost to urge that this loss of wealth should be freely borne, rather than the greatest wrong that the strong have ever inflicted on the weak should any longer stain the English name, or pollute the English character.

I trust these examples will sufficiently prove that ignorance and an entire confusion of ideas are exhibited by those who assert that Political Economy inculcates selfishness, and takes a low view of human nature. And, now that I have alluded to this very common prejudice, I will next proceed to consider another misconception. I have learnt from experience—in fact, I may say that I have learnt from recent experience—that it is very commonly supposed that Political Economy must be connected with party-politics, because the word “political” is employed to designate this science. The remarks which have just been made may, perhaps, be a sufficient refutation of this opinion: I will, however, say a few words upon it, because this error is not confined to those who are uneducated. The science, as has been so often

repeated, is alone concerned with the production and distribution of wealth. For instance, it would be foreign to the purpose of Political Economy to discuss what the national expenditure ought to be. This is a question for the politician to decide ; but, if a certain revenue has to be raised, Political Economy has the important duty to perform of showing which are the best taxes to be imposed, by pointing out those imposts which will least impede the production of wealth, and will at the same time introduce the least possible inequality in its distribution. Again, as another example, I would take the Navigation Laws, the question upon which protectionists and free-traders fought their last great battle in this country. On each side of this question, which evoked such angry party feelings, there were no doubt arranged political economists of the greatest eminence. If these laws were maintained merely as a financial measure, they must have been condemned by all political economists, because it was easy to prove that such restrictions must interfere with the production of wealth. Adam Smith stated, with remarkable clearness, all the arguments in favour of free-trade, and little has since been added to strengthen his condemnation of all protective duties considered as financial measures. But, although he spoke so strongly in favour of free-trade, yet he entertained the opinion that the immediate loss of wealth which was caused by the "Navigation Laws," was more than recompensed by the encouragement which they gave to our navy, and he, therefore, expressed a very decided opinion in favour of maintaining these laws. Adam Smith might, therefore, have been claimed as a supporter by the protectionist party, when the Navigation Laws were discussed in 1849, although he had, with unrivalled clearness, enunciated the whole theory of free-trade, and had also explained the fallacies of protection. Political Economy,

even when kept within its proper limits, is so comprehensive a subject, that I am sure I cannot do adequate justice to it from this chair. You may, therefore, feel assured that I will never touch on the domain of party-politics. I make this promise, not because I shrink from the responsibility of my political opinions. On suitable occasions, I shall never fear to avow them ; but I should be forgetting my duty if I did not strictly keep within its appropriate sphere the science which I am placed here to teach.

In conclusion, I will only earnestly entreat those Undergraduates whom I have the pleasure of addressing diligently to study Political Economy. Some of you may, perhaps, by wealth and rank, inherit political power. Your position, proud though it may be, will, in after life, trouble you with many melancholy reflections, if want of knowledge should prevent you from exercising that political influence which was placed within your reach. Others may intend to become the ministers of religion. You, in performing your mission of Christian charity and benevolence, will be brought face to face with terrible poverty : I therefore warmly urge you to make yourselves acquainted with that science which will explain to you how poverty is caused, and what are the most efficient remedies for its alleviation ; for you may depend upon it that philanthropy unguided by the principles of Political Economy has, too often, been a futile and a misdirected effort. But, whatever may be the position in life you may aspire to occupy, I still ask you, with the same confidence, to study Political Economy ; for we must all be equally interested to understand how the materials which have been so bountifully supplied by nature are fashioned into wealth, and how that wealth can be distributed so as best to minister to human wants and human enjoyments.

THE MIST ON THE MOOR.

THERE's a cottage on Conistoun Moor to the west,
 And a wife sits sewing and singing there;
 And she rocks her babe in its cradle to rest
 With lullaby words to a lullaby air,

"While baby is young, she shall slumber and sleep,
 "And soft dreams alone around baby shall fall:
 "When baby is older, she'll watch and she'll weep;
 "For to her cares will come, as they come to us all."

There's a footstep comes nearing the lone cottage-door;
 That step to the wife is the welcomest sound:
 And scarce has he cross'd o'er his threshold before
 Two arms round the forester's neck are wound.

"O Harry, your brow is hot and dry!
 "And, O sweetheart, but your hands are cold!
 "A driving rain and a starless sky
 "Make a dull, dull night on the lonely wold.

"But change your hose that is dripping and wet;
 "And a glass of good ale, sweet and warm,
 "Will make, I warrant, my Harry forget
 "The starless sky and the driving storm."

He has sat him down by the ingle-nook;
 He has drunk his glass of sweet, warm ale:
 "But why has my husband so eerie a look?
 "And why are his cheeks so wan and pale?"

"Oh dark may the night be, and lonely the wold;
 "And a man may be weary and wet to the skin;
 "But it needs more, wife, than the wind and the cold!
 "To quell the heart of a man within,

"But sit thee, dearest, down at my feet,
 "And rest thy bonnie face here on my knee;
 "And I'll tell thee what's making my heart to beat;
 "What's making the red from my cheek to flee,

"I had left the road to save me an hour,
 "And struck up the brae to the moor instead;
 "But scarce had I reach'd old Conistoun tower
 "When the sky broke in thunder and rain overhead.

"And the forked lightning, blinding and blue,
 "Made the far-away peaks of the hills appear
 "As jagged and black and plain to view
 "As at summer-noon when the sky is clear."

"I stood by the wall, till the storm went by,
 "On the side that looks down over Thornton-moss;

"And over the marsh-land a mist rose high,
"And I watched it come trailing and trailing across,
"The mist was grey in the dim twilight,
"But the nearer it came, the blacker it grew ;
"And I saw in its folds a terrible sight,
"As plain with these eyes as I now see you.
"There was Croft the miller, and farmer Brown ;
"The squire's young boy, and keeper John ;
"Your father and brothers from Appleby town,
"And the Bensons of Croft Fell, father and son.
"There was cousin Will, that went over the sea
"Three summers ago—how comes he here ?
"And Ned, that has never cross'd hands with me,
"Since high words pass'd last May was a year.
"I scann'd them all from top to toe ;
"I counted them over from end to end :
"There was every kinsman whose face I know,
"And every neighbour that calls me friend.
"And one by one they pass'd me by,
"Dreamlike, as still as still could be,
"With a look of wonder in every eye ;
"And every eye was turn'd on me,
"Ay, one by one they pass'd me by,
"Shadowy, dreamlike ; and last of them all
"Came a black-pall'd coffin, borne shoulder-high ;
"Had I stretch'd out my hand, I had touch'd the pall.
"And a creeping shiver all over me ran ;
"And I thought of my bairnie, and thought of thee ;
"For my friends and my kin were there, every man—
"So that coffin, sweet wifey, was meant for me !"
You may hear her heart beat in the still midnight ;
You may see the big tear on each pale cheek ;
She is clasping his hands in her own tight, tight ;
And she stares in his eyes, but she cannot speak.
"Hist ! there's a noise at the window—hark !
"A mocking laugh or a cry of pain !
"Let me open the door and peer into the dark ;
"Hush, wife ! listen : I hear it again !"
Wistfully into the night they peer :
The wind sighs shrill through a drizzling rain :
There's a wife will be weeping ere long, I fear,
By a coffin of deal-wood, neat and plain.

D'ARCY W. THOMPSON.

TWO MONTHS IN ROME.

A COLD, dark street, as deep and narrow as a well, and lighted apparently, at rare intervals, by farthing candles; a few muffled-up forms, grumbling and hungry (for there is not the ghost of an inn to be seen), by the side of a vehicle, consisting, as it would seem, of two old yellow post-chaises cemented together, its bare pole stuck helplessly out and waiting for fresh horses. The horses arrive; the grumblers are absorbed into the vehicle; the big boots of the old conductor stow themselves into some mysterious corner above; the postilion mounts; and away, jingling and whip-cracking, creaking and groaning, between the rare farthing candles into the bosom of the night. The street was the town of Orvieto—the vehicle was the *diligence* from Florence, or rather Ficulle—and the grumblers were the passengers for Rome.

In all the world there is nothing more pleasant than a night journey behind four, or rather six, horses. I suppose that night, in that cold cramped corner of the *coupé*, was the happiest of my life. On, for hours and hours, in a sleep which is not rest but something far more delightful—that strange mixture of excitement and repose which is to be had in this and in no other way, and from which every feverish fitful waking is not to the gloom of a curtained chamber, but to the stars of a November night; lulled by the monotonous motion into a kind of apathy to which nothing could come amiss, and all that happened—even the periodical descent of the big boots and their translation into the supernal regions—seemed part of a delicious dream; on for hours, rattling merrily down transient slopes, or climbing painfully (these *diligence* horses are certainly immortal) intermediate hills; on, while the large bright stars wax larger and brighter (you are kept awake for an hour or so wondering at their marvellous size); and behind all—the background of your

dreams—if your destination is what mine was then) the shadow of a coming joy.

Social institutions, with their usual felicity, have provided that no one shall see the sun rise but those who cannot appreciate it. This is much to be deplored. "Stars fade out and galaxies, street-lamps of the city of God."¹ But, before they fade, they put on all the beauty of despair, and shine, in that hour and in that sky, with a lustre so broad, bright, and intense, that you look at them bewildered, and only after a time perceive that in the unearthly depth of their deep blue setting there is a strange look where it nears the horizon, and that a faint white radiance is gradually melting it away. And so, on that morning, I almost forgot, for a while, that day was about to dawn on the scene which, of all others, I had most longed to see; forgot for a while that in the coming brightness was not only the dawn, but Rome.

At last, it was day. The big boots, which had so long been a dream, became a fact; the six horses, which had been a sound, became a jingling, rattling reality; around us, a country undulating with low hills and grassy meads; and far away, in the south-east, a long sharp line of blue mountains, behind which, in one spot more luminous than the rest of the orange background, a few gold clouds were heralding the sun; the hills of Præneste and Tibur, of Anio and sweet Bandusia, the very "arduous Sabines," which Horace loved and sung. We opened the window, and let in some of that golden wine which, since we entered Italy, had done duty for air. Fresh, ever cold, but not ungenial, and as if still mindful of yesterday's sun—pure and sparkling as Bandusia's self—it chased away the night's fatigue. It is strange that in such air human life should be short and sickly. Look at

¹ Carlyle.

our new postillion, mounting to his perch in a dress (for as we approach the great city we put on all our finery) of the tawdry-magnificent order—he is the feeblest, most languid-looking of men ; and at the two or three remaining posts between here and Rome, the haggard countenance and tottering gait of each succeeding driver testifies to the poisonous breath of that mephitic soil. But will these long weary hills never culminate, and show us the city of our dreams? For full an hour we have been straining our eyes to see it, and have seen nothing but great melancholy hillsides. At last, between high banks of brushwood, the road begins to wind downwards, and before us lies a wide sunny landscape—not a plain, but a succession of gentle ridges ; and gazing eagerly forward we see on the furthest of these what looks like scattered buildings, and along the same ridge to the right of them—a Dome! Yes, that is St. Peter's ; and with that view of Rome, or very little more than that, till you get there you must be content ; for no clearer idea of what Rome is will gladden your eyes this day. Still, the same monotonous road—the same unending rise and fall ; and ever and anon, grown nearer now, the distant buildings, and the Dome. But to your left, southward of the lovely Sabines, and cut off from them by an opening through which your vision sounds the blue distance and finds it fathomless, another mountain range appears, more delicate in form and colour—they are the hills of Frascati and Albano, of Tusculum and Cicero. Suddenly you cross a bend, just seen and lost, of a noble river ; noble, not for his size (though he is not small), but for the sturdy and resolute rush between high banks of his yellow waves ; and you know that you have seen the Tiber, and that he is worthy of his fame. Now you are very near the city ; but there is nothing to show it, except on the right, by the roadside, that one old solitary marble tomb. Now you are between white walls shutting in suburban-looking villas, with here and there some

cypresses and pines ; and at the end of this road a high majestic gate, with a great statue on each side of its arch. In a moment more you are through the arch ; the *diligence* comes abruptly to a standstill, and you are in Rome. The sun, flaring and streaming into your narrow den, half blinds and consumes you (though it is November) as you look round in eager curiosity, and ask yourself whether this indeed be Rome. You are in a bright “Piazza,” with a fair large fountain in the midst, splashing and sparkling round the base of a tall obelisk, and many groups of marble statues circling it round, and on one side of it a high and terraced garden ; and at its opposite end the bright Piazza emits, like rays, three long narrow streets, soon lost to view in the dazzling sunshine ; and of these the central and the brightest ray is the famous Corso. Altogether, you would say, a pretty little modern town. Not a ruin visible ; not a sign to be seen as yet that this is really Rome. The Pope's “douaniers” keep you waiting here as long as they decently can, in the absence of any reason for doing so, then mount behind your vehicle, and at a solemn pace you drive into one of the streets aforesaid, and in due time into the court of a most business-like [and unclassical-looking post-office. There, by the help of your “*lascia passare*,” and a fee to a corrupt official, you are set free, and landed, by short twistings and turnings of labyrinthine streets, at your hotel.

It is my custom in a foreign town to prefer an hotel frequented by foreigners to those which my countrymen delight to honour ; first, for the sake of novelty ; secondly, for that of economy—not mere saving, but, on the whole, better treatment for my money ; and thirdly, because I think that if the practice were universal, it would tend to remedy a great evil—the self-isolation of Englishmen. Patriotism, when it means dislike of foreigners, is a heinous and contemptible vice. And so, being established at the “Hôtel des Etrangers,” as we will call it, though that was not its name, I looked out to survey the situation. It

was a small piazza—or, more properly speaking, a deep square hole, let into the dense mass of buildings. In the centre, a small obelisk, supported by an elephant, of cunning workmanship; one side is the hotel itself; another, the great blank façade of a church; another, a college of priests. At one of the opposite corners, close to the church, a dark archway, and a French sentry, with other French soldiers lounging, evidently a part of the Army of Occupation. At the other corner, the piazza opens to admit a small street, and the opening shows the great round battered side of some huge building, black with age, and torn and stained exceedingly, and crowned by a low, lead-covered dome. Ugly and uninteresting enough all this, you think at first. But you think rather differently when you find that within that dark archway has been held for ages, and is still held, the Court of the "Holy Office," the terrible Inquisition; and that in that very place the ministers of the God of Love and Truth tortured Galileo, till he declared that the sun went round the earth; and that the great black round is the side of perhaps one of the very greatest of all human works—the Roman Pantheon. Stroll, when you are rested, into the adjoining piazza, and judge of it for yourself. In sorrowful and awful state, defying dirt, squalor, crowding-houses, and papal bel-fries—defying the insult and neglect of centuries—contemptuous of criticism, and victorious over decay—it stands there, still triumphant, with the Consul's name upon its brow. Enter, and look upward; have you ever seen such a cupola? They have stripped it of its bright bronze to adorn some miserable Papal folly; but still it puts to shame all rival structures, and bends over you with a solemn majesty, not unmixed with love, though the love is probably intended rather for Raphael than for you. The only decent treatment which the Pantheon ever received from the Popes was when they buried Raphael there.

The next day, after an hour's amusing contemplation of the queer little piazza,

I sought the ruins of old Rome. I was not without misgivings. Were they all like the Pantheon, locked in the deadly, isolating embrace of the modern city,—each a scarce discoverable oasis in a sea of ugliness and dirt? I had seen Athens and the Parthenon, and they had satisfied me utterly; without alloy or impediment, there had sunk into my heart the spirit of heroic decay. Would it be the same with Rome? I consulted the map, and walked, as it seemed, in the direction of the Capitol and the Forum. A few dark, narrow streets, then a flood of sunshine, and an oblong piazza, shut in by low, mean-looking houses, and one or two flaunting churches; but, in the midst of it, something strange. A wide space, many feet below the level of the piazza, fenced round and grass-grown, and filled with pillars of grey granite, still standing, but broken short off at the waist; and at one end of it a noble column, soaring far into the sky, and wreathed from foot to head in multitudinous folds of spiral sculpture, with some history of strife and triumph. One great grey pillar, broken, but as fresh in every grain of its enormous bulk as when first it left the quarry, and wearing still on its surface the very polish which it wore—I was about to say in life—lies prostrate in the street itself, in solid, imperturbable, imperishable grandeur. It is the Forum of Trajan; or, rather, it is a fragment of his Forum, excavated and rescued by some Pope with a glimmering of taste. The Forum itself must have covered this whole region far and wide, and lies dead and buried, it is to be feared, for ever. Another street or two, and you come out upon an open space, which looks, at first sight, about the size of a village common, with a broad, straight road through the midst of it, bordered on either hand by thin, unhappy-looking streets, but the rest all gashed about in great uneven pits and mounds, yet desolate and grass-grown, as though it were long since the spade had touched it; and standing up from among the pits and mounds, which are railed off and fenced carefully round, a ruined

column or two of rare workmanship—in one place three, clamped together with iron, and supporting the fragment of a cornice; to your right, a pit somewhat larger than the rest, out of which rises an old arch of russet stone, all battered and decayed, but richly decorated; and behind the arch, a few columns, in detached groups, and of various orders, bearing always on their graceful heads some remnant of a frieze; and, looking down, you see that the floor of the pit is covered with fragments, scattered loosely along, or half buried in the mould, of fluted pillars, marble steps, and stone carvings, of rare device; and behind all, looking gloomily over it, a low, overhanging precipice, its dark face pierced and caverned and undermined with the toil of successive ages, and wearing indignantly upon its sullen brows great staring structures of the mansion-house order and mediæval taste. The rock is the hill of the Capitol, and the pits and mounds, the scattered columns and the arch, are the Roman Forum. Why, it is absolutely heart-rending. This is not ruin; it is ghastly and death-like desolation—"interesting," no doubt, especially to artists and architects (for every one of those scattered relics laughs to scorn the puny attempts of modern men), but to those who, from their very infancy, have wondered at and loved old Rome, sorrowful and painful beyond words. If she had perished utterly—swept out of existence by the waves of time like the structures of children upon the sands—it would have been easier to bear. But here—flung out, as it were, contemptuously from the modern city—you come suddenly upon her corpse, so marred and disfigured that by no effort of fancy can you picture her as she lived, and yet with trace enough of beauty left to show that she must have been glorious and beautiful beyond most earthly things.

But let us follow the straight road between the unhappy-looking trees. Except that small arch of fair proportions, which spans it a little way further, there seems nothing worth noticing on either hand; but, looking closer, you see,

on the left, a noble old portico, sunk, like the rest, below the present level of the ground, and which Theocracy, with ravenous piety, has seized and made to do duty as the front of an ugly church. Further on, great fragments of arches, or rather half-domes, of mere brick, but lined with that simple and grand device which gives half its beauty to the cupola of the Pantheon; and you are told that it is the Temple of Peace. You pass under the graceful little arch—the arch of Titus—still rich with the petrified spoils of Jerusalem; and you find that the long low hill on your right, all green and terraced and desolate, except where among dark cypresses a villa or a convent flashes out in the sun, is the Palatine, and that the artificial-looking mounds and grassy terraces are all (to be seen from here) of what was once a scene of almost unearthly splendour—the palace of the Cæsars. You may wander on that hill for days, and (especially if you are an artist) with ever-increasing delight: for from its broad plateau the views over what the guide-books call "Rome and its environs" are rich in a mournful beauty of the choicest kind; but beyond a few huge brick walls, all streaming with creepers and dark with tangled vegetation of flowery shrubs and trees, you will come upon no record of the proud and gorgeous past—except in the villa which Napoleon has bought, where they have dug down to a few old vaulted chambers, and where they turn up relics at the rate of a bust in a year. But ever in your walk you will see strewn about you fragments of rich marbles of all countries and all hues: they say that the very dust on which you tread, when it is analysed, is a powder of gems, and gold, and precious stones. But we are forgetting our straight road. After threading the arch, it dives gently downwards; and there, at the end of it, in an open space of greensward, with an orchard on either hand and here and there a cypress, stands the colossal curve of the Imperial folly—the most pathetic, and almost the grandest, ruin in the world. It was vaster than I had ex-

pected, more wrought upon by Time, and more rich in the infinite beauty of detail which, as the art-critics say, "characterizes the works of that great master." Two things are most notable in the Coliseum:—the awful desolation of the present, and the ease with which you realize the past. Standing in the grass-grown arena, which the bright morning sun had coaxed into a melancholy smile, there came before me, with a vivid and fearful distinctness, the whole scene as it was on some great festal day,—the myriads that lined the mighty walls, a flashing and palpitating multitude, tier above tier, far up into the deep blue sky; and about me, where I stood, the rush of chariot wheels, the gleaming swords, the dust, the smoke, the blood, the terrible spring of the lion—I could stand it no longer, and turned to leave the place. This was what I saw in imagination. What I saw in reality was a few haggard-looking figures moving slowly from one to the other of a few stone shrines ranged round the arena, and kissing them with muttered prayer. It seems that by a sufficient number of such gyrations you may escape the consequences of almost any amount of sin. These are the only gladiators—these the only games—exhibited there now. Spectators still look down upon them from the vast amphitheatre, in multitudes countless as of old: but the multitudes are the creeping plants, and waving trees, and tangled masses of mournful vegetation, which feed and flourish on its decay.

But if this is your first visit to Roman ruins, you must not linger here. Call one of those light open carriages, the "cabs" of Rome (you will soon see one, with a driver whose appearance will probably be that of a most consummate villain—a robber and murderer of the blackest dye—but who will turn out to be the gentlest, kindest, most amiable, and most honest of human beings), and drive out under that old arch—the arch of Constantine—standing there all neglected in the shadow of the Coliseum, and with a look as if of protest against the neglect, to the Ap-

pian Way. For a mile or so you pass along a dull road, mostly between stuccoed walls, apparently of gardens, when suddenly the driver with the delusive countenance pulls up, and asks you whether you would like to see the tomb of the Scipios. You look about in astonishment, and at last discover a small door in the stuccoed wall, over which is scrawled "*Sepulcra Scipionum*." To pass that would be downright profanity. So you ring the little bell, which is the usual key to Roman "lions," and which is answered by a little urchin, who takes you up a few steps to a door in a great mound which looks like a heap of garden-stuff. The urchin lights two "dips," and you dive into a dark cave of no great depth—"Sepulcra Scipionum." There is no doubt that it is the very vault; but the Scipios and their urns have disappeared together, and you and the little urchin have it all to yourselves. Only here and there in a dark corner there is a loose stone with a Latin inscription, which you reverently stoop down to read. "*Fortis vir sapiensque*—that is all that Rome had to say in praise of one of her very noblest men; the rest is mere genealogy, and short concentrated narration. That is all; but would you have preferred anything else? for instance, a funeral oration *à la Française*. The inscriptions are only copies, charitably left there by the Popes, the originals, with a great sarcophagus, having been taken to the Vatican; but for me this did not lessen the pathos of the place. "*Fortis vir sapiensque*;" you cannot improve upon that; and you are all the wiser for having seen it. That single inscription explains the subjection of the world.

You drive under the grand old perishing arch of Drusus, which artists love to libel, and out upon the Appian Way. Miles away, even to the very foot of the Alban mountain, wearing Frascati like a diamond on its purple breast, basking in the mild bright sun and fanned by the soft sweet air, you pass between the sepulchres of mighty men. They are for the most

part mere mounds of earth, or piles of grass-grown brick, the very graves of graves. On some, larger than the rest, you will see a myrtle thicket, or an olive grove. On either side, as you pass along, the wild flowers on the low banks are strewn with fragments of pillars, and rich stone carvings—a hand, or a foot, or a fold of marble drapery; and here and there scientific men, who have lately—rather too lately—taken pity on the old road, have ranged upon a wall a row of busts, or some choice specimens of delicate architecture, like the rows of defunct carnivori nailed to the side of an English gamekeeper's cottage. What a place to come to, you think, day after day, and forget the irksome and wearisome present in the glorious and heroic past. As to St. Peter's, and the hundred vulgar-looking churches behind you, you despise them utterly. Modern Rome, half seen in the distance, is at this moment a nuisance—a small troublesome thing, like the rent in the camlet cloak. You wish that you had time to go further, and explore more thoroughly; but now you must be tending Romewards, for the day is short, and the Sabines are beginning to look as Horace loved to see them, "when the sun had changed the shadows of the mountains, and unyoked the wearied oxen, bringing on a lovely time in his departing car." Only, on your way home, stop at the great round tomb on your right, the only one whose stone masonry has survived the assault of time; stop, I say, and get down from your carriage, and walk round it, and do homage to that which, as an Englishman, you are above all things bound to revere—a "successful man." For the man who built that tomb twenty centuries ago did what none else could do—resolved, and fulfilled his resolution, that, come what come might, in spite of the lapses of ages and the shock of elements, the memory of Cecilia Metella should not die.

The *table d'hôte* at the Hotel des Etrangers is a curious scene. As the diners take their places—Germans, French, Russians, Italians, Americans,

Greeks, even Turks, and a few English—you hear a confused Babel of tongues, in which all are talking of what they have seen that day in Rome, or hoped to see the next. I observed that very few of them spoke of the ruins. Churches, pictures, sculptures, palaces, villas, were the staple of the conversation. One old gentleman was an exception. He was from the north of Italy, where he had been long a fixture among his olives and olive-branches, the latter too numerous to allow of his leaving home. At last he had grown desperate, and started alone, resolved to realize the dream of his life, lest perchance the end should overtake him before he had seen Rome. He had been since seven o'clock that morning among the ruins, and was happy. He needed no guide—he had known all that was to be known of them from his infancy, and was a "Murray" in himself.

As yet I had no sort of idea of what Rome—Rome in the aggregate—was like. The place from which to get this is the Janicular; for the other hills are mere mounds to this, and the city lies at its feet. Like all the other sights of Rome, there is nothing in the world so easy. From the crowning beauty of Acqua Felice—from St. Pietro in Montorio, which marks the spot where St. Peter suffered, and where a brotherhood of miserable monks keep up, through all the day and half the night, in a low monotonous chaunt, unintermitting prayer—from St. Onofrio, where Tasso died, and the church is full of rare frescoes, and the gloomy old cloister is warmed by the bewitching smile of one of Leonardo's very human Madonnas; but perhaps best from the Villa Corsini—you may see her as she is, beautiful exceedingly, and "interesting" beyond compare. Close under you she lies, a sea, or rather a lake of densely packed roofs, out of which rise in plentiful profusion the domes of some four hundred churches, all flashing and glittering in the midday sun:—a lake, of which the opposite shore is the Sabine range—the sunny slopes and shadowy dells of sweet Lucretius and his train—and whose

northern limit the great restful round of the castle of St. Angelo, whose guardian angel stands dark against a blue mountain distance, as buoyant and graceful as if it were indeed a messenger of heaven, floating down upon the old city on some errand of peace and love. There she lies before you—papal and mediæval Rome. But where is *the* Rome, *our* Rome—the Mistress of the World? At first there is hardly a sign of her to be seen. After a time you make out, standing like a majestic rock in the sea of modern houses, the great leaden dome of the Pantheon, and here and there a column, so graceful that modern hands could not have made it; and more to the right, where the city ceases, a torn and rent brick ruin or two, and a green terraced hill on which you descry with difficulty, among mournful cypresses, other brick ruins crested with dark trees and thick-growing brushwood; and over the hill a great shattered round of dark red stone, which is the upper half of the Coliseum seen above the Palatine. Further on, long lines of old aqueduct, apparently interminable, stretch out across the sunny plain, till they lose themselves at the very base of the Alban hills; and, straining your eyes still more, you may trace, running straight as an arrow, the long sorrowful track of the Appian Way. With one bold curving sweep of his steady current—you may see from where you stand the very swirl of his sand-coloured waves—the Tiber cleaves the great city in twain, and veiling his face for a moment, as if in sorrow, when he passes the Palatine and Aventine, and the scanty records of the great old days, you see him not again till he gleams in a long reach of sunny water, far out on the lonely Campagna, reflecting its calm and verdant shores.

If, standing on this Janicular Hill, you happened to look behind you, you will have seen, a little to the left, peering over the green shoulder of the hill itself, an object which might be the dome of St. Paul's, cleaned up and enlarged. And if the next day you drive across the bridge of St. Angelo, and

under the mighty round of the Castle, eternally vexed by the drumming, fifing, fanfarronade, and pop-gunnery of Gallic occupation, and along the dirty, odoriferous street before you, you will come all at once upon a vast piazza, which two massive colonnades, like arms, encircle, and over which presides the colossal façade of the greatest and most famous of all Christian churches. You leave your carriage, and walk straight up the midst of the piazza, irresistibly impelled towards the broad white steps and the great façade above them. It is of no great beauty, but of an exquisite colour—the colour (if such a thing could be) of sunlight without its radiance—and from its very size, “imposing.” Surely, I began to think, it is very grand; yes, it is magnificent; it is— There was a pause and a revulsion of feeling, for at that moment there came before me, as in a vision, the front of the Pantheon. Well, but after all, it is St. Peter's, and it is very fine; and, at all events, there is nothing to be said against that broad, radiant, gently-sloping stair, which to walk on is a pleasure, and which, feeling “small by degrees and beautifully less,” you are now ascending; and passing under the arched portico, you put aside with a nervous hand the heavy leather curtain, and stand in St. Peter's. Of course it is superb. A church so great and high, so rich in marble and gold, just in proportion and harmonious in colour, you never have seen or even imagined before. And then how wonderfully bright and new! This St. Peter's! Why, it must be a church built last year “by subscription;” or else we have been dreaming, and Michael Angelo died but yesterday. So bright and new, and with the climate of eternal spring: for St. Peter's is a city rather than a church, and has a climate, and government, and manners and customs of its own. You might walk about it for a whole day, and scarcely have seen it all. There is much in it to offend your eyes: gigantic white Popes in all directions, standing obtrusively out, and breaking the harmony of colour

and form; monuments with no merit but size; little windows which would disgrace a Scotch conventicle; and a structure of ginger-bread in the centre, which looks as if it could be flattened down like an opera hat, and be all the better for the process. But, when all is said, it is a house of prayer and praise grandly conceived and nobly executed; and standing there, at the high altar, while your eye wanders over the rich mosaics of the cupola, and soars upwards to where the blue mist gathers over the distance of infinite height, you wonder perhaps what the great Emperor, who found Rome brick and left it marble, would have said, if he had been told that then, at that very time, contemporary with him, Cæsar Augustus, there lived a man over whose grave, in his own Rome, there would one day be raised a temple costlier and more vast than any which he had designed, and that the man was a fisherman of Galilee. Musing thus one evening, about the time of vespers, I saw approaching along the marble floor a man of respectable and responsible appearance, and having about him an air of extreme good sense and shrewdness. To my intense astonishment, he turned suddenly toward a high stone chair on the left, which I had not before observed, supporting a hideous black image, sitting bolt upright with two fingers in the air, and, going directly up to it, imprinted a kiss on the toe of its right foot. I had scarcely recovered from the shock of this incident, when I saw that other persons, of every age and condition of life, were performing the same ceremony. Sometimes a little group of peasantry would kneel before the image, and then troop past it, each man kissing its toe, after carefully wiping off with his hand the kiss of his predecessor. I found that this image was originally Jupiter, but, having been turned into St. Peter by the pious authorities, had been subjected from time immemorial to this process, to which, as the King of gods and men, it was probably accustomed, but which

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St. Peter himself would have been the first to repudiate. Every Roman newly married couple, after the nuptial knot is tied, proceed to clench the arrangement by this operation, and instead of a breakfast you are asked to a toe-kissing; which is less irksome, and not much more ridiculous, than the solemn flutter, chalky cake, and wearisome discourses "on this occasion," of an English wedding.

At this hour of vespers there rolls from one of the side chapels, far out among the marble recesses of the great church, the sound of a deep-toned organ and rich human voices; and in the chapel itself your senses are rapt into an Elysium of devotion by the strains of divine music, and the subtle perfumes of sweet incense, and the proud beauty of some star-throned Madonna. But if, in an unlucky moment, you chance to look at the functionaries who perform the service, your devotion is apt to vanish in an irresistible inclination to laugh. The persistence with which they turn their broad backs to the congregation; their periodical and perfunctory antics; their gaudy "vestments," reminding you strongly of side-scenes and foot-lights—are to me, whatever they may be to others, the reverse of devotional. There may be proselytizing virtue in the gorgeous ceremonial which surrounds the milk-white hind; but she must mend it in these respects if she would have those who are born with a keen sense of the ludicrous to worship at her shrine.

Externally, the Vatican is to St. Peter's as a wen to the cheek of a beautiful woman. If it had been built for an International Exhibition in London, it could not have been more ugly. Internally, as all the world knows, it is decorated in a style worthy of the poor fisherman who lies hard by, and who is represented by the present proprietor. It has only some forty pictures, but every one of these is a gallery in itself; and it is so rich in sculpture as almost to defeat its own object. The interest and beauty of the statues is such that, while you are examining one of them,

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you are irresistibly drawn off to another; the final result being that you have totally failed to carry away any distinct impression, except the glorious face and form of the Apollo Belvedere, which will haunt you to your latest hour. As I stood before it, I felt that I was the enemy of but one man in the world; and he was the man who "restored" the right hand. Would not mutilation left alone have been preferable to those great white stiffened fingers; as if he were a pedagogue who had just boxed the ears of a schoolboy, and not a god in the calm majesty of draconticide? "Can't you let it alone?" is a question to be addressed, not only to pragmatist politicians, but to these ruthless restorers. If only some drastic Pope would fulminate through all the galleries of Rome a decree that every "restored" statue should at once be reduced to its primeval condition, the loss of limbs and features that would ensue would be an incalculable gain for Art. Or why should not the French General do it? They manage these things so neatly in France. "Restorations are and remain abolished" would have a racy, effective sound.

In the Vatican you will see the Sistine Chapel, interesting not for itself, but for the work done in it by the great high priest of Roman art, who built St. Peter's without pay. And if you like to sit for half an hour on the green benches, with your head thrown back till your neck is almost broken, you may make out with difficulty on the ceiling many noble designs; and if you like to strain your eyes out of their sockets, you may decipher some of the details of the Last Judgment, which is at least as grotesque as it is grand, and which the great painter must have drawn (he has introduced one or two of his good-natured friends in situations the very last which they would wish to have occupied), with reverence be it spoken, in a vein of magnificent pleasantry. But this is a rough sketch, and I am not going to write a disquisition on Roman art. One remark only I will make, and it shall not be very profound.

These sculpture galleries, so beautiful that they are worshipped by a concourse of pilgrims from every climate under the sun, are mere products of the random delving of the gardener's or the builder's spade—things unnoticed by history, and of no account in their own time. What must have been the power and splendour of that art of which these are but the refuse, or at best but average specimens? What must have been the array of which the Gladiator, the Apollo, and the Laocöon, were the rank and file? What must have been the feast of which these are the crumbs, fallen from the table of the old city, and now the glory of the new?

She is a strange weird city, this Rome. There is something about her mystical and wholly unintelligible. You begin after a time to look upon her with a certain fear, because of the mysterious infinity of her enchantments. At first she seemed but a poor place compared with what you expected—a moderately-sized, comprehensible city enough, with a great deal, no doubt, to be seen, but which could be seen in a fortnight, or thereabouts. A fortnight passes; and, though you have been lionizing from morning till night, you find that you have done almost nothing. And still, the more you see, the more there remains to be seen; and gradually the place becomes larger and more wonderful in your eyes. It seems to possess a self-expanding power. In vain you attempt to fathom the depths of its interest and beauty. It becomes unfathomable, incomprehensible, inexhaustible. Art-galleries, churches, ruins, palaces, villas;—art-galleries, which to pass once swiftly through would take you many weeks, and which to see but very imperfectly is the most for which you can hope to find time;—churches in countless numbers, rich beyond imagination in gold, and marble, and precious stones (stripped for the most part from the dead body of the old city), and rare frescoes, and sculptures above all price;—rambles for hours on some old historic hill where your steps are on porphyry and serpentine, and the great brick walls

and arches, remnants of some palaces or temple, are dark with shadowy copse-wood, and crowned with melancholy trees; and where you catch, from time to time—between the rents of ruin—a blue mountain distance, or a tract of sunny plain; villas, where fountains sparkle among the ilex-groves, and mountain summits, touched with snow, look down between the stems of tall Italian pines, and where, when you are tired, you may rest in halls of marble filled with forms of divinest beauty, created when sculpture lived and Greece was free;—the city itself, with its fountains, its obelisks, its piazzas, its columns, its network of streets where the sun scarcely finds an entrance, but where the antiquary may wander in a chronic rapture of discovery—its quaint courtyards, with their marble basins, and broken statues, and old houses that strike the stars—for every day a new pleasure, for every pleasure too short a day. “*Il est impossible de s’ennuyer à Rome*,” said the Frenchman, and felt that he had exhausted praise.

But, with a self-expanding, Rome has also a self-contracting power. She is the most enigmatical, most paradoxical, most convenient city in the world. Her streets are a maze, in which you cannot lose yourself if you will. Her attractions are infinite, but the trouble they give you is infinitesimal. She is the greatest possible city in the smallest possible compass—an ocean in a nutshell. What you have to see there is endless: but you see it with a strange facility, and you wonder the more to find that you have never seen it all.

Decidedly, whenever you are able, you should wind up your day's work upon the Pincian Hill. A fairer scene it would be hard to find. If you look down from the stone balustrade on its summit, when the sun begins to fall, you will see hundreds of carriages, all bright with flashing harness and gay apparel, begin to ascend the winding road below you, and come out on the gravel terrace where you stand. No wonder that in long procession they climb this Pincian Hill. The deep

blue overarching sky comes down so close upon its level plateau, all glowing with tropical plants—aloe, and cactus, and palm—and garden-walks winding among dark ilex-trees, that it seems to touch them; and the loungers in the carriages, tired with sight-seeing or jaded with last night's ball, drink new life in the air that meets them—pure and fresh from the Sabine mountains—looking down over the woods upon the brilliant throng. Music plays to them through all the afternoon among the rare exotics, that seem perfectly at home in that soft dry air. Rome is at their feet, with its jangling bells, its sea of houses, and its great dome of the Pantheon standing out against the calm horizon line of the Campagna; opposite, the darkening side of the Janicular Hill, outlined with feathery pines; and to the north, seen under arches of ilex, the forms of distant hills so delicate and yet so clear that they would have driven Claude to despair. With the setting sun the carriages wind downwards again, as they came, along the zigzag road, between the palms and pines; and in a few minutes you are left alone upon the beautiful hill. But you must not leave it yet, for there ensues what you should stay to see (nowhere else will you see it to such advantage), a single combat “*à l'outrance*”—a combat which, strange to say, instead of a feverish excitement, will fill you with a delicious calm, and feed your eyes with beauty of colour such as you never looked upon before. It is the battle of day and night, with Rome for the victor's prize.

Walking in the streets of Rome I should say that every other person you meet is either a priest or a French soldier; the form of government being, as the world knows, a clerical despotism founded upon red pantaloons. It is not exactly the polity which one would have selected with special regard to the welfare of a people: but I am not a political traveller, and had no time to examine the institutions under which the Romans have the happiness to live. This I know, that there is no city on

the Continent where life is so pleasant and comfortable as in Rome; and for the degree of municipal merit which this may imply, let us give due credit. I was told that the place was full of brigands and thieves; and, especially, that I ought not to walk after ten o'clock at night unless in the most frequented streets. But I soon came to the conclusion that my watch was as little likely suddenly to leave my pocket in Rome as in London; and that the advice as to nocturnal excursions was not more valuable for one than for the other. Whether you would rather be stabbed with a stiletto, or stifled by the garotte process and jumped upon afterwards, is a mere matter of taste.

Among the municipal arrangements of Rome, there is one of very old date which appears to have been regarded with peculiar satisfaction by its authors, but of which I confess that I cannot approve,—the coronation of pagan columns with Christian saints. The plan has been to set up some noble fragment of the ancient city, to crown it with an Apostle, and to make it inform the public, by doggerel verses on its base, how having been dedicated by one Pont. Max. (pagan) to some mythological celebrity, it was taken in hand by another Pont. Max. (Christian) and dedicated to some holy man; and that it feels happier and more respectable in consequence. Saint Paul and Saint Peter, placed respectively at the head of long histories of battles, sieges, blood, and rapine, which enwreath the columns of Antoninus and Trajan, look singularly out of place. In front of Santa Maria Maggiore there is a fluted pillar of wonderful grandeur and beauty, which has been dragged by some Pope from the Temple of Peace, surmounted with a statue of the Madonna, and made to proclaim, in execrable Latin verse, the praises, not of the Madonna but of the Pope who placed it there—"Te, Paule, nullis obtricebo seculis." No bathos could be more complete. The obeliaks are dealt with in a similar manner; and the same well-meant zeal has converted in all directions heathen temples into Christian churches;

the result being that both are spoiled. Michael Angelo knew this well; and, being ordered to turn the Baths of Diocletian into a church, left the Baths of Diocletian just as they were, with only enough alteration to save appearances, and by so doing succeeded in preserving a splendid relic of antiquity for the benefit of future times.

The French is not the only occupation of Rome—there is also the English. In the cold months they swarm in the old city, rejoicing in the unwonted sight of the real, living sun. As you walk through the Piazza d'Espagna and look up those magnificent steps where the obeliak soars up in the clear blue sky, and the beautiful church which crowns them "stands up and takes the morning," you are startled to find yourself practically in Belgravia. It is long before you can recover the bewilderment caused by the prevalence, in such a scene, of the fresh, open countenances which you have been accustomed to associate with supreme architectural ugliness. There is a building just outside the People's Gate, to which, every Sunday morning, crowds of carriages, as well appointed as in Hyde Park, are seen approaching; and the little French soldiers at the gate thrust their hands further than ever into their red pockets, and gather in small bright-eyed knots discussing "*les Anglais*," as the carriages, one by one, in endless succession discharge their comfortable-looking contents. It is the English church, at the door of which you observe that two Papal gendarmes are posted, apparently lest the panther should kick over the traces. In all the galleries three-fourths of the visitors are English; and they generally express their opinions as loudly as if they were valuable. I was standing one day before Guido's famous "*Beatrice*," absorbed in the surpassing folly of attempting to carry away some recollection of it on paper, and during all the time interesting scraps of "*Chatham's language*" were buzzing about my ears. "*Sweet pretty thing, isn't it!*"—"Don't much like it."—"Charming!"—"H'm! it is and it isn't."—"Best thing I ever saw of

Guido's."—"One of the most celebrated pictures in Rome;" the last being a sentence read aloud by Paterfamilias, for the benefit of his daughters, from the ubiquitous Murray. "Avez vous le Guide à la Rome? Pitty—pas grande—practical—you know." This was an utterance which I overheard one day in Piale's library. He *did* know, and with a "come along old fellow, got lots to do," English Jones and English Smith, honest, patriotic fellows, who would stand no nonsense from foreigners, went off and did it. Also I remark, that for one Englishman in Rome, there are some ten English women—for which phenomenon let those account who can. "Could you tell me, sir, which are the *Samnite* and which the *Alban* hills?" asked one of these fair girls, unexpectedly addressing me at an open window of the Villa Albani. Her enjoyment of Rome from a historical point of view must have been perfect. At Florence and at Naples it is the same—the British Lion prowls conspicuous in all places. "Je crois qu'ils aiment les beaux arts," said a French friend of mine, in patronizing explanation.

Two months are but a short time in Rome; but, if you are not an idle millionaire, or an artist, come to study under Raphael or Guido when he had better have studied under nature, or an invalid sent abroad for his health when he had better have stayed at home, you will probably have to think at the end of that time of returning to the ugliness and comfort of the place from whence you came. And, when the time for your last look at Rome is come, climb again the Janicular, and pass out at the Porta San Pancrazio, and ring the bell at a large white arch some hundred yards beyond. It is the "park gate" of a noble villa, approached by a long, winding gravel road, rising and falling in gentle undulations, reminding you strangely of England, though the woods are of ilex and Italian pine. There is the smooth, serpentine carriage-drive, the gates at intervals, and the gradual darkening of the shady trees as you come nearer to "the Hall."

But even as you pass along you catch, between the trees or sloping lawns, some exquisite Italian distance, or vignette of the Great City, with the Apennines at her back, or St. Peter's sunning himself in solitary state. An iron gate and sunk fence divide the "park" from the gardens, as you have seen it a hundred times at home; and, as you drive up to the bright little "Casino," a stately, pleasant-looking matron meets you, and shows you through the rooms. The Casino is all Italian outside; but within it you are in England again. The snug parlours—the comfortable furniture—the small dining-room, in which the Prince and Princess liked best to live—the little boudoir, with its feminine graces and comforts, which have not been touched or altered (you are told) since last *she* sat there, three long years ago, in one of her last days on earth. The Prince—the owner of the place—is never seen there now, your guide tells you, and you are not surprised. For how could he face the winding walks, the terraced flower-garden, the cool retreats, the long vistas among the stately pines—the peace, the comfort, and the beauty of the Paradise that was made for him by his long-loved English bride? There are no gay doings there now; no social gatherings on the flowery parterres—no sounds of festive laughter about the bright fountains, or from the depths of the shadowy glades—no midnight dances, with their long line of carriages rolling up from the slumbering city, and under the moon-lit trees. "Senza Signora, mai allegrezza," your conductress says, with a sigh. You mount the spiral stair, and come out upon the roof. It is a perfect, consummate panorama. Just under you is the flower-garden, with its statues and its steps, its trim walks and its neat box-edges. Westward, the ilex groves of the villa, with their gravel walks, their mossy avenues, their fountains, and their shades, secluded and shut in by a deep wood of tall Italian pines, in close, magnificent array. To the north, a long perspective of fair, open country, bordered by blue mountains; and near

you, St. Peter's, in isolated grandeur, filling a hollow of the hills. Eastward, all Rome lies stretched before you—Rome in her glory and her grief, her beauty and her despair. Beyond, the Sabines, with Tibur and Præneste hanging high upon their gentle breasts; then that fathomless interval of pure, clear distance; then the crested hills of Alba, sparkling all over with gem-like villas; and before you, to the south, where the glistening, snake-like stems of the great pine-wood come suddenly to an end, the soft, undulating bosom of the Campagna gleams for a while through their dark leaves, and then, with one great bound, stretches far away, till your eyes cannot follow it, dissolved in the mellow rays of the descending sun. You stand entranced and amazed; but before long

your eyes are caught by a solitary flower-bed cut on the green slope of the lawn, and upon it, in colossal letters of close-trimmed myrtle, each casting a long shadow in the declining day, you read the single word "Mary." It is the only record which that Eden contains of her who made it. Rome herself—old Rome, lying there with centuries of shame and sorrow upon her face, is not so deeply touching. You will never forget your last day in Rome. To-morrow you must brace your mind to look back again upon the plain, uncompromising visage of dear old, practical, sensible, money-getting England; fortunate, if you escape the hurricane which, be sure, is crouching, like a tiger in his lair, in some mysterious ocean ambush between you and sunny Marseilles. H.

A GOSSIP OVER MY PORTFOLIO.

It is the beginning of autumn, the gathering in of the full fruitage of the year. The young life which in April began faintly to stir in the larch's tasseled sprays, and the sycamore's buds, has grown lusty and vigorous, and nature is stippling her woodlands with gold and crimson. But no true autumn day is this; rather like one borrowed from young March, as he comes in with blustering port, rough, and surly, and strong. A dull, leaden sky, charged with rain, is overhead, but a keen east wind keeps back the rain, blowing in straight from the German Ocean, pregnant with the salt spray and the bitter coldness of the sea. And the wind makes sea-music too among the topmost branches of the elm-trees on my lawn, rocking the rooks to sleep in their high nests; or, if they sally out for an adventurous flight, blowing them wearily about the sky, so that it is all they can do with the strongest cleaving of their wings to steer homewards again. There is nothing to draw one out of doors. See, the wind has died away, and the rain begins to pour down in torrents.

It is essentially, then, a fireside day. The day for a novel, a history—more than all, for some book of wild sea-adventure: just the day, in fact, to read of hair-breadth 'scapes, of shipwrecks, of the solitary raft, a speck of human lives, and human interests and sorrows, alone amidst the limitless level of the greedy waves, drifting on, it may be to safety, it may be to death. For the wild wind in the tree-tops makes a fitting accompaniment to such a narrative, imitating, as it does most exactly, the breaking of the sea upon a level shore. And the dull booming roll of the surge seems to strike mournfully and forebodingly upon the reader's ear, unconsciously infusing a vivid reality into the story he is perusing.

But this will not be our recreation to-day; for, to tell the truth, we have no such means of gratifying our strong wish to change our mental horizon. Mudie's book-parcel has not yet come in, and, as for our own shelves, we have thoroughly exhausted them—at least, in respect of the light reading they contain. Some naturalist tells the story of a pet sea-

anemone to which he gave a blue-bottle fly for dinner. In the course of a few hours he saw the fly floating on the top of the water, and tried to take it out ; but, lo, it was the mere empty husk or eidolon of a fly, which the anemone had rejected, having thoroughly sucked out and exhausted all the nutriment that was in it. And such we take to be pretty nearly the case with the books of travel and light reading generally on our shelves. There are the books to be sure, but the pabulum they contained is clean sucked dry, and to us they are but a congeries of paper, and print, and binding. There are books, indeed, of which one never wearies, which seem to enjoy a perpetual youth, a dewy freshness, as of the Eden dawn ; and what better companions on a dull day than these ? But such books, for the most part, require a strenuous attention, an effort ; one must bring one's whole heart and mind to the perusal, and these to-day I cannot give ; for, however much one may love to climb, there are seasons when the mind can only saunter through the green fields of literature, happy in gathering a simple flower here and there, however flat and tame the general prospect. And under this aspect alone, as willing away many an hour which would otherwise have dragged heavily, as administering a harmless opiate to the careworn mind, or the restless spirit, good works of fiction are no slight boon to the world at large. To-day I should feel it impossible to read anything else. Who can fathom the strange influence which the weather exercises upon us ? It would be no uninteresting or unprofitable task to trace this influence in the case of authors and their works ; to see how the history or the poem grew into life under summer skies, or in the warmth of winter firesides, when the snow lay in drifts against the casement and the keen blast howled mournfully outside. Chatterton, writing under the mild beam of a summer moon, and Shelley when the wind blew strongly from the west, both acknowledged this influence upon their spirits and their compositions. Crabbe tells us that he wrote

best and quickest when the snow lay thick upon the ground ; it braced him for his work. Yet fancy reverses the picture, and deems that the poet's eye should roll with a finer phrenzy under the glow of a summer sun, or in the shadow of green leaves.

Not being in the humour, then, for study, or work of any kind, but only desirous of some light employment which may amuse the fancy, without making any demand upon the intellect, I turn over the sketches in my old portfolio. Here I shall have just the sort of occupation I require. Many a ramble by peaceful lake, or wild mountain-side will be brought back to me : scenes fading, alas ! too quickly, from the horizon of memory. And this, doubtless, is the great charm which drawing has for the hundreds who never desire to exhibit their pictures in public, or to see H. M. R. A. or any other mystic initials after their name ; and who do not even care for fame of a humbler sort amongst their friends and acquaintances. Quiet, self-withdrawn, observant seekers of the beautiful and the good, it is enough for them that the dew glistens on the grass, that the sun shines, that the sky is blue. Their pleasures are simple, and therefore their pleasures are continuous. A weed gives them enough matter for meditation, and more than enough for delight. Nature is one vast harmony, and their ears are never closed : a gallery full of the most brilliant tints, and they go in and out as they list, and see with keener eyes than their fellows. The simplest curves of a leaf, or the bloom of a petal, gives them as much pleasure as most men would experience in the Trosachs or amongst the Devonshire valleys. The purple of the horizon in the flattest country, the dash of shadow upon the meadow, or glow of sunshine upon distant hills,—these, amongst the commonest sights of the commonest landscape, fill them with joy. And withal, the current of their lives runs so calmly, so peacefully ! one might almost be tempted to apply to them the Psalmist's words, " They come not into misfortune like other folk, neither are

they plagued like other men." The keenest thrusts of trouble never seem to strike them down. The arrows of envy or malice glance off from them, harmless. The little annoyances of daily life do not annoy them. And in great trials, too, they show bravely. Their grief is less petulant than the grief of others. Is it that they feel less deeply? No, it is because (strange as the paradox may seem) they feel more deeply, that they sorrow less. Living much amongst realities, they are less amazed when they stand face to face with real trouble and affliction, with the last great reality—Death—than those who live with the phantoms of the world, and are ever chasing phantoms of fashion, and wealth, and pleasure. In their solitary communings with Nature they have learnt deeper lessons than those merely of the palette and the brush: they have seen fairer visions than of green leaf or purple tree-trunk; have heard finer harmonies than the rising wind makes, or the restless surge, or singing bird of sweetest note. There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them without signification,—to the attentive ear. And in these men the imagination is generally healthy and strong. Their eye stops not at the outer husk and sensuous appearance, but pierces through and through, observing all, taking note of all. And while Fancy's idle dart glances off from the hard armour of *seeming* in which all things are wrapt, for disguise or for security, the weapon of Imagination is of the finest temper, and can penetrate to their heart, to the root and origin of their *being*. At any rate, the true lover of Nature, the naturalist, the sketcher, finds somewhere a charm, cradled in the heart of creation, which is of mighty force to assuage vain regrets for the past, to drive away the small troubles of daily life, and to throw a brilliant lustre upon the hopes and the aspirations of the future.

I open my portfolio. The first sketch I meet with is taken from a steep hill, which commands a wide stretch of level country, not particularly well wooded, or watered, or moun-

tained, but simply pretty; such as are any hundred miles of our midland scenery. The hill, whose broken ground, with a few felled trees, makes the foreground of my sketch, is wood-covered almost to the top, and gashed with ravines, each with its little brook leaping from rock to rock under the interweaving boughs of the moss-grown trees. For there is much moss on the ground and on the tree-trunks and boulder-stones, chiefly, I suppose, from the moist atmosphere which fills the deep wood-clad ravines. Indeed, when the hot midday sun shoots down in long golden arrows, through the quivering leaves to the ferns which nestle in the hollows by the brook-side, a damp, fragrant steam goes up from the earth, as it were in a hot-house or a South American forest. But from the breezy hill itself, crowned with a circle of tall pines, the eye wanders delightedly over miles and miles of fresh bright scenery, meadow and arable land, and hedge-row timber, and undulating ground, and woodland, and around all the ring of purple horizon, which make up nine-tenths of our beautiful English landscape. Now, here was a scene with which I was very familiar, having traversed that hill hundreds of times; perhaps three or four times a week for some years; but which I had left a long while ago. But never had I appreciated the living beauty of that scenery in my daily walks, as now I appreciate the remembrance of it in looking at my rough, unfinished sketch; and, filled as my heart is with that fondly remembered loveliness, a strange regretful longing seizes me to go and stand once more on that pine-crowned hill, and to stamp upon my mind for ever the thousand details which I now know to be so beautiful, but which in the hurried strides of my daily business walk I had overlooked and disregarded. And I ask myself sadly, may it not be possible that I should look back with a too late regret hereafter on many kind thoughts and lovely deeds (beautiful details in the moral landscape which surrounded me!) which I was too hurried and hasty, too much preoccupied within,

to recognise before, but which might have filled my temporary sojourn here with a light and a glow it sadly needed, and have exercised an influence of good upon me which might have borne a fairer flower, and a finer fruit? It is difficult, I suppose, for most men to find beauty in their immediate neighbourhoods, especially if they are men of business, and not mere saunterers. The familiar is seldom beautiful, simply because we do not look for beauty in things upon which our eyes are accustomed to dwell; as, for instance, in the faces of those who are constantly about us. A busy man seldom looks about him much in the country through which his business takes him. He turns his thoughts inwards, or talks to his companion. But let him tourise out of the beaten track, if it be only to a place twenty miles distant, and of course he makes it his business to use his eyes, and his business is then his pleasure. It is sad that this should be the case; it is sad that dwellers in pretty country places, and amidst the grandest scenery in the world, should miss much of the joy and peace which beautiful scenery was meant to infuse. But that this is very much the case with most, even lovers of the beautiful in nature and art, will scarcely be denied by those who have thought at all about the matter. I suppose that the world is too much with us, as Wordsworth says; the world of our own interests, and cares, and hopes; and that, even where selfishness has utterly abdicated its throne, the memory of former sorrows may linger amid the fair scenes we know so well, and cloud their beauty with a present shadow: as, when a fair face we loved to look upon has once been darkened with a frown, it is never so fair to us thereafter, even though the frown has passed away.

Possibly it is for this reason that artists seldom take out their sketch-books at home. The amateur, indeed, generally thinks he must go amidst wild scenery, into Wales or Scotland, or the Lakes, to find any subject for his pencil at all; haply forgetful that the artist

makes the picture and not the view, and that the tyro might spend a day in the wildest pass of an Alp, and be much less profitably and successfully engaged than if he had spent a careful hour in copying a stone and a nettle or two at his own gate. But, when artists forsake the simple and the familiar, it is oftener through fear than from contempt. For it is far easier to wash in "an effect" than it is to draw, leaf by leaf and vein by vein, the commonest herb which grows in the field. Who has ever painted a meadow in June, just before hay harvest, when the tall grass sways in billows under the soft west wind? There can be no more beautiful or rewarding subject; yet I have never seen it well worked out on canvass or on paper. Perhaps it is too laborious: perhaps it cannot be drawn at all, but only indicated with a few sweeps of the swiftest brush. At any rate, it is as easy to draw the ever changing waves of the sea as to catch and fix the gentle sway and undulation of the rippling grass, green at the root as emerald, but touched here and there on the surface with the russet of the sorrel, stippled into warmth by the red clover, specked with patches of white from tall daisies, and sheeted with the golden glow of countless buttercups, whilst the floating clouds overhead dapple it with soft shadows which follow all the undulations of the ground, and throw into prominent effect a sunlit crown of white hemlock flowers on their waving spray, or the red glow of the honey-scented clover bloom.

And now, looking at the sketch I hold in my hand, I am at the seaside; standing on a boulder-strewn beach, beneath an undercliff of sandstone, seamed with blue cracks from which water drips and oozes, and patched with lichenous growth here and there. One half of the cliff is blazing in the sun, the lower half is purple, in shade; and the sea and the sky—both liquid azure, unclouded and unrippled, meet behind the red bluff headland glimmering in the noon-tide heat. There is the strip of sandy beach on which we stand, then a line of shale and ironstone, and large smooth boulders, and then the sea; zone beyond

zone of various and multitudinous life, from the strangely beautiful forms only revealed to us by the dredge, or an occasional hurried glimpse of them in their rock pools at low tide, up to the common limpets and crabs and sand-hoppers of the beach itself where the wave breaks, hissing and bubbling like champagne, and spreading out into a thin transparent film. A low line of rock runs out far into the sea, into deep water, the glory and delight of the swimmer, far beyond the surf, beyond the harsh raking of the pebbles which the retreating wave drags back. That used to be our bath. Oh, pleasant memories of summer time which this sketch recalls! of days that sped like hours upon that pleasant shore; of mornings with the dredge, or the fishing-rod, or sketch-book, and of evenings spent over the microscope, perhaps with a friend whose tastes were akin, and of the cigar and quiet contemplative talk in the verandah at night, when the ripples of the sea we overlooked, were flakes of silver in the moonlight. I must look and remember no more, or I shall be packing up in a hurry, and starting for—well, we will say the North Devon coast. And this would never do. Ulysses is fast bound by duty, and may not leave his ship; and though the soft south winds, and sunshine gleams, and whispering trees of autumn beckon him, like sirens, to that pleasant shore, he will close his eyes, nor hearken any more to their song; but sail on his accustomed way, haply not the less mindful of their beauty, even when he seems to disregard it most.

Here is a figure-piece. What can it mean? A man, young and stalwart, clad in a coarse blouse like a labourer, who walks painfully on and on, with clenched teeth and fixed eyes, bearing in his arms a heavy burden,—a woman—a lifeless corpse. Behind, striving almost in vain to keep up with his irregular footsteps, runs a little child with large awe-struck eyes and wan wet cheeks, who yet stops every now and then in her running to gather wild flowers by the wayside. The landscape

is not such as we know; the flowers which the child carries in her little hand are strange to our eyes. When I say that the sketch is drawn with Pre-Raphaelite skill, I, of course, at once disclaim it as my own. But you can verily see that the man who carries the corpse staggers and trembles in his walk, and is convulsed from head to foot by some strong passionate agony; staggers under a sudden blow rather than from the weight of his burden, so fragile as it is, so thin and wasted. And no unskilful hand could have limned that face and figure of the little child, laughing and weeping at once, under the spell of a great awe, and pleased with every fresh flower-toy which meets her eye. The sketch is inscribed, "A Funeral at the Diggings, Australia, 185—." Often have I looked at this drawing, and with a sad heart worked out the sad story which it shadows forth: episode of that wonderful romance-life of which the latter half of this nineteenth century is so full. I picture to myself two loving and faithful hearts which have agreed to share this world's mingled good and evil together; gentleman and lady, or labouring man and lass, it matters little which; poor they are in worldly wealth, of course, but rich in love, in health, in hope. I like to dwell upon that early life of theirs, opal-hued, nor chilled as yet even by the shadow of the coming storm. It is in itself so sweet, so pure, so tinged with the freshness of the Eden-dawn, and with the brightness of the Paradise-glory, the alpha and the omega of man's happiness. I picture them, him in his manly strength, her in her wifely trustfulness, sailing forth beyond England's horizon to a far off land, where there will be bread for them and their children; to work out man's primeval mission, and to multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it. A year is gone by, and a little one is born to them. Two, three, four years more, and the wild current of human life has set in towards the gold fields, a fierce, tumultuous tide hurrying them with it. I see them in their little tent. I trace

them in amongst the vast crowd of civilized and savage folk ;—the world turned topsy-turvy : Oxford graduates keeping a hedge school, or peddling small wares ; coarse, bearded “roughs” eating turtle and drinking champagne. I hear the child’s baby-laughter amid the crash of a thousand cradles. But, at last, to the little tent we are watching come want and sickness. Through the thin canvass we see a dim light which burns throughout the long night ; we hear the husband’s despairing groan, the child’s wail, the dying wife’s gentle, cheering voice,—ah, what agony it hides ! the prayer learnt, what ages ago it seems, in the peaceful English village church. Then the dim light goes out, and there is silence, and there is darkness. Oh, lift up the wan corpse, stricken man ! clasp the lifeless form close to thy bosom, where it may rest no more on earth ; veil it decently ; bear it away from the crowd, the noise, the struggle, the lust of gold ; bear it far off into the still and solemn woods ; bury it away from thy sight, and bury thy heart and thy joy with it in the grave for ever ! Gather bright flowers, little Innocent, sole mourner at thy mother’s funeral ; they will serve to strew thy mother’s lonely grave in the dark and silent depths of the Australian forest !

The next drawing which I take out of the portfolio places us, in imagination, at evening time upon the brow of a gentle declivity that overlooks a small village nestled in the hollow of the sloping hills. You can hardly call the hollow a valley ; it is not deep, or wide, or grand enough for that. It is simply a hollow scooped out of the undulating chalk-hill—may be, by the rush of some vast primeval current or tidal river. And in this hollow, sheltered from the rude east winds which sweep so wildly over the high lands just above, there has grown up a little cluster of thatched cottages around a grey flint-built church ; each cottage surrounded by its little garden, and shut in with orchard hedges. The square, massive church-tower,—dark purple against the amber-lighted evening

sky—rises out of a ring of tall elms, in which the rooks love to build. And this abundance of wood in which the village nestles, gives it a home look, as contrasted with the bleak, bare downs that surround it on all sides. And the hollow, with its church and roofs, is purple grey, with a soft, floating mist of smoke rising up from the cottage chimneys : for fires are lighted now, and the evening meal is set ready for fathers and brothers, who have toiled long and wearily with scythe or with sickle in the summer heat. And the merry voices of children, whose school-work is over for the day, float upon the still air up to where we stand, softened by distance, and very musical and sweet. And in the fair, unclouded sky, with its faint gleams of light in the west ; over the silent churchyard and its low, green graves ; throughout all the little hollow amid the sloping hills, there is a calmness inexpressible, and rest, and peace.

I put back the sketch into its place, and close my portfolio. I have gathered food for thought therein, and must, by myself, digest it.

But, in a few last words, let me impress on all who take an interest in looking at drawings, and would gladly themselves learn to draw, but fear “they have no talent that way,” that, to draw well, that is to say, to copy form correctly, is in the power of all who have ever learnt to write. The faculty itself is merely a mechanical one, and only demands, as indeed do all mechanical arts, perseverance and attention. The use of that faculty, like the use of penmanship, will, of course, be variously applied, in accordance with the taste and ability of those who have acquired it. One person only uses his pen to indite “elegant epistles” of friendship or affection ; another is more reflective, and keeps a diary ; a third enriches the world thereby with master-pieces which the world will not willingly let die. And so, with the pencil and brush we may aim at mere prettiness, or embody thoughts. We may wish to occupy idle hours, or to carry away with us a remembrance of pleasant times and pleasant

places. And the mere act of sketching from nature, whatever the result may be as a work of art, cannot fail to be productive of benefit both to mind and body. It takes us from the throng of cities, from the corroding cares and irritations of daily business, and sets us

in some pleasant spot, where the eye is never filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing; leaving us free to meditate, and "to delight in all that in which God delights; that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself."

LETTERS FROM COLERIDGE TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

[THE author of "Caleb Williams" enjoyed the acquaintance—and, at various periods, the correspondence—of almost every contemporary of literary celebrity. Methodical to a passion, endowed with the most indefatigable industry, he not only kept every letter of importance that came into his hands, but carefully transcribed his own when he considered that he had written anything worthy of preservation. The result has been the accumulation of a very extensive and interesting body of documents in the hands of his descendants, the more important portion of which, it may be hoped, will one day be given to the world. To it belong the letters now published, selected from a larger number proceeding from the same pen. It is not much to describe them as superior in every respect to such of Coleridge's letters as have hitherto found their way into print, since, from causes on which it is unnecessary to dwell, these have, for the most part, been little calculated to exhibit his powers to advantage. Those now published constitute, in their editor's opinion, a much more entertaining and lively body of familiar correspondence than, from the general character of Coleridge's prose style, he had been in any way prepared to expect. Though printed with but few alterations or omissions, they will not, he thinks, be found to contain a line to disturb the opinion entertained of Coleridge by those most profoundly impressed with the pre-eminence of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart.

R. GARNETT.]

WEDNESDAY, May 21, 1800.

DEAR GODWIN,—I received your letter this morning, and had I not, still I am almost confident that I should have written to you before the end of the week. Hitherto the translation of the *Wallenstein* has prevented me, not that it engrossed my time, but that it wasted and depressed my spirits, and left a sense of wearisomeness and disgust which unfitted me for anything but sleeping or immediate society. I say this because I ought to have written to you first; yet, as I am not behind you in affectionate esteem, so I would not be thought to lag in those outward and visible signs that both show and verify the inward spiritual grace. Believe me, you recur to my thoughts frequently, and never without pleasure, never without my making out of the past a little day-dream for the future. I left Wordsworth on the 4th of this month; if I cannot procure a suitable house at Stowey I return to Cumberland and settle at Keswick, in a house of such prospect that if, according to you and Hume, impressions constitute our being, I shall have a tendency to become a god, so sublime and beautiful will be the series of my visual existence. But, whether I continue here or migrate thither, I shall be in a beautiful country, and have house-room and heart-room for you, and you must come and write your next work at my house. My dear Godwin! I remember you with so much pleasure, and our conversations so distinctly, that, I doubt not, we have been mutually benefited; but as to

your poetic and physiopathic feelings, I more than suspect that dear little Fanny and Mary have had more to do in that business than I. Hartley sends his love to Mary.¹ "What, and not to Fanny?" "Yes, and to Fanny, but I'll have Mary." He often talks about them.

My poor Lamb, how cruelly afflictions crowd upon him! I am glad that you think of him as I think: he has an affectionate heart, a mind *sui generis*; his taste acts so as to appear like the unmechanic simplicity of an instinct; in brief, he is worth an hundred men of mere talents. Conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells—one wearies by exercise. Lamb every now and then *irradiates*, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, yet is rich with colours, and I both see and feel it. In Bristol I was much with Davy,² almost all day. He always talks of you with great affection, and defends you with a friendly zeal. If I settle at Keswick he will be with me in the fall of the year, and so must you: and let me tell you, Godwin, that four such men as you, I, Davy, and Wordsworth, do not meet together in one house every day in the year—I mean four men so distinct with so many sympathies. I received yesterday a letter from Southey. He arrived at Lisbon after a prosperous voyage, on the last day of April; his letter to me is dated May-Day. He girds up his loins for a great history of Portugal, which will be translated into Portuguese in the first year of the Lusitanian Republic.³

Have you seen Mrs. Robinson⁴ lately

¹ Mrs. Shelley.

² I like him [Godwin] for thinking so well of Davy. He talks of him everywhere as the most extraordinary of human beings he had ever met with. I cannot say *that*, for I know one whom I feel to be the superior [Wordsworth probably is meant], but I never met with so extraordinary a *young man*. (Coleridge to Wedgwood, Cottle, p. 431.)

³ The letter is printed in the first volume of Southey's correspondence, edited by his son, where, however, the passage respecting the projected history is omitted.

⁴ The celebrated Perdita. She died in the following December.

—how is she? Remember me in the kindest and most respectful phrases to her. I wish I knew the particulars of her complaint; for Davy has discovered a perfectly new acid by which he has restored the use of limbs to persons who had lost it for many years (one woman nine years), in cases of supposed rheumatism. At all events, Davy says, it can do no harm in Mrs. Robinson's case, and, if she will try it, he will make up a little parcel and write her a letter of instructions, &c. Tell her, and it is the truth, that Davy is exceedingly delighted with the two poems in the Anthology.

N.B. Did you get my attempt at a tragedy from Mrs. Robinson?

To Mrs. Smith I am about to write a letter, with a book; be so kind as to inform me of her direction.

Mrs. Inchbald I do not like at all; every time I recollect her I like her less. That segment of a look at the corner of her eye—O God in heaven! it is so cold and cunning. Through worlds of wildernesses I would run away from that look, that *heart-picking* look! 'Tis marvellous to me that you can like that woman.

I shall remain here about ten days for certain. If you have leisure and inclination in that time, write; if not, I will write to you where I am going, or at all events whither I am gone.

God bless you, and

Your sincerely affectionate

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Mr. T. POOLE'S,

N[ETHER] STOWRY, Bridgewater.

Sara desires to be remembered kindly to you, and sends a kiss to Fanny, and "dear meek little Mary."

MONDAY, Sept. 22, 1800.

DEAR GODWIN,—I received your letter, and with it the enclosed note,¹ which shall be punctually re-delivered to you on the first of October.

Your tragedy² to be exhibited at Christmas! I have, indeed, merely read through your letter; so it is not

¹ A loan of ten pounds.

² "Antonio."

strange that my heart continues beating out of time. Indeed, indeed Godwin, such a stream of hope and fear rushed in on me, as I read the sentence, as you would not permit yourself to feel! If there be anything yet undreamt of in our philosophy; if it be, or if it be possible, that thought can impel thought out of the usual limit of a man's own skull and heart; if the cluster of ideas which constitute an identity, do ever connect and unite into a greater whole; if feelings could ever propagate themselves without the servile ministrations of undulating air or reflected light; I seem to feel within myself a strength and a power of desire that might dart a modifying, commanding impulse on a whole theatre. What does all this mean? Alas! that sober sense should know no other way to construe all this, than by the tame phrase, I wish you success! That which Lamb informed you is founded on truth. Mr. Sheridan sent, through the medium of Stewart, a request to Wordsworth to present a tragedy to his stage; and to me a declaration, that the failure of my piece¹ was owing to my obstinacy in refusing any alteration. I laughed and Wordsworth smiled; but my tragedy will remain at Keswick, and Wordsworth's is not likely to emigrate from Grasmere. Wordsworth's drama² is, in its present state, not fit for the stage, and he is not well enough to submit to the drudgery of making it so. Mine is fit for nothing, except to excite in the minds of good men the hope "that the young man is likely to do better." In the first moments I thought of re-writing it, and sent to Lamb for the copy with this intent. I read an Act, and altered my opinion, and with it my wish.

My wife is now quite comfortable.³ Surely you might come and spend the very next four weeks, not without advantage to both of us. The very glory

¹ "Remorse." Many years afterwards, when Lord Byron had an interest in Drury Lane, he generously procured the representation of the piece, which met with great success.

² "The Borderers."

³ Mrs. Coleridge had been confined ten days previously.

of the place is coming on; the local genius is just arraying himself in his higher attributes. But, above all, I press it because my mind has been busied with speculations that are closely connected with those pursuits that have hitherto constituted your utility and importance; and, ardently as I wish you success on the stage, I yet cannot frame myself to the thought that you should cease to appear as a bold moral thinker. I wish you to write a book on the power of words, and the processes by which human feelings form affinities with them—in short, I wish you to philosophize Horne Tooke's system, and to solve the great questions—whether there be reason to hold that an action bearing the semblance of predestining consciousness may yet be simply organic, and whether a series of such actions are possible—and close on the heels of this question would follow the old, "Is logic the essence of thinking?"—in the words, "Is thinking possible within arbitrary signs? or how far is the word arbitrary a misnomer? are not words, &c., parts and germinations of the plant, and what is the law of their growth?" In something of this order I would endeavour to destroy the old antithesis of words and things, elevating, as it were, words into things, and living things too. All the nonsense of vibrations, &c., you would, of course, dismiss.

If what I have here written appear nonsense to you, or common sense in a harlequinade of *outré* expressions, suspend your judgment till we see each other.

Yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I was in the country when "Wallenstein" was published. Longman sent me down half-a-dozen—the carriage back the book was not worth.

MONDAY, Oct. 13, 1801.

DEAR GODWIN,—I have been myself too frequently a grievous delinquent in the article of letter-writing to feel any inclination to reproach my friends when, peradventure, they have been long silent. But, this out the question, I did not

expect a speedier answer; for I had anticipated the circumstances which you assign as the causes of your delay.

An attempt to finish a poem¹ of mine for insertion in the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," has thrown me so fearfully back in my bread and beef occupations, that I shall scarcely be able to justify myself in putting you to the expense of the few lines which I may be able to scrawl in the present paper—but some parts in your letter interested me deeply, and I wished to tell you so. First, then, you know Kemble, and I do not. But my conjectural judgments concerning his character lead me to persuade an absolute passive obedience to his opinion, and this, too, because I would leave to every man his own trade. *Your* trade has been, in the present instance, *first* to furnish a wise pleasure to your fellow-beings in general; and, *secondly*, to give Mr. Kemble and his associates the power of delighting that part of your fellow-beings assembled in a theatre. As to what relates to the first point, I should be sorry indeed if greater men than Mr. Kemble could induce you to alter a "but" to a "yet" contrary to your own convictions. Above all things, an author ought to be sincere to the public; and, when William Godwin stands in the title-page, it implies that W. G. approves that which follows. Besides, the mind and finer feelings are blunted by such obsequiousness. But in the theatre it is Godwin and Co. *ex professo*. I should regard it in almost the same light as if I had written a song for Haydn to compose and Mara to sing; I know, indeed, what is poetry, but I do not know so well as he and she what will suit his notes or her voice. That actors and managers are often wrong is true, but still the trade is *their* trade, and the presumption is in favour of their being right. For the press, I should wish you to be solicitously nice; because you are to exhibit before a larger and more respectable multitude than a theatre presents to you, and in a new part, that of a poet employing

¹. "Christabel."

his philosophical knowledge practically. If it be possible, come, therefore, and let us discuss every page and every line.

Now for something which, I would fain believe, is still more important, namely, the propriety of your future philosophical speculations. As to your first objection, that you are a logician, let me say that your habits are analytic, but that you have not read enough of travels, voyages, and biography—especially men's lives of themselves—and you have too soon submitted your notions to other men's censures in conversation. A man should nurse his opinions in privacy and self-fondness for a long time, and seek for sympathy and love, not for detection or censure. Dismiss, my dear fellow, your theory of collision of ideas, and take up that of mutual propulsion. I wish to write more, and state to you a lucrative job, which would, I think, be eminently serviceable to your own mind, and which you would have every opportunity of doing here. I now express a serious wish that you would come and look out for a house. Did Stuart remit you 10% on my account?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I would gladly write any verses, but to a prologue or epilogue I am absolutely incompetent.

WEDNESDAY, March 25, 1801.

DEAR GODWIN,—I fear your tragedy¹ will find me in a very unfit state of mind to sit in judgment on it. I have been during the last three months undergoing a process of intellectual exsiccation. During my long illness I had compelled into hours of delight many a sleepless painful hour of darkness by chasing down metaphysical game, and since then I have continued the hunt, till I find myself, unaware, at the root of pure mathematics, and up that tall smooth tree, whose few poor branches are all at the very summit, am I climbing by pure adhesive strength of arms and thighs, still slipping down, still renewing

¹ I think, but am not certain, that this tragedy was entitled "Abbas."

my ascent. You would not know me! All sounds of similitude keep at such a distance from each other in my mind, that I have forgotten how to make a rhyme. I look at the mountains (that visible God Almighty that looks in at all my windows)—I look at the mountains only for the curves of their outlines; the stars, as I behold them, form themselves into triangles; and my hands are scarred with scratches from a cat, whose back I was rubbing in the dark in order to see whether the sparks from it were refrangible by a prism. The Poet is dead in me; my imagination (or rather the somewhat that had been imaginative) lies like a cold snuff on the circular rim of a brass candlestick, without even a stink of tallow to remind you that it was once clothed and mitred with flame. That is past by! I was once a volume of gold leaf, rising and riding on every breath of fancy, but I have beaten myself back into weight and density, and now I sink in quicksilver and remain squat and square on the earth amid the hurricane that makes oaks and straws join in one dance, fifty yards high in the element.

However I will do what I can. Taste and feeling have I none, but what I have, give I unto thee. But I repeat that I am unfit to decide on any but works of severe logic.

I write now to beg that, if you have not sent your tragedy, you may remember to send Antonio with it, which I have not yet seen, and likewise my Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," which Wordsworth wishes to see.

Have you seen the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," and the preface prefixed to the first? I should judge of a man's heart and intellect precisely according to the degree and intensity of the admiration with which he read these poems. Perhaps, instead of heart I should have said taste; but, when I think of the Brothers, of Ruth, and of Michael, I recur to the expression and am enforced to say heart. If I die, and the booksellers will give you anything for my life, be sure to say, "Wordsworth descended on him like the Γένεσις αεαντος

from heaven; by showing to him what true poetry was, he made him know that he himself was no poet."

In your next letter you will, perhaps, give me some hints respecting your prose plans.

God bless you, and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

GRETA HALL, *Kewick*.

P.S.—What is a fair price—what might an author of reputation fairly ask from a bookseller, for one edition, of a thousand copies, of a five-shilling book?

I congratulate you on the settlement of Davy in London. I hope that his enchanting manners will not draw too many idlers about him, to harass and vex his mornings.

GRETA HALL, *KESWICK*.

DEAR GODWIN,—I have had, during the last three weeks, such numerous interruptions of my "uninterrupted rural retirement," such a succession of visitors, both indigenous and exotic, that verily I wanted both the time and the composure necessary to answer your letter of the first of June—at present I am writing to you from my bed. For, in consequence of a very sudden change in the weather from intense heat to a raw and scathing chillness, my bodily health has suffered a relapse as severe as it was unexpected * * *

I have not yet received either Antonio, or your pamphlet, in answer to Dr. Parr and the Scotch gentleman¹ (who is to be professor of morals to the young nabobs at Calcutta, with an establishment of 3,000*l.* a year!). Stuart was so kind as to send me Fenwick's review of it in a paper called the *Albion*, and Mr. Longman has informed me that, by your orders, the pamphlet itself has been left for me at his house. The extracts which I saw pleased me much, with the exception of the introduction, which is incorrectly and clumsily worded. But, indeed, I have often observed that, whatever you write, the first page is always the worst in the book. I wish that instead of six days you had

¹ Mackintosh.

employed six months, and instead of a half-crown pamphlet, had given us a good half-guinea octavo. But you may yet do this. It strikes me, that both in this work, and in the second edition of the "Political Justice," your retractations have been more injudicious than the assertions or dogmas retracted. But this is no fit subject for a mere letter. If I had time, which I have not, I would write two or three sheets for your sole inspection, entitled "History of the Errors and Blunders of the Literary Life of William Godwin." To the world it would appear a paradox to say that you are at all too persuadable, but you yourself know it to be the truth.

I shall send back your manuscript on Friday, with my criticisms. You say in your last, "How I wish you were here!" When I see how little I have written of what I could have talked, I feel with you that a letter is but "a mockery" to a full and ardent mind. In truth I feel this so forcibly that, if I could be certain that I should remain in this country, I should press you to come down, and finish the whole in my house. But, if I can by any means raise the money, I shall go in the first vessel that leaves Liverpool for the Azores (St. Michael's, to wit), and these sail at the end of July. Unless I can escape one English winter and spring I have not any rational prospect of recovery. You "cannot help regarding uninterrupted rural retirement as a "principal cause" of my ill health. My ill health commenced at Liverpool, in the shape of blood-shot eyes and swollen eyelids, while I was in the daily habit of visiting the Liverpool literati—these, on my settling at Keswick, were followed by large boils in my neck and shoulders; these, by a violent rheumatic fever; this, by a distressing and tedious hydrocele; and, since then, by irregular gout, which promises at this moment to ripen into a legitimate fit. What uninterrupted rural retirement can have had to do in the production of these outward and visible evils, I cannot guess; what share it has had in

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consoling me under them, I know with a tranquil mind and feel with a grateful heart. O that you had now before your eyes the delicious picture of lake, and river, and bridge, and cottage, and spacious field with its pathway, and woody hill with its spring verdure, and mountain with the snow yet lingering in fantastic patches upon it, even the same which I had from my sick bed, even without raising my head from the pillow! O God! all but dear and lovely things seemed to be known to my imagination only as words; even the forms which struck terror into me in my fever-dreams were still forms of beauty. Before my last seizure I bent down to pick something from the ground, and when I raised my head, I said to Miss Wordsworth, "I am sure, *Rotha*, that I am going to be ill;" for as I bent my head there came a distinct, vivid spectrum upon my eyes; it was one little picture—a rock, with birches and ferns on it, a cottage backed by it, and a small stream. Were I a painter I would give an outward existence to this, but it will always live in my memory.

By-the-bye, our rural retirement has been honoured by the company of Mr. Sharp, and the poet Rogers; the latter, though not a man of very vigorous intellect, won a good deal both on myself and Wordsworth, for what he said evidently came from his own feelings, and was the result of his own observation.

My love to your dear little ones. I begin to feel my knee preparing to make ready for the reception of the Lady Arthritis. God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE,

TUESDAY EVENING, June 23, 1801.

SATURDAY NIGHT, June 4, 1803.

GRETA HALL, KESWICK.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—I trust that my dear friend, C. Lamb, will have informed you how seriously ill I have been. I arrived at Keswick on Good Friday, caught the influenza, have struggled on in a series of convalescence and relapse, the disease still assuming new shapes and symptoms; and, though I am cer-

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tainly better than at any former period of the disease, and more steadily convalescent, yet it is not mere *low spirits* that makes me doubt whether I shall ever wholly surmount the effects of it. I owe, then, explanation to you, for I quitted town, with strong feelings of affectionate esteem towards you, and a firm resolution to write to you within a short time after my arrival at my home. During my illness I was exceedingly affected by the thought that month had glided away after month, and year after year, and still had found and left me only *preparing* for the experiments which are to ascertain whether the hopes of those who have hoped proudly of me have been auspicious omens or mere delusions; and the anxiety to realize something, and finish something, has, no doubt, in some measure retarded my recovery. I am now, however, ready to go to the press with a work which I consider as introductory to a *system*, though to the public it will appear altogether a thing by itself. I write now to ask your advice respecting the time and manner of its publication, and the choice of a publisher. I entitle it "Organum Verè Organum, or an Instrument of Practical Reasoning in 'the Business of Real Life';" to which will be prefixed, 1. A familiar introduction to the common system of Logic, namely, that of Aristotle and the Schools. 2. A concise and simple, yet full statement of the Aristotelian Logic, with reference annexed to the authors, and the name and page of the work to which each part may be traced, so that it may be at once seen what is Aristotle's, what Porphyry's, what the addition of the Greek Commentators, and what of the Schoolmen. 3. An outline of the History of Logic in general. 1st Chapter. The Origin of Philosophy in general, and of Logic *speciatim*. 2d Chap. Of the Eleatic and Megaric Logic. 3d Chap. Of the Platonic Logic. 4th Chap. Of Aristotle, containing a fair account of the *Organon*—of which Dr. Reid, in "Kames' Sketches of Man," has given a most false, and not only erroneous, but calumnious

statement—in as far as the account had not been anticipated in the second part of my work, namely, the concise and simple, yet full, &c. &c. 5th Chap. A philosophical examination of the truth and of the value of the Aristotelian System of Logic, including all the after-additions to it. 6th Chap. On the characteristic merits and demerits of Aristotle and Plato as philosophers in general, and an attempt to explain the fact of the vast influence of the former during so many ages; and of the influence of Plato's works on the restoration of the Belles Lettres, and on the Reformation. 7th Chap. Raymund Lully. 8th Chap. Peter Ramus. 9th Chap. Lord Bacon, or the Verulamian Logic. 10th Chap. Examination of the same, and comparison of it with the Logic of Plato (in which I attempt to make it probable that, though considered by Bacon himself as the antithesis and the antidote of Plato, it is *bond fide* the same, and that Plato has been misunderstood). 10th Chap. Descartes. 11th Chap. Condillac, and a philosophical examination of his logic, *i.e.* the logic which he basely purloined from Hartley. Then follows my own Organum Verè Organum, which consists of an *Evonym* of all possible modes of true, probable, and false reasoning, arranged philosophically, *i.e.* on a strict analysis of those operations and passions of the mind in which they originate, or by which they act; with one or more striking instances annexed to each, from authors of high estimation, and to each instance of false reasoning, the manner in which the sophistry is to be detected, and the words in which it may be exposed.

The whole will conclude with considerations of the value of the work, or its practical utility in scientific investigations (especially the first part, which contains the strictly demonstrative reasonings, and the analysis of all the acts and passions of the mind which may be employed to the discovery of truth) in the arts of healing, especially in those parts that contain a catalogue, &c. of probable reasoning; lastly, to the

senate, the pulpit, and our law courts, to whom the whole—but especially the latter three-fourths of the work, on the probable and the false—will be useful, and partly instructive, how to form a commonplace book by the aid of the instrument, so as to read with practical advantage, and (supposing average talents) to ensure a facility and rapidity in proving and in computing. I have thus amply detailed the contents of my work, which have not been the labour of one year or of two, but the result of many years' meditations, and of very various reading. The size of the work will, printed at thirty lines a page, form one volume octavo, 500 pages to the volume; and I shall be ready with the first half of the work for the printer at a fortnight's notice. Now, my dear friend, give me your thoughts on the subject: would you have me to offer it to the booksellers, or, by the assistance of my friends, print and publish on my own account? If the former, would you advise me to sell the copyright at once, or only one or more editions? Can you give me a general notion what terms I have a right to insist, on in either case? And, lastly, to whom would you advise me to apply? Phillips is a pushing man, and a book is sure to have fair play if it be his property; and it could not be other than pleasant to me to have the same publisher with yourself, *but*— Now if there be anything of impatience, that whether truth and justice ought to follow that "*but*," you will inform me. It is not my habit to go to work so seriously about matters of pecuniary business; but my ill-health makes my life more than ordinarily uncertain, and I have a wife and three little ones. If your judgment leads you to advise me to offer it to Phillips, would you take the trouble of talking with him on the subject, and give him your real opinion, whatever it may be, of the work and of the powers of the author?

When this book is fairly off my hands, I shall, if I live and have sufficient health, set seriously to work in arranging what I have already written,

and in pushing forward my studies and my investigations relative to the *omne scibile* of human nature—*what we are, and how we become what we are*; so as to solve the two grand problems—how, being acted upon, we shall act; how, acting, we shall be acted upon. But between me and this work there may be death.

I hope your wife and little ones are well. I have had a sick family. At one time every individual—master, mistress, children, and servants—were all laid up in bed, and we were waited on by persons hired from the town for the week. But now all are well, I only excepted. If you find my paper smelly, or my style savour of scholastic quiddity, you must attribute it to the infectious quality of the folio on which I am writing—namely, "*Scotus Erigena de Divisione Naturæ*," the forerunner, by some centuries, of the schoolmen. I cherish all kinds of honourable feelings towards you; and I am, dear Godwin,

Yours most sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

You know the high character and present scarcity of "Tucker's Light of Nature." "I have found in this writer (says Paley, in his preface to his '*Moral and Political Philosophy*') 'more original thinking and observation upon the several subjects he has taken in hand than in any other, not to say in all others put together. His talent also for illustration is unrivalled. But his thoughts are diffused through a long, various, and irregular work.' And a friend of mine, every way calculated by his taste and private studies for such a work,¹ is willing to abridge and systematize that work from eight to two volumes—in the words of Paley, "to dispose into method, to collect into heads and articles, and to exhibit in more compact and tangible masses, what in that otherwise excellent performance is spread over too much surface." I would prefix to it an essay containing the whole substance of the first volume

¹ Hazlitt. The abridgment was made, and published in 1807.

of Hartley; entirely defecated from all the corpuscular hypothesis, with more illustrations. I give my name to the essay. Likewise I will revise every sheet of the abridgement. I should think the character of the work, and the above quotations from so high an authority (with the present public, I mean) as Paley, would ensure its success. If you will read or transcribe, and send this to Mr. Phillips, or to any other publisher, (Longman and Rees excepted) you would greatly oblige me; that is to say, my dear Godwin, you would essentially serve a young man of profound genius and original mind, who wishes to get his *Sabine* subsistence by some employment from the booksellers, while he is employing the remainder of his time in nursing up his genius for the destiny which he believes appurtenant to it. "Qui cito facit, bis facit." Impose any task on me in return.

FRIDAY, July 10, 1803.

GRETA HALL.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—Your letter has this moment reached me, and found me writing for Stuart, to whom I am under a positive engagement to produce three essays by the beginning of next week. To promise, therefore, to do what I could not do would be worse than idle; and to attempt to do what I could not do well, from distraction of mind, would be trifling with my time and your patience. If I could convey to you any tolerably distinct notion of the state of my spirits of late, and the train or the sort of my ideas consequent on that state, you would feel instantly that my non-performance of the promise is matter of *regret* with me indeed, but not of *compunction*. It was my full intention to have prepared immediately a second volume of poems for the press; but, though the poems are all either written or composed, excepting only the conclusion of one poem (equal to four days' common work) and a few corrections, and though I had the most pressing motives for sending them off, yet after many attempts I was obliged to give up the very hope—the attempts acted so perniciously on my disorder.

Wordsworth, too, wished, and in a very particular manner expressed the wish, that I should write to him at large on a poetic subject, which he has at present *sub malleo ardentem et ignitum*. I made the attempt, but I could not command my recollections. It seemed a dream that I had ever *thought* on poetry, or had ever written it, so remote were my trains of ideas from composition or criticism on composition. These two instances will, in some manner, explain my non-performance; but, indeed, I have been very ill, and that I have done anything in any way is a subject of wonder to myself, and of no causeless self-complacency. Yet I am anxious to do something which may convince you of my sincerity by zeal: and, if you think that it will be of any service to you, I will send down for the work; I will instantly give it a perusal *con amore*; and partly by my reverential love of Chaucer,¹ and partly from my affectionate esteem for his biographer (the summer, too, bringing increase of health with it), I doubt not that my old mind will recur to me; and I will forthwith write a series of letters, containing a critique on Chaucer, and on the "Life of Chaucer," by W. Godwin, and publish them, with my name, either at once in a small volume, or in the *Morning Post* in the first instance, and republish them afterwards.

The great thing to be done is to present Chaucer stripped of all his adventitious matter, his translations, &c.; to analyse his own real productions, to deduce his province and his rank; then to compare him with his contemporaries, or with immediate prede- and successors, first as an Englishman, and secondly as a European; then with Spenser and with Shakspeare, between whom he seems to stand midway, with, however, a manner of his own which belongs to neither, with a manner and an excellence;

¹ I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping.—*Table Talk*, p. 310.

lastly, to compare Dante and Chaucer, and inclusively Spenser and Shakespere, with the ancients, to abstract the characteristic differences, and to develop the causes of such differences. (For instance, in all the writings of the ancients I recollect nothing that, strictly examined, can be called humour; yet Chaucer abounds with it, and Dante, too, though in a very different way. Thus, too, the passion for personifications and, *me judice*, strong, sharp, practical good sense, which I feel to constitute a strikingly characteristic difference in favour of the *feudal* poets.) As to information, I could give you a critical sketch of poems, written by contemporaries of Chaucer, in Germany; an epic to compare with his Palamon, and tales with his Tales, descriptive and fanciful poems with those of the same kind in our own poet. In short, a Life of Chaucer ought, in the work itself, and in the appendices of the work, to make the poet explain his age, and to make the age both explain the poet, and evince the superiority of the poet over his age. I think that the publication of such a work would do *your* work some little service, in more ways than one. It would occasion, necessarily, a double review of it in all the Reviews; and there is a large class of fashionable men who have been pleased of late to take me into high favour, and among whom even my name might have some influence, and my praises of you some weight. But let me hear from you on the subject.

Now for my own business. As soon as you possibly can do something respecting the abridgement of Tucker,¹ do so; you will, on my honour, be doing *good*, in the best sense of the word! Of course I cannot wish you to do anything till after the 24th, unless it should be *put* in your way to read that part of the letter to Phillips.

As to my own work, let me correct one or two conceptions of yours respecting it. I could, no doubt, induce my friends to publish the work for me, but

¹ Godwin exerted himself actively in the matter, as appears by the correspondence of Charles Lamb.

I am possessed of facts that deter me. I know that the booksellers not only do not encourage, but that they use unjustifiable artifices to injure works published on the authors' own account. It never answered, as far as I can find, in any instance. And even the sale of a first edition is not without objections on this score—to this, however, I should certainly adhere, and it is my resolution. But I must do something immediately. Now, if I knew that any bookseller would purchase the first edition of this work, as numerous as he pleased, I should put the work out of hand at once, *totus in illo*. But it was never my intention to send one single sheet to the press till the whole was *bond fide* ready for the printer—that is, both written, and fairly written. The work is half written *out*, and the *materials* of the other half are all in paper, or rather on papers. I should not expect one farthing till the work was delivered entire; and I would deliver it at once, if it were wished. But, if I cannot engage with a bookseller for this, I must do something else *first*, which I should be sorry for. Your division of the sorts of works acceptable to booksellers is just, and what has been always my own notion or rather knowledge; but, though I detailed the whole of the contents of my work so fully to you, I did not mean to lay any stress with the bookseller on the first half, but simply state it as preceded by a familiar introduction, and critical history of logic. On the work itself I meant to lay all the stress, as a work really in request, and non-existent, either well or ill-done, and to put the work in the *same class* with "Guthrie," and books of practical instruction—for the universities, classes of scholars, lawyers, &c. &c. Its profitable sale will greatly depend on the pushing of the booksellers, and on its being considered as a *practical* book, Organum *verè* Organum, a book by which the reader is to acquire not only knowledge, but likewise *power*. I fear that it may extend to seven hundred pages; and would it be better to publish the Introduction of History separately, either after or before? God bless you, and all

belonging to you, and your Chaucer. All happiness to you and your wife.

Ever yours,

S. T. C.

P.S. If you read to Phillips any part of my letter respecting my own work, or rather detailed it to him, you would lay all the stress on the *practical*.

TUESDAY, March 26, 1811.

DEAR GODWIN,—Mr. Grattan did me the honour of calling on me, and leaving his card, on Sunday afternoon, unfortunately a few minutes after I had gone out—and I am so unwell, that I fear I shall not be able to return the call to-day, as I had intended, though it is a grief even for a brace of days to appear insensible of so much kindness and condescension. But what need has Grattan of pride?

"Ha d'uno solo
Mendicar dall' orgoglio onore e stima,
Chi senza lui di vilipendio è degno."
Chiabrera.

I half caught from Lamb that you had written to Wordsworth, with a wish that he should versify some tale or other, and that Wordsworth had declined it. I told dear Miss Lamb that I had formed a complete plan of a poem, with little plates for children, the *first* thought, but that alone, taken from Gesner's "First Mariner;"—and this thought, I have reason to believe, was not an invention of Gesner's. It is this—that in early times, in some island or part of the Continent, the ocean had washed in, overflowing a vast plain of twenty or thirty miles, and thereby *insulating* one small promontory or cape of high land, on which was a cottage, containing a man and his wife, and an infant daughter. This is the *one* thought; all that Gesner has made out of it—(and I once translated into blank verse about half of the poem, but gave it up under the influence of a double disgust, moral and poetical)—I have rejected; and, strictly speaking, the tale in all its parts, that one idea excepted, would be original. The tale will contain the curse, the occasions,

the process, with all its failures and ultimate success, of the construction of the first boat, and of the undertaking of the first naval expedition. Now, supposing you liked the idea (I address you and Mrs. G., and as *commercians*, not you as the philosopher who gave us the first system in England that ever dared reveal at full that most important of all important truths, that morality might be built on its own foundation, like a castle built from the rock and on the rock, with religion for the ornaments and completion of its roof and upper stories—nor as the critic who, in the life of Chaucer, has given us, if not principles of *aesthetic* or taste, yet more and better data for principles than had hitherto existed in our language)—if (we pulling like two friendly tradesmen together, for you and your wife *must* be one flesh, and I trust *are* one heart) you approve of the plan, the next question is, Whether it should be written in prose or in verse, and if the latter, in what metre—stanzas, or eight-syllable iambs with rhymes (for in rhyme it must be), now in couplets and now in quatrains, in the manner of Cooper's admirable translation of the *Vert-Vert* of Gresset. (N.B. not *Cooper*).

Another thought has struck me within the last month, of a school-book in two octavo volumes, of Lives in the manner of Plutarch—not, indeed, of comparing and coupling Greek with Roman, Dion with Brutus, and Cato with Aristides, of placing ancient and modern together: Numa with Alfred, Cicero with Bacon, Hannibal with Gustavus Adolphus, and Julius Caesar with Buonaparte—or what perhaps might be at once more interesting and more instructive, a series of lives, from Moses to Buonaparte, of all those great men, who in states or in the mind of man had produced great revolutions, the effects of which still remain, and are more or less distant causes of the present state of the world.

I remain, with unfeigned and affectionate esteem,

Yours, dear Godwin,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Godwin replied to Coleridge's letter as follows :—]

March 27, 1811.

DEAR COLERIDGE,—I am much gratified by your yesterday's letter, as I shall always be by every approach to a coincidence of sentiment on the part of a man of your originality and learning. I published my sentiments respecting the welfare and happiness of the human species, from a heart filled with a sincere conviction of the truth of the tenets I delivered, and which was no longer able to keep them pent up within itself; and it gives me a pain which few men can comprehend, when I see such persons as Southey¹ and others who, I am told, are also honest and philanthropical, treat my efforts not only with disdain, but with something like abhorrence. Thank God! I have never had the persuasion as to the singleness of heart of that man, with which you have been impressed: otherwise nothing can be more disheartening than to see the few, who are able, and ought to be willing, to co-operate for general good, doing their utmost to destroy their kind. Indeed, I am convinced that (separately from the uncontrollable hostility of fighting religious creeds) this cannot be; and of consequence, that the man who does not understand me and my intentions, wants the chord in his own bosom, which (if it existed) could not fail to vibrate in unison with mine.

I like exceedingly the plan you have sketched of a first mariner. Mrs. Godwin and I have read it together; and she has no other fear respecting it, but lest you should take it in too high a key, and put into it the metaphysics and abstrusenesses in which you are so eminently at home. There should not be a sentence—not even a line—in a book intended for children, of which a child might not fairly be expected to conceive an idea. In answer to your queries of the form, I conceive a short essay which is to be illustrated with

¹ Southey's dislike of Godwin was to a great extent personal. He never forgave his second marriage.

various plates, ought to be in verse: further than this I dare not go; I think the author who does not consult his own genius unshackled, and inquire within himself what style, and what scheme of harmony most naturally springs out of his conceptions, can scarcely be expected to do well.

I am bound to add, that the encouragement which my limited means and infant trade allow me to afford to intellectual application and industry, would, I am afraid, be wholly beneath your attention. If love and a crust would tempt you to co-operate in my little scheme for refining and elevating the circle of juvenile studies, it is well, but

"If these be motives weak, break off betimes!"

Such as I have (and I will not absolutely say, with the Apostles, "silver and gold have I none") I tender unto you.

Mrs. Godwin desires me to express the great pleasure with which she read your letter, and her best wishes in your favour.

I remain, with great regard,

Yours,

W. GODWIN.

FRIDAY MORNING, March 29, 1811.

DEAR GODWIN,—My chief motive in undertaking "The First Mariner" is merely to weave a few tendrils around your destined walking-stick, which, like those of the woodbine (that, serpent-like climbing up, and with tight spirals embossing the straight hazel, rewards the lucky schoolboy's search in the winter copse) may remain on it, when the woodbine, root and branch, lies trampled in the earth. I shall consider the work as a small plot of ground given up to you, to be sown at your own hazard with your own seed (gold-grains would have been but a bad saw, and besides have spoilt the metaphor). If the increase should more than repay your risk and labour, why then let me be one of your guests at Hendcot House. Your last letter impressed and affected

me strongly. Ere I had yet read or seen your works, I, at Southey's recommendation, wrote a sonnet in praise of the author. When I had read them, religious bigotry, the but half-understanding your principles, and the *not* half-understanding my own, combined to render me a warm and boisterous anti-Godwinist. But my warfare was open; my unfelt and harmless blows aimed at an abstraction I had christened with your name; and at that time, if not in the world's *favor*, you were among the captains and chief men in its admiration. I became your acquaintance, when more years had brought somewhat more temper and tolerance; but I distinctly remember that the first turn in my mind towards you, the first movements of a juster appreciation of your merits, was occasioned by my disgust at the altered tone of language of many whom I had long known as your admirers and disciples—some of them, too, men who had made themselves a sort of reputation in minor circles as your acquaintances, and therefore your echoes by authority, who had themselves aided in attaching an unmerited ridicule to you and your opinions by their own ignorance, which led them to think the best settled truths, and indeed *every* thing in your "Political Justice," whether assertion, or deduction, or conjecture, to have been new thoughts—downright creations! and by their own vanity, which enabled them to forget that everything must be new to him who knows *nothing*; others again, who though gifted with new talents, had yet been indebted to you and the discussions occasioned by your work, for

much more of their development, who had often and often styled you the great master, written verses in your honour, and, worse than all, now brought your opinions—with many good and worthy men—into as unmerited an odium, as the former class had into contempt, by attempts equally unfeeling and unwise, to realize them in private life, to the disturbance of domestic peace. In all these there was such a want of common sensibility, such a want of that gratitude to an intellectual benefactor, which even an honest reverence for their past selves should have secured, as did then, still does, and ever will, disgust me. * * * To this add that business of review-writing, which I have never hesitated to pronounce an immoral employment, unjust to the author of the books reviewed, injurious in its influences on the public taste and morality, and still more injurious on its influences on the head and heart of the reviewer himself. The *prægestatores* among the luxurious Romans soon lost their taste; and the verdicts of an old prægestator were sure to mislead, unless when, like dreams, they were interpreted into contraries. Our reviewers are the genuine descendants of these palate-seared taste-dictators. I am still confined by indisposition, but mean to step out to Hazlitt's—almost my next door neighbour—at his particular request. It is possible that I may find you there.

With kind remembrances to Mrs. Godwin,

Yours, dear Godwin, affectionately,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Through unavoidable causes, Part VI. of "A SON OF THE SOIL," which should have appeared in the present number, is deferred by the author till next.—*Editor.*]

